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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

JULY
1911

TRAVEL NUMBER

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59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR CONTRIBUTORS are usually mindful of the general rules of journalistic work; but we should like them to remember that a manuscript should always be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for return, in case that the offering should prove unavailable. Complaints occasionally reach us of manuscripts which have gone astray. The writer's name and address should always be written on the manuscript, as the accompanying letter may very easily be mislaid. The editor can assume no responsibility with regard to manuscripts, although care is taken of all articles sent to the office. It is well for authors to retain a copy of manuscript forwarded as a contribution. It is not advisable to send more than one manuscript at a time. Individual criticism cannot be given, as so many manuscripts reach us that it would be impossible to follow such a course. Nor can we hope to accept all the "good" articles and stories which are sent to us, and rejection by no means implies lack of literary merit. When you take into consideration that there are only twelve issues of this magazine during the year, the would-be contributor can readily understand that acceptance of only a limited number of the best manuscripts is possible. It is well to have your article typewritten, although legible hand-writing is still sure of a careful reading. Illustrated articles are especially desired, and we should be glad to have articles of special domestic interest from some of our young graduates from the Macdonald Institute.

OUR SERIAL FICTION this month gains in interest with the second instalments. "A Honeymoon in Hiding" is just the humorous and eventful bit of fiction that will keep you interested during a summer afternoon. It will be concluded before the autumn and another serial of a similar nature will succeed. "The House of Windows," by Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, is the most imposing work of fiction we have published, and will be continued throughout the year. Those who read the first chapters in our June number will be eager to follow the fortunes of that deserted infant and will find the situation increasingly dramatic as the small Christine grows into womanhood. This story is the first production of "novel" proportions which Mrs. MacKay has written, and its progress will be watched with interest by all who admire her fiction and poetry.

SHORT STORIES are always in demand, and we are pleased to find among new contributors those whose work is well worth considering. We are sure that you will agree with us that "Orchard Lodge—and Nan" and "Mrs. Jim's Holiday" in the present issue, both from new writers, are interesting and brightly written. As a rule, we avoid stories which are dismal in ending or pessimistic in idea, as we consider the sunny side of the road the more pleasant and profitable. Serious problem stories or those of depressing tendencies are not desired—only bright, clean stories, such as the family circle enjoy. In our August number, you will find a delightful summer story by Kate H. Miles, a New Brunswick writer, who has written for us more than once, and whose sense of humor gives a piquant flavor to her narratives.

OUR HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT is hardly as busy during the summer months as when the leaves are falling. Yet, housekeeping is going on in July and August, even if some of our housewives manage to leave for a month's rest, and change. This month, in "Household Decoration," Miss Rorke is giving you an excellent talk on flowers and their use in home decoration. A room with a bowl of roses or a vase of carnations on the table can hardly be commonplace, and the art of arranging these with most graceful effect is to be encouraged. We can hardly hope to rival the Japanese, whose children are taught from infancy to arrange cherry blossoms or plum blossoms, so as to create the illusion of an orchard. But we may study, more carefully than we do, the effectiveness of a few flowers in brightening the aspect of a severe library or prosaic sitting-room until it looks as if it had caught something of "God's Own Out-doors." The article in the present issue deals with the best means of accomplishing this floral adornment. Miss Rorke will be pleased to answer questions concerning household decoration from any of her readers who are in perplexity regarding the many vexed questions of carpeting, papering, and cushioning, to say nothing of the minor details which make the adorning of a home.

SUMMER CAMPING is one of the most invigorating experiences one may enjoy, and it is to be encouraged as a means of renewed health and energy. It is not, however, to be made a matter of experiment, or there will be much discomfort on the part of those who have gone unprepared. In an article, "Women as Campers," Miss Ridout gives you some useful information as to dress and equipment which will prove helpful to those who are camping for the first time.

THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT of any modern journal is to be considered most seriously as an indication of the esteem in which it is held in the business world. A comparison of our advertising contents with any other Canadian publication will show you that we are keeping well to the front, as to the character and extent of our advertising. Women are the buyers for the household; and a journal like ours, which is intended especially for the home circle, reaches directly those who are most interested in household supplies. Consequently, we exercise all reasonable care that the articles advertised in our columns should be of the best class. Every magazine with a high standard in advertising is obliged to reject the class known as "objectionable." Our readers may show their appreciation of our care in that respect by mentioning to firms which they patronize that the introduction to their wares took place in the columns of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

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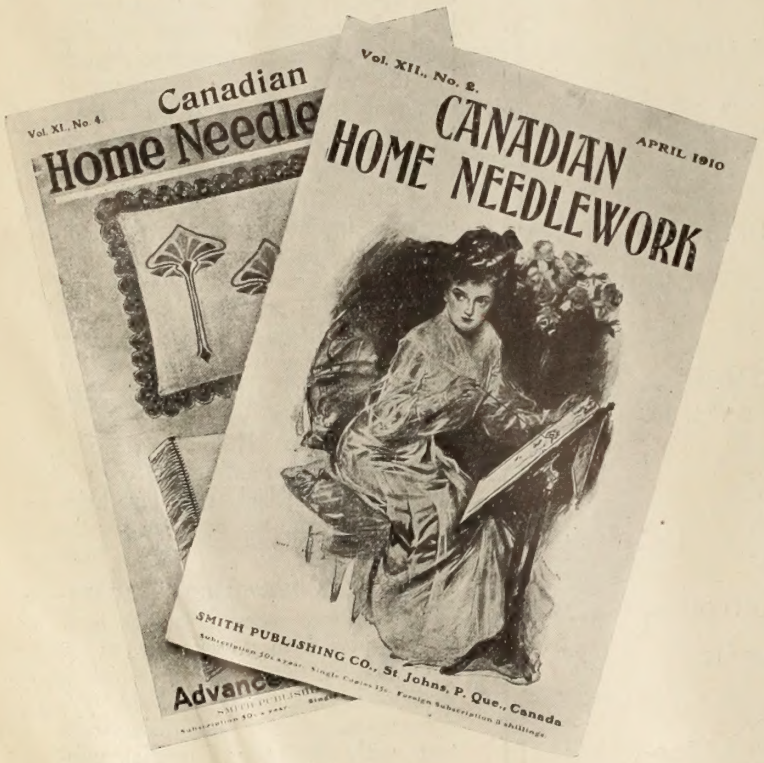
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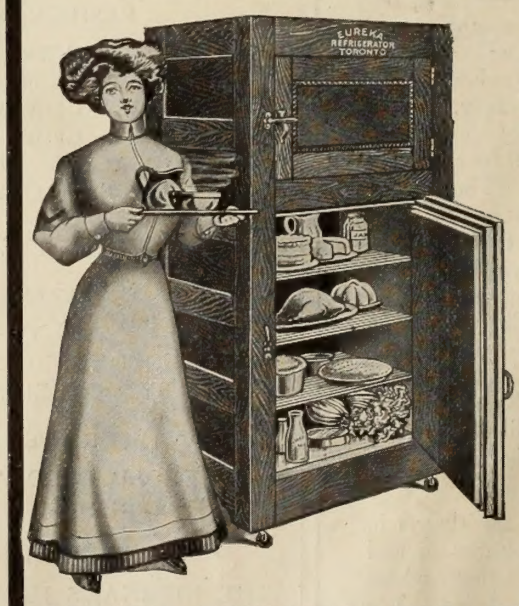

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Volume VIII

TORONTO, JULY, 1911

In Coronation Month

WE are receiving lately solemn warnings as to our prosperity and what we are to do with it. Bankers and other prominent citizens in positions of trust are extremely anxious that Canadians should not spend their money foolishly, and these gentlemen exert themselves in public speech and paragraph to urge them to invest their spare funds in safe and sure undertakings.

We seem to have entered upon a period of good times when everyone is busy and happy. Canadians are spending a good deal of money in these days of Cobalt and Porcupine, and much of it is wisely spent in travel. There is no place like home, but it is just as well to see the other places, too. This year has seen an unprecedented number of Canadians cross the Atlantic to see the great pageant of the Coronation. The broadening influence of meeting fellow-citizens from all corners of the British Empire will be felt as a lifelong experience by those who are observant and sympathetic.

While King George V. is the centre of imperial interest, his wife receives public attention to an almost equal degree. The names of Victoria, Alexandra and Mary are associated with all the domestic virtues, as well as with the dignity of high position, and the esteem in which the present Queen Consort is held is significant of the regard which the British people have for the "old-fashioned" type of woman. Her dislike of fashionable vagaries and of the extreme dissipations of "smart" society is well known, and her example will doubtless do much towards giving a healthy tone to Court festivities. Her well-known concern in all the practical details of home life shows the genuine housewife, and her taste for good literature and the quieter diversions is assurance of the true gentlewoman's nature. May King George long reign over us and may Queen Mary continue to be a "shining example" in her royal home.

* * *

The Estate of Matrimony

THE last three months have seen and heard an extraordinary amount of discussion of our marriage laws. In spite of the many disquisitions by learned judges and clergymen, the June bride seemed to be as fair and sweet as ever, quite unterrified by the tumult in the land.

With regard to the consideration of the famous Hebert case, most of us will agree with the declaration of a Montreal editor: "If it is found that the present laws give any religious denomination greater powers than other religious denominations, the laws will have to be altered."

Canadians have had some reason to be gratified with the stability of their marriage laws and with the infrequency of application for divorce. In fact, the divorce evil can hardly be said to exist in Canada, so seldom is it resorted to by the citizens of the Dominion. A country which has lax divorce laws, and which regards marriage lightly, may be prosperous to outward seeming, but can have no stability as a state.

As in all undesirable conditions, the positive side of this matter is the better to consider. We need not waste any time in discussing or deploring unhappy marriages or in unsavory flaunting of domestic infelicity. So far as the rising generation is concerned, the great seriousness and sacredness of the marriage bond are to be impressed, if the future alliance is to be a contribution to ... citizenship. Plays and novels, which are continually holding marriage as a joke and exhibiting marital infelicity as a mere foible, are a most unhealthy influence in this respect, and should be avoided by all who see the serious side of life.

Where there are such differences ... to make the household a scene of dissension ... reflect upon the outcome. Marriage, which ... matter of impulse, in which there is no higher ... the gratification of a fleeting fancy, is hardly ... make a happy home.

The Summer Guest

JULY and August are ... months for ... of the year and are looked forward to during the other ten months by a host of small persons who are reserving all manner of delights for "the good old summertime."

Summer is, to some weary housewives, however, no season of enjoyment, for it is then that the selfish city cousin elects "to send the children out to the country to visit Cousin Mary." There have been many patient Cousin Marys in the land who have endured the yearly invasion of noisy young relatives with never a protest. But "it is time for a change," and Cousin Mary is beginning to insinuate that the small cousins from the city had better be sent to a Muskoka hotel or a cottage at the beach. Country air and food are delightful for the children, to be sure; but parents need not selfishly shift their own obligations on others and expect the country cousin to be delighted by a wholesale camping out in the farm house.

Summer is a busy time for the farmer's wife, who has to look after the fruit and the barnyard, to say nothing of supplying the material needs of threshers. There is no one more hospitable than the wife of the Canadian farmer; but the summer visitor is often so thoughtless as to tax her patience severely.

If you are going to visit in the country, consult in every way the convenience and the wishes of your hostess and make your stay of such judicious length that she will be quite sincere in the farewell remark: "I hope you will come again—soon."

* * *

The Comic Supplement

ONE of the Boston papers has opposed with all its might the vulgarity and tawdriness of the "comic" supplement. This atrocity is becoming all too familiar in Canadian homes. The teachers in several cities have protested against its extensive reading as demoralizing to juvenile manners. These colored supplements, which disfigure the Saturday issues of many of our journals, are bad art and worse literature. They make a special feature of ridicule of the weak or aged, and can hardly fail to encourage a spirit of coarseness and cruelty in the youth of the land.

A famous English writer of the nineteenth century attributes his knowledge of the best in art to the influence of his father, who would not allow him to see a bad picture in childhood. The culture, which is so slow in leavening ignorance and crudity, will not be hastened by a generation which finds food for mirth in the comic supplement. Mothers, fathers and teachers are represented in an absurd and unworthy light as shrews and tyrants. By all means let the children be amused and entertained by sketches in which there is real fun and a degree of artistic merit, but it is as much the duty of a householder to have clean reading matter for the children as to have pure food on the table.

IN THE DINING CAR

...tion of Equipment and Expenditure in Order that the Public may have Meals on Wheels

By CANADIENNE

...EON is now being served in the dining car!" Is there a more welcome announcement to the hungry traveler than this resounding call? It echoes through the corridors of the ... train until every passenger is aware that a square and sump... meal is his or hers for the ordering. There are all varieties ...uncheons to be enjoyed in this world—the "ladies' luncheon," ...e flower-decked tables and the most picturesque salads make ... believe that eating is indeed a fine art—the luncheon at the ..., where a woman enjoys the variety of seeing how men keep ...se—and the luncheon *al fresco,* when a picnic party disposes ... on the grass and proceeds to discover that the ham sand... wiches and raspberry tarts have become inextricably entangled.

To many of us, however, luncheon on a "diner" has a piquant quality which no mere "stationary" dining-room can afford. This ... age of movement, whether by transcontinental express, rac... ...or, or ascending aeroplane—and a moving dining-room has ...ided attraction for all except confirmed travelers, who survey ...e changing landscape without any sensation of surprise. To most ...f us the meal on the train is a novelty, and the first experience of such a repast is likely to create a desire for a series of such enjoy... able luncheons.

In the first place, there is the view to be considered, before we discuss the more material features. A bright dining-room is what the modern housewife insists upon—and the modern architect usually tries to fulfil her wishes. In the country the bright dining-...oom is obtained without contriving, but the housewife in the city ...sually has a struggle for sunshine in the room where meals are ...rved. In the train dining-room the view is unrivaled and has all the advantage of a moving picture. There are some imposing sights to be seen from the dining tables of Canadian hotels. The Chateau Frontenac, at old Quebec, has a long stretch of the lordly St. Lawrence; at Banff there are the crests of great mountains; at Victoria you may look from the Empress on Pacific waters; but from the window of the train diner you may see them all.

* * *

ONE would like to experience the sensations of a newcomer from the British Isles, who takes the tourist train in the East and travels across the continent, until he alights at a small station in the far West, where he is to take up land and some day have a homestead of his own. The C. P. R. takes him under its guidance, even before he crosses the broad, blue Atlantic, and looks after his welfare until he has fairly become a new settler.

INTERIOR OF A STANDARD DINING CAR.

The tourist train is, by no means, the comfortless affair which was used for emigrant traffic a generation ago. It is now equipped with what our grandparents would have considered luxury. In fact, the electrical devices are such as they would hardly have been credited, had the tourist train of 1911 been prophesied. The new settler is scarcely prepared to bear the expense of meals on the train, and is usually supplied with baskets of provisions for the long journey westward. Then the wife finds that she will be materially assisted in the furnishing of meals by the use of the "kitchenette," where tea or coffee may be prepared, and where other dishes may be heated. The kitchen on the tourist car is well worth a visit and assures the newcomer that "the comforts of home" are not forgotten in the younger land. Many a homesick woman, as she sips the "cup of kindness" and gazes from the car window on lake and hillside and prairie, forgets the old scenes for the moment and looks forward to the homestead that is yet to be built.

To see the magical effect of hope on the faces of new settlers, you have but to watch the passengers, as the wide lands of the West come in sight. They have heard of this granary of empires, and now they actually see the billowy fields, rolling in green or gold luxuriance to the horizon's verge. The weariness of the journey is forgotten for the time, as they gaze on the promise of the new land. To those who have seen the comfort of the new tourist trains, the old days, of which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote in his description of an emigrant train crossing the continent, seem hardship indeed

* * *

THERE is hardly anyone who is indifferent to the furnishing of the scene of eating. Nothing is less appetizing than a stuffy or shabby dining-room. Truly has it been said that hunger is the best sauce. The man who is almost starving probably pays little attention to the dining-room furniture; but, under normal conditions, it is worth consideration, and, with the progress of civilization, it has come to mean a great deal.

The improving equipment of our trains might ... ly as an index of Canada's advancement in ... ...ure. Compare the coloring and style of ... trains with the gaudy upholstery of the early days. In the modern dining-car everything is cool and restful, with a soft richness of coloring which puts one in the humor for broiled trout and Saratoga chips.

No one can be indifferent to the gleam of polished wood, the sheen of velvet cushions, or the daintiness of silken curtains. All these details make a perfect fitting for the meal which is to be eaten as one travels. Then, there is the all-important matter of table linen. Only the snowiest of tablecloths and napery will be allowed, "done up" in a style which is the last word in laundry perfection. The practical housewife immediately begins a mental estimate of what the laundry bills of a transcontinental line must mean. The C. P. R. system, for instance, has one hundred and fifteen dining cars on the move from coast to coast. There are about one thousand meals served daily, and the rule of the road is immaculate cleanliness. So, it is not difficult to see with the mind's eye a pile of tablecloths and serviettes, from each day's service, which would keep more than several laundries busy. The woman who has always regarded "looking after the family wash" as an important duty is rather bewildered as she contemplates the vastness of railroad housekeeping. Meals on wheels are not prepared, served, and cleared away without an immense amount of planning and expenditure, and the secret of it all is organization.

There has to be system of the sternest kind from the head to the most youthful servitor, in order that the day's work shall be carried out successfully. The rules for ordering, purchasing, and cooking are absolute, and discipline such as no Canadian housewife would dare to enforce with the ordinary Mary Ann is rigidly maintained.

There are no haphazard methods in running the dining-car. Such a thing as "pot luck" is unknown, and you may "ask a friend to dinner" with the perfect assurance that the dishes will be cooked to perfection. The system allows for no delinquencies, and every member of the elaborate service knows his duties and the penalty for neglecting them. It is a man-made system, and a woman becomes humble for a few moments as she realizes that masculine heads and hands plan and carry out this great wholesale housekeeping.

* * *

IN the eyes of a good housekeeper, the kitchen is of the unmost importance; and, some day, the architect will take a woman's advice and plan for a good-sized kitchen. On the train, the kitchen is a curious compartment, with the maximum of contrivances and the minimum of space. "How do they even manage to do such good cooking in such narrow quarters?" is a question which arises naturally to feminine lips. The chef must have almost supernatural dexterity in order to look after a multitude of orders in such a restricted territory. But the inspection of the kitchen arrangements shows that everything is in what our grandmothers called apple-pie order, that each dish and spoon are in their own place, and that it would be quite impossible for the former to run away with the latter, in the fashion of the ancient nursery rhyme.

Everyone knows that it is much more difficult to keep a small room in order than one of imposing size. Consequently, when the limited area of a dining-car kitchen is considered, the necessity for its being kept in the strictest order is obvious to all who have had to do with culinary affairs. "The kitchen of a dining-car," says a traveler who knows, "is a most exaggerated example of the economy of space. Every inch is used. Water tanks are suspended from the ceiling. One wall is lined with the big range and heating ovens, while on the others are storage-boxes, receptacles for pans, pots, and other utensils, and a row of cupboards up under the ceiling. At one end, between the kitchen and the dining-room proper, is a little pantry which serves as a sort of vestibule. That is where the waiters place their orders and receive dishes. Every separate article of food and equipment has its place. Every corner and nook in the car has a particular function. The silver is in one place, the milk and cheese in another, and so on through the list. Everything perishable is kept in a refrigerator."

The supplies for the dining-car must be regulated by one who has a genius for the commissariat. Consider, on the C. P. R., for instance, what a thousand meals daily must mean! A cup of tea or coffee is a simple matter—but it takes pounds and pounds for a day's travel—and the year will easily dispose of tons of these cheering and stimulating beverages. Then there are gallons and ...ons of milk to flow in a lacteal stream from the Atlantic to the ...ic in the co... ... the ... pil... ... Meat is, perhaps, the ...ifficult item ... ... to provide and cook; but the matter ... is preserved in the matter of supplies enables the calcula... ...o be made wi... almost mathematical probab...y.

THE variety of our own food supply can easily be grasped by one who notices the changes as the train proceeds across the continent. The sea products are naturally the popular orders near the coast, and how one appreciates the flavor of the "truly salt fish"! In our lake regions the freshly-caught trout and whitefish abound. Each of us has a favorite dish or delicacy which lingers in the memory—or whatever does duty for a gustatory remembrance. My own preference is for broiled whitefish and Saratoga chips, eaten to the accompaniment of a view of blue lake and dark pines, and followed by such apple pie and coffee as dreams are made of—or nightmares, if you are that miserable being, a nervous dyspeptic. It is always dangerous to advise about a book or a dish, as tastes are the most different endowments in this world of infinite variations. Yet, one feels that there must be something wrong with the traveler who cannot enjoy broiled fish and a lake prospect.

The ventilation of the dining-car in earlier days left much to be desired. In summer, an open window meant cinders and coal dust and general discomfort. In winter, an open window meant colds, while closed windows meant stuffiness; but, in the modern car, the use of the latest design in screens allows one to enjoy a gentle breeze, without the fear that one's hair is going to be blown into dishevelled confusion, and that one's collar is becoming hopelessly grimy.

The workers in the dining-car kitchen also have reason to be grateful for the breeze which a swiftly-moving car sends through their narrow quarters. If it were not for this constant ventilation the culinary authorities would hardly be able to superintend in any comfort the preparations for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and would be giving "warning" some warm July day.

Marvellous are the uses of electricity as employed in modern travel. If there is no regular dining-car on the train, the pressure of an ivory button brings a waiter with an "impromptu" table, which is deftly attached to the brass fixture in the side of the car, and, behold, you may have a small spread all to yourself, with a tempting array of the menu before you. A word of advice may here be offered to the feminine traveler. Many women imagine that a train journey is an experience which does not call for regular meals, and will undertake a trip of several hours' duration on the strength of an orange or a couple of bananas. Now, that is an entirely mistaken policy, which you would do well to avoid. It is no wonder that so many women arrive at their destination with "such a splitting headache that they can hardly see." There is no economy in going without the necessary food and giving yourself genuine physical discomfort as a result. Either provide yourself with a suitable and adequate luncheon, or obtain such on the train.

It was a Canadian woman writer, Sara Jeannette Duncan, now Mrs. Everard Cotes, who wrote years ago that interesting description of a trip across the continent in a C. P. R. train. That entertaining account, "A Social Departure," tells of the adventures of the author and her friend, Orthodocia, who proceeded to Japan, India, and Egypt, in the course of their travels. The writer declares emphatically: "My ideal luggage is a toothbrush and an umbrella." That is an eminently sensible ambition, and, bearing it in mind, I have always disliked the "lunch box" on the train. It is usually very much in the way, and the contents seldom prove all that one had hoped for. Women are learning to travel in comfort, and to follow the example of their men relatives in the matter of dispensing with all except necessary luggage. The lunch box will soon be left at home, except for the cheap excursion or the Sunday School picnic, and the woman traveler will fortify herself with a substantial meal in the course of a half-day's journey.

A BRIGHT AFTERNOON IN THE TOURIST "SLEEPER."

A MILE A MINUTE ON THE TRANSCONTINENTAL

MOUNTAINS AND PRAIRIE FROM THE OBSERVATION CAR.

* * *

THE variety in menu is the difficult matter for consideration. "What the man who eats on the train is most interested in," says a railroad authority, "is the menu. It is by the variety of dishes, as well as by the way they are served that the management is judged. If the passenger doesn't find what he wants he is dissatisfied. There are as many different tastes as there are men and women; and, if it be true that many people like the same thing it is equally true that few people like the same combination. Here is where the man at the top, the superintendent himself, comes in strong. Culinary secrets are no secrets to him, as he has studied the subject backward and forward. From his years of experience he has gained an accurate insight into the gastronomic preferences of the traveling public. Not a day passes but that he examines and puts into final shape the menu that is to appear later on the dining-cars."

In the "shopping" for the railroad table nothing is left to chance, and no allowance can be made for tradesmen who fail to deliver the goods. The butcher or the grocer who deals with a dining-car must be on time with the best of supplies—or—there are others who are willing to live up to the schedule. It is done according to absolute rules and specifications. Bone and useless material must be eliminated from the meat supplies; the fruit must be fresh and of a certain variety, and thus, throughout the list, from bouillon to coffee.

One of the important matters in a private household is knowing how much to order. The woman who attains the happy medium between extravagance and "skimpiness" has gone far towards good management. When she has invited "company," how anxious she is to know just how many to provide for, lest she be in the position of an improvident hostess. She wonders how the housekeeping authorities on the railroad can possibly know the extent of the necessary supplies. Here the law of average, as learned from experience, must come in to regulate the orders. Fruit is, probably, the most speculative item on the menu, and it is ordinarily difficult to provide for contingencies in connection with summer travel. Yet, if you desire an ideal summer dish, especially for the early meal, order a canteloupe, which comes fresh and chilled, and ripely delicious to the table.

There is, of course, more than one cook required on each dining-car. In the C. P. R. system, from three to five are in active employment, and from two to six waiters. On the transcontinental trains there is necessarily a more elaborate equipment than on those which make less extended trips.

Canadians of pioneer days knew nothing of the sleeping car, and even the arrangements on the boats of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes service were such as would lead the modern traveler to write a letter to the papers or send a protest to the directors of the company.

The up-to-date sleeper is not the chamber of fortune, as to stuffiness, that one found in the first sleeping-cars. Miss Agnes Repplier has declared that the American sleeping-car is a barbarous institution. That criticism applies only to the heavily-hung, airless "creations" of unhappier days. The railroad authorities in Canada have learned that the public desires sleep, not suffocation, and the provision for light and comfort is such as the fastidious traveler might desire. But the most delightful scene of summer travel is the observation car, with its luminous opportunities for seeing the beauties of the country through which you pass. "You haven't seen Canada until you have seen the Rockies," is the enthusiastic exclamation of nearly every traveler who goes out to the Pacific Coast.

IN THE FAR NORTH

An Interesting Expedition into the Primeval Wilds

By LOUISE BELMONT

FOR those who are fond of the joys of outdoor life and travel, it is doubtful if a more enjoyable trip could be conceived or planned than that right in our own North-West from Edmonton to Grand Rapids and back to the Pas, over the chain of small lakes and down the broad expanse of the Saskatchewan to its mouth at Grand Rapids, where it empties into Lake Winnipeg. The writer had the good fortune to make this trip in the autumn, and the picturesque beauties and interesting experiences encountered made the journey an ever memorable one.

With one exception of touching at Prince Albert, the trip was made through the primeval wilds, far from railways, waterworks, electric lights, fashions and such landmarks of civilization—and oh, what a delight it was to be able to go about in short skirts and without a hat, drifting from morn to night daily with skilful Indian guides at the paddle, and nothing to do but read or eat sweets to the heart's content!

These Indian guides know the north country like a book. They are not only expert canoeists, but crack shots (always shooting on the wing), and able to prepare as appetizing a meal and as comfortab'e a camp on short notice, as one could meet in many a day's march. These guides—at least those in our party—were always good natured, and though naturally taciturn, were always willing to enlighten us in their very much broken English, regarding the many points of interest encountered. While seldom exhibiting any show of their feelings, they did appear to be surprised that a girl should undertake a trip of this kind—and more than that, enjoy it—but if they had lived all of their lives among the clang and rattle of a big city, they would understand why I was so delighted at everything I saw.

FOR rations on this trip, we took tea, sugar' bacon, salt, a little jam and bannock (the latter being the Indian substitute for bread)—and for fresh meat we trusted to the Indians' guns, which, by the way, never failed them. Although using only the old muzzle loaders, never do I remember seeing them fail to bring down the moose or the duck they went after—and the latter were encountered literally in great clouds on the little lakes. The writer had been accustomed to consider herself a pretty fair shot at a stationary target, but target shooting is very different from wing shooting, and it required quite a few days' practice before even tolerable proficiency was attained in the latter direction.

Our first object of special interest was encountered at Prince Albert, where we saw all that remains of one of the two steam boats that ran the blockade during the rebellion of 1885. This boat is in a much better state of preservation than the other one which we saw later on during our journey, and which lies almost buried in the sand at Cumberland House, the first inland post of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The most exciting experience of the trip—and one of the most thrilling which it has ever been my lot to enter upon—was the running of the rapids at Grand Rapids, where the Saskatchewan empties into Lake Winnipeg. The five miles was done in twenty minutes, which as the boys say, is "going some," and the guides seemed not a little surprised that a girl should wish to undertake this more or less dangerous trip. However, all's well that ends well, and we were amply repaid for any rough or hazardous experiences we may have had, by the most delightful camp that was made for us, with great roaring fires and soft beds of fragrant spruce boughs right out in the open with nothing overhead but the blue canopy and the glittering stars, while the music of the trees and the rapids lulled us to sleep. There is an Indian encampment at this point which we visited, drinking tea and exchanging presents with the silent but friendly people. Much of what we received from the Indian women were specimens of their skill with the needle in silk and bead work on leather. Almost invariably these designs are executed in very bright colors, but of pleasing and harmonious contrasts, and the designs themselves are generally artistic and such as would do credit to a skilled needlewoman in Toronto.

ANOTHER feature of unusual interest was seen at the Pas, viz., the old mission, and the furniture which was made for it, by the members of the Franklin Relief Expedition which wintered at this point fifty years ago. The church which they built has gone the way of all wooden edifices, but it has been replaced by a neat structure of more modern appearance, which, however, contains the furniture made by them, still in an excellent state of preservation. When it is remembered that this furniture was all made by hand and in one winter, one can but wonder at the skill and industry displayed by these men. The furniture consists of seats for the church, pulpit, reading desks, font and commandment frames, while for the parsonage adjoining, there are a dining table, chairs and chests of drawers. Also there may be seen here an old sun dial, made by the members of this party, and which still does active duty. As a matter of fact, this sun dial was examined a couple of years ago by two astronomers from the Carnegie Institute at Washington, and pronounced correct. The Indians on this reserve are very proud of all these things, and will not part with any of them on any consideration.

THE PAS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVE

LUNCH ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

A CAMP EN ROUTE

The new line to Hudson's Bay which is being constructed by the Canadian Northern Railway, has now reached the Pas, and the little station, as well as the great engines and cars which come thundering in from time to time, are a never-ending source of curiosity to the stolid Indians, who never moved and just grunted once when they saw the engine for the first time—probably in disapproval of the innovation, for most of them do not care much for the advent of the white man's methods into their country. Although the construction of this road would appear to the ordinary traveller to be a good deal of an experiment, still if it cuts off one thousand miles in the voyage to Liverpool as compared to the Montreal route, it would appear to be financially justified, and will probably prove a great boon to the farmers of the West. An engineering undertaking of considerable magnitude is involved in the construction of a great bridge which is necessary to cross the Saskatchewan at the Pas, and work upon which has been started. Every day, numbers of the Indians go down to watch the progress of this work, and will stand for hours watching the great pile driver at work, scarcely moving a muscle or making a sound.

When we reached the Pas, it was to face a good old northern blizzard and a drop to 50° below zero, but we were properly equipped for the snap and thoroughly enjoyed the wild ride with the "huskies" over the ice and snow. This is the only method of transportation in the north once the winter sets in, and is really very delightful—so much so, that I have decided to make another journey out there, and get away from the noisy motor horns, the P.A.Y.E. cars, and the multitude of other discordant sights and sounds of the highly civilized (?) East.

Camping Notes

IT is the part of wisdom to locate your camp near a spring of clear, cold water. Water is one of the greatest necessities of camp life.

It is best to wall the fireplace around with stones. This keeps your fuel together and concentrates the heat.

Drive forked sticks into the ground on opposite sides of the fireplace, and lay a stout stick across them. Then suspend your cooking pots from this bar. The crosspiece should be as green as possible, otherwise it will soon take fire and give way. It is unpleasant to have your beans drop into the fire just as you are ready to eat them.

Be sure that you take with you only the things you are going to need. Little extras count up, and you will find that there is little enough room in a tent for articles that are really necessary.

The writer has found, however, that there is one thing which, though not strictly necessary, nevertheless adds greatly to the pleasures of camp life—the kodak. Pictures of your camping activities and surroundings always prove fascinating souvenirs of the summer days.

If you are not a hard worker, but seek some unconventional form of recreation, by all means try camping.

PILE-DRIVERS AT WORK ON NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE SASKATCHEWAN AT THE PAS

WOMEN AS CAMPERS

A Consideration of Clothing and Equipment

By DORA S. RIDOUT

ALTHOUGH few of the many splendid books on camping devote any space to women as campers, there are, nevertheless, many excellent "woodsmen" belonging to the weaker sex.

It is, unfortunately, only too true that even in the woods the question of clothes follows women. But once the main lines have been decided upon, there only remains the necessity of improving and curtailing.

The following suggestions apply to fairly easy camping trips in the months of July and August, and perhaps the early part of September.

Women should try above all things to "travel light." Nothing will be a greater recommendation in the eyes of masculine campers. Whether the trip is to be merely an aimless wandering through well-known lakes and rivers, or a vigorous fortnight's paddle through new regions, cut down your personal kit to the bare necessities, being careful, however, to leave nothing essential behind.

The important questions of tents, blankets, and cooking utensils I leave to more experienced campers, such as Kephart and Stewart Edward White, and turn my attention to the vexed problems of the woman's camping clothes. The above authorities give many pages to the discussion of men's apparel, but dismiss women's outfit in a sentence or two. This, of course, is only natural, experience being the best schoolmaster in such matters.

To begin with, the hat.—A soft felt slouch hat or an old Panama are both good. The straw is light and cool, but the felt has the advantage of being partially rainproof.

The blouse, always a difficult article to decide upon.—Cotton is not really advisable, being cold and uncomfortable when wet, and tearing easily. Anything white is worse than useless. I wore a white jumper on my first trip and looked and felt disreputable all the time. A light flannel shirt, blue, grey, or brown, such as men wear, is excellent. Have the armholes made large and the collar turned down to obtain the greatest ease while paddling. The great charm about such a garment is that it is not clinging and uncomfortable in wet weather. Then, if one's space permits and the weather is warm take a pongee silk blouse, light, cool, and serviceable. This has been tried with great success. A fellow camper maintains that delaine is good, and it, perhaps, combines the essentials of the two mentioned, but it has an unhappy knack of tearing.

The skirt should be made of dark wool cloth, very tough, and made short. Some say that khaki is serviceable, but experience has proved this material difficult to dry, besides not shedding the dirt. Black material is impractical, as it absorbs the heat to a remarkable extent; brown and slate grey are very satisfactory colors in the woods. An underskirt of moreen or sateen will be found useful, especially in the event of anything happening to one's outer skirt. Bloomers are neat, but rather warm for midsummer camping.

FOR a sailing trip shoes must, of course, have rubber soles, and on a canoe trip they are good for rocky places; but, where the portages are heavy, they wear out too quickly. On one such occasion we came home literally safety-pinned into our shoes. Leather-soled footwear becomes dangerously slippery after a few days' scrambling over rocks. Mocassins with insoles are comfortable, but shoepacks are best of all.

One's night clothes should be kept dry at all costs. A complete set of flannels and a pair of woollen stockings will not be found too much, especially in the chilly hours of dawn. Keep these things rolled up in the blankets whether in camp or on the march.

A wide leather belt is almost a necessity as a support and for carrying a knife and hatchet. Cases to hold these may be slipped on to the belt, pushed round to the back, and kept safely out of the way.

Perhaps the most useful article of apparel in camp is the aforesaid knife. This is not the usual "bowie," but a small butcher's knife, which should have the steel running through to the end of the wooden handle. Have the blade ground down to a size that will make it comfortable to cut one's food with as well as for the hundred and one other uses that will be found for it.

For a long time I considered the art of chopping purely a masculine accomplishment. The few attempts I had made ended in my feebly chasing the log of wood, yards from the original chopping block. But now, having mastered the first principles of the art, it is difficult to know when to stop. There is infinite pleasure in swinging the hatchet and watching the neat strips fly from the log, or in felling a maple sapling, for tent poles, with a few vigorous strokes.

A hatchet in a leather case slung on the belt will be found a great convenience. There will then be no need to delay the making of a fire until the men are ready to get firewood. After settling upon the position of one's tents, the next important item is to find a suitable chopping block. There is nothing that rouses the ire of an old camper as quickly as he or she who will chop on stone or earth.

One change of clothing is ample, for washing in the warm, soft water of our Northern lakes amounts to a pleasure, while the same sized laundry done over a washtub would be unbearable drudgery. Therefore, in the "soapbag," a very important article, take a generous piece of laundry soap, as well as castile or any other favorite toilet soap. A good half-day may be spent scouring one's clothes—they may not be of the whiteness attained by the Chinaman, but they will be fresh and clean and sweet, and, like everything else in camp life, will give you that glorious feeling of independence and liberty unattainable elsewhere.

COOKING comes by rights under the woman's department; but it frequently happens that one of the men seizes this opportunity to show how it should be done, and for the most part his dishes are very creditable. All books on woodcraft devote a great deal of space to camp cookery, and, indeed, like many other aspects of camp life, is well-nigh an inexhaustible subject.

Everyone has ideas about camp fires, although most campers do not depart seriously from the approved models already established. It is always well to let the cook have his or her way in this matter. It is naturally trying to the temper to have to cook over a fire you do not approve of. One man of our acquaintance insisted upon putting the kettle on the ground and then building the fire around it, thus making it impossible to approach it and unnecessarily slow in boiling.

A MATTER OF KINDLING

PREPARING A PRIMITIVE FIREPLACE

A LAZY DAY

A cooking fire should be small and made directly under the pot. For general cooking I delight in a fire made either on rock or on flat stones made to form a hearth. At either end of the fireplace drive in crutched posts, and on these put a green hardwood pole. From this may be hung a succession of pots suspended over the fire by wooden pot hooks. Keep the kettles at one end over a brisk fire, while at the other end make a fire of bark and wood that will soon burn down and form glowing coals for frying and broiling. In this way a great deal of cooking may be done simultaneously. For a light mid-day meal, when only the kettle has to be boiled, place a green sapling a few feet long under one good-sized stone and over another to support it, and hang the kettle on the end.

An excellent hold-all has been devised by an experienced camper for holding one's personal kit. It is merely a piece of brown canvas, folded so as to form two pockets, with tapes sewn at the four corners. In this may be kept one's night clothes, and at night it should be stuffed with day clothes to form a pillow.

To those women who are fortunate enough to be taken on masculine camping parties I would say that in the long run it will save trouble to everyone concerned if they will not overdo it. It is a good plan to decide upon what one can carry on the portages and make herself responsible for it, whether it be one of the grub bags, or the cooking kit, or both, so that the men who have to carry canoes and duffle may feel confident that these important items are not being left behind.

In camp there are a thousand things to do, even if the cooking has been consigned to some man who especially enjoys it. The days are all too short to do all that to one seems possible.

If the stop is to be one of a week or so there are tables to make out of drift wood, and shelves for the grub bags, and the endless tidying up round the tents, for which one's fellow campers will be truly grateful. In fact, there are many ways in which a woman may make herself anything but a hindrance in a camp. She, however, has to prove herself, for, after all, there are many excellent housekeepers who would make wretched campers.

Camping Notes

YOUR sleeping-tent should be about five feet by seven. Such a tent may be bought for five or six dollars, and will more than pay for itself in comfort. At least one extra fly, to stretch overhead, adds enormously to camp comfort, especially on rainy days.

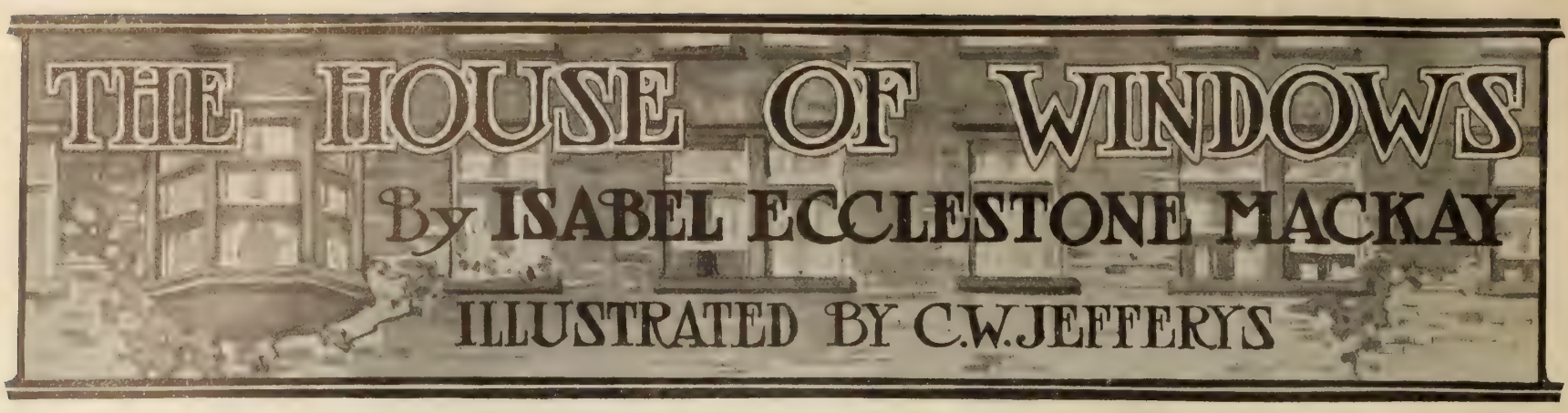
Strips of canvas of various lengths are always handy for covering things. Both flies and canvas pieces can be bought for from twenty-five to ninety cents a square yard, according to weight, the heavier grade being best if there is likely to be much rain.

For real comfort, and to meet all conditions of temperature, sleeping-bags are much better than blankets. These bags can be bought for from ten to fifteen dollars, according to the number of thicknesses of wool, and the patent appliances that finish the bag; but blankets sewed at the sides and ends, forming a bag, will do for any camp short of the Rocky Mountains.

A little care in the selection of your camping ground will save you a great deal of inconvenience. Find a level, grass-covered spot, between two trees just far enough apart to permit placing the ridge-pole of the tent between them. For this pole, a long, straight sapling is best. Set its ends in crotches of the two trees selected, and stretch your tent over the pole. That saves you the trouble of making tent-poles, and is a good deal stronger.

It is best to build a platform under your tent, as this insures a dry floor.

To build this platform, first lay a number of good-sized logs on the ground, parallel to each other. Block them up with stones, to make a solid foundation. Then nail your boards to the logs, taking care not to leave nails protruding. Campers have enough to do without bothering with torn clothing.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant.

THE father, however, seemed scarcely to have heard him. His head was buried in his hands again and he made no reply. After a moment's indecision the detective, respecting his silence, went quietly from the room.

Outside, the solemn butler stepped up to him respectfully. "Any news, sir?" But before he could answer Mrs. Torrance's maid came down the stairs wiping her red eyes. "There's news enough," she said. "The dear little baby is dead. And the poor mistress!—hark, listen to her now!"

Through the quietness of the beautiful hall rang a woman's cry, "Elice, my baby Elice!"

. . . . . .

Down in the third floor back of 1620 Brook Street a tiny child slept peacefully in a cradle hastily fashioned out of a clothes basket. Over the cradle leant two young girls, and while one shaded the lamp with her hand the other leaned still closer and (in spite of certain principles in regard to the non-kissing of babies) left a light caress upon her placid forehead.

"Sleep well, little Christine," said Celia. "If one mother did not want you, you've found two mothers who do!"

CHAPTER V.

SIXTEEN years, which may very well work miracles with the suburbs of a city, may very well leave the older portions almost untouched. Here, for lack of space to build in, building has ceased; the streets, the pavements, the outward aspect of things remain the same, however much of changing life has passed them by. It is here, in the heart of the city, that the returning traveler recognizes his native place and feels at home again. One could, for instance, feel a comforting sense of the permanence of things by just walking into the stores of Angers & Son after a sixteen years' absense. Good old Angers! It gave one such a comfortable feeling to find it still there. Of course, in sixteen years Angers had grown, but it had grown mostly into the air, so that its face was like that of a child who has grown taller without losing his familiar aspect. Successive coats of paint had come and gone, but paint is only a change in the mode of dressing and makes no real difference. Inside, the changes were mostly in extent. There were openings upward and vistas where none had been before. There were more elevators, there were moving stairways, the aisles were wider, the departments larger, the whole concern bigger, busier, and more imposing. And yet one could not see much real change in Angers.

Take the ribbon counter, for instance. In the course of the sixteen years it had been moved almost all over the ground floor; but had now, in the process of shifting, come back to the exact place it had occupied when one visited it before. True, it was a glorified ribbon counter, with multiplied pyramids and superfine glass cases, and yet it was wonderfully like that other counter where a shabby go-cart had been left upon the occasion of a ribbon sale sixteen years ago. There were no go-carts there now, for none were allowed inside the doors; instead, one could find upon the top floor a playroom for waiting children—Angers believed in keeping up-to-date.

But if there was little real change in the identity of the stores themselves, the personnel of their various staffs of workers was almost completely altered. One searched eagerly for a familiar face. There used to be such a nice girl to whom one always went for gloves—one missed her; and the girl in the book department who could really recommend a good book was gone. Why! They were all different! Or was that a familiar face at the ribbon counter? One thought probably not, for it is harder to know a person after sixteen years than to recognize a store.

If one were really interested, however, one might recognize an old acquaintance in Mr. Harcourt Flynn, no longer floorwalker, but now manager of the furniture department, with much added dignity and a little office and telephone of his own. One might have recognized Mrs. Harcourt Flynn, also, had she happened to be doing some shopping, for this fortunate person was no less than Miss Twiss, that tall, dark girl with the large mouth, who used to be head of the ribbon counter, and who once came very near losing her place through carelessness in instructing her subordinates as to the rules regarding go-carts. Mr. and Mrs. Flynn made a fine looking couple, and Mr. Flynn was much respected in Angers. He was not an unkind man, but it had become quite a tradition of the stores that he was a man who would stand no nonsense and who insisted that things go smoothly in his department. (Incidentally, there was quite a little romance about this marriage, which we shall have to take for granted.) Many faces there were in the stores, most of them quite new, some half-remembered, some almost haunting in their blurred remembrances. Among the last one might place the face of the present head of the ribbon department. Did one know her or did one not? One puzzled over it, and then, if one had a very good memory for faces, one remembered; and with recognition came a pang of regret, for this tired-faced woman was surely that pretty young girl with the fresh blue eyes and enchanting smile who had been a "new" girl in Angers sixteen years ago. Yes, upon second glances, there was no doubt about it. It was Celia Brown who stood there—but Celia Brown a girl no longer!

One brand new thing the stores had and that was a new manager. Since Mr. Davies' day there had been two new managers. None knew what had happened to Mr. Davies, no one cared either—it was so long ago—but there had been talk at the time of some mysterious falling out with the board. This autocratic body had become dissatisfied with Mr. Davies, and Mr. Davies had disappeared forthwith. With him went the tradition of the board; for it leaked out, in a gossipy fashion, that the stores were really owned by Mr. Adam Torrance, who used to live in that swell house with colonial pillars, opposite the Gardens, you know. But this fact did not excite the interest that it might have excited, since Mr. Torrance had been abroad for years traveling the world over; at first in search of health for his wife (who had never been the same, poor thing, since their little baby had been made away with in so shocking a manner) and, after her death, in search of forgetfulness for himself.

Meanwhile, the stores underwent the usual vicissitudes of stores whose owner is an absentee, but through it all they made money, which, after all, is the chief end of stores. They were abreast of the times also; witness the playroom for children, the moving stairways, and the careful number of stools behind each counter for the comfort of the clerks. This last innovation might seem to the uninitiated an almost useless extravagance, for, as the watchword of the stores was quick service, and as the prosperity of the stores was great, none of the clerks had ever any time to sit down, and were only apt to stumble over the stools when in a hurry.

It was upon this obvious inconsistency that Mrs. Harcourt Flynn (down town to do a little shopping) remarked one day when, upon leaving her husband's private office, she paused at the ribbon counter for a few moments' chat with Miss Celia Brown.

"*What* do they have those stools for?" she asked. "It seems to me that they do the customers far more good than they do you girls. Makes them feel better to see them there, I suppose, so that after they have kept you on your feet for an hour or two matching ribbons that won't match, they can go home and talk comfortably about the conveniences provided for the comfort of shop-girls! Tell me now, Celia, frankly, have you sat down to-day?"

Celia (it was indeed no wonder that one had failed at first glance to recognize her) smiled ruefully. "Really, I—I don't remember," she said.

"That's a nb! You know quite well that you haven't. And, Celia, when do you get your holidays? Don't put me off because I have an address I want to give you, a nice quiet place where you can really get some rest. It worries me to see you looking so tired." Mrs. Flynn's sharp black eyes rested affectionately upon her friend's pale face.

"I go off in a week or so," answered Celia, "but I am not going away this year—excuse me, Fanny, there is a customer waiting—"

"Let her wait, it won't hurt her. Now, Celia, you *are* going away. I'm coming over to see you and I'll bring the address. I'll give those girls a piece of my mind. I'll tell Ada that you are killing yourself—"

"Oh, please—" began Celia, but the voice of the irate customer who, like a certain king, had almost been obliged to wait, cut short her appeal, and Mrs. Flynn, annihilating the customer with a look, swept loftily away.

"Are you the head of this department?" demanded the customer, then, as Celia bowed, "Well, I would like you to match this ribbon; your assistant tells me that you haven't any apricot of this exact shade, but I know better. I bought this ribbon here only yesterday."

Celia took the scrap handed to her and examined it.

"The apricot we have is a shade darker, madam," she said politely.

The customer put up her glasses, "But it's impossible! It's a strange thing if you clerks cannot recognize your own ribbons. This ribbon was bought here."

"I think not." Celia was still polite.

"Excuse me, I bought it—at least my sister bought it here yesterday. It can't be all sold out in one day. If you will let me see all the apricot shades—"

"Certainly." Celia tried hard to keep the weariness out of her voice as she lifted down the pile of ribbon bolts.

"Are these *all* there are?"

"These are all, madam."

"Well, it's most extraordinary! I know my sister said that she bought the ribbon here, and if it wasn't here it was at Clark's. If you are sure there are no others—"

"These are absolutely all, madam."

"Then it must have been at Clark's. How provoking! One would think that in a store of this size—" but Celia's attention was already claimed by another ribbon seeker and she turned away.

"Atrocious how rude these clerks are getting," sighed she of the apricot ribbon. "That girl positively turned her back upon me while I was still speaking. I'll mention it to the floorwalker; it will be a kindness to the firm."

As a result of this kindness the floorwalker looked a little more sharply than usual at Celia. He was used to complaints of fussy women, and, being a just man, as floorwalkers go, he gave them usually no more attention than they deserved. But upon hearing this complaint, it suddenly occurred to him that the head of the ribbon department had not been looking herself for some time; observed critically that there were serious defects in her appearance. She was extraordinarily pale, she stooped, she looked distressingly tired! Her usual prim uprightness had suffered some strange eclipse: even her hair seemed faded, and the grey showed plainly in the brown. It was evident to a less interested person than the floorwalker that Miss Brown was "going off" in looks, and no one knew better than he how fatal such a going off might be. Customers like to be served by bright looking girls. They resent the very appearance of illness.

"If she doesn't spruce up after her holidays," thought Mr. Page, "she'll have to be transferred to mantles or something." Then, with a shake of his head, "But I'm afraid she hasn't any figure for mantles, poor girl, and no aptitude either, most likely. She has been in the ribbons a long time!"

A very long time it seemed to Celia Brown—all her life almost! The years before she had entered Angers seemed as if they must have belonged to the life of another person. And yet how quickly the time had gone! Something in the weariness she felt just now made her remember with sudden acuteness her first week behind the ribbon counter, when the long strain of standing had racked her nerves and muscles with strange pain. The girls had been kind, they had told her she would get over it, and she had got over it; that phase had passed. She had learned to stand all day without fainting at night, and she had grown used to being tired. From a new girl she had become a smart clerk, and then a responsible saleslady, and then head of the ribbon department. This she had remained, because there was really no further promotion for her, and the work was comparatively light.

She often encouraged herself with thoughts of its comparative lightness, and to-night, as she trudged wearily home to save her street car fare she tried to think of it harder than ever.

"If I were in the mantles, now," she told herself, "it would be so much worse," but something bright and sharp in the back of her brain remarked sarcastically: "*You* in the mantles, you wouldn't stand it a day!" "I know it," she answered the voice, "and that is why I am so fortunate to be in the ribbons." "You won't stand the ribbons much longer," said the voice jeeringly. She tried to silence it, but it managed to enquire with brisk insistence, "And then what are you going to do, *what are* you going to do *then?*" It was no use refusing to listen to it, so she began to argue the matter, as she had so often done before, as, indeed, she seemed to be always doing of late.

"After my holiday I shall be quite strong again," she asserted bravely, and, before the voice had had time to object to this, she added, "When Christine

is able to help I will not have to be so afraid of losing my place. I believe it is partly fear that is unnerving me." "It will be years before Christine can help," whispered the voice. "She is sixteen now, and even if you give up all idea of sending her to the university, she can't teach on her certificate until she is eighteen." "At the most that is only two years," said her braver self, but the voice was relentless, "It might just as well be two centuries. You can't hold out one year, let alone two." "I can," said determination. "You can't," said that inner knowledge; then, while she struggled for more confidence to face it down, it began to insinuate, "You might give up some of your fine ideas for Christine. She is willing. Now, if you were to allow her to enter the stores—"

"Never, never!" cried Celia. So intense was her denial that she spoke aloud, but no one noticed in the busy street. "Never, never," she repeated, and her hands in their worn cotton gloves pressed the fingers cruelly into the palms. The voice, silenced for the time, sank back again beneath the surface of her mind. She walked on, out of breath with the battle, but with a certain warm confidence in her heart.

CHAPTER VI.

AS Celia turned the corner at Brook Street and with home in sight quickened her lagging pace, it is safe to say that she noticed few of the changes which the sixteen years had wrought. Yet Brook Street was changed. A stranger would have noticed at once that the entire character of the street had altered since that night when Celia had trundled the shabby go-cart home. Even at that time the neighborhood had long ceased to be very desirable: now its aspect was distinctly forbidding. One by one the shabby houses had given place to tenement or "apartment" houses, whose ground floors were devoted largely to second or third-class shops and eating houses, together with the inevitable pool rooms and corner saloons. From a shabby, quiet street, with an atmosphere of its own, it had become a shabby noisy street, with no atmosphere at all; from being merely undesirable it had become vulgar.

The house where the Misses Brown lodged had always looked out of place in this street, now its presence there was so strange as to cause continual comment. At a little distance it was a rather imposing place, when the setting sun beamed upon its many windows it might, at a little distance, have seemed a palace. Beside it was the only vacant lot on the long street. It was surrounded by a wall, and, at a little distance, one might have imagined a garden there. Many a passer-by had woven romance about this strangely appearing house, and even on unromantic Brook Street it had earned for itself the name of the "House of Windows." So, in the most unlikely places do the most unlikely people feel the influence of the unusual, and with groping fingers touch the fringes of the skirts of fancy.

Celia never saw the sun upon the House of Windows without a stirring which was almost pain. It looked so like some fairy palace, she knew it so well for what it was. For as one came nearer all the glamor faded, the illusion was ruthlessly destroyed. Not one whit better than its neighbors was the House of Windows. Better? Rather worse, indeed, for it was older, dirtier, more unkept than they. That it survived at all was due to its being part of an estate which could not be disposed of until the coming of age of a young heir. It had been allowed to stand, therefore, growing a little dingier, a little more out of repair, a little more at odds with its surroundings, every year.

The growing change was so gradual that it was almost imperceptible. One was used to a thing before one noticed it, and when one's attention was drawn to it one felt that it had always been like that. To be sure, Celia had observed that the window curtains displayed behind the glass became steadily poorer in quality, and showed a growing tendency to smuttiness as tenant succeeded tenant. She noticed that these tenants when she met them on the stairs grew constantly more down-at-heel and untidy of head, but the real significance of such metamorphoses is not always apparent to those who live in daily contact with them.

Everybody knew that the Misses Brown were the oldest tenants of the House of Windows. One of them, the youngest, had been born there it was understood. At least no one in the house could remember the time when her yellow head had not flashed like a ray of sunshine through the rather dreary corridors. The sisters kept to their old rooms, careless of the fact that their white curtains and shining window glass became more and more of an incongruity. Moving, to Ada, the blind sister, would have meant a painful uprooting, while to Celia the growing drawbacks of the place were accepted from stern necessity. Nowhere else could she find rooms for which she could pay, within walking distance of her work. As for Christine, the youngest, she was of so gay and bright a nature that she could have made sunshine in a darker place than this. Like Celia, she often watched the old house when the sun made it blaze with reflected glories, and no amount of after disillusion ever quite robbed it of the borrowed splendor.

And then there was the garden. Strange how the name which has once described a place will linger when all claim to it has gone. Once, that enclosed place to the side of the House of Windows had been a garden. Only a small part of it was left now, but once there had been space for the rompings of many schoolgirls; there had been soft grass, green trees and flowers. Now, although it was rank with weeds, hideous with tin cans, and waste paper, and odorous only of Brook Street, it was called a garden still.

Out of the magic of the name the blind girl had fashioned a reality which was one of the joys of her shadowed life. To everyone else an eyesore, it was to her still a thing of beauty, a garden which stretched before her sightless eyes and blossomed in her mind with ever-changing loveliness. She never walked there; the gate was always locked, a merciful provision, but from her third-storey window she often leaned out over it imagining the beauty which lay below. No one undeceived her, for the girls kept much to themselves, and incoming tenants never failed to receive due warning from the good-hearted Irish janitress.

"Sure, she thinks its a foine garden, poor thing," she would say. "And it's a great comfort to her, who's needin' all the comfort she's gettin'. You'll just be kind enough not to be undeceivin' her at all."

Celia, for her part, lied shamelessly, and was cheerfully abetted by Christine. But the real gardener, the one who planted the garden and caused it to bloom in due season, was Mr. Thomas Alexander Burns, once clerk in the book department of Angers & Son, and now manager for Brindly, of the Bookshop. He lavished upon this dream garden the thought and skill which would have made the fortunes of a dozen ordinary gardeners, and it was wonderful how his plantings prospered. Only once in a long while did failure come, and then its introduction was most skilfully arranged and with an eye to necessary contrast. The fact was that Mr. Burns, while still considering himself an unsuccessful suitor for Celia's hand, had been for sixteen years the unresisting captive, the willing slave, of her blind sister. He never admitted to himself that he loved Ada, she was too high above him for mere love, but he served her faithfully without hope of return, and indeed without the consciousness of serving. It never occurred to him that Celia could see what he kept so well hidden from himself, or that her persistent refusal of him was due to anything save a natural inability to care for so uninteresting a person. But Celia had known of Tommy's devotion from the first, and the knowledge had saved her more than once, when, unusually weary, she had been tempted to accept the peace and security which might be hers as his wife.

She thought of this possible means of escape that night as she mounted the stairs in the House of Windows, and, as usual, when her thoughts turned in that direction, she sighed. She knew that round of thought so well. It was like a tread-mill; always she came back to the same starting point. It was useless to consider it, but somehow she always did consider it when the stairs seemed as long as they did to-night.

Perhaps her step was heavier, also, or perhaps someone was listening for it with keen ears, for she had not passed the second landing before a door upon the third floor flew open, letting more light upon the dusty stair, and from somewhere above her there floated a sibilant whisper, "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anyone coming?"

Tired though she was, Celia smiled. "Only the long road and the swaying grass and the dust blowing before the wind!" she answered dutifully, and the next moment she was being kissed violently upon the cheeks by a vision with yellow hair.

"I knew it was you!" said the vision. "But of course it might have been Tommy, and I did not want to bother coming down for him! Take hold of my arm, darling, and let me pull you up. You are late. The muffins will be spoiled. Oh, Celia, we had a visitor to-day!"

Celia's face in the dimness of the stairway grew a little whiter. "A visitor? Was it Mr. Banks, our trustee?"

"How mean of you to guess? Yes, and he left a note for you. Ada and I have been speculating. Perhaps someone has died and left us some money—lots of money."

"I'm afraid not, dear."

"Well, you don't *know!* Not that we want anyone to die, but if someone simply had to die it would be nice to be left the money. Did you see Tommy?"

"No."

"How tired your voice sounds! Well, Tommy is coming over for tea. We have two extra muffins. He could eat three, but we simply can't afford it—unless this man who died has left us some money."

"What nonsense you talk, Christine! I believe this wild idea has really excited you. Let me look at your face?"

It was indeed a face worth seeing. There in the dingy dimness of the hall it gleamed like some clear gem. Here was the greatest miracle of those sixteen years! For this young girl, with the first breath of womanhood upon her, strong and graceful in body, beautiful in face, was no other than the baby of the go-cart—a changeling indeed!

"Tommy has sent me a poem, too," she prattled on, as she helped Celia to unpin her hat, and with many little feminine touches straightened her collar and patted her hair. "You know I told him that he was guilty of making individual distinctions by sending them all to you. Besides, it must be tiresome always to write poems to the same person."

The blind girl looked up with a smile. "I suppose it would depend upon the person," she said.

Celia looked at her keenly. It seemed to her that Ada was strangely blind in more ways than one.

"Mine is just as nice as Celia's anyway," said Christine. "Listen and I'll read it before he comes. Ahem! This is the first stanza—I always want to say 'verse,' but Tommy says that stanza is proper.

> "Hazel eyes and Honey-hair (that's me!)
> Do you dream you are so fair;
> Do you guess your budding sweetness—
> Ambushed yet in incompleteness,
> Folded round with soft surprise—
> Honey-hair and Hazel-eyes?

"What do you think of that?"

"It is in Tommy's best Burnsonian manner," laughed Celia.

"I rather like 'honey-hair,'" mused Christine. "I wonder what made him think of that?"

Celia looked at the girl's shining head with quick pride, but she said carelessly, "Now that I think of it, your hair is honey-colored. The shade is rather uncommon."

"Is it? But what does Tommy mean by calling me 'incomplete'? Do you notice anything missing, Celia? Am I 'shy' of anything? Why," with a little gurgle of laughter, "it is just another way of saying that I am not all there! I've a good mind not to give the wretch his extra muffin."

A heart-rending groan followed this terrible sentence, for the culprit had come tip-toe up the stair and had met the common fate of all listeners.

"Serves you right!" declared Christine, but her glance softened at the sight of a suggestive parcel under Tommy's arm. "Is it a book, Tommy?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Mr. Burns, sadly, "it is a book, and yet for all practical purposes it is not a book." He laid the parcel carefully upon a shelf and placed his hat above it. Christine giggled.

"I suppose you mean 'no muffin, no book,'" she said. "In that case you can have your old muffin. Who is it for?"

Tommy gravely removed his hat from the parcel. "Well, its a kind of family book, I guess," he remarked. "First you said you wanted a new book, and then Celia said she had finished the one she was reading to Ada, and then Ada mentioned that she would like something of de Morgan's, and of course de Morgan wrote a new book at once, and—"

"And you felt it your duty to buy it!" snapped Celia. Her tone was so sharp and the irritation it expressed so uncalled for that the others looked at her in surprise. Even Tommy's equanimity was disturbed. His rather round blue eyes grew rounder. It was so odd of Celia to turn on a fellow like that! He knew of old how set she was against accepting any gift from him; but a book—he ran a bewildered hand through his hair, making it look more like a stubble field than ever.

"Don't do that, for goodness sake!" exclaimed Celia. "It makes you look exactly like Tommy Traddles!" And with this she disappeared into the adjoining room and slammed the door.,

"Well, that was a hard one," said Tommy cheerfully, and then, since every word could be heard over the partition, he asked in pantomine whatever was the matter with Celia?

Christine, also in pantomine, declared that Celia was feeling very tired, and Ada, who through it all had stood in quiet wonder, seemed to understand as well as if she had seen. She nodded gently, and with a gesture indicated that they had better take no notice.

Nevertheless, there was constraint upon them as they sat down at the round table. They could not talk naturally, and nothing seemed to taste properly until the door opened and Celia came back—a chastened Celia.

"Sorry I was rude, Tommy," she said taking her tea. "The fact is that you are almost too much of a blessing some times, and I am getting irritable in my old age, and then," with an attempt at lightness, "there was Christine's poem. It was really much better than the last one you sent me. It's not fair!"

"Really," said Tommy, delightedly. "Do you think I am improving? I wanted to ask you, but I was afraid of your chafing, you know. I think its rather better myself, eh?" He asked the question of Celia, but he looked at Ada. His voice was hopeful.

"Much better," said Celia.

"Lovely!" said Christine, eating muffin.

Ada, who was still looking faintly troubled, said nothing. Tommy's face fell.

"If I only had another name," he reflected despondently. "But a man can't write up to a name like mine."

Christine nodded sympathetically. "We could lend you ours for poetical purposes," she said kindly. "Brown is such a nice flat name. Nothing to live up to, all on a dead level. 'Brown!' somehow it never seems quite as if it belonged to me!"

Celia dropped her spoon with a faint clatter. Ada's face lifted with its listening look, and Tommy's face grew violently red.

"I mean," went on the girl unconsciously, "that there are so many Browns that it seems to be a kind of common-property name."

"Yes, of course, just so!" stammered Tommy. But somehow a restraint had fallen upon the table talk, and presently Ada rose and went over to the open window. Standing there she seemed scarcely changed at all from the girl of sixteen years ago. The years had left her peculiar loveliness almost untouched; with that strange immunity of the blind she had escaped unscathed. Although but three years younger than Celia, there was no thread of grey

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ORCHARD LODGE—AND NAN

A Story of Strife Between Love and Ambition

By ELIZABETH RICHARDSON

Orchard Lodge, May 4th.

Dear Connie:

Just a note to tell you that I am here. And, Connie—there's an orchard, sure enough; two of 'em, for that matter! One is all prim and straight and stiff but the other is an old, old one—a place in which to doze and read and dream. There are just a few trees, gnarled and weather-beaten, their great branches curving most obligingly to form comfortable (?) seats. My gymnastic training will stand me in good stead now, for of course the leafiest nooks are the highest up. "It's the way of the world," as dear old Mrs. Cooke used to say.

But, Conn, best of all there is a high hedge right around this bit of Paradise, which hides it entirely from the vulgar gaze of the world. Just think of it—I shall be able to dry my hair out in God's sunshine, unafraid of some horrid person (feminine gender, of course) seeing me and telling some other equally horrid person (also f. g.) that "Miss Conran—the writer, you know—must really be getting on in years, for when she was drying her hair out in her back yard this morning—such a silly thing to do!—though I was quite a piece away from her I could see the grey hairs plainly!" Ah, well, such is the price of fame—and single bliss! They would not be half so interested in my advancing years were I married.

Now I suppose I had better tell you who comprise the household of Orchard Lodge. Well, there are Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow—perfect dears; Nan Nesbit, who teaches the village school, and who has the college bee in her bonnet; Billy Woodrow, a young imp of eight or thereabouts; and old Davie, handy man and Jack-of-all-trades.

This is all for this time—continued in my next.

Devotedly,

LYN.

* * *

Orchard Lodge, May 15th.

Dear Conn:

I woke up last night to hear the rain falling steadily on the veranda roof. You know how it sounds, so regular and resolute. It always makes me long for home and mother. Fortunately I had my wits sufficiently about me to get up and lower the window, then crept shivering back to bed. Somewhere near there was a place from which the water dropped—dropped—*dropped*. Even through the wall the sound came clearly, distinctly, falling on the roof with a thud that seemed deafening. I caught myself counting, "one, two, *thud;* one, two, three, *thud;* one, two, *thud*, and so on. It was so persistently regular! Finally, I fell asleep, still counting.

To-day it is still raining; no, pouring. Everything is drenched, the water is dripping from the trees and lying in pools all about. Isn't it strange what a subdued, patient look all outside has on a day like this? The trees are so resigned and meek; they might be saying, "Better have it all at once you know, and be done with it." The birds are a little more cheerful, and keep up a continual chirping.

Short as has been my stay here I have found that the men always congregate in the barn, especially on a rainy day. I suppose they sit up in the hay-mow, chewing straws and talking politics. Billy, who has a cold and pleaded off from school, Mr. Woodrow and Davie are out doing the "chores" now; I've no doubt they will stay there till noon.

LYN.

* * *

Orchard Lodge, May 31st.

Connie, dear:

I have been lying all morning in the hammock and becoming so lazy that for the good of my soul I thought I had better exert myself sufficiently to write you. Already I'm feeling better—nerves and Orchard Lodge don't seem to fit somehow, so I'm forgetting my nerves, praises be to Allah!

At present I am up in my bedroom, which is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," even if it *is* a bedroom. One of my windows overlooks the new orchard and the view is entrancing! As far as the eye can see tosses and rolls a sea of foaming white, while little flecks of froth, sometimes veritable showers, are thrown high in the air, to fall again, quickly, silently, into the dashing waves. But what amazes one is the silence of it all; no sound of waves, lashed into fury, beating against rock or shore; only of rushing wind and tossing branches.

There, that gives it all away! Even your finite mind will have comprehended that it is the apple-blossoms I'm raving over. Alas! if this wind keeps up for long there will be none left! However, Nan says the trees are just as pretty without their blossoms; she likens them to "a billowing sea of green." I like Nan, she is—

"Enough of rhapsodies," I hear you say. Therefore, I sha'n't enlarge upon Nan. Lovingly,

LYN.

* * *

Orchard Lodge, June 15th.

My dear Connie:

I'm out in the hammock with my writing-pad held straight up on my chest. That explains the writing. The birds are singing gloriously, the bumblebees rumbling lazily from flower to flower, the breeze stirs the branches overhead, while chequered shadows dance lightly on the grass. Oh, "what more rare than a day in June?" and "what more could the soul of man (or woman) desire?" I desire nothing but a glass of lemonade—a beverage for which I have developed a surprising fondness—and Nan has just gone into the house to make some. She has had a hard day at school and as a consequence is rather cross. Mrs. Higgins, an old woman down in the village, has been treating her to her (Mrs. Higgins') views of "woman's chief mission in life," or something like that. You may imagine what they are; she is a narrow-minded old body, who regards woman as much the "weaker vessel," to be kept always under the thumb of her lord and master. It makes Nan so angry to have these meddlesome old gossips twit her about being "on the lookout for a husband," and so on.

"To hear Mrs. Higgins talk," she said, wrathfully, "one would think a girl's one duty in life was to 'catch' a husband. This done she must serve and obey him for all time. To change the catechism, 'Woman's chief end in life is to marry man and serve and glorify him forever.'" with which she flounced away.

Good thing young Chester Dale isn't around, or Nan would be pouring the vials of her wrath upon him.

Here comes the lemonade, so good-bye.

Devotedly,

LYN.

* * *

Orchard Lodge, June 25th.

Connie, my friend, I wish you were here. How you would revel in long, lonely walks on the—alas!—dusty country roads, or through the fragrant fields and meadows, with the sound of singing birds and humming bees in your ears, and the fresh, scent-laden breeze in your face. Or in dreaming in the high, dark woods, where the sunbeams glance fitfully through arched branches and a little brook babbles noisily over its pebbled, sunshiny bed, to glide quietly, darkly, through cool shadows, and out again into the flickering sunshine. A chattering squirrel runs rapidly up a fallen trunk, to turn and gaze at you, its beady eyes coldly suspicious. Bye and bye the restful sound of murmuring wind in the treetops and softly-running water lull you to sleep, and you wake to find the shadows deepening, lengthening, and darkness gathering in the deeper woods, while the supper-bell peals insistently from the farm-house. You regretfully gather up your cushion and book and go home through the still fields while the birds chirp sleepily from the woods behind; a cow-bell tinkles for a moment and is silent; somewhere near, yet invisible, a girl is calling "Co-bossy, co, co-o," her voice rising and falling in musical cadence.

From the foregoing you may guess where I have spent my afternoon—out in the woods, happy and solitary, feeling a thousand miles from human habitation, though as a matter of fact the "bush," as it is always called, is only across a couple of fields. I'm beginning to see the wisdom of the doctors' orders about living in the fresh air, for I have a positively appalling appetite, and am forced to observe that rule of the Puritan's—or was it the Quaker's?—about quitting before one is "filled up"—to quote Billy—for the perfectly simple reason that I don't believe I ever would get "filled up"; for decency's sake I have not tried. And I'm disgracefully fat,—not "plump" not "stout," but *fat!*

I must tell you of the amusing sequel to Nan's sarcastic words of a few weeks ago. I think I told you of the incident in my last letter. Last Sunday we had a divinity student to preach, the regular minister being away. This student, Mr. Harrington, stayed here. I went to Sunday School with Nan and noticed that Mr. Harrington, who taught Billy's class, seemed to be much tickled over something.

As we walked home he observed to Nan, "I am much interested in your theory of woman's chief end, Miss Nesbit. It is—er—unusual."

Nan looked mystified, but I remembered with a start that Billy had climbed up one of the trees near the hammock just before Nan came home from school that afternoon, and therefore must have heard her silly speech.

"The class I taught this afternoon had the first question of the catechism. Doubtless you know the answer, 'Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.' One lad, of an enquiring turn of mind, asked if woman's chief end was the same as man's. Before I could answer your cousin piped out, 'No, it isn't; Nan says it isn't.' I remarked that I thought it was.

"'Well,' he glowered at me, 'I guess Nan knows, 'cause she's a teacher.'

"Answering my look of inquiry he said, 'Nan says woman's chief end is to marry man and serve and glorify him forever.'"

Mr. Harrington paused abruptly, overcome with mirth, in which Nan had the grace to join, though blushing violently. He did not pay much heed to her hurried explanation, nor was he at all shocked, as Nan, staunch little Presbyterian, feared he would.

Love to Tom and the kiddies. Devotedly,

LYN.

* * *

Orchard Lodge, July 15th.

Dearest Connie:

The serpent has entered my Eden! In other words Chester Dale has proposed to Nan and she has refused him. I don't know whether I have mentioned Chester in my letters; he is a young man from the city who has been out here considerably this summer, especially since Nan's holidays commenced. It is plain that Nan loves him, and though she is trying bravely to appear cheerful and carefree, her white face and sad eyes tell the story of sleepless nights and tear-wet pillows. Poor child! She is so frank and sunny it is impossible for her to appear what she is not, but it is the little goose's own fault. Just fancy, Conn, she won't accept Chester because she is determined to go to college. She will not consent to even an engagement.

"He shall be free," she says. "It will probably be a year or two yet before I can go to college, and then four years on top of that—it's a long time!"

I agreed with her, but urged her to give up the college idea altogether.

"You know how much Chester needs you," I said; "he is peculiarly placed, alone in a large city, with no near relatives; the owner and manager of a large business. And believe me, college isn't worth the sacrifice of a good man's love. Mind, I am not saying Chester would not be faithful and wait for you, if need be, six years, but it is a hard test."

Jean Norton, Nan's chum, who is now in her sophomore year, got wind of the affair and wrote Nan. I saw the letter.

"Nan, my dear," she wrote, "I do hope you aren't making a mistake. I know Chester loves you and that you are not altogether indifferent to him. (Don't be offended, dear.) If you love him, don't, for pity's sake, Nan, give him up for the sake of going to college. Take this from one who knows, *college is not worth it.* That is not saying anything against college either, for it is great, and if it wasn't for Chester I'd say 'Come, and good luck to you.' But listen, Nan—this is honest to goodness, cross my heart, as we used to say—if some good man loved me as Chester Dale loves you, and needed me as he needs you, *I would leave college for him this minute.*"

Billy and one of his friends jumped from the highest beam in the barn to-day, on to a little wee bit of straw on the floor. Even Mr. Woodrow turned pale when he heard of it.

"Oh, well," said Billy nonchalantly, when told they might have been killed, "we said our prayers before we jumped, so in case—" Thoughtful of them, was it not?

Lovingly,

LYN.

* * *

Orchard Lodge, July 29th.

My dear Connie:

Nan and I were out for a stroll in the orchard to-night, after thes tars came out, and I wished again that you were here.

Looking far up through the purple night to the dark sky, dotted with its myriads of glimmering, gleaming stars, I felt so little and mean and insignicant! You know the feeling of intense loneliness that comes over one, when even the birds are silent and every little sound is strangely distinct, and the piercing whistle of a distant engine fairly tears the silence, one seems to hear it quiver and sob as the

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MRS. JIM'S HOLIDAY

An Episode of a Reunion in an Ontario Town

By B. McM. BELL

UNTIL Mrs. Jim read that item in the paper she did not know what ailed her. And even then she did not, just at first, for she refused to admit it even to herself. She put the idea away from her again and again, but each time it pressed back more insistently. She knew she was tired—tired of the eternal sameness of things, of the endless stretch of prairie that bounded her on every side, of its monotony, its noiselessness, its solitude, but—

She read it again, and yet again, until she found herself repeating it by heart:

"Every husband and wife should have, at the least, one month's holiday away from each other during the year. Change of air, change of environment, change of companionship, however congenial, are necessary to the health and happiness of both."

Could it be that she was tired of Jim? Jim, who never grumbled, who never complained, who bore all the reverses that had come to him with a brave heart, and a brave smile—tired of Jim!

Her eyes left the paper and traveled to the far corner of the room, where the baby was amusing himself with his toys. How Jim loved his boy, she thought—how wonderful seemed to him every movement of the baby hands and feet, every lisping word that fell from the baby lips! And how he had loved the others—the three little ones, whose graves were lonely, away out in the cemetery on the prairie!

The great love she had borne him for years surged up in her heart, until for the moment it crowded out every other emotion. Then, just as suddenly, there came a revulsion of feeling, and she knew that she could not bear him to come in tonight from the field and kiss her, as was his custom, and ask her about her day's work. She seemed to know that the very caress had become a mere habit, and that he gave it to her as unthinkingly as he put on his smock in the morning to go to his work in the field.

Jim's kisses had meant so much to her once. Now, they meant nothing to either of them—they had descended to the level of the commonplace.

It must be true, she decided at last. Jim had, in some mysterious way, become part of the environment, and she knew she was tired of that. Vaguely she wondered if Jim was tired of her. They had lived together so long without a break that it seemed as if romance and emotion were eliminated from their lives. Their pulses no longer beat faster at each other's approach. When their hands touched the contact sent no thrill through the body, no color to the cheeks. And Mrs. Jim knew now that what she, at any rate, had been longing for was the sweetness of that first year of their married life, when everything was new and fresh and lovely. She saw plainly, too, the truth of what she had been reading—that absence from her husband for a time was the only way to bring back that sweetness of romance, that joy in his companionship that she had known and enjoyed for many happy years.

But where was she to go, and how was she to get away? The only place she cared to visit was the little Eastern town in which she was born. For years she had yearned to go back, even for a month, but she had not been able; and now, she was no more able than before. It would cost so much, and Jim had done without that new binder till he could manage with the old one no longer. She couldn't go there—that was certain.

The clock struck the half-hour. Jim would soon be coming in for tea—she must have it ready for him.

She was just putting the finishing touches to the table, when a rap came on the door. A moment later the grizzled head of their old Scotch neighbor appeared.

"Why, Mr. Williams," said Mrs. Jim cordially, "come right in. You're just in time for tea. Jim will be here in a few minutes.

"Do come," she said in her most persuasive tone, for the old man had made a gesture of dissent. "I have just the things you like for supper."

"Ay, I've nae doot o' that," replied the old Scotchman. "Your suppers are aye worth tastin'. But I canna bide the nicht, lassie. I was tae the toon, an' I juist lookit in wi' yer mail."

Mrs. Jim opened the letter he had handed her, and became so absorbed in it at once that she did not notice that the old man, instead of going on to his house, waited at the gate for Jim, who was coming in from the field, and stood talking to him earnestly for a few moments.

Mrs. Jim's letter proved to be an invitation to the Paris Old Boys' Re-union, in August. She had heard vague rumors concerning it, but had not dreamed that an announcement would find its way to her little home on the prairie. But there ,in plain letters, was her name, followed by the invitation. And there, on another page, was a picture of the High school. Every line of its square brick front was familiar. Every room of it was crowded with memories, tender and sweet. "The old school," she said lovingly, "the old school!"

She turned the page and a picture of the town met her eye—a splendid cut. There was the house where she was born, the street where she had played, the bridge from which she and her brother had often dangled their legs while fishing, the doctor's house, the church with the manse hard by, the line of stores on either side of the clean, wide street, the library and reading-room, with their myriad associations; and, away in the distance, the winding road that led to the cemetery where her mother and father slept.

She longed; oh, how she longed to see it all again! She laid the booklet aside, for she heard her husband's step at the door.

"Halloa, Jim, boy! Want Daddy to give you a toss?" Jim caught the boy up and threw him to the ceiling, being rewarded by a rippling peal of baby laughter. He looked at his wife's smiling face with eyes that had just been opened, and he saw, behind the smile, the tears, the tired lines about the mouth, the pitiful, weary droop of the shoulders.

"Supper ready, little woman? I'm as hungry as a yoke of oxen."

And what a supper! Poached egg on toast, followed by creamy custard, flaky home-made bread, butter yellow and sweet, and fresh rhubarb pie with cream.

"Mr. Williams brought the mail, Jim," said Mrs. Jim, as she poured her husband a cup of tea.

"Yes, I saw him," Jim answered. "Scottie isn't looking well. I've seen him failing these two years."

"Since Mrs. Williams died," said Mrs. Jim softly. "I tried to persuade him to stay for supper, but he wouldn't."

"He wanted to get home," Jim said; but he did not tell her that the old Scotchman had waited purposely to speak to him, and that the subject of their

"A picture of the town met her eye."

conversation had been Mrs. Jim herself. He recalled the earnest look in the old man's eyes as he said, "She's no weel, the lassie. Ay, lad, I ken ye hae na' noticed it. It's no serious yet, but she was tellin' Auntie Gray that she's juist tired oot. It's a rest she needs, lad, a rest an' a change. Ye'll hae tae get her awa' fer a spell, I doot.

"Lad," the old man put his hand on Jim's sleeve, "do it soon—do it as soon as ye can. I'd 'a' had my ain wumman wi' me yet, gin I hadna kep' my een closed sae lang." He turned abruptly and left him, but Jim knew that it was to hide the moisture that had crept into his eyes.

"Any letters for me, Nell?" Jim asked, when the meal was over. "Halloa, what's this? Paris Old Boys, eh? So they're going to have it after all. There's the town. I'd know it without the name from your description, Nell.

"What a pretty place it must be," he said a moment later. "So many rivers, and bridges, and trees."

"The prettiest place in all Ontario," said Mrs. Jim.

"To you," returned her husband, his eyes twinkling. "'There's no place like home,' eh, Nellie?

"Say, Nell, you'll have to go," he said, laying aside the booklet after he had looked through it.

"Jim!" cried his wife, half-reproachfully, "I can't."

"Of course you can. Auntie Gray will cook for me, and look after the milk and butter. You know she has offered to do it several times. Let's see, when does it come? In August—plenty of time to get ready—of course you can." Then he added, a little doubtfully, "The baby, though—"

"Oh, he'd be no trouble."

Jim noted the eagerness in her voice. "You know he makes friends with everybody."

"It's not that, Jim, it's the—the money."

"Money!" Jim laughed easily. "We'll fix that. Why, I've a roll of bills where I can put my hand on them this minute. You'll take them and get some things for yourself and the boy."

"Jim!" exclaimed his wife, almost fiercely, "I'll do nothing of the kind. There are things you need more than I need this trip, and you must not do without them."

"Well, well, little woman, never mind," said Jim quickly, for he saw in his wife's eyes the mist that heralds tears. "We'll see what turns up."

But next morning he was very decided.

"Nellie," he said quietly, but in his eyes was a look she could not combat, "you're going to Paris for that re-union. Now, take this money, and get yourself and the boy ready."

ONCE in her native town, Mrs. Jim gave herself up to the full enjoyment of what she had for many years been longing for. The re-union week was an unmixed delight. Each day was full of pleasurable excitement. She met again those who had been her schoolmates in the old days—many of them she had not seen since they left the dear old High school. They had gone their several ways, and she had gone hers. Now they recounted the schoolday pranks and punishments—those comedies and tragedies that spell so great a part of the school-life of boys and girls. Some of the teachers of the old days were still in their positions—others, she remembered with sincere regret, were lying in the cemetery on the outskirts of the town.

Often she would take the baby and go with some friend to visit an old, well-remembered haunt, whose associations, seen through the mist of the years, were beautiful and tender. There were so many dear friends to visit, too, and they were all so good to her. And the baby was splendid! He seemed to know that his mother's friends were his friends; enjoyed all the caressing and jollying they gave him to the utmost, and grew fat, and rosy, and strong.

And Mrs. Jim, herself, in the change of air and scene, and in the freedom from the work and worry of housekeeping, found the strength she had been seeking.

So the time passed, and Mrs. Jim, looking at her ticket one afternoon, discovered that it was good for only a few days more. Then she fell to musing. Had Jim missed her, she wondered. He had been so anxious for her to come. Perhaps he had wished to be alone again—alone and free, as he had been before she came into his life. She wondered, too, with a bit of an ache at her heart, if he liked being alone—if he would be sorry to see her come back. His letters told her nothing: he was getting along well, he said, and she and the boy must stay as long as they could, and have as good a time as possible.

The sweetness of that time when they were married swept over her like a flood, carrying everything before it. She saw again the lovelight in Jim's eyes, as he stood beside her in the little village church. She took the drive with him again from the place where she had been teaching, and where Jim had wooed and won her, away out across the prairie to the home he had built and made ready for her. It was a glorious day. The sky was blue, of a shade peculiar to the Western sky in June, and there were just enough cloud-flecks to temper the sunshine. Flowers of every color mingled with the green grass of the prairie. Wild pink roses were springing up in the trails. The sloughs reflected the blueness of the sky in their glistening depths. The strong, rushing wind of the prairie had, for the time, given place to a gentle breeze, that merely stirred the leaves of the poplars in the bluffs.

The sweetness of the June-tide filled their hearts to overflowing, and they clasped each other's hands and laughed like happy children. They knew nothing but joy then. Sorrow was to come to them later.

Mrs. Jim's mind ran swiftly over the years—years that were glad for the most part, but heavy with work and care. But the babies were worth it—she had told herself that, many a time—worth it many times over—if only she could have kept them! Again she lived through that awful week when the three little lives went out, and with them, for her, all the joy of motherhood. Ah, how tender Jim had been then! How he had sought to stifle his own grief, that he might soothe and quiet hers—how he had helped her take up the burden—the heavy burden of life in a world whose light had gone out with the light of three little faces!

A maid rapped at the door. "A telegram for you, Mrs. Gray," she said.

A great fear caught at Mrs. Jim's heart. It

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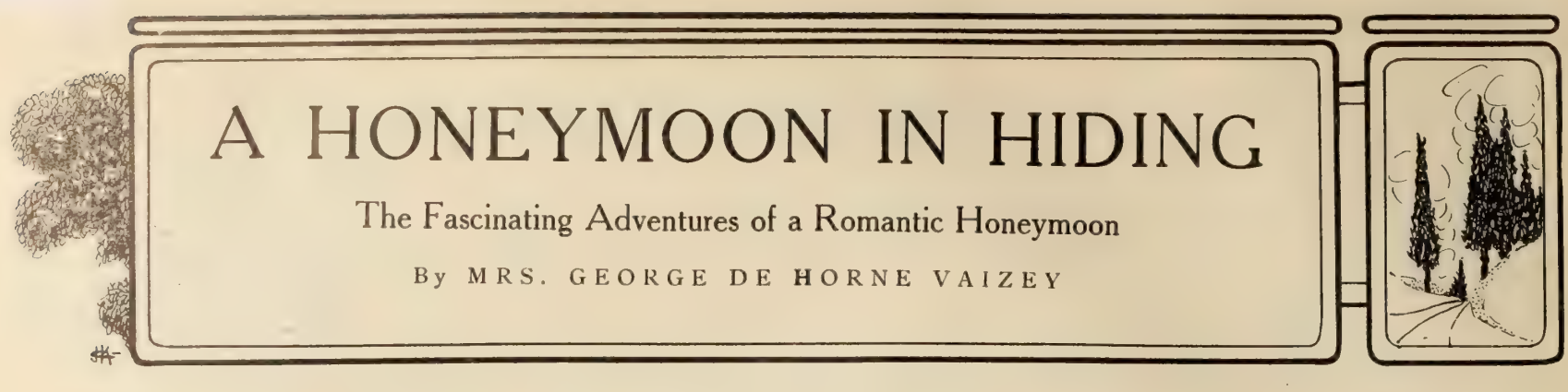

A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

The Fascinating Adventures of a Romantic Honeymoon

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gwen Nugent becomes the wife of Dr. Pat Hilbert, London, England, and as they start off on their wedding journey, the bridegroom discovers that he has been robbed of his pocket-book. He and Gwen return quietly to London and spend their honeymoon in their new house, avoiding their friends. They go to an East End restaurant one evening and the waiter advises them to seek amusement at a music hall where a "competition" is going on.

"FACTORY girls—five-pound note—a competition. What *sort* of competition? What do they do?" queried Gwen breathlessly, whereat the waiter's tired face lit up with a flash of amusement.

"Madame understands that there appears at this hall a *prima donna*, a star, a very fine madame indeed, who has even had a turn at the Empire itself. It is to personate her, to sing her songs, make her dance, her gestures, her smiles. In the first part of the programme, madame herself would appear; in the second, the young girls would compete. One after the other they would appear on the stage, dressed, madame would understand, in their toilet of every day, and would sing a song chosen from the star's *repertoire*. It was a sight the most unusual, the most unique, only to be equalled by that of the presentation of the five-pound note to the successful candidate of the evening. The best seats were a shilling each."

The honeymooners looked at each other and drew long breaths of delight. *The Wild Girl* must wait; *Cissy* must wait. In the bosom of the family, surrounded by love's devotion, they must bide their turn, for it was now or never with the factory girls and their impersonations of the beautiful star.

Half an hour later Pat and Gwen were seating themselves in one of the front rows of "stalls" at the National East End, and inwardly marvelling to find that on the whole it looked so much like the places of amusement with which they were familiar. Cheap gilding instead of dear; cotton-backed satin instead of silk; at a first glance there seemed little difference between the two, and the building had fine proportions, and was brilliant with lights. The occupants of the stalls differed widely from the crush-hatted, satin-cloaked audience of the West, but they had an air of quite unexpected respectability, and were every whit as detached and uninterested in manner.

The galleries were thronged with an eager crowd whom the honeymooners divined to be ultimately connected with the business of the hour, and when the star made her first appearance, her ditties were received with breathless attention.

The star was large and coy. She wore a chestnut wig, a white satin dress, and large clusters of imitation diamonds. Her voice could not, by any stretch of courtesy, be called sweet; it was in quality rather of the nature of an engine whistle. She enunciated her words with a piercing distinctness, putting her finger in her mouth when a youthful effect was desired; dancing a heavy breakdown between the verses, and on these occasions when they wished to be especially naive, burrowing her chin into her neck, when the double chin promptly became three, and spread right over the diamond stars.

Gwen looked on with rapt attention, putting herself mentally in the place of the factory girls, and unconsciously imitating each grimace in a fashion which reduced her husband to silent convulsions of laughter. The rest of the program was dull beyond relief; but to-night no one had any attention to spare for performing dogs or human acrobats; all the applause was kept in store to greet the manager when, at long last, he appeared on the boards to introduce the first of the fifteen heroines of the night.

The manager was stout, and wore a frock coat, well creased at the waist. He wore also an enormous solitaire diamond in his necktie, and another on the little finger of his left hand. His features were Hebraic in type, and beaming with good nature.

"Ladies and gents," he announced genially, "I have much pleasure in introducing to your notice Candidate No. 1, Miss Louiser Riggs, who will now proceed to inform you that 'She's no laidy, dressed in fine array.'"

Loud applause.

Striding round the corner of the wings came a big, thick-set girl with a mop of red hair, a picture hat, ornamented with white plumes, a collarless blouse, a blue skirt with a ragged hem, and a pair of ancient boots, through the toes of which could be discerned fleeting glimpses of white stocking. "Good old Louiser!" shouted the gallery, and Louisa bowed her acknowledgments with much self-possession. Then she patted her tattered skirt, glanced over her shoulder at an imaginary train, pressed her hands against her waist with a smoothing, patting movement, and rolled her eyes languidly from side to side. It was an admirable piece of mimicry, and the house yelled approval, but, alas, Louisa's voice was thin and husky, and her manner of enforcing her genial qualities was far from convincing. Friends of the rival candidates "booed" in derisive fashion, and Louisa artfully hurried through her verses and lengthened the interludes between, when her dancing steps, her smiles and flutters would surely score to her credit. Nevertheless, the verdict of the house was not appreciative, and it was with a discomfited air that she returned to the back of the stage, to seat herself in the first of the fifteen chairs which had been ranged in readiness against the wall.

"Ladies and gents," announced the manager, smiling more broadly than ever, "Miss 'Arriet Tevans will now oblige with her valuable advice:

> "'Put yer umbrella back,
> With yer troubles in the rack,
> And the sun will Sh—ine again!'"

'Arriet Tevans had evidently a large following, for she was greeted with cries of "Buck up, 'Arriet!" which advice was badly needed, for she looked as frightened as a rabbit, and just about as white and pink-eyed, and shivery about the nose, as she stood in the fierce glare of the footlights, panting visibly beneath her poor little bodice, and holding on tightly to the ends of her red shoulder shawl. There was nothing even faintly reminiscent of the star in her meek and frightened mien, but when at last she found courage to open her mouth, a surprising volume of sound startled the audience into attention. The very rafters seemed to ring as 'Arriet Tevans adjured her hearers to optimistic signs, and two occupants of the stalls, at least, resisted with difficulty the temptation to thrust their fingers into their ears. Again the verdict of the audience was distinctly non-committal, and Candidate Number Two retired with an air even more discouraged than her predecessor.

Gwen began to feel that the competition was not quite so amusing as she had imagined. There was too much grim earnest behind the surface comicality. How heartrending must be the conviction that one had tried, and failed. Gwen did not feel inclined to laugh at the eccentricities of the next few candidates who demonstrated in striking fashion the rareness of allied gifts. If a girl possessed any powers of mimicry, she had no voice; if she had a voice, she could not mimic; but Elizabeth Huggins, Number Nine on the program, seemed at last to be able to combine both roles. She was a pretty girl, or would have been pretty if it had not been for her pitiful air of delicacy. She wore no hat, and her dress of rusty black cashmere had plainly been made for someone several sizes bigger than herself. She was shaking with nervousness, but there was a desperate air of determination in the manner in which she walked forward to the centre of the stage, and made her bow to the audience. "She can't face it! She'll bolt in another minute," whispered Pat in Gwen's ear; but Elizabeth Huggins did not bolt. She dropped her eyelids as if to shut out the sight of the white blur of faces, and with a spasmodic jerk of the body, set herself to her task. First, with a downward, crouching movement, she appeared to sink into herself, shortening her neck, and inflating her chest into an appearance of fulness; this done, the white shoulder shawl was next twitched downward to mark the line of a *decollete* bodice, above which was now revealed to sight a mass of glittering glass beads, scarcely less effective than the star's own, in the kindly glare of the footlights. The sight of those diamonds awoke a preliminary cheer from the gallery, and, encouraged thereby, Elizabeth dived into a capacious pocket, from whence a sheet of music was produced and held out in extended arms, while a sweeping smile stretched the corners of the mouth. This was good; this was true. The picture of the star at the same moment in her performance rose instinctively in the mind of the beholder, and the audience broke into renewed cheers. Then Elizabeth began to sing and there was an instant hush. It was a small voice, a weak voice, but exquisitely true and sweet, and the banal words took to themselves quite a touching beauty as the young voice trilled them out:

> "I don't care where I reside,
> I'll be quite satisfied,
> Any old place will do for me,
> So long as you are trew!"

When the verse was ended the applause broke out once more, and a faint flush showed itself on Elizabeth's cheeks. Still with downcast eyes, as if not trusting herself to face the audience, she made a sweeping bow of acknowledgment, and, lifting her skirts in two outstretched hands, began a series of posturing strides which represented the star's dance. It was cleverly done, and Pat laughed heartily at the sight, all the more heartily, perhaps, because the uplifted skirt revealed a patched and tattered woollen petticoat, instead of the star's cascade of lace, and boots and stockings in the last stage of decrepitude; but when he turned towards Gwen, lo! her lips were set and two big tears shone in her eyes. No, she was telling herself, it was not funny at all—it was pitiful, heartrending to behold. The desperate resolution of this white, frightened girl conjured up dread pictures. Who waited at home for the coming of that five-pound note? *What* was that home?—a cellar; an attic, damp and bare, with perhaps a few tumbled coverings in one corner to serve as bed to some dear one starving, suffering. "Ah, she must get it. She *must* have the prize!" sighed Gwen earnestly to herself.

And then suddenly came a hitch. Elizabeth's thin cheeks flushed with a painful red, her eyes showed a frightened gleam, the clear notes choked, struggled on, choked again, and were finally overcome by a paroxysm of coughing. It was not ordinary coughing which might pass with the passing of a moment; there was a tragic significance in its sound, and the girl seemed at once to realize her defeat. Her thin arms dropped to her sides, her head dropped on her chest, she turned her back to the audience and walked hurriedly off the stage.

"Ladies and gents," announced the manager hastily, "Miss Florence Murphy will now oblige."

Gwen drew close to her bridegroom's side and clutched a piece of his coat. "Pat, oh, Pat! She wanted it so badly—she was so brave. I can't *bear* it if she doesn't win the prize."

Pat squeezed her fingers, and whispered reassuringly, "She was far the best, dear, far the best. She's bound to win," But in his heart he was not so sure.

Ten minutes later, Elizabeth Huggins slipped into her vacant seat, to listen to the efforts of her remaining rivals, and as Fate would have it, arrived just in time to witness the triumph of the evening. Alice Maud Smith was the name of the Diva, and from the moment that she appeared on the stage her mastery seemed assured. She had no beauty, no voice, and not too much ear, but she had unlimited self-possession, a merry eye, and that happy knack of noting and reproducing leading characteristics which makes the fortune at once of the portrait painter and the entertainer. No subtle effects for her; no half shades, nor delicate suggestions. Alice Maud knew her audience, and, so to speak, piled on her color with a shovel. She shouted her words in a loud rollicking treble; at the end of each verse she dropped her head forward with a sharp little jerk, blowing out the lower part of her cheeks, in ludicrous exaggeration of the star's chin. At the end of each "dance" she brought down the heel of the right shoe with a deafening thud on the ground, and rolled her eyes so far upward that the iris completely disappeared from view. By means of such crude and exaggerated effects she excited her audience to a frenzy of admiration, and settled the question of the prize beyond a shadow of a doubt. The ten girls sitting ranged on their chairs at the back of the stage, smiled sickly smiles, and clapped with the rest, and Elizabeth Huggins' face shone out white and tense against the red screen.

> "I've a sort of Yorkshire relish
> For my little Yorkshire girl!"

Alice Maud smirked her thanks to a roaring, stamping audience, and five minutes later was formally presented with the coveted five-pound note. The prize was presented with due honors, and during the presentation Gwen was busy fumbling in her pocket; fumbling with a purse and an envelope of an old letter. Something small and yellow was transferred from one to the other, and a few words scribbled in pencil on the cover.

"Find someone at once, and send this round to Elizabeth Huggins," were Mrs. Hilbert's commands, and her husband sped willingly on his mission.

The honeymoon couple walked homeward arm in arm. From time to time they chanted snatches of songs beneath their breath, emphasizing the points with tender glances beneath the light of the lamps:

> "She's my wife, and she suits me grand."
>
> "I don't care where I reside,
> So long as You're there I am satisfied."

And the grim eastern street was an enchanted land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE fifth day was wet; hopelessly, drenchingly wet. Until this point the weather had behaved itself in exemplary fashion, so that, as Gwen philosophically observed, there was no justification

for grumbling. "Still, let's do it all the same," she added, "and then it will be all the more exemplary to stay indoors and be happy. What's your idea of amusing yourself on a long, wet day?"

Pat didn't know. There was but one thought which obtruded itself at the moment, and that he put promptly into speech.

"What about meals?"

"It will clear in the afternoon. It always does. We'll dine out and go to see *Cissy*. Lunch will be a make-up festival at home, and I'll be cook. What do you say to ham and eggs, and a cup of coffee to follow?"

Pat thought the *menu* somewhat sketchy, but was too newly married to say so. "Sounds savory," he said instead, and as Gwen construed the words into a compliment, all was peace and joy.

She was certainly the most resourceful and amusing of companions, and the long, wet morning seemed to pass in a continuous ripple of laughter. Her suggestions for occupation were always quaint, and unlike anybody else's suggestions.

"Pat," she cried suddenly. "Let's play at making faces like they do in books."

Pat's stare of amazement was absolutely unfeigned.

"What *do* you mean?"

"Oh, you know. The sort of thing they are always saying in *feuilletons*. 'Fifteen contending emotions struggled for mastery on her lovely face.' Where's that novel I was reading yesterday? Let's open it at random and see what we find. Here you are! 'Cecilia looked at him, half-reproachful, half-defiant, with a great love shining out of her tired eyes.' Exercise one. Let's stand before the glass and try to look all that, at the same time. It will be good practice for our 'English stolidity of expression.' Come along."

She thrust her hand through Pat's arm, and drew him laughing and protesting before the dressing-table with its long swing mirror, and a happy mirror it should have been at that moment to have the privilege of reflecting two beings so young, so comely, so radiantly alive..

"'Tention! Eyes! The first exercise, the most difficult of all," quoth the happy bride, "is to look *tired*. Make your eyes look tired, Pat. Pretend you are weary, utterly wearied and satiated with life, and roll them at me, and see how they look. Just as a start."

But Pat stubbornly refused to obey.

"Shan't! Impossible. Jolly well ashamed of myself if I *could*, with my honeymoon not half over. I'll look a world of love, if you like. I'll go up to the top of the class for that!"

"Stupid! What's the credit in that! That's easy," cried the bride complacent. "Well, *I'll* try. There!" She opened her eyes extraordinarily wide, rolled them upward so as to show quite an alarming amount of white, and still more slowly rolled them back into their ordinary position. "How's that?"

Pat shuddered.

"Excuse me. It is *not* becoming. You look extremely *ill*. I don't think he would return her love very long with many such glances."

Gwen's reply to this criticism was a glance of disdain, eloquently unmixed with other sentiments; after which she again turned to the mirror and braced herself for a second attempt. This time an appearance of intense languor was attained by the simple process of slowly flicking the dark eyelashes up and down, but the difficult point was reached when she endeavored to introduce the due mixture of love, reproach, and defiance. The effect was, to put it mildly, alarming to behold, and Pat covered his face with his hands, affecting to cower in dismay.

"My good girl, you couldn't look worse if you intended to poison me the next moment! Where does the great love come in? Looks to me a lot more like hatred, but anyway, I'm no good at reading compound glances. I've lived among simple, straightforward people, and my education's been neglected."

"Oh, but this is really quite simple. If you read any *feuilleton* you will find a dozen more complicated on every page. Let's try another. Here you are: 'Surprise, doubt, and agitation struggled for mastery on her countenance as she listened to this thrilling tale." That ought to be easy enough. Try!"

Instantly both pairs of eyebrows arched upward, while the lower lip dropped apart; "Surprise" was an unequivocal success, but when it came to "doubt" opinions were sharply divided. Gwen wrinkled her brows, and sucked in her lips; Pat buried his chin in his necktie, and screwed up his eyes until they were almost hidden from sight; after which each violently denounced the other's methods.

"Not a bit like. Toothache, if you like, but not doubt!"

"You look like as if you were in church, and pretending that you weren't asleep. Mine was far better than that. Now then, 'agitation.' I shall gulp for that, people always gulp when they are agitated. And pant. That's good. That's *very* good. The trouble will be to do them all in succession. Complete exercise: Surprise—doubt—agitation—typified in succession, as I count, and wave my hand. 'Tention. One, two, *three!*"

The frenzied grimaces which ensued ended in paroxysms of laughter, as the performers sank back on convenient chairs, and rocked helplessly to and fro.

"Oh! Oh! Your *face*."

"Oh! Oh! Your *eyes*." Gwen fanned herself feebly, with her crumpled little handkerchief, as though quite exhausted by her dramatic efforts. "Dear me, what a mercy it is that one's expressions are automatic; it seems horribly difficult to manufacture them to order. Let's try another way. We'll each choose a description and illustrate it, and the other shall guess what it is. There's your book; here's mine. Choose what you like."

"What a babe you are!" Pat took out a cigarette paper and felt in his pouch for a fresh twist of tobacco. He thought he deserved a smoke by this time, and was more interested in watching the pretty picture made by his wife as she smiled and dimpled over her search, than in preparing problems for his own solution. Thus it happened that it was his ears, though as a rule much the less acute of the two, which caught the first sound of the alarm, the faint click from below as of a key turning in a lock. He threw up his arm in the prearranged warning, and in an instant his wife was on her feet, bending forward in an attitude of keenest attention.

Yes! It was all too true. The front door shut with a hollow, reverberating thud. There was a sound of footsteps, a sound of voices, of high, feminine voices in shrill debate. The danger which they had dreaded had become a fact. The cousins were upon them. *"Fire!"* hissed Gwen. "Fire!" hissed Pat in reply; with one stride of his long legs he seemed to reach from one end of the room to the other; the stove disappeared from view in the recesses of the central cupboard, newspapers and pipes were clutched in one outstretched hand, a pair of slippers in another; Gwen's deft fingers gathered together the four corners of the tablecloth, carrying its contents as in a bag. So well had the tasks been apportioned, that they seemed completed at one and the same moment, and there was a smack of harlequinade in the manner in which husband

"The waiter's tired face lit up with a flash of amusement."

and wife simultaneously disappeared behind the long swing doors.

Swift as had been the transformation, however, it is doubtful if it would have been swift or silent enough if the intruders had come straight upstairs; but, as Gwen had anticipated, they chose rather to give a preliminary survey to the ground-floor rooms, and it was more than five minutes later before they mounted to the door of the den.

"This is the room they are going to use as a snuggery," announced Flora's voice. Flora was the eldest and least amiable of the cousins, and Gwen, applying her eye to an air-hole, espied beside her the figure of that nasty, horrid, affected Mabel Gifford, who had made such a desperate set at poor, dear Pat two winters ago. How *dare* Flora bring Mabel Gifford to spy over Pat's house, her house, before even the most intimate of friends had passed its threshold? If a glance could have killed, a glance focused to one deadly point through a hole pierced by a gimlet, then surely Mabel Gifford's mortal career would have come to an abrupt conclusion at this moment. As it was, however, she swept forward into the room in serene unconsciousness, seated herself on Pat's favorite armchair, and stared around with appraising eye.

"What an appalling wall paper. How on earth could they choose such a thing for a room in which they intend to *live!*"

"Oh, but, my dear, what could you expect? Gwen has no taste. I never knew anyone with less eye for color. You can see that in her clothes."

Gwen straightened herself suddenly; the cupboard creaked as she moved, and a corresponding creak sounded from the companion panel at the other end. Her tingling anger received force from the conviction that it was Pat's silent convulsions of laughter which had caused the creak; Pat doubled up with amusement at such aspirations against one who prided herself upon being the most artistic of her sex.

Mabel Gifford smiled, a forbearing, sweetly magnanimous smile.

"Oh, well," she said generously, "she looks quite nice sometimes. Quite nice, I've seen her look. In a blue serge in the morning, for instance. One can't go far wrong in blue serge. Some people think her almost pretty."

Again the cupboard creaked in twofold, eloquent fashion, but Flora and Mabel babbled on complacently, unconscious of the gaze levelled upon them to right and to left.

"Has it ever struck you that she—I wouldn't say so for the world, of course; I detest uncharitable remarks—but sometimes her colour is so *very* pink?"

It was apoplectic at that moment, and such flashes of blue light seemed to dart through those gimlet holes that one would have expected the speakers to have been consumed as by fire. Gwen felt that she could never again believe in telepathy as she beheld the unruffled calm of her uninvited guests.

Flora patted her hair, and assumed an expression of virtuous resolve.

"I would rather not say what I think. One must be loyal, you know, and she is my cousin. I must say the engagement was a surprise. Pat had been so continually at our house, I could not have believed that he was the sort of man to be taken by that dolly style."

"No, indeed. I thought at one time, dear. I felt quite sure—you seemed to have so much in common—I quite expected—"

"Oh, well, perhaps at one time. He was certainly very marked, but I saw that there was no real *depth* in his character. When Gwen came up from the country to pay us that visit, it was quite painful to see how frivolous he became. I felt then that it would never do, and showed him gently, but firmly—"

"I see. Quite natural, but seems almost a pity. If you could have been patient and given him another chance, you might have saved him so much. He is immature, of course, very immature, but he seemed to me to have possibilities, and you would have brought them all to light. It wasn't altogether his fault. Her manners are so very—"

"Oh, she absolutely threw herself at his head. Everybody saw that. I shall always feel a terrible responsibility at having asked her up, but now that it is a *fait accompli*, I must do my best for them both. I told Gwen I would look after the house while they were away. This room feels close. I don't think the house is healthy myself, and it's ridiculously beyond their means, but they took no advice and settled it all themselves. I offered to go with them to buy their things. Pat would have liked it, I could see, but she wouldn't let anyone have a say but herself. Come and look at the bedrooms—plain papers, if you please; each one a different color. Ridiculous to have plain papers in bedrooms."

"Just a look round. I mustn't be long. I promised mother—"

The footsteps mounted higher up the stairs; the high treble voices becoming less and less distinct. From the far side of the cupboard a subdued voice broke the silence.

"Ahem!" it said, with an encyclopædia of insinuation. "A-hem!" but Gwen was too angry to respond. Still, and straight, and crimson-cheeked, she stood in her corner until ten minutes had passed by and the sound of the front door proved that the house was once more free from intruders. Then, the two doors swung open, and with simultaneous haste the husband and wife sprang forward into the room, wheeled round, and faced each other defiantly. Pat's hair was ruffled, his lips twitched, his expression was a comical mixture of amusement, nervousness, and bravado; Gwen was one quivering embodiment of wrath; black-browed, crimson-cheeked, flashing eyes, little clenched hands.

"Beast! Cat! *Cats!* Hateful, interfering cats!"

"Singularly indiscreet young women!"

"Cats, I tell you! *Cats!* And it's hateful and horrid of you to be so calm. Coming here—poking here in my house, and making remarks. Wall paper, indeed! My taste, indeed! Blue serge. I can look quite nice in blue serge. Did you hear her; did you hear her say it?"

"Yes, dear. It was quite true. I've seen you do it!"

"Don't! Gwen screamed at him, and stamped her foot oblivious of possible listeners next door. "Don't be maddening! Don't—don't try to propitiate me. I—I won't stand it! I am 'Dolly'; my cheeks are pink, sus-pi-ciously pink—"

"Deliciously, dear. She meant deliciously."

"I—I threw myself at your head."

"Never mind if you did. I was waiting to catch you."

Gwen screamed again, and sawed the air with her arms.

"I hate you. I do! You—you—you 'immature' pig!"

Suddenly the tears streamed and Pat caught her in his arms, all tenderness and compunction.

"Precious, little, silly girl. Don't cry. I won't let you cry. Brides never cry on their honeymoons. I have 'possibilities,' you know. Buck up, and bring them to light. I'm so 'frivolous.' It depends upon you."

(To be continued)

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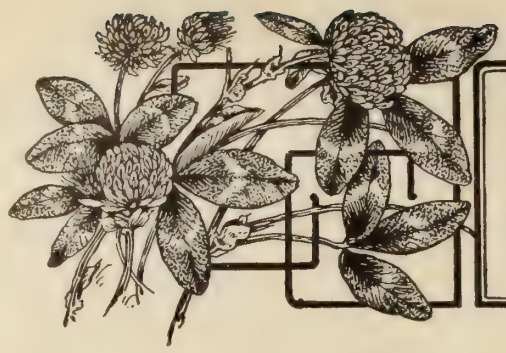

With the Journals Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Editor's Note

WE regret that Miss Pickthall, who has made so many friends among our young readers, will not be conducting this department in future; but we hope to hear from many of our "Juniors" during the coming holidays.

We are sure you will be interested in our new competition. We are offering two prizes, the first of three dollars, the second of two dollars, for the best letters on the subject: "Our Summer Holiday." Each letter must be accompanied by a signed certificate from parent or guardian, stating age of writer, and assuring the Editor that the letter is original work. No one over fourteen years of age is allowed to compete.

A special prize of two dollars is also offered for the best photograph of a holiday scene sent in by one of our Juniors.

The date for the close of this competition is September fifth. Announcements of prize winners will be made in our October number.

We are anxious to have a good response to this competition. So write of your nicest holiday!

A Cat's Reminiscences

By R. C. J.

PERHAPS some of the events in my life may be interesting to some, and be warnings to others. I am not just a common, ordinary, every-day cat. In my veins flow the blood of Persian descent through my grandmother. She was of the true blue, and lived a life of ease and elegance amidst refined surroundings in an aristocratic Scotch home.

My first memories are of a manse away in the country, with a lovely garden. How we kittens did revel in it! My birthday was in early spring, so by the time my mother had taken me out of the barn to explore things in general, summer had come. Every morning we went to the byre and frolicked round while the cow was being milked. Visions of porridge and warm milk danced before us, and no sooner was the pail full and the little stool put aside, than we all rushed out into the yard, where we had breakfast. Mother and a large black cat had theirs in a basin, but we youngsters claimed a big brown plate as our own. The cocks and hens looked on longingly, but we never paid them much attention. They were much too insignificant for that. Our mistress and her maid were very good to us. These big, human people seemed so strange to us, but we realized that they were necessary to our life and happiness. The long summer days we spent rushing about the garden, chasing flies and each other, and were gradually initiated in the mysteries of rabbit hunting. Our mother brought up the little baby rabbits from the fields, and very timidly at first we played with them. Mice, too, we got to know pretty well, as well as butterflies. Once visitors came to the manse, and I was taken very often into the house, and sometimes allowed to sleep in the spare-room bed on the quilt. My brothers and sisters were never invited to these sacred places, and even a kitten gets proud and vain in these circumstances. Tit-bits were given to me in the dining-room, and I began to despise warm milk and porridge and life in the barn with the other cats.

"IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME."

One day, after summer had gone, a great change came to me. I could not think what was going to happen, for I was given such a large breakfast, and, without being allowed to say good-bye to my mother, brothers and sisters, I was put into a basket and firmly secured under its lid. I felt myself being carried along a road and mewed as hard as I could. I did not want to leave my happy country home, and, although you would not believe it, a little kitten has often strange forebodings. We are not so devoid of brains as the big human "grown-ups" imagine. After being carried along this road for almost four miles we came to a railway station. My heart almost stood still, and I mewed more than ever when I was put into a horrid moving mass of iron and wood, with a fire and smoke, that I knew to be a train.

So ended the first act in my life. Country life for me was over, and I was taken away to a great city as fast as the train would go. Some one, a lady with a good face and kind eyes (for we cats can read faces) met me and carried me away from the guard at the station. My new home was out in the suburbs of a beautiful city, and I was very kindly received. My lady took me out of the basket, put me on the parlor table, and gave me a saucer of milk—such thin, watery stuff, after ours at the manse. The whole household came to inspect me, and then I was introduced to my special friend and companion, an old grey cat called "Ted." I soon felt quite at home in my new abode. Ted introduced me to all his garden acquaintances, and I had a cosy little basket by the kitchen fire all to myself. He and I hunted for birds and mice, and chased each other up and down stairs, and had no end of fun, except when a friend of my lady came. He tied a tin can to my tail, and I had to fly round the dining-room to try and get it off. Such an un-Christian way to treat a poor cat!

About a year and a half after I came to town I was very ill with bronchitis. My lady was very careful of me. The doctor came to see me. I was wrapped up in my basket very snugly, and had horrid medicine prescribed, which I did my best not to take. It was no good fighting, however, I was rolled up in a shawl, so that my claws would not scratch, and do what I would I could not get them out. Ted was very bad, too, but, unlike me, he refused to stay in the house to be treated. One cold morning my lady found him almost dead, lying on the stones outside. Brandy and every other known restorative was applied, but in vain. Poor old Ted was dead! I wore mourning for some weeks, and missed him very much, although I got more attention than ever.

Such a funny thing happened one day. The house seemed to be all upset, and the rooms got gradually emptier and emptier. I was so frightened I did not know what to do. Strange men were everywhere, and they are so unkind to us poor cats. My lady seized me and shut me up in one of the rooms when she found me wandering about like an evil spirit. A few hours after I was hustled into a big basket, and, along with my master, who was an invalid, and his nurse, we were taken out to a cab, and drove away from my dear old Ted's last home; so closed Act. No. II.

Act No. III. is still going on in our new house, which we reached after a very short drive. There things seemed in a worse condition than ever; but I liked our new abode, and I felt that I would be very happy there. There were plenty of trees and gardens all about, and birds galore. However, I was not allowed out that afternoon. I was shut into an upstairs room and took refuge in the chimney. There was so much noise and racket all round that it seemed the safest place. It was such fun, a few hours later, when my lady came to look for me, to be able to see her from my little black hole. She thought I had really gone away, and seemed so vexed that I jumped down and purred round her.

Life went very smoothly after that. We got a new nurse for my master, and she gives me gruel night and morning, for breakfast and supper. I go into the bedroom and sit at the fire while she makes it, and then I follow her to the bathroom, where the pan is washed, and my little portion is laid out in a basin. Sometimes it is very hot, and am so impatient to begin that I burn my tongue. I spend a good deal of time on the bed in my master's room; but it is very trying to one's patience to have to wait till the bed is made. I know the difference between the blanket and the bed-cover, and know that I dare not jump up till the latter is on.

At the Diamond Jubilee, some years ago, I wore a neck ribbon of red, white and blue, and enjoyed myself immensely, except at night, when the crackers and squibs went off. I thought my head was going to be blown off, too. A dog arrived at our house some time ago. On the whole, he and I are very good friends, but we both like the best place on the rug in front of the drawing-room fire.

After all, town life is not bad and I am very happy; but then I am a well-behaved cat, and deserve to be so. I don't stay out at night very often and don't frequent the cats' nightly council in the gardens. The "grown-ups" are very good to me, and will be to other cats too, if they are as good as I am; so let all other kitties take warning, follow my example and live a pattern life.

It has often been told us that a cat has nine lives. So far, mine have been all that any Persian kitten could ask for or desire.

CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

Have You Fifty Acquaintances?

WE all know so well our own plans that we often fail to realize that we have not made them perfectly clear to others. A letter from one of our members has given me a new point of view, and now I am wondering how many readers of the Journal hesitate to write me because they think I want only members who will make a business of subscription work. She writes:

"Dear Secretary—

"Do you know I was a little afraid to write to you at first. I was afraid I might be committing myself to something I wouldn't like—have to go to places I wouldn't care about—to be a regular solicitor. It seems absurd now when I know how perfectly free I am to get subscriptions where and when I please, to stop and begin again any time, and that you never get provoked at anything.

"Very sincerely,

"E. D."

Indeed, it is just as she says, I demand nothing from our members. I feel sure that every one who writes to me is very much interested in the Journal and desires to make money for some purpose, I can merely tell her our best offers and trust to her enthusiasm.

AMONG ACQUAINTANCES

Some have time, energy, enthusiasm, ability and inclination that will carry them far beyond their circle of relatives and friends, and the money returns are much greater than most girl workers can earn.

They are usually cheerful, self-confident, most attractive to meet, and perhaps in these letters I have emphasized too much this "big money" side, and neglected to tell about the girls who get just a few orders. If so, it has been entirely unintentional, for the club was started for just this class of workers. They are the backbone of the organization, and send in many orders. If *every* girl reader of these pages who knows fifty ladies would tell them about the Journal, it would mean thousands of new subscriptions.

And each of the girls would be tremendously surprised at the large amount of money earned by a few subscriptions. For instance, in your case—what do you especially want that you just cannot afford? A silk parasol. About eleven subscriptions. An Irish lace collar? About eight. A Madam Sherry bag? About seventeen. Set of monogram blouse pins? About six.

You and I, and our thousands of readers believe just that the Journal is splendid value; and second, that every Canadian should give a home magazine an opportunity to prove its worth. There are hundreds of thousands of women in Canada who do not know there is such a magazine. Will you tell all your acquaintances?

INDIVIDUAL INTERESTS

For each one of your friends you will know a special reason for taking the Journal. This one enjoys stories, and nowhere else can she get so much good fiction for $1.00 as in the Journal. The next is a newly married housekeeper, to whom all of the housekeeping suggestions, the menus and recipes, and housefurnishing plans, will be most welcome. Next comes a mother with a house full of children, and the Journal will make a strong appeal there, it is so entirely free from all unclean reading matter or advertisements. The younger ones will enjoy the children's page, and the older ones the fiction, and every department will increase their interest in the home. The next has a sister, or daughter or friend away from home. The Journal will be a splendid remembrance or birthday gift, and easily sent.

Probably the next takes only American or British magazines. In the Journal she will find the topics that interest women the world over, and besides, many things that are especially interesting to Canadians. Certainly she will be willing to give at least a short subscription so that when her present subscription expires she may know our Canadian magazine, which will not only be more satisfactory, but will save her money.

COINING ENTHUSIASM

Now, when you are in no way connected with the Journal, you can talk enthusiastically about it, the many interesting contents, the features that appeal to you, why cannot you do the same when it will pay you money at no extra cost to your friends? We would rather pay you for getting orders than the printers for circulars, and the government for stamps, or the newspapers for advertising, and we must make every woman in Canada acquainted with the Journal.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

We have a special summer premium offer that is securing a great many new subscribers for us. Will you let us tell you. There is no restriction to membership in the Club; no age limit: no time limit; no class limit; just say you would like to join.

Very sincerely, Secretary.

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WOMEN'S. sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight *Lustre Hose,* 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight *Lustre Hose,* 6 pairs $3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, $3.00 for *three* pairs (guaranteed *three* months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00, and in extra light weight *Lustre Hose,* 6 pairs $3.00.

CHILDREN'S. Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

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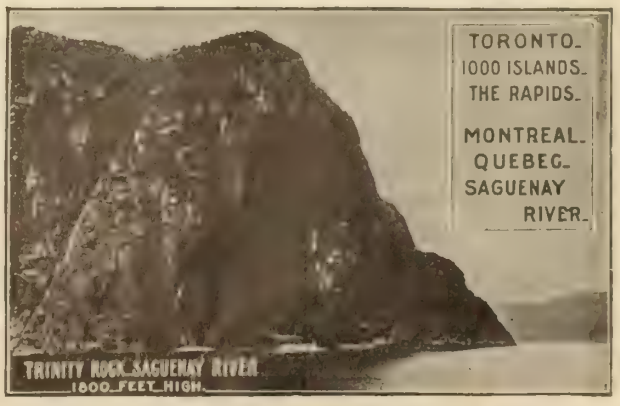

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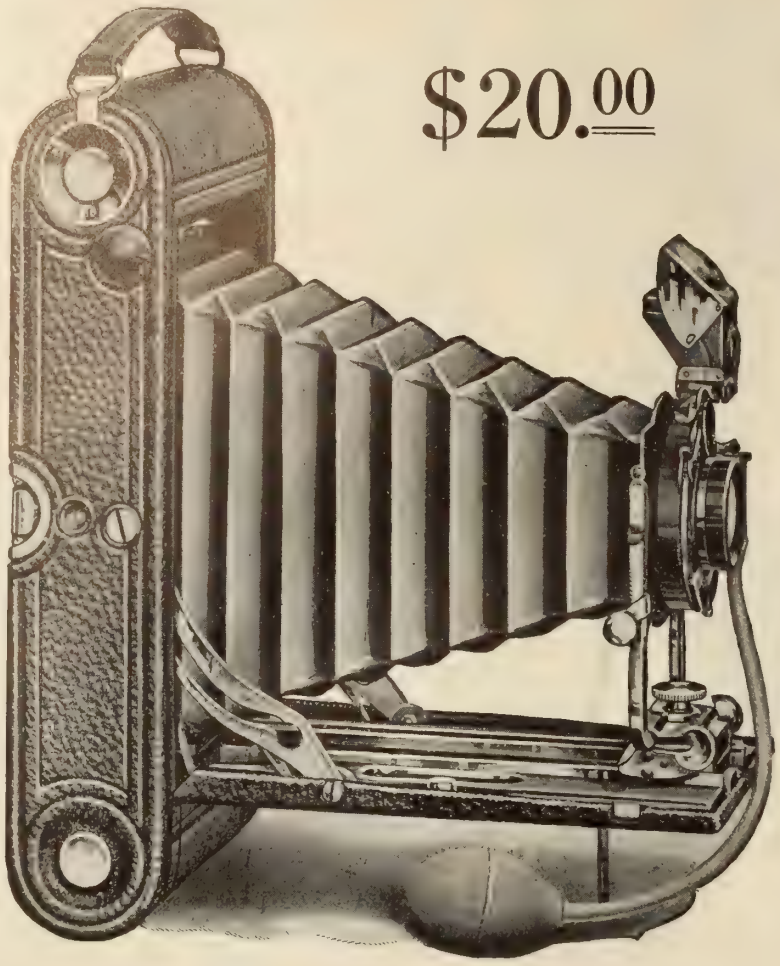

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By JESSIE E. RORKE

RUSKIN has said: "Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; * * * quiet, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered." But if this be true many of us come willingly under condemnation and truly "rejoice in them gathered," finding as real, if not as lasting, a pleasure in a few well arranged flowers as in a choice piece of marble or a beautiful picture.

But it is a mistake to think that flowers are beautiful enough in themselves to be independent of arrangement and surroundings. Nature has such perfection of harmony and grace in all her compositions, such a quiet and unobtrusive subordination of the lesser parts of the plant to the flower itself, that we are apt to feel the

ARRANGEMENT OF SHORT-STEMMED VIOLETS.

beauty without stopping to realize how it is attained, and carry away the flower, the chief centre of interest, without a thought that the greater part of its charm is left behind us or any attempt to reproduce similar conditions in its new environment. Yet, if flowers are to have their full decorative value, these small details, the causes which lead to such beautiful effects, must be carefully studied and understood.

It is wise to select the flowers with the place which they are to fill in view. Will a low or high arrangement serve the purpose best? What colors will harmonize with the room and add most to its charm? Will a single rosebud give the needed touch of grace or should it be a mass of glowing bloom? Tall straight flowers should not be placed in a position above the eye, or on a table so small that they appear to be insecure—weighting the vase at the bottom may make them perfectly safe, but their effect will still be unpleasant. Flowers that droop and show their face from beneath are best to use if one must look up at them, as on a high shelf or mantel. The heavy headed double tulips, peonies and the pretty white clusters of the mountain ash are flowers that seem to require such a position. It is rarely wise to use flowers of more than one color in a room at one time, though occasionally flowers of the same kind, but different colors, as white and purple lilacs, or of different kinds that are found massed together in the fields, as goldenrod and asters, or buttercups and daisies, will give a pleasing effect in a large room. In a dark room the brighter flowers, yellow, orange and orange reds may be used in profusion and will add much to its cheerfulness, while the lower tones of the purples and blues look cool and refreshing on a warm day when one would gladly exclude the sunshine. Keep the flowers quite free from surrounding bric-a-brac and give them as plain a background as possible —they refuse to be subordinate and are better omitted where something else claims the larger share of interest.

In arranging the flowers themselves it is best to conform as nearly as possible to their manner of growth. Surely anyone who had spent even ten minutes in really enjoying the beauty of a lilac bush could never again cramp its graceful clusters into a symmetrical mound of purple bloom devoid of leaves and almost of stems. A moment's glance at the wild iris suggests at once that it must have a tall slender vase and be surrounded with only a few of its own leaves, while nasturtiums claim for themselves a low bowl or open dish where the exquisite colorings of the flowers can be massed together among their flat green leaves.

IT has been said that the Japanese love the entire plant while we love only the blossom, and the majority of our flower arrangements go far to prove the latter part of the statement true. In spite of what the florists may tell us, all flowers require absolutely their own leaves, and these in the proportions in which they grow. Such flowers as sweet peas or golden glow that blossom well above the leaves will not require so much green, but nasturtiums are found with quite half as many leaves as flowers, and lilies of the valley have even more. The natural length of the stem should be remembered too in cutting, as the flowers must look cramped and out of proportion if cut too short.

Different kinds of flowers should never be put together in one bouquet and different colors of the same flower very rarely—only in such flowers as nasturtiums, sweet peas and pansies where the varying tones blend and harmonize with one another. It is so easy to imagine how incongruous a bush would look if crowded with different varieties and colors of flowers, and surely the same arrangements in the smaller compass of one bouquet is even worse. Pyramid bouquets of many kinds and colors are so frequently to be found in our smaller churches, often made up of very beautiful flowers that could not have failed to add to the quiet dignity and beauty of the building, nor to add their mite to the spirit of reverence and worship, had any of them been arranged separately and more simply. I call to mind one morning service when my thoughts wandered from the sermon to the big bouquet that decorated the pulpit, counting out the flowers—white lilacs, crimson tulips, yellow tulips, pink geraniums and the green leaves of the big perennial poppy—and then on to the beautiful garden where they grew in such abundance that the vase might easily have been filled with any one of them alone. How beautiful they would have been, just a few of those big pink and white petalled geraniums among their own green leaves, or a cluster of the long-stemmed tulips.

The receptacle in which the flowers are placed should be harmonious in color and line and always entirely subordinate to the flowers themselves. The shape should be of the simplest and only the quietest colors should be used, and sometimes even the cheapest materials prove to be the most beautiful. For many

RED ROSES IN DARK BLUE JUG.

flowers there is nothing more pleasing than the inexpensive vases and bowls of clear glass, and I have seen few things more beautiful than an old grey stone mustard jar filled with branches of lilacs with their drooping purple clusters. Cut glass is never satisfactory for flowers as neither its outlines nor character seem to harmonize, and elaborately decorated china, or highly colored pottery, however beautiful in themselves, will only detract from the effect of the flowers which they hold. The dull greens, blues and browns of some of the pottery vases and the old brass and copper receptacles suggest most attractive color schemes. Soleil d'or roses in a copper bowl will make a bit of color that one will delight to linger and enjoy.

The necessary balance between the flowers and their receptacle must not

be forgotten. It is equally trying to have the flowers appear in the large vase which holds them or to look crowded and top heavy because it is too small. There is sometimes a difficulty in keeping the flowers in an erect position without crowding them into a small-necked bowl, but this may be remedied by the use of the small metal holders which are heavy enough to stay at the bottom and hold the flowers in a graceful, natural position. But if these are not at hand, small sticks laid crosswise will sometimes answer the purpose, or superfluous leaves and stems may be tucked in where they will be useful without attracting too much attention.

In selecting flowers for decoration it is often better to go to the woods and fields than to the garden. The dainty little foam flower, wild lilies, "Queen Anne's lace," ox-eyed daisies, "black-eyed Susans," the brilliant autumn foliage—any of these will not fail to give the most artistic effects.

The Japanese have surpassed all other nations in the love of flowers and skill In their arrangement. They have considered it a subject worth long and careful study

SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

and the results are such as might be expected from a people whose whole inclination through many generations has been toward the purely decorative side of art. The children are given lessons in the arrangement of flowers, ferns and grasses, spending as much time on its mastery as Canadian children do on the subjects of the languages and sciences that we are wont to consider more important. For an hour or even two, the Japanese will stand before his single branch of cherry blossoms, trying first this, then that effect of line, color and light, gently persuading with careful fingers, twisting it a little here, bending there, until the whole appears to have the same free unstudied charm and grace that it had upon the tree, and the result is as truly a work of art as though he placed it upon canvas.

THE choosing and arranging of pictures must necessarily be almost entirely a matter of individual taste, as we wish our pictures to be those from which we obtain personal pleasure, and the way they are hung must depend on the shape and lighting of the room; yet there are a few suggestions that will apply in all cases and sometimes slip the mind when they should be of service.

Our principal reason for hanging pictures in our homes is to break the bare monotonous spaces of the walls and the desire to make continuous the moments of pleasure that some picture has brought to us, or to place where we may live in companionship with it, the expression of some great conception or unusual beauty.

In rare cases a picture may be of such great value that the room and its furnishings are arranged for its reception, but usually the house has been built and furnished before the selection of the pictures, and it is necessary to remember that they must conform to the size of the room, the purpose for which it is used and the other furnishings employed. But the beauty of the picture is the first consideration. It in itself should appeal to us sufficiently to give real and lasting pleasure, and be regretfully left behind if it fails to fulfil the requirements of fitness.

For the drawing-room, pictures should be, as far as possible, real works of art, and should not be crowded on the walls. A few good pictures are much to be preferred to any number of poorer ones. Very large pictures or those that require distance for a good effect are, of course, out of place in a small room, though the opposite extreme is not wise as small pictures have a tendency to make the room seem smaller. Some pictures, though small in size are great in conception, and fill a much larger space than others of the same dimensions. The irritation of a wall that is unbalanced or lacking in harmony is, or should be, as wearing as a tiresome noise. It is possible to become so accustomed to discords that they fail to jar, but one would not willingly lose the appreciation of the beautiful, or become blind to the harmonies of line and color. Reproductions of good pictures are often well worth a place in our homes, and are always to be preferred to a poor though more expensive picture. Modern reproductive processes have furnished us with a great deal of material that has real merit and artistic value, and at a cost that makes it available for the poorest home. Indeed, we are left without excuse for hanging pictures that have not the fullest claim to be considered beautiful.

If the pictures are to be hung in a room the walls should be treated in such a way as to give a quiet, unobtrusive back-ground, but if the walls themselves are decorative —hung with tapestry, figured fabrics, or a paper that itself holds the attention, there should be no pictures.

In an ordinary dwelling house it is often difficult to get a good light. A northern exposure is always best, but mostly one can only compromise and by trying the picture in various positions give it the best light that the room affords. Where possible the high lights in the picture and the light from the windows should correspond in direction—a strong light on the shadow side shows the picture at a disadvantage. Where possible a picture should be hung at the level of the eye and flat against the wall, but if, because of some interference such as a picee of furniture it is necessary to hang it higher, a slight tilting forward of the upper part of the frame will bring the surface of the glass at right angles to a line from the eye of the observer. In a landscape this line should strike near the horizon, in a portrait near the eyes of the figure.

Without exception the frame should be subordinate to the picture it encloses; its use is to isolate the picture from its surroundings, consequently, it should have little ornament, certainly none that will attract attention from the picture itself. Gilt frames will sometimes have this effect, especially if the coloring in the picture is dark. Prints look out of place in highly gilded frames; they should usually have mats of heavy toned paper with frames of some pretty wood. A light frame with a dark picture and a dark wall attracts attention to itself, or a very dark frame against a light wall. If the colors of the print or canvas are subdued, a frame showing one of the predominating shades should be chosen. If browns prevail in the picture a brown frame cannot fail to harmonize.

A small picture should usually have a narrow frame except where it is desirable

TRILLIUMS IN CLEAR GLASS VASE

to gain an effect of perspective, but pictures showing large objects, vivid colors, or vigorous action require deeper frames—too narrow a moulding would look inadequate with such a picture as "The Horse Fair," even if the print were small. Their use should be limited almost exclusively to heavy canvases and light water colors.

The matter of frames should be carefully considered, as a good picture has frequently been spoiled by a tawdry frame. Anything which looks ostentatious or glaring should be avoided, as the frame is merely a secondary consideration and should never distract attention from the picture itself.

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Frocks of Linen and Batiste

LINEN and batiste are two of the favorite materials of midsummer wear, but both these dresses can be made from a variety of fabrics.

In the illustration, the older girl's dress combines white linen with rose color and is trimmed with lace banding, but thinner materials, such as lawn or batiste, could be combined with all-over embroidery or with heavy lace, or the dress could be made of one material throughout with the yoke and sleeve bands embroidered by hand. The main portions of the blouse and the short sleeves are cut in one and are attached to the center front, and the yoke finishes the whole. The skirt is straight and plaited.

For the eight-year size will be required 3⅝ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 or 2⅜ yards 44, with ½ yard 27 inches wide for yoke and sleeve trimming, and 11 yards of banding.

The pattern, 7053, is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8 and 10 years of age.

The little tot's dress is made all in one piece, but it is tucked over the shoulders as well as at front and back, and falls in most graceful and becoming lines. There is an opening made at the back and the upper edge is joined to a square yoke. All childish materials that are thin enough to be tucked are appropriate. The yoke can be made of banding, as in this instance, or of all-over material, or it could be made to match the dress and finished with scalloped edges.

For the four-year size will be required 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2⅝ yards 36 or 44, with 2¾ yards of banding.

The pattern, 7054, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

A Dainty Morning Gown

PRETTY, graceful morning gowns are liked at all seasons, but are especially needful during the warmer months. This one is dainty in the extreme, yet simple and easily made. The blouse and skirt are joined on a slightly high waist line, and the gown is left open for its entire length at the front. The blouse is made with sleeves that are sewed to the armholes and the trimming is arranged on indicated lines. In the illustration, flowered batiste is trimmed with lace banding, but this gown is adapted to thin silks, to challis, and to materials of the kind quite as well as to the washable ones. Challis with bands of satin ribbon and frills of lace would be pretty for cooler days.

For a woman of medium size will be required 7¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 5¾ yards 36, or 4 yards 44, with 10 yards of banding, 7 yards of edging, 1 yard of beading; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¾ yards.

The pattern, 7043, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust.

Striped Linen with Plain

GOWNS that are made in semi-princess style and with a high waist line are exceedingly fashionable this season, and this one will be found available for many materials. In the illustration striped linen is combined with plain, and the edges are scalloped, but plain linen could be trimmed with contrasting color, and pongee is excellent for such a gown, while it also can be utilized for foulard and the thinner washable materials. For street wear white or colored serge of light weight, with collar and cuffs of black satin, would be exceedingly smart. The shield is separate, and can be made from any pretty lingerie material, but in this instance it is cut low and made from flouncing. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves, but with a seam at the center back. The sailor collar can be cut on round or square outline. The skirt is cut in four gores. The two are joined, and the closing is made at the front.

For the medium size will be required 7¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 5¼ yards 36 or 4½ yards 44, with ¼ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2½ yards.

The pattern of the gown, 7052, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust.

The Fitting Gloves

GLOVES, as the specialty shop man reminds us, are, comparatively speaking, the most expensive and noticeable part of a woman's attire, yet they are generally drawn on at the last minute, and then hurriedly. We all know that to take the time to have a good pair of gloves correctly fitted when buying is a distinct saving, but we sometimes forget and spend the same amount of time trying to find a cheaper pair that prove in the wearing anything but economy. Styles of gloves do not change very much; the serious question each season is rather in the length of glove to be worn. Oddities do appear, but it is safer to keep to the conventional, unless it is something that seems to have been made for some special dress that you may have. As for length one must look to the dress sleeve. For morning or afternoon, for street wear and with tailored clothes the two-clasp glove is correct, in lambskin, cape, mocha and chamois, pique-stitched. Whether the gloves show a contrasting stitch or facing is a matter of individual taste, and personal taste and use govern the selection of color. There is a heavy glove in white glace finish, that may be washed with soap and water on the hands. The ordinary chamois gloves in this respect are a real economy for the business girl who must count her pennies, as she may have daintily fresh gloves without the added expense of the professional cleaner. These ought to be bought of a good quality, and care be taken to fit them on the hands. The chamois gloves may be purchased in both light and heavy weight—the heavy weight being warm and comfortable for cold weather.

Gloves for social occasions are glace or suede, and again the question of length is variably governed by the sleeve. A plain, long sleeve when not of transparent material calls for a short glove, but you will find a coquettish woman, knowing well that long gloves give a youthful and graceful effect to the arm, will often wrinkle an eight or sixteen-button length glove artistically over the sleeve. If the upper part of the sleeve is of heavy material and the lower part of lace you will like a long glove for much the same reason, and also because a short glace-finish glove looks heavy when continued by a transparent sleeve. When a dress is of sheer and delicate material the suede gloves in their delicate tints are tempting, although you know they have not

Dress Pattern No. 7052
Embroidery Design No. 583

Dress Pattern No. 7053

Dress Pattern No. 7054

Morning Gown Pattern No. 7043

the wearing or the cleaning qualities of the glace. For evening wear the gloves always meet the dress sleeve, whatever the length, so the only question is as to color and finish, to which the same rules apply as for the afternoon gloves.

With New Blouse in Norfolk Style

THE so-called outing blouse, or the one made with sailor collar and in Norfolk style, is a pronounced favorite of the season and also can be relied upon to make an excellent model for the coming autumn. This one is combined with the plain five-gored skirt, and the gown is made of buff linen trimmed with black, but various color combinations will suggest themselves at once. White linen with rose color or blue is pretty; black is liked on white and on all colors and the skirt can be made plain and finished only with a hem if the flounce is not liked. In this case the blouse is made with elbow sleeves and worn without a shield, but the shield can be added and the sleeves can be made long, if liked. In addition to serving for the entire gown, the blouse makes an excellent model for linen and materials of the kind to be worn over odd skirts.

For the medium size the blouse will require 4⅜ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3¼ yards 36, or 2¾ yards 44, with ⅝ yard 27 inches wide for collar and cuffs; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 27, 3⅝ yards 36, or 2¾ yards 44, with 2 yards 27 inches wide for the flounce.

The pattern of the blouse, 7037, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust; the skirt, 7018, sizes 22 to 34 inches waist.

Blouse Pattern No. 7037
Skirt Pattern No. 7018

Gowns for Summer Afternoon

SELDOM has any season seen so much variety as is offered just now, but, nevertheless, border and border effects are many. In the illustration are shown two gowns, one made of bordered marquisette, and the other of linen trimmed to give a border effect.

The marquisette gown is combined with messaline, and is exceedingly charming. The skirt is a simple straight one, but the lower part is made of the silk, while the upper is made of the marquisette. The blouse is especially well adapted to bordered fabrics and to combinations of material. It can be made just as illustrated or high at the neck. The same model would be a pretty one for foulard or for any other thin material.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2¼ yards of bordered material 20 inches wide, with ¾ yard of satin 20; for the skirt will be needed 2½ yards of bordered material 36, with 2¾ yards of satin 20 inches wide.

The pattern of the waist, 7016, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust; the skirt, 6999, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

Waist Pattern No. 7016
Skirt Pattern No. 6999

The linen gown is made with one of the new tunics, and this tunic is arranged over a five-gored skirt, finished with a circular flounce. In this case, the flounce is made of eyelet embroidery. The blouse is made with a pretty shaped yoke and with sleeves that are sewed to the armholes. It can be finished with or without a collar. Linen is a favorite material for midsummer wear and the combination illustration is in every way charming, but this same model would be excellent for pongee or for any similar silk, and for many of the fashionable wool materials, with the trimming portions made from any contrasting material that is effective therewith.

For the blouse will be required 2¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 or 44, with ⅝ yard 36 inches wide for the yoke and cuffs, 2½ yards of banding and ⅞ yard of lace for the under sleeves. For the tunic and foundation skirt will be needed 7¾ yards 27, 6¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of banding and 2¼ yards of fringe, and 1¾ yards 36 inches wide for the flounce.

The pattern of the waist, 7061, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust; the skirt, 7034, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

Waist Pattern No. 7061
Skirt Pattern No. 7034

Gowns for Midsummer Wear

THE high waist line makes a notable feature of the latest styles. Here are two gowns that are exploited, giving quite different effects.

The gown to the left is made of striped marquisette, and it is trimmed with Irish lace and velvet ribbon. It is in the height of style. The trimming gives the continuous lines, the deep hem and wide tucks on the skirt are charming as well as fashionable, and the blouse is made both with the peasant sleeves and a yoke. The model will be found an available one for almost all figures and for all seasonable materials adapted to indoor use. The skirt can be cut off at the natural waist line and adjusted over the blouse at that point if more becoming, and the blouse can be made with high neck in place of the round one shown.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2⅛ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1¼ yards 36 or 44, with ⅝ yard of all-over lace, 1½ yards of lace banding and 6 yards of velvet ribbon; for the skirt will be needed 6 yards 27 or 4 yards 36 or 44, with ¾ yard of lace banding and 1½ yards of velvet ribbon.

The pattern of the blouse, 7049, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust; the skirt, 7046, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

Waist Pattern No. 7049
Skirt Pattern No. 7046

The second gown is made with one of the new yoke skirts and surplice blouse. This blouse can be finished as illustrated or with a sailor collar and revers, and it can be made with or without the guimpe lining. The skirt is five-gored and the yoke also is cut in five gores. In this case both are of one material, and the yoke is trimmed with banding, but the yoke can be made of the trimming material and the skirt left plain or finished with a band, as liked. This gown is made of white linen and is trimmed with banding, but such a model as this one is just as desirable for foulard and pongee as it is for linen, and it can, indeed, be made available for many fabrics, and treated in many ways. Made with the collar and revers the blouse takes on a quite different aspect and becomes adapted to street use.

For the medium size the blouse, as illustrated, will require 1½ yards of material 36 inches wide, or 1⅛ yards 44, with 1½ yards 36 inches wide, and 1 yard of all-over lace for the guimpe; for the trimming will be needed 2¼ yards of banding; for the skirt will be required 4¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 5 yards of banding. To make the blouse as shown in the small view will require 2⅜ yards of material 36 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, 7040, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust; the skirt, 7038, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

Waist Pattern No. 7040
Skirt Pattern No. 7038

Tailored Skirts—Their Variations

ONE finds the greatest variety of styles in skirts of suits and those of the separate class. The new "trouser" or "pantaloon" skirt is creating quite some comment and amusement at the moment, but it is anticipated that this style will never be generally adopt-

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ed. The skirt is circular cut, with a panel front and back which can be unbuttoned and left loose so as to reveal the trouser effect of the skirt when the wearer walks. Practical skirts are wider than last season, the average model measuring from two to two and one-half yards wide around the bottom. Extra width is gained in some of the models of narrow effect by the introduction of side or box pleats. These are pressed flat without any sign of flare about the feet, but at the same time gaining necessary latitude for locomotion. Tunic effects are especially good. Simulated tunics are shown in a great number of styles usually effected by piping of contrasting fabric.

Blouse Pattern No. 7025

Blouse with Front Closing

THE blouse that is closed at the front, yet is not a plain one, is much in demand, for it fills many needs. This one is finished with a revers that is smart and becoming and it will be found desirable for the waist and for the entire gown. The wide tuck over each shoulder provides just becoming fulness and the use of contrasting material for revers and cuffs gives a touch of color that is exceedingly smart. Henrietta cloth makes this one and it is trimmed with velvet, but for an odd waist plaid silk could be trimmed with plain and various other combinations made.

Blouse Pattern No. 6869

The waist consists of fronts and back. The revers is joined to the right edge and the closing is made invisibly. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and joined to the shaped cuffs. The collar can be finished with the over portion, as illustrated, or without as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3½ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 or 2 yards 44, with ⅝ yard of satin to trim as illustrated; 1 yard of lace for jabot.

The pattern, No. 6869, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

Tucked One-Piece Blouse

SUCH a pretty little blouse as this one is sure to meet with a welcome from every girl. It is adapted to small women too, and it is altogether charming. In the illustration it is made from bordered material and it is especially well adapted to such use; but it can be made available for any seasonable fabric, for the straight edges can be trimmed with banding or with embroidery, or in any way to suit the fancy. The neck is cut out to form a small square.

The blouse is made in two pieces that are joined at the front and the trimming conceals the seam. There are tucks at the center-front that extend to yoke depth and at the back that extend for full length. The closing is made invisibly at the back.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require 2 yards of bordered material 20 inches wide, with 1½ yards of banding and 1½ yards of ruffling to make as illustrated; or 2 yards of plain material 27, 1 yard 36 or 44 inches wide.

Blouse Pattern No. 6995

The pattern, 7025, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years.

Fancy Peasant Blouse

THE blouse made in peasant style and which gives a bolero effect is one of the very newest, and this model is exceptionally pretty. In the illustration it is made of messaline combined with Persian silk and with yoke and under sleeves of embroidered net, but almost any two seasonable materials that are harmonious can be combined for the blouse. It would be charming made from eyelet embroidery with linen, and it would be exceedingly beautiful made from figured and plain foulard, and it can be utilized for embroidered net, all-over lace, and materials of the kind, in combination with silk, marquisette, crepe de chine, or any similar material. In the illustration the blouse is made over the lining, but the lining can be omitted and the blouse finished as shown in the back view, or with a yoke and collar, making it high at the neck, as preferred.

The lining can be fitted by means of darts at the front or made in guimpe style. It includes two-piece sleeves. The blouse itself can be made in one-piece or with seams over the shoulders, as best suits the material. If the lining is omitted and the high neck effect

is wanted, the yoke can be attached to the blouse. If the under sleeve effect is wanted without lining, lace or other trimming can be attached under the trimming bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 1 yard 27 or 36 inches wide, for plain portions, 1¾ yards 27, ⅞ yard 36 or 44 for bolero portions, 1 yard 18 for yoke and under sleeves.

The pattern, No. 6995, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

House Jacket Pattern No. 6885

House Jacket

THE simple breakfast jacket is the one that is apt to be most needed. This one has one tuck over each shoulder that provides just becoming fulness. In the illustration the right front is cut in two big scallops, but it can be finished plain, as shown in the small view, if preferred, and the neck can be made a little higher with a turned-over collar. Sleeves that extend just below the elbows are found to be practical as they are fashionable, but this jacket can be made in that way or with long sleeves, as preferred.

The jacket consists of fronts and back. The back is laid in a box plait at the center. The sleeves are made in one piece each, gathered into bands, and the belt confines the fulness of the jacket at the waist line.

For the medium size will be required 4¼ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 3 yards, 36 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of silk for bands.

The pattern, No. 6885, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

House Jacket Pattern No. 7029

Tucked Negligee

THE negligee that is made with a peplum is a favorite one. It means smooth fit over the hips and pretty fulness where fulness is needed. This one is especially adapted to warm weather needs and includes the big collar that makes such a feature of the season. In the illustration it is made of flowered batiste trimmed with lace banding and edging.

The negligee consists of fronts and back with peplum. The fronts are tucked to yoke depth but the back is plain. The peplum is joined to the lower edge and the beading conceals the joining. The fancy collar is seamed to the neck edge. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and they can be left loose or gathered into bands.

For a woman of medium size will be required 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36, or 2⅛ yards 44, with 2½ yards of banding and 3½ yards of edging.

The pattern, No. 7029, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

Child's Bishop Dress

BISHOP dresses, or those that are gathered at the neck edge, are exceedingly becoming to tiny folk. This one can be made plain, as shown on the figure, or it can be gathered and stayed with a belt, as shown in one of the small views. Treated in this latter way, it becomes quite different in effect, yet it is just as simple and easily made. The neck can be finished high or round and the sleeves made long or short, whether the belt is used or not.

Dress Pattern No. 6951

The dress is made with front and back. The sleeves are in one piece each, gathered into bands. When the high neck is used, the collar is joined to the neck edge. When low neck is used, the fulness is held by a band. To make as shown in the small view, the dress is gathered on indicated lines and stayed with a belt.

For the 2-year size will be required 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6951, is cut in sizes for children of 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

Boy's Blouse

THE blouse finished with a soft collar is a thoroughly comfortable and satisfactory garment, and one that every boy greatly likes to wear. This one combines plain fronts with a back that is full below a smooth yoke. It is smart and becoming and consequently it fulfills every requirement. All materials that are used for boys' blouses are appropriate, percale and madras, linen and galatea, also flannel for outing and for cooler weather.

The blouse is made with the plain

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fronts, which are finished with a box plait and with a back that is cut in one piece, gathered and joined to the yoke. The collar is attached to the neck edge. The sleeves are in regulation style, finished with overlaps and cuffs. There is a patch pocket over the left front.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 2¾ yards 24, 2⅛ yards 32, or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 6735, is cut in sizes for boys of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Boy's Box-Plaited Dress

THE one-piece box-plaited dress is a favorite one for tiny boys. It is simple and childish, yet masculine in effect. This one is worn over knickerbockers and can be held by a belt or left loose as preferred. Fine French serge is the material illustrated, but dresses of this kind are made from all childish materials, linen, galatea, poplin and the like are used at all seasons; serge and lightweight wools are much liked, and for very dressy occasions, the same model can be used for velvet and velveteen.

The dress is made with front and back portions that are laid in box-plaits, and it is closed invisibly beneath the box-plait at the center front. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and can be either tucked or gathered at their lower edges. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort, drawn up by means of the elastic inserted in the hems.

The quantity of material required for a child 2 years old is 4¼ yards 24 or 27

Suit Pattern No. 6106

inches wide, 2¾ yards 36, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6874, is cut in sizes for boys of 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

High Waistline in Skirts

MANY skirts are in the raised waistline effect hung from an inside belt of webbing. Girdles and narrow belts of the material are invariably attached to the skirts. Also models with Empire girdles with sash ends attached are shown. The loose panel back is another clever idea of this season's skirts, the same being left loose from the knee depth or hip. This free hanging box pleat or panel is a style feature introduced not only in tailored models of the ready-to-wear class, but even brought out in the most elaborate afternoon and evening gowns.

Boy's Russian Suit

THE suit made with the real Russian coat that buttons up to the left shoulder is always a favorite one for the small boy, and this model is simple as well as smart. In the illustration it is made of serge and worn with a leather belt, but there are various other lightweight wool materials that are appropriate, while a great many mothers use the heavier washable fabrics throughout the entire autumn, and this model suits all equally well. Galatea, khaki, heavy linen, soft finished pique and viyella are admirable for hard usage throughout the cooler months. Among the wool fabrics serge and mohair are especially well liked, and for very dressy occasions white is a favorite.

The suit consists of the coat and the knickerbockers. The coat is made sim-

Blouse Pattern No. 6735

ply with fronts and back and closes with buttons and buttonholes while the sleeves are laid in tucks at the wrists. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort drawn up by means of elastic at the knees.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 4⅛ yards 24, 3¼ yards 27, 2½ yards 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 6106, is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

For Misses and Children

THE feature of the majority of the new dress models for misses and children feature the peasant styles which are very becoming. Every line shows this type of dress either in variations of cut and color combination or effected by trimmings. Much ingenuity has been exercised by designers this season in trimming effects, applied motifs and original designs for simulated yokes and flounces. Simplicity of outline is the keynote for these models, which denote smartness in every instance. Rep dresses for children are trimmed with braids applied to simulate yokes or bands of trimming. Many are made up with yokes and flounces of contrasting fabrics. Russian effects are good.

The style relation between misses' and women's garments is very strongly marked this season. The tailored suits are in great demand. The coats are short, the skirts gored or semi-pleated. The materials employed run mostly to

Suit Pattern No. 6874

serges, melanges and mannish mixtures and worsteds. Many of the suits continue to use sailor collars, square in outline, and terminating in long revers. The one-side fastening continues to be in favor, though many of the models show the closing directly down the front with three or more buttons.

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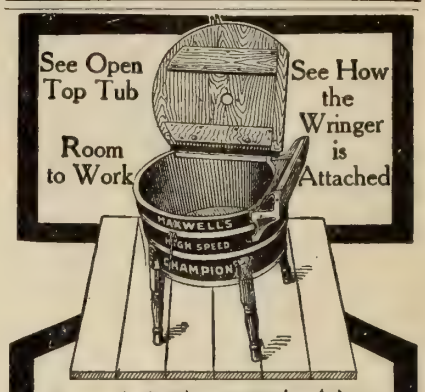

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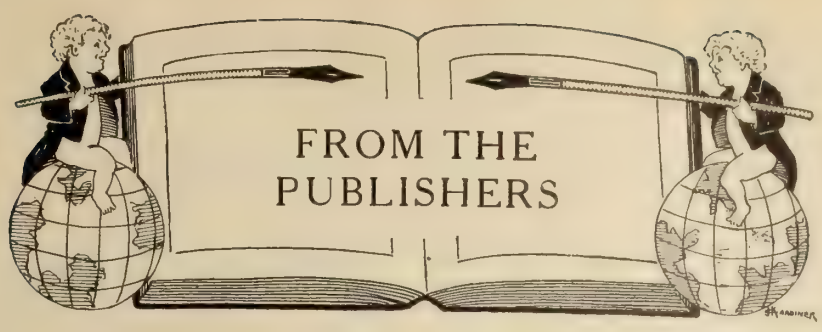

FROM Mr. Robert Service one has a right to expect a better work of fiction than his first attempt, "The Trail of Ninety-Eight." Mr. Service has published two books of verse, "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "The Ballads of a Cheechako," decidedly unconventional and even startling in their bold realism, but possessed of a sense of color and a refreshing originality, which won their deserved popularity.

In the first novel by this Yukon writer, we have a production which is crude and absurd, as a piece of literature. The style is school-boyish in its evident desire to out-do the dime novel, and the material is of the most repulsive elements. Mr. Service, in this narrative, seems determined to see nothing but the worst elements in the scenes and the characters he describes. The Yukon can hardly be the sulphurous section he represents, and there must be some decent citizens in Dawson. The book is so hopelessly inartistic that it becomes a source of amusement. The chapter which describes the descent of the rapids by the hero and heroine is the funniest instance of mixed metaphors which modern fiction can display.

ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, OFFICES OF THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, TORONTO.

Try again, Mr. Service! Do not write in a fit of hysterics, and please do not inflict upon us another heroine such as this impossible young person. Laura Jean Libbey's "He Loved But Was Lured Away" makes an excellent companion volume to "The Trail of Ninety-eight." Toronto: William Briggs.

* * *

IT is generally admitted that Toronto is the publishing centre of Canada. Richmond Street was once regarded as "Publishers' Row," but it is being deserted by those who prefer more quiet and picturesque surroundings. About two years ago, the "Presbyterian Publications" moved into a commodious and homelike structure on Bond Street, opposite St. Michael's Cathedral. Last year, a few doors north of this building, there was erected "Saint Martin's House," which must be regarded as the most artistic publishing home in Canada—where the offices of the MacMillan Company of Canada are to be found. The home offices in London, England, are in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Field—hence, the name of the Canadian branch. With the name of MacMillan have been associated many of the most famous literary characters of the last century, and its reputation for honor and good workmanship has placed it among those "reliable British houses" whose imprint is sufficient guarantee.

The New York branch was organized as a separate company and now has its own branches in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas and Atlanta. The new home of the Canadian company is quite in keeping with the traditions of the house as to its situation and architecture. The surroundings are ideal, as to air, light and comfort. From the roof, on a summer day, one looks upon a waving mass of verdure with the spire of St. Michael's, the tower of the Metropolitan Church and the spire of historic St. James piercing the leafy expanse. The property includes a lawn, twenty-five feet in width, running all along the north side of the building, screened from the street by a large group of old shrubs, and affording an abundance of light and air to the offices. The building itself consists of five storeys and a high basement, which, with the first storey, is of Ohio bluestone, the upper storeys being of stone and brick.

The entrance is through a vestibule with a marble wainscot. The inner hall, lighted by a mullioned window with leaded cathedral glass, contains the staircase and passenger elevator, and opens into the waiting room and educational office. This is furnished in dark wood and lined with bookcases, and leads into the office of the president and directors. The rest of the first floor is occupied by the general offices, travellers' sample room, and packing and shipping departments. The shipping is done from the freight elevator into a paved court on the company's premises.

Having unobstructed light on all four sides, the various floors, each containing about six thousand square feet, are extremely light and airy, and, owing to the quiet of the street, a more suitable situation could hardly have been found for the business.

By courtesy of the president, Mr. Frank Wise, we are publishing in this department a cut which shows the admirable style of this structure.

* * *

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD has written a most readable story in "Jim Hands," a narrative of factory life in New England, introduc-

Continued on page 42

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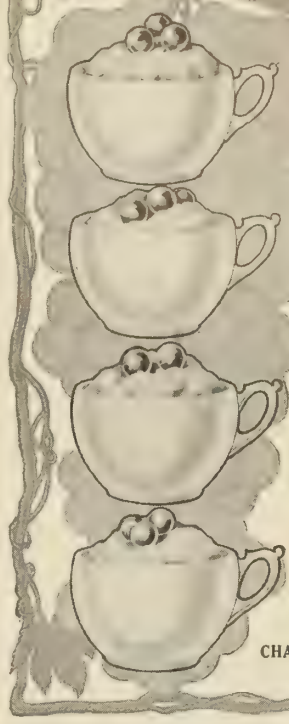

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WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER

THE summer shops! Can anything be more alluring in feminine eyes than these vistas of lace and muslin, these dainty organdies and immaculate linens? Every woman is born with a love of shopping, and never does this instinct have more gratification than in the days of June and early July. But let us give a word of advice to the summer shopper. Do your purchasing early in the morning or about four o'clock. If possible, avoid the middle of the day as a shopping period, or you will find yourself with nerves and strength exhausted.

Cushions for couch and veranda are among the summer attractions, and Eaton's are showing a most varied and seasonable line of curtains, cushions, and veranda furnishings, which will appeal to all who love dainty and fresh upholstering. The rose and other floral designs are the general favorites and will brighten living-room or library, so that the house will seem "as good as new."

Never were summer gowns more airy and attractive, and the summer girl can, at comparatively trifling cost, supply herself with a variety of dainty dresses. The gowns for travel are all on display in these days of vacations in Muskoka or at the seaside. Linen, pongee and Shantung furnish such a variety of going-away gowns that one has difficulty in making a choice, where each is so pleasing. The soft or rolling collar is seen on many of those costumes, as it forms the unusual combination of comfort and becoming style. The linen suit is probably the most popular, and the reason for its extensive use can easily be found in its durable qualities.

IF there is anything the average woman revels in it is negligees, says a New York shopper, and one does not wonder, for they grow more beautiful every season and are so becoming. A few mornings ago I enjoyed the privilege of viewing the season's collection at one of the smart Avenue shops, and found many of them ideally suited to trousseaux. One of the most bewitching was of a very soft rosy pink chiffon, a warm peachlike tone trimmed with maline lace. The coat which accompanied it was of shirred turquoise blue mousseline, held in at the knees, and ended with a ruffle of the lace and a garniture of varicolored rococo ribbon roses. Its fragile beauty was most youthful, and as the model walked the coat floated about her, creating an aura of mystic delicacy. Another, simply made of soft flesh color satin, had a baby waist extending just below the bust and finished simply with a cord. The chiffon coat of a violet blue tone was also simple, long and loose, and had as a trimming a row of large flat blue fresh water pearls. It was quite reasonable for such a handsome one, and came in other color combinations equally effective.

But the most adorable thing I have seen this year in this line was a robe intended as a room robe to be thrown over one's nightgown. It was simply made, long and fairly loose, with short kimono sleeves. These sleeves and the edge of the gown were finished with a tiny white chiffon puff. At each side of the front, midway between the knee and ankle, the satin was held back and shirred into a puff which was finished by a spray of delicate pink ribbon roses; covered elastic holding the gown back. It was the most truly feminine and bridelike thing I have seen.

The original model, of which this is a copy, came in a soft rose pink taffeta, and was almost equally beautiful and of such a becoming shade. I must not forget one of the most useful things for the bride or anyone else who travels, the Pullman robe intended to be worn on one's trips to the washroom on the train or on shipboard. Of soft silk, in soilproof grey and other colors, with its hood attached and its accompanying bag into which it folds so compactly, it is only $9.75. For steamer use and for lengthy traveling its uses are manifold. At this same shop they carry an extensive line of boudoir caps that are all very well made, most effective, and range from $1.95 up. At that price they are of *point d'esprit* trimmed with delicate ribbon flowers.

IT is hard to keep away from the topic of neckwear this season, says a Toronto scribe, and yet it is hard to write about them, for they almost defy description! One may classify them as stocks, jabots, fichus, or turndown collars, but what a variety under each head! Among the fichus each seems more charming than the last. To be successful, the fichu must, above all, be fine in material. It may be simple and absolutely untrimmed, but if made of sheer dainty material or showing careful handwork the effect is delightful. Nothing devised for adornment ever lost its charm more hopelessly than does the fichu through coarse and cheap treatment. But this, of course, has not prevented the market from being already flooded with countless abuses in coarse net and lace of a really charming mode.

Wide, flat fichu collars of fine embroidered linen are being shown. They are rounded in the back, low over the shoulders, and taper to a point in front, the pointed ends sometimes not being draped at all but slipped under the high girdle at each side of the front. There are also combination fichu and collar arrangements, made of fine sheer lawn or organdie, which cover almost the entire bodice. Some of them are exceedingly quaint and pretty. One that was quite untrimmed, but of exquisitely fine lawn, was fitted to be perfectly flat and low on the shoulders, sloping down almost to the waistline in front. The two

loose ends crossed and were caught by two white crochet buttons. The whole effect had a rather nun-like suggestion.

In spite of the vogue of the low-necked dress, the stock collar of lingerie and lace, with a little jabot or frill to match, is still immensely popular. One sees very little of the stiff high linen collar. The sailor collar, with its youthful air, is very serviceable, and smart-looking ones made of crossbar batiste simply handstitched are very effective on plain tailored coats of dark serge. Crash, either hemstitched or scaloped, makes a nice-looking coat collar and cuff sets. The very thin materials seem more appropriate as collars for frocks, or for very dressy coats.

THE introduction of color in blouses for everyday wear is attractive. The use of anything but white has its disadvantage in that it compels the wearer to cling to one color scheme; and every woman knows how annoying it is to find that she only has a blue blouse clean when she is wearing a brown suit.

The way to overcome this is to choose one's blouses rather carefully after one has made up a plan for the summer wardrobe. If you make your blouses now in haphazard fashion, you may be compelled to get suits and hats to go with them.

Some women keep to one color scheme as nearly as possible throughout the season; they know that blue and green and black, possibly, are their chief colors, and they hold on to these regardless of what the dyers and the manufacturers produce. This is the secret of really good dressing, and you will find, upon observation, that it is the method of nearly all the women who are conspicuous for taste, says a writer in the New York *Times*.

If you know your own wishes quite thoroughly in regard to the colors you will choose for your spring and summer suits, then it is quite wise to go ahead with your blouses.

The big bands are in good style this year, and they are among the chief colors introduced on white materials. Golden brown, soft shades of green, and many tones of blue are used, as well as cerise and pomegranate red.

Pink is to be in high fashion this summer in all shades but the pastel ones; Killarney pink, coral, flame and watermelon are among the tones we shall see most used on sheer white blouses of muslin and marquisette.

THE HOUSEHOLD EXCHANGE

By "MISS OPHELIA"

HERE are two hints of importance. The first concerns itself with amusing the baby. Save all your spools and put in a box on your closet shelf where they can be found easily, and on a rainy, bad day when your little one is driving you distracted, get them down and give him some cord and a bodkin. He will amuse himself stringing them for an hour or more, as it is something entirely new and fascinating. A bag of large variegated buttons may be occasionally substituted for the spools.

The second concerns itself with a matter of direct interest to all who make cakes. "I was brought up," says a good housewife, "to be very careful about buttering or oiling my cake tins, and the paper with which they were lined was invariably prepared just before it was used, for oiled papers bought at the store never "went" at our house. Not long ago I saw an expert cook oil his tins, then put in a spoonful of flour and shake it until a little of it adhered to every oiled spot. For all but the most delicate cakes this answers the purpose of the most carefully prepared oiled paper, and it is certainly much easier."

ALREADY enquiries are being made regarding the summer hanging basket, concerning which this brief advice may be of use.

There is nothing that adds so attractively to the large porch as large hanging baskets suspended between the pillars. In making them one should purchase large, flare wire baskets—the larger the better—in order to provide sufficient earth to the growing plants.

Line the baskets with wood moss or purchase it of a florist. A basket outlined with yellow myrtle, the centre being filled with short ferns, is very pretty.

A CORRESPONDENT asks about the dangers from the common house fly, saying that her neighbors are comparatively indifferent to its ravages, and that typhoid is common in the district. The following remarks in *Life and Health,* by Benjamin W. Douglass, State Entomologist of Indiana, may give some enlightenment:

"A short time ago I sat down to a hurried lunch in which a recently opened can of sardines played an important part. The small fish were of excellent quality, and I had eaten two with considerable relish when an examination of the third revealed, closely pressed against the side, an oil-soaked fly.

"I felt about as Jerome must have felt when his pet rat was drowned in a jar of jam, and no one knew what had become of the poor thing until the second helping.

"The sardines in question were alleged to have come from Portugal. Whether this was so, or whether they came from the fisheries of the Maine coast, I am unable to tell; but I was at least sure of the identity of the fly. He was in such condition from the preservative effect of the oil that a mere glance sufficed for his identification as the house fly—*Musca domestica*—and whether he came from the Spanish peninsula or from Canada, or from my neighbor's barn, I was as sure of his life history as I was sure of his name.

"I knew that the egg from which he came was laid in filth; that all his youthful, larval, growing days were spent in filth; that he lived and grew in the vilest offal that his mother fly could find. And when he finally emerged as an adult insect, he walked about on this same filth, and on other filth which he, perchance, might find. After a whole career of filthy life, with claws badly loaded with bacteria of every sort, the fly found my sardine, and came to me. Do you wonder that I banished the remainder of the can? And yet I have known, and still know, many persons who would simply say, that make?" It really makes all the difference in the world—the difference between cleanliness and dirt, decency and pollution, even the difference between life and death.

"Until almost the very present the house fly has been accepted as a disagreeable but unavoidable nuisance. It was but yesterday, so to speak, that the fly was proved guilty of carrying the germs of disease upon his feet. Through all the years of the dim past, in all lands where men have lived, the fly has been a constant companion of humanity. We have accepted his annoyance as such because of our ignorance of the insect's real iniquity.

"The house fly, or, as Dr. Howard calls it, the typhoid fly, is so important a factor in the public health that I am convinced that the most vital problem in economic entomology in America today is to provide some measure for controlling this pest. With the control of the common fly, however, we face the most gigantic problem of insect control that has ever confronted mankind. The fly is entrenched behind a bulwark of public ignorance, and not until we educate the common people to a realization of their danger shall we be able to make much progress in fighting this enemy.

I WISH to tell the house mothers of a simple, effective method of relief for those chronic attacks of intractable eachache which cause so much suffering, especially to children with enlarged tonsils. It is one which I have evolved from my own experience with two children.

To relieve the pain quickly, take a common stove lid, moderately hot, wrap it smoothly in paper; wring a piece of old flannel out of cold water, which may or may not have three or four drops of carbolic acid in it, and wrap this over the paper, then dry flannel over all. It should be comfortably soft on top, so, when pressed down snugly into the pillow, the afflicted ear can rest upon it and enjoy the wonderful soothing ease which the warm moisture, pouring into the sore and inflamed parts, soon brings to pass. In fact, relief is immediate, and by the time two hot lids have successively been applied, you and your patient are ready for a final dressing for the night, which consists of a piece of absorbent cotton about the size of your palm, saturated in the centre with spirits of camphor, and securely bound over the ear. This protects the ear from cold air, which would be disastrous after the moist warmth, and also warms and stimulates.

MISS MATTIE BOWES, of Strathnairn, Ontario, sends us several valuable suggestions:

The problem of entertaining for the busy woman on the farm can be made much easier. Should she devote one afternoon a month to receive her visitors, the same preparation would suffice for five or six. When she sends her invitations she might suggest a topic for discussion in which all are asked to come prepared to take a part. The afternoon will pass quickly and all will feel benefited. It will also serve to strengthen and uplift the social problem and do away with much needless gossip.

The writer also suggests the following easy way of washing. To every three pails of water use one cup soap chips, previously dissolved. (To dissolve them use a granite dish, pour a little cold water and set on the stove. Let simmer until all dissolved).

Take your white clothes (including white waists, underwear, fine table linen, pillow cases and sheets, white aprons. etc. Put in your boiler with cold water and dissolved soap, let boil an hour. Lift out in your tub, pour enough cold water to cool for washing, give them a slight rub such as neckbands, cuffs, etc., when they are ready for the rinse. The remaining suds use for your towels, dish towels, coarser table linen, etc. First wet them in cold water before putting them in the hot suds, add another cup of dissolved soap, cover with water, let boil an hour, then they are ready for the wash. I have found this method of washing easy, and the clothes are much whiter, no danger of rotting clothes. I put my clothes on the stove, and while they get ready for the wash I can do all my morning's work. I find the colored clothes easier to clean, and don't fade so easily. Any left-over suds I use for flannels.

For ginger cakes, take one cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, one small cup of butter, one tablespoon ginger, one teaspoon soda, two tablespoons of buttermilk. Add enough flour to stiffen. Take a piece and roll in your hands.

For lemon sponge, take two cups of boiling water, one-half cup corn starch, one-half cup sugar, juice of one lemon, pinch of salt. Wet corn starch with cold water, put all on stove. When cooked, add beaten whites of three eggs. Beat all to a froth. Serve cold.

For sauce, take yolks of three eggs. one cup of milk, two tablespoons of sugar. Flavor to taste. Cook in double boiler. Any other essence may be used in place of lemon.

AN alert complexion expert declares: When preparing for bed the face should be thoroughly washed with warm water and a good soap or finely ground oatmeal. After this a light massage with cold cream will be soothing and beneficial, followed by a douch with cold water to close the pores. If the cold cream has been rubbed thoroughly into the skin—which is necessary for a dry skin or one dried by the wind and cold—it is better not to leave any superfluous cream on the skin for the night. Even if the cold water is not used at the end the cream should be wiped off. The face may be washed in the same way in the morning with a litle less soap and cold cream, but with more cold water at the end to prepare it for the cold air outside. One cannot be too careful about washing the hands carefully before using creams.

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Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

An Old Homestead

FROM a Chippawa correspondent comes an interesting story of an historic farm home, which, with the accompanying photograph, we publish for our readers' benefit. We should be glad to have from time to time such sketches of farm houses with an early record, as there must be many "homes with a story" throughout our country. Photographs of these historic farms or of scenes associated with them will also be welcome.

Let us for a moment turn our minds back to the days of our great grandparents, and picture the early settlers of our prospering country. The accompanying picture is a view of the writer's great grandparents' home. The main part of this house was built of logs, over a century ago, in the year 1810, these figures being cut in a log above a window. This dwelling, which stood through the war of 1812-13-14, Mackenzie Rebellion of 1838, and the Fenian Raid of 1866, at one time provided shelter for the soldiers. It withstood all these rebellious conflicts, but has to fall at the command of the N. F. Q. V. Park Commissioners, who claim they have taken the land the house now stands on.

This farm was bought from the Crown during the reign of George III., 1798, and Jacob Miller, Sr., the great grandfather, settled here in the year 1804, and in 1810 built the log house which stands to-day as an old landmark. If we imagine ourselves along the river just seventy-five years ago, we would find quite a change. Let us picture this farm covered with woods, excepting a cleared space aroung the first log cabin. Many places of our North-west to-day would compare with the loneliness of this forest home, where the howl of the wolf and the voracious bear would often frighten the settler. At night these denizens of the forest would break the stillness of the calm, and make the woods vibrate with their sharp howlings, filling the young hearts with terror. The grandfather once met a wolf face to face with nothing save a knife for self-defence. Just as the animal was about to attack him he shrieked, and the animal disappeared in the woods, leaving him to span hurriedly the few yards' distance to his home. In contrast picture the deer peacefully swimming the currents of Niagara, from Grande Island to the Willoughby shore, and on reaching land, with a bound soon being hidden in the thickly-grown forest.

Stories of this farm have been handed down to the fourth generation, and we can scarcely realize these facts. At this time there was what was known as a tow path along the bank of the river, this being the only driveway, and the mail was carried on horseback from Fort Erie to Chippawa *via* this narrow path. Logging and lumbering were extensively carried on in those days, and the logs, which were boomed together, were drawn up the stream by oxen. This was before the steamboat whistle had visited our river. The Indian's canoe—a hewn-out log—and the sail-boat, were the first boats to mar the stillness of the water. How quiet and peaceful!

Tales of cutting the grain with a sickle, and later the cradle, binding it in sheaves by hand, can to-day be told by the grandson, who occupies this dwelling. The grandmother often turned the buzzing spinning wheel, while the grandfather was engaged breaking the flax. The light these dear old people used a century ago was the cruise or grease lamp, and later the tallow candle, also a wooden lantern. A prominent feature of this house, when first built, was two old-fashioned fireplaces, where the bake kettle was used for baking bread, before the brick oven was built out of doors.

As our missionaries of to-day, the great grandfather traveled on horseback to the County of Waterloo, carrying his books in a leather bag strapped across the horse's back—to preach the gospel to listeners who were eager to hear of salvation.

Before the schoolhouse was built, one family, or perhaps two or more, hired their own teacher, and after the building of the first schoolhouse, the teacher had the privilege of boarding around among the families represented in the school. Nevertheless, the men and women of those days were the medium whereby the advanced education of to-day has been reached.

Just six years ago the Park Commissioners purchased an eighty-foot strip of land across this farm from the grandson—plans changed, and now the old landmark has to be removed for a one hundred foot boulevard. During the summer, as the grandson and great grandchildren sit on the verandah of this historic dwelling, instead of the ring of the woodman's axe, of long years ago, there comes floating on the breeze in strong contrast the puffing of the gasoline yacht, and the whizzing of the automobile.

"One farm house, old with gables grey,
Round which the woodbines droop and cling,
Where swallows twitter all the day
And russet coated robins sing.
I cross your threshold worn and old
And listen to the ticking clock,
That seems to think my footsteps bold,
And ne'er the tales will be forgot.

How sad, how still! The churchyard's gloom
Is not more sorrowful than this;
Dead faces haunt the empty room,
The forms and faces that are missed.
They whisper to the lonely heart,
The unbidden tears will fill the eye;
The years have drifted us apart,
Ah! dear old house, good-bye, good-bye."

A Woman's Time

MISS ETHEL RUPERT, of the Maple Branch of the Women's Institutes, contributes a paper on: "Is a Woman's Time Worth Anything?" In these days, when "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day" is one of our best-selling publications, we may well reflect on the value of a woman's time. Miss Rupert says on this subject:

A decision made in the General Sessions Court in New York City has raised the question, "Are Wives Supported by Their Husbands?" The whole matter of their situation is neatly set forth by an American political economist thus.

The general rule is that a man has a wife and family. The former is lending him aid by cooking his food and mending his clothes, but there is no need of considering her as a separate agent of production. Let us see whether or not that which the wife produces in the home comes within the scope of economic production. At a glance we discern that she is producing articles of commerce, food, clothing, and comfort. Moreover, as a buyer for the family and administrator of the family funds, she is performing services as distinctly related to the production of wealth as any similar work done by men in business houses.

It is the law in most countries that the amount of time a woman shall work for wages is sixty hours a week. In the home the wife, because she works for nothing, or, shall we say for love, may be forced to toil, day after day, all day long, far into the night, and all night, if the convenience of the family shall be so served. The burden of her task may be greater in the home than if she labored for wages, and her contribution to wealth is worth money; but, because of the sanctity of the home the situation of the wife's labor is ignored on principle. No record is made of the profit and losses of her production, and if the health, happiness, and even the life of the wife go to balance the account, the assumption is, that this is quite right and proper.

It is a fine instance of the beautiful spirit of devotion to duty which makes women toiling in the home so eminently fit to die and go to heaven. Women cannot reasonably consider any duty to the family, which does not properly provide for the fulfilment of her duties to herself. Heaven may wait to welcome her into glory when, as a wife and mother in the home, she has worked herself to death. But the education she has received and the ideals she has been taught to revere, compel her, while working in the hope of Heaven, to have some hope of life, liberty, happiness, and fair wages, to recompense her here below. The work done by women in the home is the last determining factor of the problem of the cost of living, and is also the first determining factor of the cost of all production. The question demanding investigation is not, are wives supported by their husbands? but, how far are husbands—men in general—supported by the work of wives?

How to keep the girls in the home is an important problem now demanding attention. That it is desirable that a daughter should remain at home during the period that comes between the end of school life and the beginning of matrimony is generally agreed. She is better protected there and her parents feel they have a right to her companionship, since they were deprived of it for years while she was at school. Every adult, able-bodied and capable, ought to earn his or her own living, and in such a way as to realize it.

No matter how useful a daughter is in the home, she usually thinks, and often not without reason, that her work is not appreciated at its full value. To ask a father for money is as disagreeable as to ask a husband. If she earns it, she ought not to have to receive it as a gift. At this period of her life, when she is energetic and most needs work, the young woman is not given anything of importance to do, or receives no specific compensation for her services.

The daughter should be given a regular salary. The salary should be at least equal to what would have to be paid for the same work if a stranger were called in to do it. The duties should be defined and efficiently performed.

In one instance a daughter became a capable housekeeper and manager, buying all supplies, for which she received wages at the end of every month. Another, whose mother is an invalid, gets the same amount weekly that would have been paid a nurse. Both these salaried daughters were happy, contented, and efficient. Each had a feeling of independence and self-reliance never to be attained under the usual haphazard appeal to father for money to gratify needs.

The plan does not in any way abrogate filial affection or its implied duties. When a girl stays at home from a sense of duty, the approval of a good conscience and the verbal recognition of her value are not always sufficient to alleviate the feeling of unrest, caused by her desire to realize her economic value.

AN OLD HOMESTEAD AT CHIPPAWA

On Educational Topics

WE have received several papers in connection with child training and education. While all of these are excellent, they are too long to publish entirely. Therefore, we must content ourselves with giving certain paragraphs of special force or significance. Mrs. L. B. Danard, of the Kenible Branch, says concerning the school training:

A good teacher supplements the work of a good home, and helps to rescue from danger children who have suffered from bad parental control. The teacher not only should have a good scholarship, but a good moral character and a strong personality, as children are great imitators, and habits formed in youth often cling to them through life.

The school sets itself the task of forming character, and a true educator will help his scholars to foster pure habits and self-control, knowing that as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Children should be taken into the confidence of their teachers; then there will not be the tendency to fall into improper habits, and they will love to keep up the good reputation of the school.

On the playground boys and girls learn many habits of self-control. They learn to act for mutual benefit. Occasionally some pupil may influence some other member of the school to act indiscreetly, but as a rule the majority will uphold what is right and refuse to give heed to anything that tends to impurity. The youth of our schools should imbibe such principles as will enable them to live well in the home, well in the township, well in the province, and well in the Dominion. They should be taught to condemn corruption in public and private life. It is the duty of our schools to mold and form those who are to control the destiny of our nation.

Children are more easily led to be

good by examples of loving kindness and by tales of well doing in others, than by being threatened into obedience by records of sin, crime and punishment. They may be taught delicately and honestly the grave facts of life, and should learn, for the first time, such matters from parent or educated authority.

Mothers, give your children plain food. Too much meat and highly-seasoned food tend to excite and overstimulate. It is a shame for a mother to bring her children up to the habit of drinking tea; if milk is scarce there is nothing better than pure water.

From Miss King, a member of the Onandaga Institute, comes a paper: "What a Child Should be Taught Before Entering School."

The writer emphasizes the importance of forming habits of industry and cleanliness in the child's early days, declaring:

Every time a thought follows the same line it creates a deeper impression and makes it easier to go over the same territory again. In this way habits are formed. So the mother needs to look well after the child's acts in these early years, as actions if repeated become confirmed impressions and ultimately habits. The poison from anger may be formed in five minutes, but it takes some time to eliminate it; so, for the sake of health, the child's passion should be restrained. Truthfulness should be taught now. Win the confidence of the child, expect truthfulness, let it see nothing is gained by untruthfulness, and above all do not promise what you do not intend to give or do. Punctuality and promptness may be taught by accustoming the child to a regular life, regularity in regard to meals, walks, and stated times for baths. He should be put to sleep at the same time every day, and this habit will grow with him.

Courtesy, to become second nature, must also have a foundation laid in early years. Boys and girls cannot learn too early to defer to every woman, from the mother to the humblest servant and the little playmate. He should be taught to wait upon the aged, not to domineer over the weak, and to do acts involving self-denial. A child will not learn these things without being taught, and, in short, these are the foundation years of character building. Into the child in these years should be instilled the principles underlying Thackeray's definition of a gentleman, when he says, to be a gentleman is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

The two strongest factors in child nature are imitation and imagination. In fact, children learn chiefly by imitation. That is the reason example counts for so much. The mother says something that she thinks the child will not notice, but is surprised to hear it repeated, perhaps in an exaggerated form. Even the parent's tone of voice does not pass unnoticed; indeed, it is because of this law of imitation that environment counts for so much in our lives. We are something like those insects who, naturalists tell us, take color from the plants they lodge on. Imitation enters into the very fastnesses of character, and *we* ourselves are forever imitating what *we* see and hear, the forms, the sounds that haunt our memories. We imitate unconsciously the line and color of the walls around us, the trees by the wayside, and Walt. Whitman puts it very nicely when he says:

"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon that object he became.
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day;
Or for years or stretching cycles of years
The early lilacs became part of the child."

His literary education is well under way before the child reaches the kindergarten. At four or five the child has made considerable progress in its mother tongue. If literary education begins with infancy, then its first agencies are the cradle-song and the Mother Goose melody. The dark mammy who croons her delightfully quaint "Hush-a-by-baby," or the Indian mother or white mother, who chants her "Hush-a-by-baby on the tree-top," is laying the first foundations of literary appreciation and is developing a sense for the simple rhythmic movements, and the word music of these baby lyrics will remain as undertones for a life time. As poetry preceded prose in the literary history of the race, so too has the mother instinctively tended to woo her child to activity, to sport, and to play by means of verse and music in "The little piggy went to market." "This is the church and this the steeple." As he grows, to these may be added stories in prose and singing games, and perhaps some fairy stories to stimulate the imagination, and Bible stories to give a solid background to character. In these ways, by imitation, he will become proficient in the dear mother-tongue, and on entering school he is a promising literary pupil. He can learn something of number by means of objects about him.

An Old Chimney

WE have received from an Institute member whose name is not given the following "Tale of an Old Chimney." The writer says:

"This life of ours is as a wild Aeolian harp of many a joyous strain, but under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain."

—*Golden Legend.*

There is a picturesque section of country situated within a couple of hours' ride of Toronto, which, owing to the hilly nature of the land, was avoided by the early settlers, who, finding the battle with the forest difficult enough on the level, left the conquest of the hills and dales to the later comers. So that until the beginning of the latter half of the last century, there were parts of certain counties which simply served as hunting grounds to those who occupied the towns and villages of the lower lying districts.

This is one of the few localities where one may still see the quaint log cabin of the settler nestling among the trees on the hillside, but more frequently still, one chances upon the tall bare chimney standing bleakly alone in a remote spot, where there are few passers-by, and where the few who do pass give but scant attention to this ghostly monument to an age that has passed.

Being upon one occasion visiting a friend whose home is in this interesting locality, I wandered out along the country lanes, feeling strangely disposed for solitude, and with intent only to find a quiet nook wherein to spend an hour or so in silent communion with nature, at whose shrine I have always been a constant worshipper.

The stillness and the peacefulness of the surroundings soothed even while they saddened me. Why I should be sad I could not tell. My mind seemed steeped in forgetfulness of the world with all its carking cares and worries, its illusive promises, and its wearying disappointments. It seemed almost as in another sphere. While in this peculiarly receptive and expectant mood, a turn in the path revealed to me this weird reminder of the days of Auld Lang Syne.

I quickened my steps in order to examine more closely this relic of an almost extinct generation. I had come from a crowded city, and previous to my life there had lived in a thickly populated district, where there were no landmarks such as these to cause one's mind to revert to conditions in the history of our forefathers, now passing into oblivion, and regarded by this younger generation much in the light of a fairy tale.

Here stood the gaunt, awkward pile of rude stones and mortar, firmly and compactly put together, as though intended to face a century of storms and tempests. Here it stood ever in perpetual silence, pointing with persistent patience to the skies, whither had gone those who once had made the ingle ring with their merry songs and laughter. Standing here surrounded by the debris of the rude cabin, of which it had once been the cheerful centre, its weird loneliness awakened a train of thought and fancy, that took my memory far down the vista of the past till I fancied I could again hear the dear voice of an aged grandfather, long since gone to rest, as he recounted to my willing ears the fascinating tales of his early days as a pioneer in this country. Seating myself on one of the worm-eaten logs that had once formed a part of this ancient domicile, I gave myself up to the memories that thronged my brain, peopling the solitude, and voicing the tales of those who had waged war with the wilderness before my eyes saw the light.

While seated thus in meditation, I caught sight of the bent form of an aged woman, who was slowly and tediously making her way to the quiet corner where the chimney stood. I watch-

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TORONTO 37 WINNIPEG

ed her approach with interest, feeling strangely conscious that her appearance seemed to harmonize with the surroundings, as she made her way quietly over the meadow, her black dress wavering like a shadow in and out of the sunlight between the trees.

At first she didn't appear to notice my presence, and I sat quietly without speaking, fearing to startle her, as she seemed absorbed in thought, and now and again would murmur broken sentences to herself, shaking her head sadly, as though some memories were well-nigh more than she could bear.

Presently her eyes rested upon me, but she did not appear surprised, but seemed, indeed, to weave me into the train of reminiscences that thronged her brain. As I looked searchingly into her face I could see that the light of reason was partially dimmed, and in a measure was prepared for the weird scene which was to follow.

The woman was evidently of great age. Eighty winters or more must have gone over her head. She was dressed in some soft black material, with snowy ruffles at neck and wrists. A quaint close black silk hood was tied over her head with soft ruffles of black and white gathered in about the wrinkled old face. Although the features were drawn and seamed deeply, there was a sweetness and calm about them that would impress one with the fact that the furnace of affliction had long ago burned away the earthly dross, there remaining only the refinement of grief mingled with submission.

"Ah! Child," at last she quavered. "How came you here? What part have you in this desolate scene? You who are young, and gay and care-free—what have you in common with the things of long ago?

Seeing that she did not expect an answer, and wondering what the current of her thoughts might be, I contented myself with a sympathetic smile, and a glance of reverent interest toward the old chimney, where she sadly turned her gaze, and which, I could see, was awakening a long chain of assocaitions in her mind.

Seating herself quietly on another of the logs that shrewed the ground for many yards around, she sat in silence for some minutes, with hands clasped and gaze fixed intently upon the fireplace of the old chimney, as though fascinated by some kaleidoscopic view of what had once taken place before its merry blaze.

Suddenly she exclaimed: "Hush, child, hush. Do not move, or he will go away again as he has always done before when I have come here. Do you see him, the tall, broad-shouldered lad who came to my father's house with manly step and asked that I might be his bride, and come with him to make a home in the silent forests of the North?

"Do you see him now, with oxen and sledge, and axe in hand, cutting and hewing and dragging together the sturdy logs and heavy stones to build our tiny home? With laugh and song he goes cheerily on, proud in his strength and vigor, and joyous over the prospect of the heartease that was to follow, when we could sit together before the dancing blaze in the cheery fireplace that was to be built?

"See! Some kindly neighbors have come to give a hand. How ready they always were in those days to give of their time and sympathy to each other; but now—ah, now—I fear pride and indifference rules in the hearts of most. Neighbors were neighbors in those days. One log house was as good as another. 'Twas hearts that counted. Now, the spirit of criticism and envy prevails, and neighbors sometimes are hard to find."

A mystic light settled over the old countenance and she seemed to be seeing with the inner vision of the soul strange scenes enacted long, long ago.

"Ah," she continued, "the chimney now is being built, broad and high, with deep fireplace and spreading hearth.

"Now, the logs are being shifted into place and carefully pinioned at the corners, now the rustic roof is on, places cut for the heavy door, and tiny windows.

"Ah! soon he has finished the tiny house that is to shelter the little girl who loves him so well, for not in lordly mansion, but in lowly cot, is true love most often to be found.

"Our wedding day has come, dear; we are going away now from the dear father and mother, who bid us a fond farewell, and tell us to keep up brave hearts, as they had to do in their battle with the wilderness. We reach here at last, with oxen and cart and our few modest belongings. It does not require much outward show, when love rules the heart. At last we have crossed the threshold. Ah! do not look now dear, my brave lad has taken me in his arms, with a glad 'Welcome home, my darling, God grant us many long happy years here side by side.'

"And now comes the 'hanging of the crane,' and the neighbors again gather from far and near to give us welcome to our own fireside, and to wish us joy for the years to come. The logs are piled high in the fireplace for the first time, the flames dance and gleam, all hearts keep in harmony with their sparkle and glow.

"Our friends have gone now, and we have our first chat alone in the firelight, and we build in happy fancy the structure of our future years."

Her voice quavered away into silence and she sat absorbed in thought. Presently she began again, with voice more saddened and tremulous, and the faded old eyes, with a hopeless pathos all their own.

"Yes, we were so happy. Our life was hard, but our courage was high. Our little clearing grew and grew. Some years we met with great success; other years were not so well. Our little ones came to gladden the fireside, and the cheerful glow is reflected from their bright faces. We have our glad times, and our sad times—our merry-making and our mourning.

"Do you see the merry groups of lads and lasses, and older ones too, who come to help us make merry from time to time? There are our logging bees, our ploughing bees, our quilting bees, our paring bees. See the great strings of apples and pumpkins carefully suspended from great hooks in the logs overhead, looking like fairy garlands in the misty light. When through with their work, whichever it may be, they

THE OLD CHIMNEY

sit them down to the table loaded with all the good things that only can be found in wholesome plenty in the old farm homes. Now they are through, and there is a busy scattering of cups and plates, tables and chairs shoved back, and the floor cleared for the dance. How joyously they glide, in and out, up and down, while the firelight glows on the hearth! Shine on dear fire, this cannot last for long."

There is silence again for a time. The feeble head bows low.

"Our little first-born has left us today. This weary world was too hard for him. The angels wanted him. Our little Hugh. He was only ten. . . . The fire burns low to-night, dear.

"See! Look how the old back-log sparkles and gleams! What dancing shadows are flickering on the grey old walls! Daughter Elsie is to be married to-day. Pile high the blazing embers. Let the warm glow gladden her young heart, and keep it warm with the memories of father—mother—home.

"Years come and years go. Sunshine and shadow, joy and sadness, but the love in our hearts is firm and strong, and the fire on the hearth gleams on steadily, cheerily.

"Alas! now, the end draws nigh. The old log house, with its many memories is not large enough or handsome enough for those who were reared within its walls. It must give way to the spirit of the times.

"Look yonder! The great brick house on the hill is now the place called 'home.' It is a grand place. It has rooms and rooms to spare. It has cupboards and closets. It has carpets and curtains, broad halls and wide verandahs. A tiny little grate with its gorgeous mantle and mirror is set up in

one great lonely room reserved for 'company.'

"They talk to their neighbors now by telephone, and have their papers and letters brought to the door, and there is nothing now as it used to be. . . . Ah, well! I suppose it is better so, but . . . neither hearts nor homes are gladdened with a light like that which shone from the fireplace in the old chimney. . . . My poor laddie could not bear to change. His spirits drooped from the time the other house was reared. Our last day in the old home came all too soon. We sat together side by side before the old fireplace.

"'Mary,' he said, as he took my hand in his, 'my race is nearly run. We have journeyed along life's path together for many a year. We have had our "grey days" and our "gold days." You have been a good wife to me, Mary, you have never murmured nor complained, though we've had hardships a-plenty. You were fitted for better things, but you came here with me, little wife, when the country was all new, and our fortune all to make. Now we are old and grey, Mary. We have nearly lived our lives. Our children are healthy and prosperous, and must live as their generation lives. We have been very happy, but the end must come. We cannot be so content away from the old fireside, but we will be patient. It will not be for long. I may go on a little before, but you will surely follow. Then we shall be together always, Mary, for "we know in whom we have believed,' and He has said "In My Father's house are many mansions."

"'I think, Mary, sometimes, that our mansions in heaven will be like the places we most loved here on earth, and, if so, mayhap we may once more sit by our own bright fireside.'

"'Let us heap the logs high in the old fireplace for the last time to-night, dear wife. Let us warm ourselves in its ruddy glow. To-morrow—the new house—the new ways of living. Our ways set aside for those of modern days. To-night shall be ours. Let the firelight shine.'"

Her voice sank almost to a whisper, and the words came only in broken sobs, as she continued:

"When the morning sunlight crept into our bedroom window, it shone on his calm, quiet face. His life had peacefully gone out with the dying light from the old fireplace."

She sat in silence for some time, with her dear, patient, old face buried in the wrinkled hands. Slowly at last she raised her head, and, turning to me with a patient smile, she went on—

"And now, child, I am all alone; but I shall soon go to him, where all is peace and light. I come here to live the happy past over again. . . . . But there is no fire on the hearth to-night."

There was a sound of childish voices, a rapid rush of footsteps, and two happy, healthy children came rushing down the path.

"Oh, grandma! Are you here again? We have been looking for you everywhere. Are you not coming home to supper?"

They drew back shyly as they saw me sitting there, but seemed reassured as I gave them a pleasant smile and word of greeting. The dear old grandma rose slowly, and with a kindly smile for each, prepared to follow them down the path.

Turning to me again, ere she left, she sadly shook her head. "Go home, dear child," she said, "stay not in this place of head and gone memories."

Slowly and feebly she made her way back over the hill, the children gaily laughing and chattering by her side.

I have tried to record as faithfully as I could the quaint utterances, as she quavered out her plaintive tale that summer afternoon. I have made no attempt to imitate the odd and broken dialect, but have simply translated the weird sad thoughts, as the broken syllables fell from her lips.

As she disappeared from view, I sat on as one in a dream, living over all that had transpired. The spirit of the past seemed to envelop me as with a shroud. So still I sat, in fact, that even the living creatures round about seemed to think me as much a part of the surroundings as the stones and logs themselves.

A robin perched itself on the top of the old chimney and chirruped at me saucily and fearlessly. A squirrel scurried across from the neighboring trees, frolicked up its base, and chattered from one of the corners. A tiny field mouse crept noiselessly out and peered at me shyly with its tiny bead-like eyes. The crickets droned their monotonous requiem from the very hearthstone itself. All things seemed to declare each in its own peculiar way—"There is no fire on the hearth to-night."

Reports of Meetings

THE seventh meeting of the Mount Hamilton Women's Institute was held on Wednesday, April 19, at the home of Mrs. A. Campbell, Mount Park Avenue. Mrs. Campbell's parlors were filled to overflowing with friends from the city, as well as the mountain. Four more ladies joined. Rev. G. Pugsley, of St. Stephen's Church, gave a very interesting and inspiring address on children. He drew comparisons between children of the Old Land and those of our fair Canada in many ways. Those beyond the sea appeared in a more favorable light than those of this country. Rev. Mr. Pugsley also gave a solo, which was much enjoyed. Mrs. R. Farr gave an instrumental solo. Miss Mattie Hood was accompanist. Mrs. L. Nicol demonstrated tomato soup, and current topics were handled by Mrs. R. Dongworth. They were up-to-date as well as instructive. So many questions were asked in the question drawer that Mrs. Farr had not time to discuss them all. This department of the Institute work is proving a well of knowledge, for the questions are so interesting that many are called forth to speak who would otherwise be silent. Dainty refreshments were served by the following: Mrs. R. Dongworth, Mrs. Nicol, and Mrs. R. Farr, the hostess supplying tea and coffee.

SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE WALL DECORATION

Editor's Note

Secretaries who send in notices of meetings will please do so promptly, as it is not interesting to the general public to read accounts which are months old.

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¶ No matter how cosy your home, an odor of gas, however slight, is unpleasant and sometimes dangerous.

The health of your whole house demands a furnace that will give pure warm air without gas or dust.

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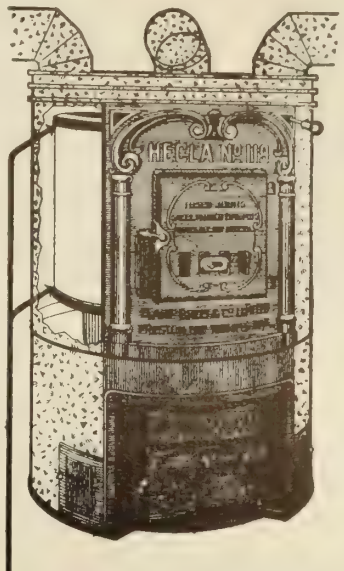

"Hecla" Furnace

¶ The "Hecla" has other safeguards against gas. The **cast iron** Combustion Chamber will not burn through and allow fumes from the fire to pass into the house.

The **air jets** in the door assure proper burning of any surplus gas.

The **Automatic Gas Damper** prevents danger from gas puffs.

There is a special **dust flue** to carry the ash dust up the chimney.

THE FUSED JOINT

In the "Hecla" the steel sides of the radiator are fused by our patented process to the cast iron plates at the top and bottom. This process welds the steel and iron into one piece, making an inseparable joint—one that cannot spread with the heat, and one that has proven perfectly gas and dust proof, even after years of service.

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Most beautiful, economical and sanitary wall coating made, can be applied by anyone to any kind of surface. Will not rub off or peel. Shows no spots or brush marks. Produces that subdued, velvety effect, so agreeable to the eye.

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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The Servant Problem

By DOMESTICUS

THE problem of domestic help has ever been a hard one to solve. In a great measure this is because girls who engage as domestic helps are often looked upon as socially inferior. We may ask: "Why is this so? Why should any woman who is mistress of a home, and who (if she is capable of filling the position) understands and knows how to perform all the different household duties, why, I say, should she despise a girl who is willing to relieve her of some of those duties for a money consideration?"

Her husband in his business may employ girls as typewriters, stenographers, book-keepers, etc. They simply relieve him of some of the duties of his position for a money consideration. Why should they be considered higher in the social scale than their sisters who assist in the home and are not exposed to the dangers of office life, where they cannot receive the same courtesy and consideration from their associates that they would receive in their home?

If all women recognized the supreme claim of the home and home duties upon them, those who would willingly make housework their profession would not be considered as inferior and without ambition. Hundreds of girls become mistresses of homes who do not understand either their position or duties and this results in much unhappiness both to themselves and their home circle.

It seems, passing strange that mothers, who should glory in their home life and duties, will instil into their daughters' minds the idea that the work which they, as mistress of the home, either perform or oversee, is degrading, and will insist that they follow some other line of work if they wish to earn money. Mistresses, holding those opinions, who cannot get helpers, do not deserve pity. By degrading their own profession they hinder many sensitive young ladies from entering it who would do so, if they could without losing caste.

What Won't Women Wear

By A MERE MAN

THE last time I made a muss of it for a publication it was a story of love and business, that, I have no doubt, would give me entree with favor among the sisters here and you. This time I am going to be practical, tell the truth, and incur the wrathfulness of many followers of fashion regardless—but I hope the approbation of sensible souls whose loveliness lies not in Fiji fussiness, and who refuse the dictation of monstrosity without fear.

Now a railway car is not always an emporium of fashion, especially of hats; but an Eastern shopping party of beauty spots from a lovely college not too far from Montreal, and I, as things fell out, landed in the same car. 'Twasn't far enough to make it worth while to remove the headgear, so twenty-six seats were required to accommodate sixteen of these ladies and a professoress who had seen to it that none other had anything on her when it came to hats. A much travelled looking and companionable man who sat across from me said in a confidential whisper that for size, variety of vegetables, fish, fowl, and fur, that crop of hats had everything skinned that up to the moment he had observed. Being of a sporty disposition, he wanted to make a small bet that the dark lady on the off-side, six seats ahead, had a dried fish on her lid. My private opinion was that it was a porous plaster cut on the bias. Just then the lady with the bushel of turnips on her bonnet, sneezed, and to the amazement of one and all, the six insidious eye-punching hat stickers held the weight to its own. The travelled looking fellow looked bored a minute and then said he thought it was marvellous how hat builders could sting the public with so much unnecessary material.

"Take any street down town," he said, "and study the women's hats coming and going. I say 'hats' because you don't see anything else. Regular family top pieces. Moving picture show carrying its own tent. Or, on the other hand, watch 'em getting by with the torpedo-helmet shaped craft. It positively makes me nervous to have a school of these helmeted goddesses bearing down my direction. I've seen some African natives togged out on top—but believe me, those dusky dames would throw flips from jealousy if they could see these curiosity shops their white sisters take around with them. And what is it all? Simply the subservience of sense to foolish vanity.

Some guy over in Gay Paree wandering along the country side, saw a bushel basket upside down with a mess of radishes the good wife had just pulled for dinner lying on top of it. Back he hustles to the city and imposes the style suggested by the basket and vegetables. Only the creation costs fifty dollars, while the clean cut white straw sailor in which most any woman looks sweet, costs three bucks. Ever notice a thin-faced female pikin' along with a five-foot diameter lid? There you get your lines and angles. Lovely thing. Every step she takes it looks as though she expected retribution to catch up with her. Or, again, the basket hats. Somewhere up in the measure there are eyes that see the ground and a face that might perhaps better be hid under a bushel. It's a cinch to say that no homely woman hesitates to wear these products of a disordered mind, because any woman is good looking compared with these hats, if she wears one.

"Remember the seven story feathers they affected last year. Squint up through the car and count the birds and animals that have died to serve the lust for fuss. We used to grin at the squaws out West when the poor things bartered for bright rags and beads, or tried to bingle some inattentive brave with other added attraction. How would you like to see your mother rigged out like the lady with the dried fish on her hat? My friend, I believe if the decree of fashion was that women should wear snakes alive on their top pieces, it would go."

Gathering up his grips, my talkative companion paused long enough to say: "And think of it—all that tommy rot—unnecessary trash—is accepted without a wiggle by the majority of women who never think of the chuckles of the hat artists who pull the string and the puppets jump."

Here the train pulled into the station and the travelled man and sixteen be-topped damsels waddled down the aisles and out of the cars. I saw them going down the avenue towards the thought factory, whose red roofs showed above the maples. Wouldn't it be grand, says I to myself, if the dear things only had as much inside as they have on top of their heads!

The Bride's Outfit

IN a discussion of a bride's outfit for one hundred dollars, an adviser remarks.

Now for the fundamental things of the bride's wardrobe. She should have two pairs of corsets. I have a personal theory that that woman is best corsetted who finds a satisfactory shape, and thereafter wears only that make and shape. The demand for them has brought into the market many good corsets at two dollars. Of night-dresses, at an average cost, based on present offerings, of one and a half dollars, four might be purchased. As gauze underwear is so generally worn, I shall not include more than two lawn chemises, at one dollar apiece, and four combinations in gauze at fifty cents each. Of stockings she may include four pairs of lisle at twenty-five cents a pair. Tan shoes at two and one-half dollars, and a ready-to-wear hat for general use at two dollars and a half. All these are necessaries. Add to them two lingerie petticoats at one and a half dollars each, and four pairs drawers at fifty cents. This lingerie division of the purchases will now have totalled up to twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The first, which includes the wedding dress, amounted to forty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents. The entire amount so far spent, then, is seventy-six dollars and twenty-five cents. The remainder will purchase accessories.

I would advise the spending of five dollars for one smart shirtwaist and one of lingerie. Good houses offer them in June at this price. Another five dollars should be devoted to veils, ties, jabots; and a third like sum to a pair of house slippers and extra gloves. Seven dollars remain for what I would call the insurance of the better things in the wardrobe—namely, in things to work in and things to rest in.

The overall of gingham or alpaca is one of the most practical of these and will be a boon to the young housekeeper who would like to continue in the home the neat appearance she formerly preserved in the office. The apron, as artists have adapted it and modern housekeepers have adopted it, is really a thing of beauty. Again, a challis negligee or relaxation gown will be a comfort. These articles may be bought for the seven dollars.

MOODY'S KLENZINE in the Kitchen

"What's the cause of all this brightness, this morning, Mabel? Everything so spic and span and your work done so early."

KLENZINE MAID:—"Klenzine is the cause of it. Postie told me how it would cut my work in half, so yesterday I ordered a 10c. package. Why! it simply cleans like magic. Just look at those pans—they shine like mirrors, and it is the same with everything else. Besides, it keeps my hands so nice and soft. I wouldn't be without it even if I had to pay for it myself."

KLENZINE makes all housework easy. For washing dishes, cleaning woodwork, windows, silverware and tinware, bathroom, pipes, etc., it is far superior to soap. A valuable disinfectant—keeps the sink clean and sweet.

Insist on MOODY'S KLENZINE at your grocers. Large size package 10c.

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IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Dainty Summer Embroideries

THE tempting display of summer gowns, blouses, and dainty dress accessories so attractive to the average woman, were surely never so alluring before, as their sheer daintiness and simple lines are more graceful and practical for the home dressmaker's skill than they have been for many seasons past. All the most expensive varieties show hand embroidery as almost their only decoration, and consequently when one can do this at home, and the making-up of these is so simple one is tempted to say, "Why pay such high prices for these dainty gowns? I shall embroider one myself." And we are prepared to fill such wants, as a glance at the pretty gown pictured here will show.

Design No. 05.
Stamped on Voile, $3.75.
Stamped Marquisette, $6.00.

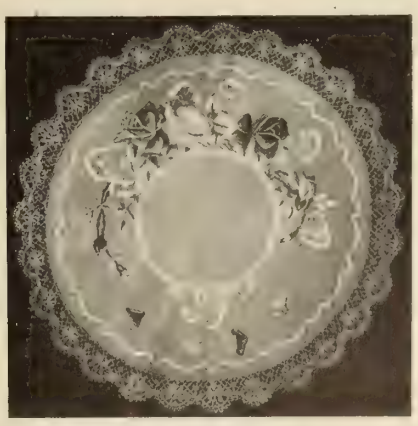
The favored materials this season are the marquisettes and voiles, which are seen on all the handsomest of all the imported models, as well as the more inexpensive gowns, and the reason for this is not hard to find, as this material is so soft and durable and does not crush. Silk embroidery threads are altogether used for these, as the cotton threads have not the required lustre and softness. The gown we illustrate is embroidered in white, black and coral pink. We describe fully in our June columns the correct manner of working the fashionable bead stitch embroidery, and refer our readers back to this. The gown, No. 95, is stamped on eight yards of material, and the tunic band is stamped on the selvage. Two yards are allowed for this, but if preferred an extra band for the foot of the skirt may be also arranged for.

No. 5208.—Stamped Coat Set, 35 cents.

A dainty lingerie waist, which is very simple, is shown on Figure No. 5510. The charm of this waist consists of the exquisite French embroidery, which is beautifully brought out on the butterfly design. Fine sheer lawn, and lustered cotton are the materials needed for this simple waist.

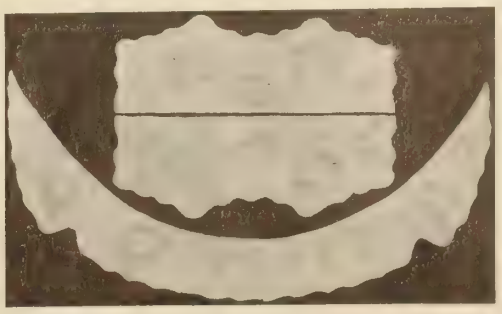
Embroidered coat sets are a necessary adjunct of the summer tailored suit, whether it be of lightweight wool or linen, and as these launder so easy and look cool and dainty, three very handsome designs, quite different in shape are illustrated here. No. 5620 is embroidered in pure white, using a combination eyelet and solid stitch. This also embroiders handsomely on colored linen in the fashionable Oriental shades, which are so popular at present. The whole design afterwards is outlined with black. No. 5208 is a handsome example of the solid padded French embroidery, and may be brought out in either all white or a touch of color introduced into the outlining will bring this to match any costume. No. 4107 shows an effective combination of braiding and solid embroidery. This set, which is all white, is worked with the rat-tail or tubular braid, and looks very handsome. These sets are all effective without being too elaborate, and are stamped on medium weight linen, but if preferred sheer handkerchief linens can be supplied.

No. 5510—Lingerie Waist.
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.



No. 2163.—Tinted design, 36-inch, $1.00.

We illustrate a very handsome tinted centre piece which has a beautiful design of roses and sprays of wild carrot, which combination is unusual and effective. The roses are heavily tipped with royal floss in shades of pink and red, and the carrot, which is embroidered with French knots, for which white rope silk No. 1201, pale green No. 1239x and 1240 are used. The leaves and stems are embroidered in dull greens touched with a little brown, and a handsome linen cluny lace in a deep shade of ecru matches the tinted background and finishes this centre most effectively. Further information regarding the embroidering of this, and the materials, will be furnished upon application.



No. 4107.—Stamped Coat Set, 35 cents.

No. 5620.—Stamped Coat Set, 35 cents.

If the articles illustrated on this page cannot be supplied from your dealer address The Belding, Paul Corticelli, Limited, Dept. L, Montreal, for further information.

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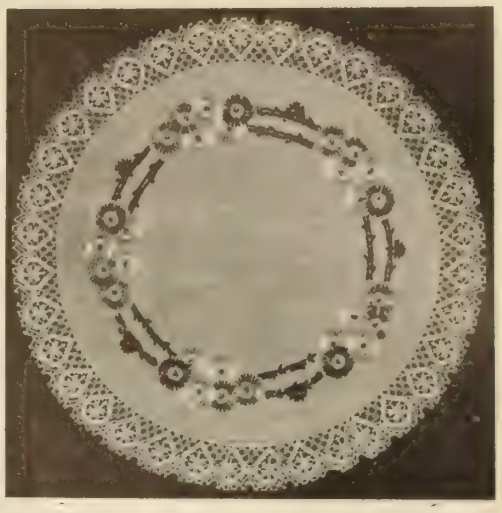

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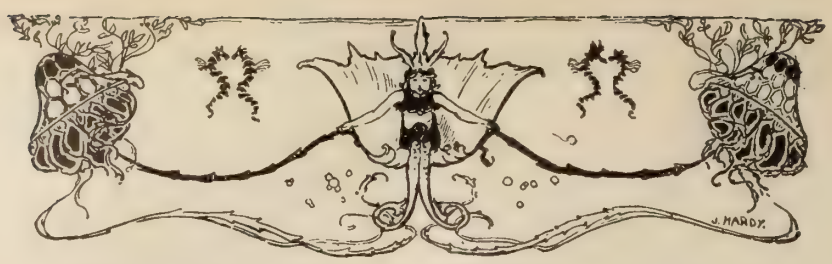


Mrs. Jim's Holiday

Continued from page 13

must be from Jim! Had anything happened—was anything wrong! With trembling fingers she tore it open, and read:

"Will meet you in Winnipeg on Thursday.—Jim."

Mrs. Jim stood still, holding the bit of paper in her hand, and soon she was looking at it through a mist of tears. The question she had been asking herself was answered—Jim had missed her. Jim wanted her. And in a trice she knew that she wanted him—wanted him with an intensity of longing that left no doubt in her mind that the old romantic love, with all its sweetness, was alive again.

The holiday had done its work. Going to the drawer where she kept the letters Jim had written her, she took them all out, and, in the light of that scrap of yellow paper, she read them again, read between the lines this time, till her heart was satisfied, of Jim's love, and longing, and loneliness. Then, in an ecstacy of emotion, she crushed them close to her and whispered:

"Oh, Jim, Jim, you're just the best husband in all that big North-west!"

Orchard Lodge—and Nan

Continued from page 12

echo dies away. Well, that is what it was like last night. But as we stood gazing at the tree-clad hills rising majestically in the misty distance, a sense of perfect peace and safety stole around us, and Nan voiced my thoughts, too, when she sang softly,

"Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes;
Oh, whence for me does my salvation come,
My help arise?"

Your subdued, but loving,
LYN.

Orchard Lodge, August 8th.

Dear Conn:

Well, thank goodness, it's all settled! Now I can enjoy my remaining two months in perfect peace.

I'll tell you how it happened. Early Thursday morning we got a telegram saying Chester Dale had been seriously injured in an automobile accident, and that in a moment of consciousness had asked for Nan. Mrs. Woodrow and she went, coming back Friday evening. There was an operation, the result of which was doubtful.

Nan told me all about everything the next day in the orchard.

"While Aunt Jean and I waited—it seemed an eternity—in that dreadful hospital for the doctors to come and tell us the result of the operation," she said, "I say it all clearly. Nothing mattered, not even college, nothing but Chester. I saw how my selfishness had made the poor boy suffer, and my great fear was that I should not have the chance to make it up to him. Oh, Miss Conran, I could never have forgiven myself had it turned out that way! But God in His goodness willed otherwise, and I had the happiness of seeing the joy in Chester's dear eyes when I told him that I had at last come to my senses." And in Nan's eyes too shone the "light that never was on land or sea."

Chester wants to be married next June at the latest, and no doubt Nan will give in to him. She has resigned her position as school-teacher, and is already planning her trousseau.

By the way, Conn, you may congratulate Ned and me; we have "made up," as the children say. "There are no fools like old fools," you know. Nevertheless, these particular fools are ridiculously happy.

With love,
LYN.

Prayer of a Modern

BY H. W. JAKEWAY

O Lord of Strength, I do not ask for power
To beat down others in the market place.
I pray for poise that I may hour by hour
Meet well my duty with a cheerful face.

O Lord of Grace, let not my aim be rest,
With life so short for what I have to do.
But grant me restfulness—thus to invest
With joys my hours of ease and labor too.

O Lord of Light, whatever I may learn
Of what men in their little knowledge teach,
Or wheresoever my poor mind may turn,
Keep reverence in my heart, I do beseech.

—*Canadian Magazine.*

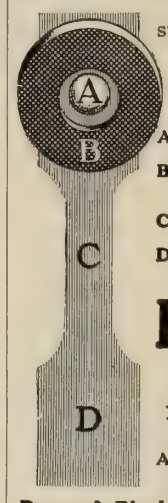
Corns Gone

in 48 Hours—the Pain Gone Instantly

A Blue-jay plaster is the only right way to treat corns. For every person who uses anything else there are fifty using Blue-jay.

For a Blue-jay plaster ends the pain instantly, and removes the corn in 48 hours.

It is applied in five seconds, then one forgets it entirely. No soreness, no pain. In a couple of days you simply lift the corn out. That is all.



Yet thousands of people still suffer from corns just because they don't know Blue-jay.

Note the Picture

A is the harmless red B&B wax that removes the corn.
B is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading.
C is the toe band, narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

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Sample mailed free.
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.
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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
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656 College St. Toronto, Ont.

The Summer Girl

WHO does not look forward to the warm days and balmy breezes of the golden summer time? We Canadians are given to indignation if any foreigners assert that our winters are actually cold, and that there is real ice in our rivers; yet we are well aware that March is a trial to our patience, that April is too likely to possess many chilly days, and that we are tired of the name of winter by the time the May flowers come. Then we are in danger of rushing out in the warm sunlight, regardless at times of hat or veil, in the confident belief that a sun bath is the most beneficial treatment our much-tried features may receive.

Now, this is the reverse of wise and prudent procedure, and we are likely to realize its folly in a painful fashion before the end of the season. A complexion is not to be exposed ruthlessly to the blaze of the sunshine of summer, and the woman who values a clear and soft skin knows better than to allow old Sol to do his worst in the matter of tan and sunburn. It is all very well to say that it will "come off." It may, by the use of creams and other healing agents be very much modified; but when the face has been severely burnt once or twice, the traces are likely to remain.

We are not saying that it is necessary to go about constantly muffled in a veil, or to wear a sunbonnet in the months of sunshine and roses. But it is necessary to have some kind of protection for the face and hands, or the result of constant exposure to the strong rays of the sun will be regrettable. A Toronto girl who visited Muskoka for the first time a few years ago thought it would afford her the "grandest time" to paddle all day in the July sunshine. So she set out with two companions, who, wiser than she, wore wide, flapping hats, and kept their long sleeves well over the wrist. The eager novice would take none of their advice, declared that she loved the sunlight and could not have too much of it. So she rolled her sleeves well above the elbow, put a small tam-o'-shanter on the back of her head, and set forth for a whole day on Lake Rosseau. For the following day and several after she mourned exceedingly over blistered arms and face, lavishly applying cold cream, which did its best to heal the injured cuticle. There is a scar on the girl's right arm which reminds her of that day's indiscretion—and she laughs no longer at the wise maiden who dabs a "summer lotion" on her face before going out in the strong sunlight. It is all very well to be reminded that one must live and learn—but to learn by the very unpleasant process of scorching is hardly necessary.

BEFORE going out, then, it is well to apply to the face a good vanishing cream, rubbing it in well, and afterwards dusting the face with a good powder. By "rubbing in well," it is not suggested that you should treat the face as if it were made of rubber or stone. Hard rubbing for the face is entirely the wrong treatment and should never be employed. There is nothing more beautiful when in blooming and healthy condition, but it is delicate as a flower and will resent anything resembling a vigorous "scrubbing." The carelessness with which so many of us regard the complexion is the chief reason why so few fulfil the poet's lines:

"You passed me as April passes,
With a face made out of a rose."

Most of us can hardly boast of flower-tints after the bloom of youth is passed; yet it is largely due to our own indifference that the radiance of childhood is so soon dissipated. The fresh complexions of Irish, Scotch and English girls are proverbial—and we must give the salt air the credit for old-world roses. Yet, even in the brighter glare and harsher atmosphere of this continent, much may be done to keep a fresh tint in the face. The hard water of our cities is blamed for much of the dryness and parched look of the skin. However, borax is extremely cheap and a little of it goes a long way towards making the hardest water suitable for cleansing purposes.

In the matter of toilet water, there is an immense range among the modern preparations. A heavy perfume is unpleasant to most persons, but the merest suggestion of fragrance may be most refreshing.

ESTELLE asks whether perfume in the form of an essence is considered good taste. Yes—so long as the perfume remains a mere suggestion rather than a pronounced scent or fragrance. I once knew a rosy-cheeked servant named "Maggie" whose idea of a Saturday night's dissipation was to purchase a twenty-five cent bottle of "white rose" and sprinkle about half of the precious extract on hair, collar and handkerchief until her approach was an attack on the olfactory nerves. Heavy perfumes are offensive to most of us.

The French, who are usually considered the most elegant people in Europe, have many delightful perfumes—but those of Oriental name and aroma are somewhat too heavy for our liking. Several British firms have made a name for themselves during the last score of years with perfumes that are of a peculiarly refreshing nature, such as carnation and crabapple blossom. Never buy cheap perfume. A little of the very best should be the rule in this matter. Our grandmothers used to sprinkle lavender sprigs in the linen chest or wardrobe, and it was a clean and wholesome practice. A sachet bag, filled with a fragrant mixture gives a pleasant suggestion of old gardens to your gowns and lingerie.

"MAPLE LEAF" asks a question which occurs to many these hot days. What is the best method of avoiding an odor of perspiration? Some of us are troubled very slightly in this way; others have much difficulty in overcoming it. As a rule, the stout woman suffers from it more than she of slender proportions. It is advisable to bathe frequently and to use a good talcum powder very liberally. Toilet water should always be used by anyone who perspires excessively. There are several good preparations on the market which may be relied on. Special attention should be paid to diet, and the food should be as light as possible—such as will not entail any complications in digestion. Meat and pastry should be almost banished from the hot weather diet, and every precaution taken to avoid an over-strain. An avoidance of heavy, greasy food, and care in the matter of exertion will do much to relieve the sufferer from excessive perspiration.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if strawberries are injurious to the skin, declaring that whenever she eats this delightful fruit, the enjoyment is followed by a slight rash appearing on the face.

Strawberries are usually considered rather indigestible, and, if you suffer in the manner described, it would certainly be better to avoid eating the "best berry of all," as an old writer describes it. There are many who find it a trying fruit, tempting though it may be. This is a matter, however, for a physician to decide. It may be that you have some slight disorder of the digestive organs, which would make it advisable for you to avoid certain fruits and vegetables. "Hyperacidity," as it is called, leads to many an unpleasant moment, and may be checked by careful diet.

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This is a special sign granted only to the druggist who always has the full range of **Royal Vinolia** Toilet Luxuries. Ask your own druggist first. If he has not the **Royal Vinolia** article you want, go to one who shows this sign on his window. If you have any difficulty in finding a **Royal Vinolia** Depot, inform us, mentioning your druggist's name and address. We will send you addresses of depots within easy reach.

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We don't even ask you to send us stamps for postage.

We only ask that, in fairness to us you will make a complete trial of any one of the **Royal Vinolia** Toilet Luxuries which you may choose—use it—and compare it with the best other toilet articles you have ever used in your life. It cannot fail to give complete satisfaction and comfort and prove an added daily luxury for all the days to come.

Will you miss this? Will you let yourself forget it? Get the special postcard referred to below from your druggist. Send it to-day.

Tear this slip out, save it as a

Reminder:— Ask your druggist to-day. With your purchase of any ROYAL VINOLIA article and nearly all Vinolia articles over 20c., you now receive a special postcard which entitles you to a complete and free trial of any one ROYAL VINOLIA Toilet Luxury that you choose.

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Royal Vinolia Soap	box of 3 35c.	Royal Vinolia Cream	35c. and 50c.
Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick	25c.	Royal Vinolia Shaving Powder	25c.
Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder	25c.	Royal Vinolia Complexion Powder	50c
Royal Vinolia Vegetable Hair Wash	35c.	Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine	35c
Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste	25c.	Royal Vinolia Tooth Powder	25c.
Royal Vinolia Fluid Dentifrice	25c.	Royal Vinolia Sachet	35c.
Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream	15c. and 25c.	Royal Vinolia Perfume	$1.00 and $1.50

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HOUSE OF WINDOWS

Continued from page 11

in her dark hair, and her forehead was as unlined as a child's. Save for a deeper note in her voice and a soft seriousness of manner she seemed scarcely older than the girl Christine. Tommy's eyes followed her with worshipful reverence.

"It begins to feel like autumn," she said. "Come and see the garden, Tommy. What a pity that asters have no perfume!"

"Ah, but you forget the colors," said Tommy instantly. "Massed against that green hedge they satisfy without perfume. They are such big, straight, sturdy fellows; flaunting, yet brave, like soldiers."

"Yes?" eagerly. "Go on, Tommy. You make me see it all. Tell me about the golden-rod in the east corner." She leaned out over the dream garden and Tommy went on. He told of golden-rod and of the late dahlias, and of how the wind had blown some yellow leaves, first warning of dead summer, upon the garden walk; but he looked only at her face. For both of them the garden was real, the weeds and the tin cans did not exist; he was a gardener and she was a princess in an enchanted land.

The other two watched them with wondering eyes. "Doesn't he do it well?" whispered Christine. "When he talks to Ada like that, Tommy is a real poet. Say, Celia, did you ever notice—"

"Yes," said Celia, dryly, "I have noticed." She drew a breath of relief. "If it is so plain that the child notices it," she thought, "I need never worry over that particular question again. However bad things may be I can never take *that* way out."

"Christine," she said abruptly. "Get me the note Mr. Banks left for me."

Wondering a little at her tone, the girl handed her the envelope. Celia opened it slowly. She had already guessed what the note contained, and had braced herself to bear the confirmation of her fears. Mr. Banks wrote briefly that he was sorry that he must confirm the news of which he had spoken to her before; the Moulton Oil Company had gone into liquidation, and the shares upon which Miss Brown had been receiving dividends were now

"Well!" exclaimed Christine, who was almost dancing with impatience. "Is—is anybody dead?"

"Dead?" said Celia stupidly. "Oh, no. At least there is no fortune left to us. It is merely a—business letter."

"Oh!" There was disappointment in Christine's tone. She would have liked to have seen the letter, but Celia did not offer to show it. Instead, she changed the subject.

"Isn't that someone on the stair, Christine? Open the door. The landing is so dark. Fanny said she intended coming over."

"Oh, dear!" Christine's sigh was heartfelt. She did not care for the bustling ways of Mrs. Harcourt Flynn.

"She is a dear, good friend," said Celia, warmly. "But, listen, she wants me to go away for my holidays. And mind, you are not to encourage her in it. I don't want to go."

"Aren't you all going, as usual?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"Why, I thought—" began Christine But Mrs. Flynn's brisk voice interrupted

"Those stairs get worse and worse," she declared, without preliminaries "Why you girls stay here I can't see! You'll break your necks some day. It's a scandal. Can't you make your landlord-man do anything?" How d'ye do, Tommy? Why can't *you* see the man for Celia?"

"Celia won't let me." Tommy's tone was injured.

"No, I won't. The last time Tommy complained Ada was just worried to death by men coming to 'see about it.' As many as nine different people came, and then nobody did anything. There isn't any landlord, really; we pay our rent to an estate."

"Then I would move. There is a nice apartment house going up now just around the corner from us. Very reasonable rent. I'll get Sam to speak for you."

"Well, I never!" murmured Christine. But Celia, alarmed, interposed hastily. "No, Fanny, don't do that! We hate the idea of moving!" She made a slight gesture in Ada's direction. Mrs. Flynn's eyebrows went up. She liked Ada, but Celia was her special favorite, and she thought her continual sacrifice for her blind sister somewhat overdone.

"Well, you know best. If you trip on that loose board and kill yourself, don't blame me. I've warned you. And here is the address I promised you. You won't know yourself after a fortnight of Lakeview farm."

Celia took the piece of paper and thanked her. "Only, I'm afraid we aren't going away this year, Fanny," she added, as if by an afterthought.

"Ada," said Mrs. Flynn. "Are you going to let your sister kill herself?"

Ada turned a startled face from the garden. Tommy Burns turned with her, his face flushing a slow, deep red. He never could become accustomed to hearing Ada addressed as Mrs. Flynn addressed her. But that lady went right on.

"I may say that I think Celia is looking badly, very badly, indeed! She needs a complete rest and change. You have influence with her, Ada, use it before it is too late! That is all I have to say. I came especially to say it. I told Celia I intended to let you know the truth. Celia is being killed by overwork. No thanks, I do not wish any tea. I have dined. Tommy, if you will see me down these stairs I shall be obliged. I do not wish to die just yet. Good-bye, Celia. I will see if I can get you an extra week of holiday."

Her departure was as sudden as her coming had been.

"Oh, dear, I hope she doesn't!" said Celia, in a frightened whisper.

"Such a dear, good friend!" murmured Christine, sotto voce, and then as the sound of Tommy's returning steps were audible, she called sharply and in Mrs. Flynn's best manner, "Tommy, if you trip on that loose board and kill yourself, don't blame me. I warned you!"

Laughing, she sprang down a few of the steps to meet him, and then, in the darkness of the hall, Mr. Burns was surprised by a vigorous pinch upon his arm. "Don't tease Celia any more tonight about going away," cautioned Christine. "She's tired out, and there's something wrong—I'm sure of it."

So it happened that Celia, inwardly bracing herself against their united persuasions, was surprised, and perhaps

"Dey am dun quick"
Aunt Salina
In thousands of homes wash day is looked upon as one of ordinary pleasant occupation since the advent of the New Century Washer.
¶ Start your washing at 8 o'clock in the morning and you are through before 10, with the clothes on the line, the kitchen cleaned up and the assurance that every particle of dirt or stain has been removed from the clothes without the slightest injury to the fabric, if you use a
8 A.M.
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New Century Washer
¶ Just ask the woman who has one. This machine is not classed with ordinary Washers. They are Better Machines, Better Made on a Better Principle, and do Better Work in Better Time.
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¶ The NEW CENTURY is sold by all the best dealers. If your's don't handle them write us direct.
"Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is our new FREE Book, and gives many valuable hints on the washing of all kinds of textiles. Send us a postal and get it to-day.
9 A.M.
SUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.

Recipes for Summer

The author of this won a $100 prize in a recipe competition.

PERFECTION SALAD

½ box Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
½ cup cold water.
½ cup mild vinegar.
1 pint boiling water.
1 teaspoonful salt.
1 cup finely shredded cabbage.
Juice of one lemon.
½ cup sugar.
2 cups celery cut in small pieces.
¼ can sweet red peppers, finely cut

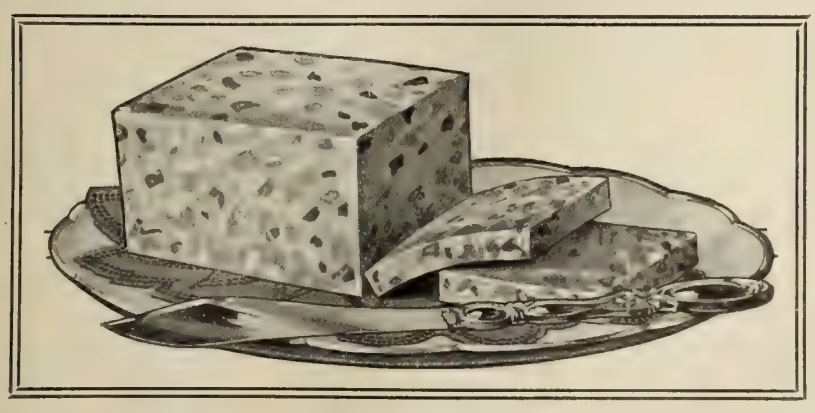
Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice. boiling water, sugar and salt. Strain, and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into a mold and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in

cases made of red or green peppers, or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentos. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

ANGEL PARFAIT WITH FRENCH FRUIT

1 teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
The whites of two eggs, beaten dry.
1½ cups double cream, beaten light.
3 tablespoonfuls wine or thick syrup.
2 tablespoonfuls cold water.
½ cup of French fruit cut fine.
½ cup granulated sugar.
½ cup water.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes or longer. Boil the sugar and half cup of water to the soft ball degree (as in making boiled frosting), pour in a fine stream onto the whites of eggs, beating constantly meanwhile; add the gelatine, stir over cold or ice water until the mixture is cold and begins to set, then fold in the cream and the fruit and flavoring. The fruit will be softer if soaked in the wine or syrup



some hours or over night. Turn into a quart mold, lined with paper, cover securely and let stand in equal measures of ice and salt about three hours.

FRUIT SALAD

For the celery and grape fruit salad, cut the inner and crispest stalks of celery into half-inch lengths. Skin one banana and cut it into neat cubes. Do the same with a tender tart apple. Have ready two halves of grape fruit, from which you have removed all the pulp so carefully that you have not torn the skin of either half. Cut the pulp taken from one of the halves into small pieces, in size corresponding to the apple and banana dice. Put all these into a chilled bowl and set on the ice or in a very cold place for half an hour. Chill the mayonnaise and serve a tablespoonful on each portion of salad. It is a pretty idea to use the empty half skins of the grape fruit as a receptacle, which should lie on ice until serving time. The addition of whipped cream and a little sugar to the mayonnaise is an improvement on the ordinary.

SUMMER SALAD

Peel, slice and chill half a dozen fresh, ripe tomatoes. Peel and slice three or four fresh cucumbers, young enough to have small, tender seeds. Lay these in ice water for an hour. At serving time drain thoroughly. Rub the inside of a salad bowl or platter with a cut clove of garlic, make a foundation of lettuce, pile the cucumbers in the middle and put the tomatoes around the edge. Sprinkle thickly with finely chopped mint, and pour over a well-mixed French dressing. This is a particularly refreshing salad, suited to either dinner or luncheon.

BANANA CAKE

Banana cake is made by beating a quarter of a cup of butter to a cream and adding a half cup of sugar and one egg. When very light stir in enough sifted flour to make a stiff dough. Roll into a thin sheet and line a square shallow baking pan with the sheet. Peel five ripe bananas and chop fine. Place them over the crust in the pan, sprinkle over them a half cup of sugar, the pulp of five tamarinds, soaked in a quarter cup of warm water, and squeeze over all the juice of two oranges. Put on top a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits, a dash of mace and two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Grate over the top two small crackers, bake in a moderate oven a half hour. Serve in narrow strips, like French pastry.

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MONTREAL. 33

Settling Mother-in-Law.

THERE'S a wee woman, not yet turned six, out in the West, whose grandmother is a keen disappointment to her. Being a decidedly precocious infant, the child is much petted by all the grown folk save her grandmother. Naturally, she resents this lack of demonstration, and quite recently thought out a plan by which judgment might be brought upon the old lady, whom she always designates as a "mother-in-law."

An artist friend frequently amuses her by making sketches. One day, while thus engaged, she requested him to draw a "mother-in-law." "Make her fat and make her cross." The young man carried out her instructions.

"Now, draw Daddy." He did so. "Now draw Mamma." Again he obeyed. "Now draw me." When the four sketches were made, she enclosed them in an envelope and put it away. On Sunday she went to Sunday school, and when the collection plate was passed, out came the envelope and was put on the plate.

"I've fixed her, Mamma," she said triumphantly when she came home.

"Fixed whom, dear?"

"Your mother-in-law," came the startling reply.

"Why, whatever have you done, dear?"

"I sent all our pictures to the Lord and asked Him to pick out the ones He loved and give the cross one to the Devil." Then she added conclusively: "I think I've done a good work."

* * *

No Gentleman.

AN interesting bashful young man was driving one evening with a young lady whom he had been calling on for some time previous. The stillness of the evening and the beauty of the scene around him inspired his courage, and, sitting stiffly erect with his face forward, he asked suddenly: "May I kiss you?"

"Surely," she coyly replied.

"Aw," he said, his face scarlet, and larruping his horses to a run—"aw, I was only foolin'."

* * *

An Enterprising Man.

HEARING a noise at midnight in one of his rooms, a gentleman tiptoed to the spot, thinking to take the burglar unawares. Sikes, however, was not to be caught napping, and before the owner of the house fully realized what was happening he was looking down the muzzle of a revolver.

"You realize that you are at my mercy?"

"Ye—s," replied the house owner.

"And also realize that I could shoot you dead if I wished?"

Another trembling affirmative.

"You did not hear me enter the house?"

"No."

"Well, if you had your windows fitted with one of Ketchum's new patent burglar alarms, this wouldn't have happened. I am an agent for the—"

But the house owner had swooned.

* * *

Easy.

LADY: "What is the price of this ribbon?"

Clerk: "Twenty cents a yard."

Lady: "At Brown's they sell the same thing for ten cents a yard, but they are out of it now."

Clerk: "So do we when we're out of it."

* * *

The Reason.

AS an example of graciousness and tact, Matthew White tells in *Munsey's Magazine*, of a London clergyman who was called on to address an audience of actors. Alluding to the better social status of the players, the clergyman said that in former days it was sometimes customary to brand them as vagabonds, and bore a hole in their ears with an awl, that citizens might thus be forewarned. "And who knows," the clergyman added, "but that it is a survival of an endeavor to hide this mark of indignity that causes some of the actors even to-day to wear their hair long?"

* * *

Just Dissolved.

"SO you broke your engagement with Miss Spensive?"

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, she broke it?"

"No, she didn't break it."

"But it is broken?"

"Yes, she told me what her clothing cost and I told her what my income was; then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."

* * *

As He Saw It.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, chief of the bureau of chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, has interpreted many laws affecting pure foods and drugs, and has had some of his opinions reversed by the Department of Justice and the President.

He was discussing this one day when he said:

"The matter of interpreting laws is much like the story of the little boy who was told by his teacher to read something from a primer.

"The boy read as follows:

"'This is a warm doughnut. Step on it.'

"'Why, Johnny,' said the teacher, 'that can't be right. Let me see your book.'

"This is what she found.

"'This is a worm. Do not step on it.'"

* * *

A Helpful Bell-Boy.

FOR four consecutive nights the hotel man had watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water cooler.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"Why," she exclaimed, "the boy told me that was the fire alarm and that I was not to touch it on any account."

* * *

Fishy.

MOTHER—"Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday School."

Johnny (with far-away look)—"Yes, mamma."

Mother—"How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?"

Johnny—"I carried home the Sunday School paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale."—*Roseleaf.*

* * *

A Hungry Husband.

BUT there is another type of woman almost as undesirable as the extravagant one. A man feelingly remarked one day: "That gown my wife is wearing makes me hungry whenever I see it. She bought it with what she saved out of the housekeeping money."

For a time after they were married all the tradesman's bills had gone to the office and been promptly paid by cheque. But the slips were on a nail behind the kitchen door at home, and there was no way of checking the bills down town. So the man decided it would be a much wiser plan to make his wife a regular allowance on which to run the house. It was a generous one, more than sufficient to provide good, wholesome food, but the woman was a schemer, and she proceeded to make the most of great possibilities. She bought cheap cuts instead of juicy steaks and tender chops, and dairy butter in place of creamery. Cold storage eggs came on the breakfast table enveloped in omelette instead of the more expensive "new laid." The cook was initiated into the making of delicious-looking croquettes, which, when dissected, were found to be composed of the meat from the soup pot. They looked tempting, but there was no nourishment in them. Instead of good, fresh fruit and vegetables from the market, the cart of the grubby-looking banana man was beckoned to the back door, and rare bargains were driven with the Italian "market gardener" from Elizabeth Street, whose broken-down wagon bore his name and calling in zig-zag letters on its side. Wherever there was a bargain going on in fowls of uncertain age, or tinned vegetables from old stock, there was the hungry man's wife, a ready buyer. A little chicory judiciously mixed with the coffee was an economical discovery, and a cheap grade of tea replaced the good old English blend. Often the man rose hungry from the table—but the woman got her gown.

The difficulty is sometimes to strike the happy mean.

* * *

The Wall Paper Man.

Oh, I'd sing you a song of the wall paper man,
Who's with us once again,
Who comes with the flies and who everywhere hies
With his ladders and buckets ten;
I'd sing of the ease with which bric-a-brac breaks
At the soft gentle touch of his hand,
I'd sing of joy which it seems that he takes
In upsetting a jardiniere stand;
I'd sing how he figures the cost of a job
To a dot (except extras worth ten),
Of his tracks in the hall and paste buckets that fall,
And the way the new rug appears then:
Oh, I'd sing of the wonderful litter he leaves
And the household he puts in a fuss—
Yes, I'd sing of him now if I didn't, somehow,
Have to pass up all singing to cuss.

—*Kansas City Times.*

* * *

Women and Suffragettes.

ON his visit to America, Father Vaughan of London (called by Chesterton "the Mayfair priest who makes the comfortable classes feel uncomfortable") was asked: "Would you give votes to women?"

"I would make no difficulty about giving votes to women," he answered. "But, you understand," he added with twinkling eye, "once you gave votes to women, the suffragettes would be wanting them also."

* * *

He Paid for It.

"THERE goes a man that really has accomplished something in this world."

"Is that so? What has he done?"

"Bought a house on the instalment plan."

"That's nothing. Thousands of men are doing that."

"I know, but that man actually has his house paid for?"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

Secret of Genius.

IT is not altogether easy to imagine a Lady Macbeth eating chops. Yet her greatest impersonator got her inspiration from them, if one may rely on an altogether delightful authority.

On a certain occasion, writes Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his recent book, "The Second Post," the painter Haydon paid his butcher, who reciprocated by expressing great admiration for the artist's painting of "Alexander."

"Quite alive, sir!" said the butcher.

"I am glad that you think so," said the artist.

"Yes, sir; but, as I have often said to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, sir, if you had not eat my meat, sir."

"Very true, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, I have a fancy for genius, sir."

"Have you, Mr. Sowerby?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Siddons, sir, has eat my meat, sir. Never was such a woman for chops, sir! Ah, sir, she was a wonderful crayture!"

"She was, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, when she used to act that there character—but, Lord, such a head, as I say to my sister—that there woman, sir, that murders a king between 'em."

"Oh, Lady Macbeth."

"Ah, sir, that's it—Lady Macbeth. I used to get up with the butler behind her carriage when she acted, and I used to see her looking quite wild and all the people quite frightened. 'Aha, my lady,' says I, 'if it wasn't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do that!'"—Pittsburg *Chronicle Telegraph.*

From the Publishers

Continued from page 27

ing a pretty romance, wherein the heroine is a daughter of one of the chief workmen and her lover is a son of the owner of the "works." The humorous touches are delightful, and one will remember the strenuous mother-in-law even longer than the very-much-in-love young persons. "Katherine" is a charming girl, however, less stormy and bewildering than the average "American" heroine.

"Jim Hands" is a pleasing story—just the thing for an afternoon on the boat or in the orchard. Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada.

* * *

IT is refreshing to turn from Mr. Service's impossible and sordid chronicle in "The Trail of Ninety-Eight" to another work of fiction which represents a very different heroine, although her adventures, also, lie in unbeaten paths. Mr. Hulbert Footner, the author, is a Hamilton writer who has lately spent his winters in New York. In the latter city, he has been quite successful with his short stories, and his first novel, "Two on the Trail," leads us to expect fiction of an unusually entertaining order from this native of the Ambitious City.

The very first chapter, where the hero and heroine meet in a restaurant of the West, and proceed to indulge in the old-fashioned pastime of falling in love at first sight, is a stimulant to the reader's curiosity and imagination. From that moment, Garth Pevensey and Natalie Bland set out on a series of hairbreadth escapes in search of a long-lost exile which leave one no idle nor dull moments. The matter-of-fact and prosaic reader may protest that there are too many such incidents, that no mere young man could ever have come alive through such appalling disasters as befell the noble Garth. But a truce to such contention! The scene is the Great Unexplored region of the West—and who knows what may happen in those wilds? It has been said, too, that Garth is an amazing athlete for a newspaper man—that such physical prowess would hardly be expected from a chaser of a copy in old New York. Here we admit a doubt, for the aspiring journalist certainly topples the burly men of the Northern woods and streams over, like so many ninepins. There is the most villainous villain we have met for many a day, in the person of Nick Grylls, who, like the character of King John in the old green-backed history, bears no redeeming feature. We, who live in the city, where there are electric lights and police, have a genuine thrill of terror when the fair Natalie is pursued in the lonely North by such a superlative scoundrel as Old Nick. But it all ends in sunshine and orange blossoms, and the only discordant note is that Mabyn, villain number two, is permitted to live.

The most pleasing and promising characteristic of the story is its cleanly and wholesome tone. In that respect, it affords a welcome contrast to the hysterical lack if moral balance in the Service production. Honor and purity form the basis of the romance of "Two on the Trail" and, while evil characters are depicted, there is no attempt to make them out other than the sordid creatures they are. Mr. Footner's second novel will be anticipated with interest by all who like a story of dashing adventure. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

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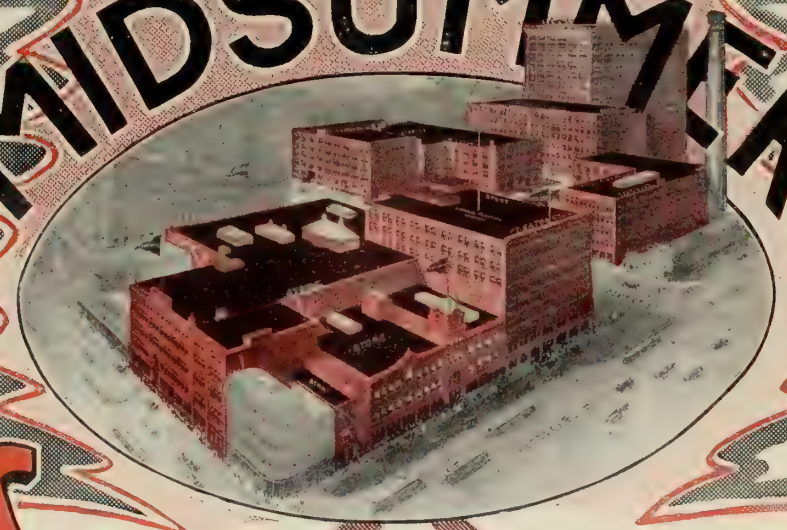

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Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

EDITORIAL CHAT

THE AUGUST MAGAZINES are not as a rule filled with useful and informing articles, to the exclusion of lighter material. The last month of the summer is the playtime of the year for most of us, and consequently, the editor takes temperature into consideration and endeavors to give the readers only the most entertaining fare. We honestly hope that our paper friends are enjoying themselves so much in a brief respite from the day's work that they will appreciate our desire to give them a number of summer enjoyment. The serial story, "The House of Windows," by Mrs. MacKay, is becoming more enthralling with each installment, as you learn more of the mysterious heroine and appreciate her trials. In this issue we are giving you more than the usual number of chapters, in the hope that this extra supply of serial fiction will divert you for an August afternoon. The adventures of the happy young persons in "A Honeymoon in Hiding" continue to be most amusing and entertaining. This story will be concluded in our September number and we are sure it has been appreciated by all our readers. "Mrs. Jim's Holiday" in our July number has appealed to a wide class, if we may judge from the comments which have reached us. "Every husband in Ontario should read that story," was the emphatic comment of one reader, who considered that the "lesson" of the story was most impressive. This month's contribution from Miss Miles, "Dame Nature, Human Nature, and the Beaver Dam" is a bright and seasonable narrative of a camping-out. "At the Gate of Silence" is a rather creepy and uncanny tale which will give you a chilly sensation, not unwelcome in the month of August.

THE DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT, however, has not been overlooked, and you will find in the August pages the usual articles on this work. Miss Jessie E. Rorke deals with the matter of household decoration from the standpoint of one who considers the beautiful rather than the expensive. There is a false idea, cherished by some, that, in order to have an attractive home, it is necessary to spend lavishly. Miss Rorke discusses this theory extensively and upholds the artistic idea, which has nothing essentially to do with expenditure. These articles are well worth your consideration, and letters addressed to Miss Rorke will be cheerfully answered.

AROUND THE HEARTH has a rather overwhelming suggestion for the summer months, when we are all as far away from a fireplace as we can be. "Around the Bon-fire" might be more in keeping with the heart-to-heart talks of a summer evening. Still, whatever season it may be, you will find Jennie Allen Moore's page a comfortable spot for a good quarter-of-an-hour. This time, she talks about the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, which was held at Port Arthur during the month of June. Jennie Allen Moore's comments thereon are both shrewd and discriminating, and we are sure that the women who are interested in philanthropic and social questions will be concerned in her experience of the large and representative gathering of Canadian women. This department has steadily grown in our readers' confidence and liking, and we are sure that, whatever you may decide to "skip," it will not be Jennie Allen Moore's page

OUR RURAL READERS may be inclined to consider the article on the "slum disease" rather out of their sphere, and leave it for the perusal of city readers. The country, fortunately, does not have to face the housing problem, and is reasonably sure of a pure milk supply. If you will consider this matter beneath the surface, however, you will find that the slum question affects the community at large. There cannot be such a plague spot in a city, without its exerting an evil influence throughout the whole country. The recent report of the Medical Health Office of Toronto shows the urgent need for prompt action in Ontario's capital if the slum districts are going to be abolished. Winnipeg, with its wonderful growth and cosmopolitan crowds, has difficult slum questions to face. Montreal, with its large foreign influx and its high rate of infant mortality, may well take the matter of slum abolition into serious consideration. In an article on this question in the present issue, Mr. James Acton, who is practically acquainted with "ward" problems of pure milk supply and decent housing, surveys the situation, in so far as Canada is concerned, thoroughly and sympathetically, indicating a sane and safe method for dealing with that part of the city which threatens to become submerged.

THE GIRLS' CLUB is in a flourishing condition, and we are always glad to hear from our young friends. Photographs in connection with the work of the Girl Guides will be especially welcome.

OUR WOMEN'S INSTITUTES are loyal in their support of that department. A member writing recently says:—"It seems to me that it would be well to find out from Mr. Putnam what particular line of work the Woman's Institute have undertaken and carried out successfully in any part of the province, and which, according to his estimation, is coming the nearest to fulfilling the object, which is 'to raise the general standard of health and morals of our people.' Then give that particular work all the praise on the Institute page, that could possibly be due to it. Personally, I think that to be good Institute workers we must become very unselfish. To live for others should be part of our motto, and I would advise that work that has shown that spirit should come first. I do think that the work of cleaning neglected cemeteries is one that should receive especial praise. I also am a believer in the W. I. providing rest rooms for tired mothers and children, and where convenient to use same for entertaining young girls and boys in the evening instead of having so many young people on our town streets to such a late hour so many days, 'or rather nights.'"

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MAIN STREET OF ALIX.

HAUNTED LAKE AT ALIX.

A WOMAN RANCHER IN ALBERTA

A Visit to Quarter-Circle-One Ranch

By GERTRUDE E. SETON THOMPSON

ONE of the most marked tendencies of the age is a desire for a more simple mode of life—a longing to return to the soil and depend on herds of cattle and stores of golden grain for sustenance. During the past few years there have been written many books dealing with the work of farm and ranch, as well as the side issues of sheep-raising, bee culture, mushroom growing, and small fruit cultivation. Not only have textbooks appeared in response to the newly-arisen demand, but such well-known works as Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "The Fat of the Land," "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," "Comrades Two," and "In English Gardens," have done much to keep alight the flame of country hunger. It is a wholesome development, and will mean much to the future race.

Western Canada has drawn followers of the simple life from every class in Great Britain, and surely no more interesting ingress ever took place than has been witnessed in Canada the last decade or two. Some day an historian will do justice to the picturesque march of Old World people to the vast granary of Western Canada, and light will be thrown on some of the colonies that, banded together, have taken up large holdings of land. The romance of the West would then be revealed, and many a dramatic incident recorded.

While the desire to own land comes with special temptation to the pale city clerk toiling on a mere pittance in a position of hopeless limitations, the idea of becoming a landowner on a large scale appeals very forcibly to those of a different environment—the upper classes of Great Britain, particularly younger sons, who, brought up on the family estate, yet inherit nothing, and are obliged to depend upon their own efforts. Many of this class have come to make a new home in Canada, leaving behind with little regret the old-world life.

Sometimes a large party of Old Country people arrive, and, together start the work of making homes. But more often a settlement is an affair of slower growth. One family goes to a certain locality, takes up land and prospers. Gradually one and then another family follow from the Old Land, attracted by the certainty of congenial associations, of the success their friends have met with, and above all the opportunity for a free, untrammelled life.

An interesting colony of this kind is centered around Alix, a village east of Lacombe, on the Lacombe-Stettler branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is about four years since this fertile and populous section was served with a railroad. Before then a thirty-mile drive was necessary whenever supplies were needed from Lacombe.

It is sixteen years since Mrs. Westhead, an English lady, in honor of whom Alix was named, arrived from the Old Land with the idea of becoming a rancher. The purchase of some land, and the homesteading of a quarter-section, led to her acquiring over two thousand acres. A picturesque site for a house was chosen, its mistress being the architect, and when completed the home was seen to fit into the surroundings uncommonly well. It is of two storeys and was first built of logs. These have now been covered with natural colored shingles, the upper part being elaborated with red and black shingles, making a picturesque effect. Being set on a hill, the house commands a superb view of a broad valley, dotted with trees, innumerable little lakes, and in the background a chain of hills.

The drawing-room to the right as one enters from the vine-shaded porch, is a source of surprise. One does not expect, for instance, to see a pianola on a ranch, nor exquisite old china against a background of mahogany. Heavy rafters of dark wood beam the ceiling, and the low casement windows opening on fine views have seats built in. Books are everywhere, and many are in foreign languages, for the lady of the ranch is an accomplished linguist. The dark polished floor is strewn with handsome skins, some brought from the jungles of India, and others gathered in a trip which Mrs. Westhead took with a party of friends to the Far North of Canada, almost to the Arctic Circle.

The mistress of Quarter-Circle-One-Ranch has acquired expert knowledge on all matters relating to farming, and takes a keen interest in the agricultural interests of the country. Among them the development of a government cold storage, whereby the perishable products of the farm, such as butter, eggs and meat, can be kept in good condition until they are exported to Old World markets or shipped East. This study of agricultural pursuits began in Ireland, when, on her husband's estate, she started a creamery, which is still being operated with great success.

Each horse on the ranch has its name. Mrs. Westhead's own driving team, Thekla and Mewassin, are well-matched dun ponies, which their mistress handles with easy familiarity and an amusing knowledge of their little peculiariteis.

There is a pretty fifty-acre sheet of water on the property called Tanglefoot Lake. A canoe and sailboat invite a voyage of exploration to the tiny island or wooded slopes, where the wild deer have their haunts. Indeed, this part of the country is bountifully blessed with lakes. Near by is Haunted Lake, a large sheet of water, on which border several fine ranches, among them that of Colonel Marryatt.

Life on such a ranch as Quarter-Circle-One never gets monotonous. To give an idea of a day spent there let us begin at rising time. The two large bedroom windows are wide open, fine wire netting preventing the ingress of the unpopular mosquito, but not interfering with the flow of lovely pure air. In the broad lap of the valley one counts seven little silvery lakes glimmering in the early sunshine, and the Alberta atmosphere being famed for its

TRAIL FROM ALIX.

clearness, one has a view many miles distant before the eye scans the far-off horizon.

Breakfast is an informal meal that comes off any time between eight and nine, and sometimes is partaken of in a corner of the huge kitchen, where everything shines with cleanliness, and where bright copper utensils are arranged with attractive effect against a background of Dutch blue walls.

Breakfast over, we leave Jane, good, staunch Scotch Jane, to "redd up," and are off to the garden, where strawberries, lettuces, peas, beans—what not, await the gathering. Butter-making is down on the programme every alternate day, and Mrs. Westhead enjoys working a foot churn of barrel shape that swings at first slowly and leisurely, and then gradually goes faster and faster until it is in furious motion. Afterwards the butter is worked with wooden pats into a creamy mass, packed into deep earthenware crocks, and consigned to the depths of the cool cellar.

Butter-making, gathering fruit and flowers, the concoction of a dainty salad, perhaps, may easily occupy the time until luncheon is ready. Then what an appetite one brings to the nutty home-made bread, sweet golden butter, and home-grown vegetables. After luncheon, perhaps, a chat follows; then a siesta with book or magazine while Mrs. Westhead gives orders to her men and otherwise superintends the running of the ranch. Presently we are off for a long drive over the exquisite country to a neighboring ranch, to which we have received a telephone invitation to tea, all the ranchers being supplied with telephones.

As we return to Quarter-Circle-One ranch, we drive into the stable-yard below the house to see the horses. Sixty beautiful, glossy animals in all stages of development, from the frisky colt to the dignified sire, are in the corral, making a sight worth seeing. We watch one of the men cut out from the rest of the bunch a horse that has hurt his foot on a wire fence. It is quite exciting to watch the nervous stampede of the sixty odd animals round and round the corral, we standing in the centre—rather a trying ordeal to an outsider like myself. At last the gate is opened, and all except the captive are allowed to go free to their favorite range.

Alix boasts a flourishing polo club, where every Saturday afternoon during the season a good game is to be witnessed, the ladies gathering in great numbers from the neighboring ranches and taking turns in serving tea under the shade of the trees.

There is an annual autumn fair at Alix, of which a ploughing competition is an interesting feature, Mrs. Westhead yearly offering a prize to the runner of the straightest furrow in the shortest time.

Each Christmas Eve a flock of children from neighboring farms come to enjoy a tree decked by Mrs. Westhead and laden with gifts from her—the great event of the year to the little ones.

And so seasons come and go, each with its own particular delights. In the winter sleighing is greatly enjoyed by the ranchers, there being no great depth of snow, but just enough to cover the trails. Then this season also brings about many little dances and other entertainments.

As spring approaches, all becomes activity and bustle. Ploughs are made ready, grain sorted, plans laid and seedmen's catalogues consulted. Then comes the great business of seeding. It is in the early summer, however, that a visitor finds conditions most ideal. Then are the long, light nights. During June and part of July it is possible to read a newspaper without artificial light as late as half-past ten o'clock at night. The charm of the peaceful landscape full of grazing cattle, with many a lake, hill and intersecting trail, the lovely wild flowers, the fresh green of the trees, and above all the exquisite blue of the Alberta sky with its wonderfully pure and stimulating air, make the pleasures of city life fade into insignificance and oblivion.

Among the various settlements of Old Country people, that of the Alix district must be considered as one of the happiest and most delightful, with its beautiful and picturesquely situated homes, cultivated people and surroundings that have been beautified by the application of both taste and money—a most happy combination.

Mrs. Westhead's success as a rancher should prove encouraging to other women who, having some capital to invest and loving the outdoor life, feel a desire to launch into the wide sphere of farming or ranching.

THE SLUM DISEASE AND ITS CURE

What Can Be Done to Remove the Root of this Social Civic Menace

By JAMES ACTON

IN spite of the immense possibilities of the land the drift of population, even in a comparatively new country such as Canada, is steadily and ever towards the cities. Statistics show a regular diminution of rural and growth of urban population, with the result that, in the older parts of this country at least, within a few years the cities and towns will overbalance the country districts. The reason for this tendency is two-fold—the rising generation are inclined to leave what they consider the humdrum life of the farm, encouraged by perhaps faulty education and ideals, and the large immigration, notwithstanding the inducements offered for settlement upon the land, finds its way largely to the great centres of activity as most in accord with previous environment. Of the large number of foreigners coming to Canada a majority settle down in the cities to follow vocations or trades to which they have been accustomed and which yield the readiest means of subsistence and remuneration usually considerably beyond that to which they were accustomed to bring in the countries whence the immigrants came. This seems inevitable and can only be remedied in a degree by a vigorous effort on the part of the government to secure such immigration as will find its way to agricultural pursuits.

This large influx into the cities, especially of foreigners, whose habits of life are the product of the congestion of old world centres, creates a demand for cheap living which soon makes itself felt upon the community. Taking Toronto as an example, the foreign element was confined, until a little over ten years ago, to colonies so small and scattered that its influence was practically negligible, while to-day there are whole districts practically given over to Italians, Russians, Roumanians, Greeks, and other nationalities that maintain an existence almost as separate from the regular inhabitant as though the newcomers were in their various countries. The results are already being felt in many ways by the city, and the poorer classes of the English-speaking population are feeling the stress not only of competition in labor, but in housing and feeding.

Taking one district in Toronto as an illustration, the situation will be easily seen. What was known as St. John's Ward, now number three of the civic divisions, twenty years ago had a small colony of Italians, who were regarded more as curiosities than as a factor in the city's well-being. At that time the "Ward" was populated by mechanics and laborers, who, for the most part, occupied either their own dwellings or rented premises, and, while always regarded as one of the poorer districts of the city, one might traverse it from end to end without meeting anything that might be regarded as "slums." There was some poverty, but the means for reaching and alleviating distress were quite adequate, and the House of Industry board had a comparatively easy task. A little over fifteen years ago there came the advance guard of the "Hebrew Invasion." Quietly but steadily the arrivals acquired property in the "Ward," or began to rent houses at such rates that the land agents were startled, and rents went up enormously. Cottages that originally brought eight or ten dollars a month, within a short time more than doubled in price, being let and sublet in rooms to families, who were content with one room instead of four or five. The effects will be understood when it is stated that a widow with five children depending upon her had to move into two rooms, for which she had to pay two dollars more than she previously paid for the entire premises. Cases of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, and while the conditions developed in this

some time ago out of employment. Someone younger and stronger had been found to take his place at less wages. He, with his wife and three children, had lived comfortably in a cottage, for which they paid fifteen dollars a month. At first the wage earner thought it would only be a matter of a few days when he would secure another position, but the days and weeks sped by and there was "no work." They got behind in their rent, had to sell some of their effects and move into the "slum" district and occupy two rooms. This was not so bad, although five of them, father, mother, two girls and a boy had to sleep in one room, under obviously difficult and undesirable conditions. The two girls were able to earn a little at a downtown factory and the boy sold newspapers after school. The mother had to help, earning a day's pay now and then by washing and scrubbing, and they kept their heads above water until she at last went down with some physical trouble, which necessitated an operation, and there were medical as well as other expenses to be met. They managed, however, until the eldest girl met with a "misfortune" that took her from the home, and the family was fairly "up against it." The worst of all, however, was that the conditions under which they were compelled to live made of the man a shiftless, hopeless wanderer. He lost heart, ambition, and self-respect, so that in time he seemed not only willing but anxious for help that he would have scorned in his normal condition. Men who have been respectable and self-respecting are inevitably unmanned by this "slum" process, and, after living without the comfort, cleanliness and hopefulness of a real home, degenerate into mere animals. This man was spending his time loafing about places he would have shunned in his better days. Here lies the crux of the whole situation. It is the circumstances and conditions of slum life that do the deadly work, and thus the breeding of disease and death is by far the least dreadful result. Here was a man who learned to avoid this semblance of a home for the bar-room and had the love of his family replaced by a desire to pick up what he could for himself and live on his wife and family for what he needed.

Various remedies have been suggested and tried to meet the "slum," but most of them fail to touch the root of the matter. There is the "church slumming," which contents itself with street corner preaching and tract distribution, that is like offering a bunch of hay to a drowning man. "Convert them and they will soon improve their conditions" is the watchword of well meaning but unpractical religious enthusiasts. One out of a thousand may be pulled as "brands from the burning," but the other nine hundred and ninety-nine care less with regard to their immortal souls than where next week's rent is to come from. Then there is the "slum" faddist, usually a kind-hearted young woman, who visits the poor, and, while thinking she is doing a great deal of good is often doing much more harm to those she is trying to help. Some of the "slummers" who let themselves loose upon this problem do more to pauperize and destroy self-respect amongst those who but laugh at their kindness and take advantage of their generosity than poverty if left to do its own work. There are charitable organizations which practically perpetuate conditions which they seek to remove by indiscriminate and thoughtless help.

Then there is the community or settlement idea, which just now finds considerable favor. People take houses and dwell amongst the "submerged tenth," to show them how to live, opening kitchen gardens, girls' and boys' clubs; meanwhile the members going in and out of the homes of the district. No doubt some good is accomplished by these efforts as well as those which involve open-air excursions, manual training, rescue work and such agencies, which touch individual life, but workers engaged in such enterprises admit the tremendous discouragements and the apparently hopeless futility of ever reaching anywhere with the best of them combined. It is but touching the fringe of this great ocean of seething corruption.

"Back to the land" is the cry of those who see in this overcrowding of the cities a departure from Nature's plan, and they seek to deport those who are ready for almost anything to surroundings which are as unnatural and unwelcome as a vinegar bottle to a fly. All the efforts so far put forth to take people from the slums and transplant them to the land have been failures, because most of the plants so moved have been as foreign to their environment as a fish on land. If some of those inured to country life could be induced to go back whence they came, or if those contemplating leaving the country for the city could be induced to remain where they are much good might be accomplished, but one might as well put a farmer in the stock exchange as one of these city-bred dwellers in the tenements on a piece of land. That is why so much money and effort have been absolutely lost in seeking to reach a solution along this line. The process seems reasonable to the ordinary mind, but it fails to take into account human nature. A prominent philanthropist who recently tried the experiment and gave employment on his farm to a dozen heads of families, providing them with comfortable little cottages to house them, gave up in disgust. He could hardly get a decent day's work out of the men, and only a couple out of the dozen did anything with the plots of ground he gave them to cultivate for their own use.

* * *

THE solution of the slum problem lies in the proper sanitary and scientific housing of the city's people. We have laws, it is true, governing the amount of air space occupants of tenements should have, and the authorities refer to these with complacency when the question is raised. But these laws are not only flagrantly disregarded but are stupidly inadequate. It is useless to have laws the letter of which may be observed but the spirit persistently violated. In the city of Toronto, in the district just named, there are four and five families in houses that once gave shelter to but one. How can people live decently under such conditions? How can children be properly reared when they are denied not only the comforts but common privacy that ordinary decency demands? How can a man possibly be what he should be to the community and the state who is compelled to live like a beast, and whose very environment conspires to make him an enemy to society?

With wholesome, sanitary surroundings, which ought to be possible even at the price these people pay for squalor and infamous surroundings, it ought to be possible to secure comfort and decency. The solution is being reached in older cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and other places which find it not only desirable but profitable to fight the slum disease in a practical and scientific way. In New York there are to-day a number of modern tenement blocks that give people with small means a chance to live as comfortable, comparatively, as their more wealthy neighbors, and these enterprises which are of a business as well as philanthropic character pay dividends.

At the corner of Sixty-fourth Street and First Avenue is a building which covers a whole city block. It holds a population of about 4,000, enough to make a fairly large town. It contains 184 four-room apartments, renting from $4.65 to 5.5 a week, and 392 three-room apartments at from $3.65 to $4.15 a week, and 285 two-room apartments at $2.85 to $3.85. There are 861 apartments, and the prices include steam heat and hot water, with laundries and clothes drying rooms in basements; baths, clothes lines on the roofs, children's play-room in basement, elevator service for garbage, and other conveniences. There is not a dark room in the building, and the apartments, of course, are sanitary and durable throughout. Imagine two nice clean healthy rooms in a city like New York, with all conveniences and no water or fuel to pay for, at about ten dollars a month; and the company pays a dividend, it is claimed, of five per cent. on the investment. That block alone ought to be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the city in the saving of disease and crime. It is claimed that the death rate was only 4.5 per thousand last year against probably four times that amount in the ordinary tenement district.

In a city like Toronto or Montreal, with the correspondingly low value of land and cost of building it ought to be possible to erect tenements such as to almost cut the New York rentals in two. What a boon it would mean to many of these people to obtain two rooms for $7.50 a month or four for $12.50, with heating, water, and other comforts to make home what it should be. Our Canadian cities are expending almost limitless sums upon filtration and sewerage schemes to cut down the typhoid rate a few per thousand; why not give some consideration to the possibilities of diminishing the general death rate, and especially that of the slum districts, by sanitary housing? It should pay any city to offer a reduction in rates to any private individual or corporation erecting tenements similar to those of New York city, where the rentals are on a basis of not more than a four per cent. dividend.

All other methods of reaching the slum problem are frivolous and ineffectual. Within the next ten or twenty years the energies of economists will be steadily directed along such practical lines as have been indicated to reach the root of an evil that is sapping the very foundations of civic and national life. In the meantime are there not men of means amongst us who will turn aside from their money making and from some of their haphazard methods of philanthropy and take up this question of supplying the very poor with decent housing, and thus help build up a sturdy citizenship? In Toronto building permits have been issued this spring to the extent of $25,000,000, and Montreal and other cities are "going ahead." In all these developments there is scarcely an effort to meet the requirements of the underworld for habitations providing comforts and conveniences at a price within its reach. While magnificent office buildings, factories and private dwellings go up in abundance, the slum dweller may well say, "No man cares for my soul."

A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

The Fascinating Adventures of a Romantic Honeymoon

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

GWEN sniffed, and wiped her eyes with an infinitesimal handkerchief. To a certain extent she allowed herself to be propitiated by her husband's blandishments, but it was evident that a grievance still lingered. Dr. Hilbert was perfectly conscious of the nature of that grievance, and, smiling, awaited the moment when it would be put into words.

"Did you ever—were you really—is it true that you were ever—"

"Marked? By all the gods of heathen mythology, Gwendoline, my wife, I was not. Whatever may be the attitude the most diametrically opposed to 'marked,' that attitude was mine. And she showed me 'gently but firmly,' oh, lor! That Scotch fellow was all out of it when he wanted to see himself as ithers see him. If I had the chance to-morrow of hearing how my best pals talked of me behind my back, I'd run like a hare!"

"All people are not like some people. I'd scorn to say a word against a human creature, however—however hatefully they treated me."

Pat swallowed several times in silence, his screwed-up face eloquently expressive above his wife's reclining head. Then he said tactfully:

"But you, of course, my darling, are unlike everyone else. I say! This has been a bit of a nerve-shaking experience. I need calming down. Let's have some tea."

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY! A Sunday in town is apt to be a somewhat dreary occasion to those who have no regular interests or pursuits, or who for any reason are temporarily debarred from the same.

Dr. Patrick Hilbert, standing with his hands in his pockets, staring through the shrouded windows of the Den, on the first Sunday morning after his marriage, was conscious of an acute pang of regret at the remembrance of the lost fifty pounds. Ah! that this bright spring day had found himself and his bride in some peaceful country retreat, instead of being mewed up in a dull town house, unable to draw back the very curtains for fear of detection. He stifled a sigh, and turned towards his wife.

"Gwen! Have you any plans for to-day?"

"We are going to church."

"Are we? H'm!"

"Pat! How can you? Of course we are. It's the first Sunday we have had together. We *should* be ungrateful if we didn't go, and—"

"Right you are, little dear. So we will. Question is, where?"

"We shall have to think. There are lots of places I have wished to go to 'some day,' and they would all be interesting."

"Such as?"

"Oh-h, the Oratory, the City Temple, and the Guards' Chapel—and the Christian Science place in Baker Street—and Southwark Cathedral, and the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and—"

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" Pat fairly gasped with amazement. "Talk of 'fancy religions!' No one can accuse *you* of being a narrow-minded young woman. Do you propose to take them all at a dose, or to extend the programme over a couple of Sundays? I'm the meekest and most amenable of men, but I tell you plainly, I'm off. I've an idea of my own for once, and I'll back it to be the better of the two. The question is, given congenial society, as many rests as you like, and meals at due intervals—how many miles could you walk in a day?"

"H'm," Gwen meditated. "How many miles does one walk in an hour?"

"Say three. Three would be about your figure, I should think."

"Then I could manage twelve. Two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon, with rests at lunch and tea. Could we have lunch and tea?"

"Certainly. I'll promise you that, and we'll keep well within the dozen miles. That's fine. I've a ripping little book upstairs, which gave me some fine country walks last year, a guide-book of rambles round London by field path and hedgerow—so that one can practically walk the whole day without striking a high road. We'll get off early, train to the starting point, laze along through the fields, get lunch at one nice little 'pub,' tea at another, and bring up about six o'clock at a country church, enjoy the service, and train home to supper. How does that strike you for a programme?"

Gwen acclaimed the suggestion with her wonted enthusiasm, whereupon the guide-book was taken from Pat's bureau, and its contents searched for the most attractive expedition. On almost every page the most alluring descriptions attracted the eye, as for instance: "The present ramble introduces the visitor to a variety of scenes. At one time, he saunters along a riverside, at another, he wanders over a breezy common, or through quaint half-forgotten villages," or again, "The church dates from the fourteenth century; note a stile on the left, cross it and enter the Park. Through four fields the right-hand hedge is followed, then cross a second stile, and continue by the side of the ornamental water. Now turn up the hill to the left, from the summit of which an extensive view," etc., etc., etc.

With such careful directions as these to guide one's footsteps—with, moreover, instructions as to the various hostels *en route*, and thoughtful information as to Sunday trains, no one need go astray, and it was a very bright and happy couple of ramblers who alighted at the quiet station of K— on that sunny spring morning.

"Gwen acclaimed the suggestion."

During the course of the next few hours the flowery language of the guide-book was abundantly verified; the trees appeared in their "leafy green," the grass was "studded with gem-like flowers," "feathered choristers warbled overhead," and the swans "floated proudly over the surface of the still lake," as duly therein advertised. There also appeared the "snug hostel" at the identical moment when the question of lunch had assumed paramount importance, and the honeymoon couple were shown into a dim, low room of the type well known to wanderers through rural England. Oil-clothed floor, horsehair furniture, portraits of Queen Victoria over the sideboard, and Edward VII. above the mantelpiece, windows shrouded with Nottingham lace curtains, and banked high with fuchsias and geraniums. Atmosphere chill, and—"*What does* it smell like?" queried the bride, wrinkling her little nose in eloquent disapproval.

"Musty!"

"Silly! Of course it's musty. There are lots of musties. What's it like—this particular must?"

"Sure I can't say!"

Gwen sniffed again, inflating her nostrils in critical fashion.

"It's like old bound volumes of the *Sunday at Home*. We had rows of them at home in the schoolroom, and I know the smell by heart. It wafts me back to my youth, but we *did* have the windows open. Ring the bell, Pat, do. I'm ravenous."

A smiling landlady appeared at the summons of that bell, and the same discussion took place concerning the forthcoming meal which has taken place in English village inns since the Flood, and will in all probability continue until the last trump.

Visitors: "What can we have?"

Landlady: "Anything, sir; anything you fancy."

"Any soup?"

"No soup to-day, sir; no call for soup on Sundays."

"Any fish?"

"No fish to-day, sir. Awkward place to buy fish. Only three times a week, but anything you wish in joints. What would the lady—"

Lady (promptly): "Roast chicken."

Landlady (pauses, hesitates, then with brilliant amiability): "We *have* chickens, of course, five chickens; plenty of chickens. I could kill one and cook it at once, if you wouldn't mind waiting, say an hour and an narf!"

The ramblers, explaining that they would seriously mind waiting any period over five minutes, resigned themselves stolidly to the meal of ages. Hot joint and vegetables (boiled potatoes and watery cabbage). Cold joint and salad (plain, undressed lettuce). Apple pie, with a pale and solid crust, and a jug of admirable, yellow cream. Strong-smelling, strong-tasting cheese, and delicious bread and butter. Good home-brewed ale; coffee, well-mixed with grounds.

Not a tempting *menu*, perhaps, but, given youth and good appetite, worse meals than this can be eaten with relish. Pat and Gwen made a hearty meal, and continued on their way powerfully refreshed.

The afternoon ramble through peaceful and pretty country presented no unusual features; another hotel supplied tea (embellished with radishes and spring onions), and shortly after five o'clock the lovers arrived at the village where they proposed to attend evening service, before repairing to a station two miles off to catch the nine o'clock train to town.

The spurt given by the refreshing cup of tea had sped them so rapidly on their way that they found themselves arrived at their destination a good hour sooner than they had intended, and the question arose how to occupy the superfluous time. According to regrettable English fashion the church was closed; it was a fine old pile of rough, grey stone, and promised an interesting interior, so that the fact was the more to be regretted, and the rectory was a stately mansion, approached by tall, iron gates and surrounded by beautiful and extensive grounds. The grounds were in apple-pie order, the house itself presented an air of sleek prosperity. Evidently this was one of the "fat" livings, where in return for spiritual services rendered to a handful of villagers, an incumbent received a stipend running well into four figures.

Dr. Patrick Hilbert had several scathing remarks to make on the good fortune of clerics as he peered through the gate at the velvety lawn, the massed borders of bulbs, the glimpse of glasshouses in the distance. Then, at Gwen's suggestion, they turned down a narrow lane which bent a circular course round the village.

"There might be a little place to let, which would just suit us for a week-end cottage!" she suggested hopefully.

Somewhat to Pat's relief, no cottage, large or small, appeared to be vacant. It was a prosperous looking little village, and the gardening display was unusually attractive. Right at the end of the lane stood a small, white house, a degree superior to a cottage, and surrounded by a thick, well kept, laurel hedge. On the principle that that which is hidden is always more alluring than that which lies unconcealed, our honeymoon couple made strenuous efforts to peer through this encircling screen. Pat stood a-tip-toe, Gwen stooped low to find an open

space about the roots; they paced the whole length of the fence, and made scathing remarks on the wooden gate, and having denounced the selfishness of the owner in good round terms were about to turn away, when a head rose suddenly above the level of the hedge, and a voice politely bid them enter.

It was a grey head, belonging to an old man clad in a long linen coat, and carrying a weeding spud in his hand. A basket piled high with weeds lay on the grass by his side, and he pointed to it with an air of pride.

"Not bad for an hour's work. It's hard to keep pace with the weeds on this soil. No, no. Charmed, I assure you; charmed. It's not often that I have the pleasure of showing visitors round my garden. I do all my own work, so it's only fair that I should have a little praise sometimes. Quite a little patch, but a fair amount of bloom. Do you know anything about bulbs?"

"Not very much. We are both city bred. My wife and I trained down to K— and have walked over by way of field paths. We want to go to the evening service here, and are just putting in the time before the church opens. Awfully kind of you to show us round. Daffodils, aren't they. Awfully keen on daffodils. So fresh and yellow," protested Pat amiably, whereupon his host's face lit up with a smile.

"Narcissi," he corrected quietly. "Yes; they are an interesting class. I have several new varieties." He looked from one to the other of his visitors with an inquiring gaze, then sighed with an amiable regret. These were not gardeners; they were ignorant ordinary people who were "fond of flowers"; solitary specimens would not thrill them; rare cuttings struggling into life among the saxifrages in the rockery would leave them cold and untouched; the obvious facts, color and fragrance, were all that they desired. It was a disappointment, but with a quick mental change he shifted his interest from his own flowers to his visitors themselves; the tall, clever-looking man, the pretty, bright-faced girl. His tired old eyes dwelt on their faces with a kindly curiosity, and brightened in understanding. As the three made the leisurely round of the garden he picked a few specimen blossoms from every bed, and when the short circuit was concluded and they sat down to rest beneath an arbor of green, he laid the little bunch gently in Gwen's lap.

"With my good wishes for a long life together, my dear. I think—am I not right?—that you are quite new partners."

The lovers blushed. Gwen's lids drooped over the flowers.

"Thank you so much. Yes. It is our first Sunday."

"Ah-h!" The old man's voice was eloquent. "That's good, that's very good. I'll tell you something that is better still."

Gwen's eyes were lifted at that, in quick, incredulous surprise.

"What!"

"To be old partners, trusted and tried, after a lifetime spent together. I've been married forty years and my wife is my sweetheart still. That's what you have to aim at, my dear—to be your husband's sweetheart to the end. Don't ask me how it's done. I can't tell you. That's my wife's secret. Perhaps even she couldn't explain. It's a quality more than an effort, a 'way' some women have with them. I should say, however, I should diagnose," the tired eyes twinkled again, "that you possessed your full share of that quality!"

He looked at the young husband, and Pat looked back at him, a deep, eloquent glance, but he spoke no word. Gwen's heart chanted a little song to itself. "Oh, how happy I am! How happy I am!"

There was a moment's pause, then, being English and terribly afraid of being betrayed into sentiment in public, the bridegroom made haste to change the subject.

"We tried to get into the church, but it was shut. It's a fine old building. I should like to see the interior. An old living, I suppose. A fat one too, by the look of the vicarage. Quite an imposing looking house, and fine grounds. Parsons are lucky fellows to have such jolly places to live in. In almost every village their houses are the biggest and most attractive. Quite mansions, in some cases."

"That is so. Many of the parsons, however, sublet them to others because they can't afford to live in them themselves, now that their income has shrunk to a fraction of what it used to be. A fine house is little use without the money to keep it up."

"H'm!" Pat's voice was politely incredulous. "What sort of a fellow have you here?"

"Well-meaning. Industrious. Not at all brilliant."

"Ah, there are too many of that kind. It's the well-meaning bores who are responsible for half the empty churches. There's no spirit in them—no life—no inspiration. How can they expect to inspire their congregations?"

"Well, well, we mustn't be too hard. They don't expect enough, perhaps, and that's why they fail. And the congregations don't expect enough, either, and that's why they're bored. Wouldn't you find it hard to preach to a congregation of yawning, restless folk who take out their watches before the text is half spoken? Better preaching, yes, it's badly needed, but better listening, too, better listeners."

"Well, your vicar will have two good listeners to-night, at least. I shall listen as I have never listened to a sermon before. I shall remember it all my life. I wish he knew. Perhaps it would help him."

"I'm sure it would. I'm sure it would." The old man looked at the young girl with a gentle smile. He was old and lined, his beard and hair looked shaggy and untrimmed, the linen coat was fraked at the seams, and his boots showed a conspicuous patch, but Gwen thought his face one of the sweetest she had ever seen.

"Well," he said, rising heavily from his seat, "there go the bells. If you will wait one moment while I wash my hands and get into my coat, I'll take you into the church, and you will have time to have a peep at the brasses. It's an interesting old church, as you say, and I'm proud to show it. You see," he glanced whimsically towards Pat, "I'm the opulent parson."

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the following week the honeymooners increased their knowledge of London by visits to many places not only unfashionable, but vagrant in character. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred occupants of the great metropolis have at some period of their history uttered the aspiration, "I must *really* go to Covent Garden some morning!" but not even the remaining one out of the hundred has really accomplished the expedition. That miracle of beauty, of fragrance, fresh as the dawn itself, is on exhibition every working-day of the year, yet the surrounding millions doze on in stuffy rooms and die content, never having beheld it. Not one person in a hundred, or even a thousand, has even uttered the aspiration to visit the Sunday morning market in Petticoat Lane, yet if they did, of a surety it would provide an excursion, which for novelty, amusement and picturesue effects would be hard to equal in the luxurious west.

Our lovers made both these excursions, stepping out of their narrow doorway in the early morning light, the bride alert, the bridegroom yawning, and walking unafraid, along the shrouded streets, secure as in a city of the dead.

One Friday morning, also, they visited the Holloway cattle market, and lest the fastidious reader be horrified by the grossness of their taste, let it be hurriedly explained that the great square is on those occasions a mart not for beasts, but for a medley of dry goods, laid out in tempting array on the ground itself. The word "tempting" is used advisedly, for be it known that in time not so far distant this same cattle market was the happy hunting-ground of every curio-dealer in London, and many a treasure which was afterwards displayed in aristocratic shop windows had lain a week before in all humility on the ground floor stall of a Hebrew vendor in the north. At the present moment, this same vendor is regretably educated to the value of antiques, but the astute buyer may still pass a happy hour wandering about the picturesque scene, and pick up a dozen thrilling bargains of household value. Wall papers of patterns of a previous year are here offered for a penny a piece; handsome papers, too, some of them, so handsome that our lovers, beholding them, figuratively gnashed their teeth at the remembrance of the prices which they themselves had paid for those other papers, not one whit better, which were at that moment embellishing their own walls. There also, in abundance, are to be found dear old brass candlesticks, such as adorned the mantelpieces of our sires; dainty bits of pewter, and china, and shaky old furniture, which a clever craftsman can soon revive into fresh life. The cattle market on Friday mornings is still a Mecca to that large body of the faithful who possess aspirations in advance of their purses.

But when spring is in the blood, the odor of spring in the air, there are times when even to a honeymoon couple the city palls, and that is the moment for discovering the wealth of beauty lying *perdu* in the suburbs, generously open to all and sundry. One does not speak of the many woods and gardens for which a key is necessary, purchasable for an infinitesimal guinea a year. There are many such, thank God—real woods; sweet, dim groves of scenery, with dainty wild flowers rearing their heads among the luxurious undergrowth; peaceful retreats where tired workers may lie at ease in rare holiday hours, and town-bred children taste the joys of the soil while a few hundred yards away the motor-buses whirl through the dull suburban street, and naught but the sky remains of the wondrous natural world. And when one sees on the margin of such oases, the encroaching boards, "Freehold land to be sold for the erection of houses," it's oh, for the wealth of a Carnegie to conserve for ever to our people a boon so priceless for health, and happiness, and education.

But the freelands of London, how rich they are, how beautiful, how varied. Wimbledon Common, with its wide and breezy stretches; Epping Forest, with its grand old trees, its badgers, its heronry; its herd of deer, famous as being the only remaining herd of the famous old English black-backed type. What though the wide central road be black with trippers—a short excursion to right or left will ensure silence and seclusion from the madding crowd. Greenwich Park, also, well deserves a visit, with its observatory, and its charming view over the horseshoe sweep of the Thames; for those who would not go so far afield, there is Hampstead Heath; for three days a year the joyful rendezvous of the people; for the other three hundred and sixty-two, peaceful and lovely, with wooded slopes, and sheltered dells, with winding paths, among the golden gorse, and flowering bushes bowing low to the surface of the pools. The West End Londoner never visits Hampstead Heath, yet its beauties would evoke high praise if he met them a hundred miles away. After an hour spent on the Heath, a surprisingly good two-and-sixpenny dinner can be enjoyed at "Jack Straw's Castle," and if there be another hour to spare, why not turn downhill in the direction of that other hostel famed in popular verse as "The Old Bull and Bush," and almost opposite its threshold find the entrance to "Golder's Hill," the beautiful estate bequeathed to the nation by its late owner, Sir Spencer Wells.

Our lovers spent the happiest of days in this charming retreat; a retreat verily, for, with the exception of Saturdays and Sundays, there is no crowd of visitors. They were enchanted with the beauty of the old walled garden, with its wide, herbaceous borders; its blaze of spring bulbs; promised themselves to come again when the great rose arbors should be covered with bloom, and decided that their own castle in Spain should also possess a Shakespeare bed, containing every plant or scrub mentioned in the great poet's works. When they were finished with the gardens, a pleasant meal served in the old mansion, now converted into a restaurant, supplied the necessary rest and refreshment, before they set forth again to wander over the green sloping park.

How good to think that all this beauty and greenery is London's own. That, at the cost of a few pence for conveyance, the occupants of grim, crowded lanes can be transported here to see the face of God in His creation. And blessed be the memory of all good men who have so enriched their kind.

In their wanderings about the suburbs there was one occupation which never failed to thrill our bride, and at the same time to reduce her husband to a condition of abject boredom and amaze, and this was the survey of unoccupied houses. To pass by a house to let, of any attractiveness whatever, which bore upon the placard the tempting words "Caretaker within," was a feat practically beyond Mrs. Pat Hilbert's endurance. Over that house she raced from attic to cellar, exclaiming with joy at each fresh excellence, and groaning over the drawbacks, as if here and nowhere else she were fated to live and die.

"If only a window could be knocked out in the side wall to let a little more light into the dining-room, it would really be perfect!" she would say meditatively. "Pat—how much should you think it would cost to put in a good-sized bay?"

"My dear, good girl, I haven't the least idea," her husband would patiently reply. "What does it matter? We've got our own house. It's nothing to us if the dining-room *is* dark!"

"No," Gwen would assent meekly. "But still—" and half-an-hour later, with an air of sudden triumph, she would exclaim, "I have it! I have it! Widen the door into the dining-room, and put in glass panels in criss-cross suares. It would be far cheaper, and let in all the afternoon sun. Now, if only we could plan a dressing-room for you!"

The mysterious flights of the feminine mind are a puzzle to all young husbands, and Pat Hilbert marvelled with the best. He was a straight, hard-working fellow, with a determination to play the game, and a cheery content with his lot in life, which he took "as it came" in practical, common-sense fashion. Flights of imagination were not in his line; but Gwen, it would seem, was continually soaring aloft on the wings of her Pegasus. It was one of her favorite amusements to imagine herself suddenly possessed of a fortune of several millions sterling, and she would make pencilled sums on the margins of newspapers to ascertain the yearly income to be derived therefrom; apportion its expenditure, and give detailed descriptions of the furnishings of the various mansions, and of her own costume when presented at Court. On other occasions she would be more modest, and acknowledging the improbability of so large a legacy, content herself with weaving touching little histories in which she herself figured as heroine, and by her sweet qualities attracted the attention of a millionaire in disguise. A particularly happy effect pictured him as a shabby old man in an omnibus afflicted with a sudden hæmorrhage of the nose, aggravated by the absence of a handkerchief to stem the flood. Then while other callous passengers sniggered and stared, she would hastily hand over her *mouchoir,* and offer him an arm to assist him to alight.

"Madam," he would declare, "you, at least, have a true woman's heart!" and a few months later a lawyer's letter would bring the intelligence that he had died a peaceful and happy death, bequeathing a neat twenty thousand to his "humane benefactress."

"Then!" said Gwen triumphantly, "we'd panel the dining-room, and buy a motor car!"

These and other diverting day-dreams served to pass away many an hour, but if ever there were periods when the "deadly *ennui*" seemed within imaginable distance to our Lovers in Hiding, they were those long, chill hours when the rain poured and they were compelled to warm themselves by the warmth of a Beatrice stove, and to find amusement in a house furnished only with solid essentials. Gwen Hilbert was too clever and resourceful a creature to allow her husband to yawn away a whole afternoon, re-reading a newspaper, and standing with his hands in his pockets, staring through the window curtains. Willy-nilly, she dragged him out, knowing full well that after a few hours' absence he would return with zest, and rejoice in the comfort of the cosy little room. West End matinees and exhibitions were necessarily de-

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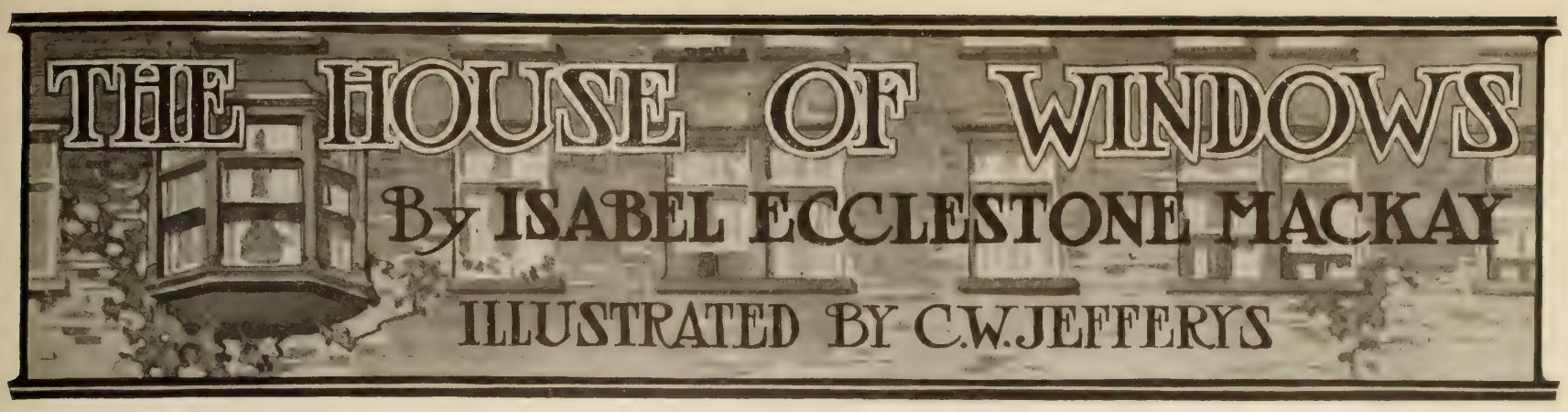

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada.

THEN, using her fingers for memory posts, she began with admirable patience to sort the knowledge she had gained in so reprehensible a manner. It ran something like this: There was very little money. Money had been lost somehow, with the result that her schooling expenses would prove a serious drain, if not an impossibility. There had been something said about her going into a shop and both her sisters wept at the prospect. (Query, why? Celia worked in a shop.) She had gathered that in any case she was not to be consulted or allowed to aid. (This indignity alone absolved her conscience in the matter of listening.) Something had been said about Tommy Burns helping, but from Celia's voice, Christine gathered that this was out of the question. (Her quick intuition immediately showed her a possible reason for Celia's objection.) So far, all was plain enough, but the rest was mystery. Celia had said something about bringing her, Christine, home. (Query, where had she been? It did not sound like a home coming from an ordinary visit), and a letter had been mentioned, an "awful letter." What could that mean? There was certainly mystery there. Never, since she had been old enough to take any interest in the affairs of the little household, had there been any awful letter. Perhaps it was that Celia had received to-night from Mr. Banks? She sighed impatiently. It was really too bad of the girls to exclude her from a possible family secret. Secrets are such interesting things! She had not been able to hear what Celia had confided to Ada between sobs and the part of Ada's answer which had penetrated to her ears was consoling but not enlightening. All she could gather was a general idea that her sisters were much concerned that she should have her "chance." (Query, why should they worry so about it? Because she was the youngest? That seemed to be the only possible explanation.) With her pretty brows drawn into a frown, Christine sat there in the moonlight which flooded the davenport bed and thought it all out. She was a girl of quick decisions, and, as she thought, her pretty lips grew firm and her eyes more determined. She looked anything but sleepy. Indeed, both Ada and Celia were peacefully dreaming before Christine slipped under the covers with a mind made up. "It's about time they found out," she murmured, "that this family performs best as a trio and not as a duet!"

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning the sisters breakfasted cheerfully. The unburdening of her heart had done Celia so much good that she was more like herself than she had been for some weeks. Ada, whose inner peace no trouble seemed able to disturb for long, was as serene as usual, and Christine was so gay that it would have been a gloomy nature indeed which would have refused to respond to her bright spirits. Nevertheless, when the dishes were put away and Celia had gone to the Stores, Christine informed Ada that she felt the need of a long walk. "And I am not going to ask you to come with me, dearest," she added, laughingly, "because I am going to walk fast and furious."

Ada smiled. She was used to these sudden whims.

"In fact," went on Christine, pinning her best grey hat over her bright hair, "I am going to take a holiday and I may not even be home for lunch. It would be fun, wouldn't it, to surprise Celia, and have lunch with her?"

Ada colored faintly. "Celia took her lunch with her this morning," she said. "One gets so tired of having it down town."

"Does one?" asked Christine, innocently. "I hate a cold lunch myself. Well, if I don't come home you are not to worry. I haven't many more days now before going back to school." This last was said with a touch of girlish malice, in revenge for being treated as a baby and excluded from family counsels. But the quick sadness in Ada's face brought swift remorse and Christine had hard work to keep herself from blurting out her secret then and there. That would have spoiled everything. She must not speak too soon. Half of the flavor of the enterprise she had decided upon during the night was in the grand surprise which its success was to be to these two unappreciative sisters. For her idea was at once to show them how short-sighted their conduct had been, and, by a grand coupe, to place the family fortunes once more upon an easy basis.

The grand coupe, as planned, was something in the fairy-god-mother line, with coals of fire added. Christine would go out for an inconsequent stroll and would return the proud possessor of a "position," with adequate salary attached—in other words, she would have become a bread-winner.

Exactly how this was to come to pass she did not know, but there is none so hopeful as those for whose ignorance difficulties do not exist. Christine was very young, quite inexperienced and ready to believe that the whole world was her oyster. The opening of the oyster ought not to prove a difficult task. Already she had thought of one promising means and that was the advertising sheet of the daily paper. At breakfast, under cover of reading the City news, she had picked out of a long list three desirable positions, any one of which seemed especially intended for her.

Standing on the door-step she carefully slipped the first clipping from her glove and read it with renewed appreciation.

WANTED—A young person of good address and pleasing voice to read aloud to invalid lady, three hours daily. Generous remuneration to right person.

Could anything be more apropos? Christine felt no doubt as to being the right person. She was not quite sure what good address might mean, but she glanced down over her trim blue skirt, white blouse, and neat shoes, with an innocent air of full approval. Her voice she knew was pleasing. Tommy had often told her so and more than one of her collegiate friends had remarked upon it. It was soft and low, that most excellent thing in woman, and ought to be exactly what the invalid lady was looking for. Three hours reading would, she felt sure, be just so much pleasure! Better than all there was to be "generous remuneration." Christine rather let her imagination run riot in this direction. 'Generous' means many different things, but to Christine's hopeful mind it meant everything.

"Sure, 'tis a foine day again, Miss Christine," said the cheerful janitress in passing. Then with warm admiration, "And it's foine you're lookin' yourself!"

Christine slipped the clipping into her glove with an embarrassed air.

"Really, Mrs. Halloren? Do I look nice? Is my skirt straight? I want to look particularly nice today."

Mrs. Halloren put down her pail for a better look.

"It's perfect ye are," she declared. "If ye were me own daughter I couldn't wish ye to look foiner."

Christine smiled with pleasure. She saw nothing incongruous in the remark, and the tone of the compliment was unmistakably sincere. Christine was innocently pleased with her own good looks, but as yet quite unconscious of anything singular in her beauty. The loveliness of youth is a fairy thing, as illusive as sunlight on water, as potent as wine, and Christine had in full measure the charm and glory of it. Her hazel eyes, dark grey in certain lights, were set rather widely apart under delicate brows. Her nose was straight and fine, her lips curving and faintly red—the only trace of color in the warm paleness of her face; add to this a sweetly rounded chin and a glory of hair, honey-colored and sweeping back on either side of her brow in heavy shining rolls, and you have a description of Christine's beauty; but not its essence. One had to see her, to know her, but having seen, one was not likely to forget. Already Tommy Burns had noticed with somewhat proud annoyance that Christine was apt to be stared at upon the street. He had a special scowl for anyone who dared it, a terrific scowl, and lately he had worn it so often that Christine had declared that she would not go walking with Tommy if he looked so cross.

This morning, Tommy being absent, anyone might stare to their heart's content. Christine herself would never notice it, or if she did she would not have thought to ascribe the admiring glances to a personal cause. She floated down the streets of the city, happily dreaming, a vision of spring in autumn. And so far from self-consciousness was she that when a young man stepped quickly from a motor car and allowed an involuntary "By Jove!" to escape him, Christine thought that he had dropped something, and turned with a child's interested eagerness to see if he picked it up. In doing so she had a momentary impression of dark eyes in a strong face, oddly flushed; then, passing on, she forget all about him.

The young man, however, seemed not to have dropped anything. For a moment or so he stood on the pavement looking after her, a curiously arrested espression upon his face. Then, with an air of quick decision, he re-entered the car, ordering the chauffeur to go ahead, slowly. The man did not attempt to hide his surprise at the order and even ventured a protest. "This here is the address you gave me, sir," he said. "The Van Slykes live in here."

"I know—go ahead—and slowly."

The big car went on. It passed Christine again just as she turned in at the address of the invalid lady, a few blocks farther down the avenue. Christine did not notice it. Her mind was quite occupied with admiring the home where in future she hoped to spend three hours a day reading for a generous remuneration. It was a handsome place of grey stone, of no particular beauty, yet imposing and withal comfortable.

"By Jove," murmured the young man again. "It's Aunt Miriam's! she's going in—what luck." But having the wisdom of the serpent he did not at once follow her.

Christine rang the bell. She was not exactly frightened, her inexperience pictured nothing but courtesy behind that handsome door. To the maid who opened it she said that she would like to see Miss ——she remembered that she did not know the name.

"Miss Torrance sees no one in the morning."

"Oh, is she worse? I thought the advertisement said to call in the morning."

The maid's face changed perceptibly. The deference faded out of it. "Side entrance," she said, abruptly, and closed the door.

Christine colored faintly. She thought the maid rude. However, she went at once to the side entrance and rang again. Another maid opened the door and looked at her with undisguised surprise. Christine again asked if she might see Miss Torrance, and added that she was answering the advertisement in the paper.

"Miss Torrance will see you, I think," said the girl. "You're the sixth this morning, but she isn't suited yet. You'll have to wait." She led the way up a flight of stairs and into a small room at the end of a corridor. "I'll tell you when she's ready." She added and went out.

Christine's spirits began to sink. The room in which she sat was plain and gloomy—not what one might expect from the appearance of the house at all. It struck her that it must be a special room for tradesmen or servants. It had never before occurred to her that in applying for this place she had forfeited some of the rights of caste. Social distinctions had troubled Christine as little as they trouble most sensible Canadian girls. She had thought as little about her position as a duchess might; now for the first time she felt troubled and uneasy. Some of the first fine flavor of her adventure was evaporating. She sat on pins and needles, flushing and paling, while three maids came down the corridor upon various pretexts, each one managing to indulge in a long stare at the new applicant. She could hear them giggling together afterwards, and her whole body grew hot. It was a great relief when word came that Miss Torrance was ready for her.

"The mistress will see you now," said the English maid, who had let her in. Christine arose with alacrity, but even as she did so a bell rang sharply and the maid gave an indignant exclamation. "There she is again!" she said. "You'd better wait till I see what it is. She never knows her own mind from one moment to another There's the door bell, too!"

Christine resumed her chair with a sigh. There was more ringing. The saucy maids were sent flying in different directions and then the door opened downstairs and Christine heard a man's pleasant voice in the hall. The English girl poked her head in at the door and whispered, "A visitor—you'll have to wait."

The visitor was evidently at home in the house for he came up the stairs two steps at a time. Christine saw him pass the end of the corridor and, after knocking lightly, enter the room where the maid had disappeared.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Christine, "He is sure to stay for ages!" And she felt an impulse of dislike toward the young man with the pleasant voice.

Meanwhile, in the other room, Miss Torrance surveyed the intruder with unaffected surprise.

"You—Mark!" she exclaimed, offering a frigid hand. "Is anyone dead? Of course someone is dead. Martha hand me my salts! Don't try to break it to me, please!"

The young man shook her cold hand heartily, and not content with that, kissed her soundly in continental fashion.

"Bless the boy! Don't you know that I'm an invalid. Who is dead?"

"Lots of people, Auntie. But no one we know. Can't a prodigal nephew call upon his onlyest Aunt without being mistaken for an undertaker?"

The onlyest Aunt surveyed the prodigal nephew searchingly through her glasses.

"Hum! Well. So you came to see me, did you.

I have my doubts. You have been in the city for a whole week."

"Yes, by Jove, I have ! How the days fly. Well, isn't it time I came to see you ?"

"If you had wanted to come."

"I should have come sooner. Naturally, and I would have come sooner, only I couldn't, you see. The governor has just kept me on the dead tear. It's been awful ! Fact."

"Was part of the dead tear dancing attendance on Alice Van Slyke ?" politely.

"Why, yes. *You* know—don't you ?"

This enigmatic phrase seemed so full of hidden meaning that the old lady could not, for pride's sake, repudiate the knowledge. She nodded sagely. "Ah, *that !* Well, Alice Van Slyke is a fine girl."

"Yes. Bully !" absently. Mark's dark eyes had already searched every corner of the room in vain. "Yes, she is a very fine girl. She says she comes over to see you often. Old people get so lonely !"

"Do they ?" with asperity. "I did not know it."

"Oh, you're not old, Auntie. I told Alice so. And of course you won't be lonely now that you have that nice young girl staying with you, Miss—er—what's-her-name ?" (Mark considered this remarkably clever).

"Oh !" The old lady's tone was dry. "And was it Miss Van Slyke who told you that I had Miss-er-what's-her-name staying with me ?"

"No—oh no ! I just happened to see her come in at the gate."

The old lady put down her glasses. "I see," she said. "Martha give me my salts. Mark, your visit to me this morning, your solicitude, is quite touching ! But you know I am an invalid. I cannot bear much excitement. You must excuse me. Incidentally, you have made a mistake. Miss-er-what's-her-name is not staying here. Martha, ring for Jane to show Mr. Wareham out."

For a moment Mark Wareham's handsome face flushed angrily, and then suddenly he laughed. His Aunt smiled grimly. "You see I know you, Mark," she said.

"Looks like it. But Auntie, aren't you going to let me see her ?"

"I have no one staying with me, nephew."

"Aunt, it's not like you to tell fibs. I saw her."

"Then you have the advantage of me. I have not seen her."

"She is the most perfectly lovely child. Really, Aunt, I only want to look at her. You know how an artist delights in beauty."

"I know. But you have made a mistake this time, Mark. Must I call in the servants to protest that I have no visitor of any kind at present ?"

"Oh, forgive me, Aunt ! I must have mistaken the house. Really, if you had seen her you would not blame me for wanting another look !"

"It is alright," magnanimously. "And I may say that if I had a lovely child staying with me I would not be afraid to let you see her. Thank Heaven for that, Mark !"

He went over to her and kissed her wrinkled forehead. For an instant his face was serious. "Yes, thank heaven for that !" he said. At the door he paused. "Say Auntie, you've seen a lot of life in your day. Tell me—is there anything in—in that kind of thing ?"

"I am not a mind reader, nephew !"

"Well, I mean in seeing someone, you know, and knowing all at once that you never saw anyone just like them—her, I mean, and feeling—"

"I understand. Why, yes. There is probably something in it. It has happened to you once or twice already, hasn't it ?"

"By Jove, no! nothing like it. Girls," with a comprehensive gesture, "there are so many girls. They're all alike! Except, Auntie, I really thought I saw her come in here."

"You must have been mistaken, Mark."

When he had gone the old lady looked after him with a softened face. "Not a bit like his father !" she thought. "Not a bit, but a good lad—he will settle down some day .I wonder whom he thought he saw."

"Send in the reading-woman now, Martha," she said aloud.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "reading-woman" followed the maid down the corridor with courageous mien. It would never do to give way to nervousness now that the goal was in sight. Only let her be brave for another few moments and success would be hers.

"What did you say your name was ?" asked the maid.

"Christine Brown."

The maid opened the door. "Miss Brown to see you, Mam," she announced, and to Christine, in a whisper, "Go right in. Never mind the dark. Her eyes aren't strong. Don't talk loud, it hurts her head."

"Don't stand there, come right in !" The voice from the invalid's room was so robust that Christine jumped. "Don't bang the door ! Gracious ! I thought I asked you not to bang the door. Martha, my salts ! Please come nearer, Miss Brown. Sit where I can see you !"

It was the invalid herself who spoke, and so amazing was the effect of so large a voice from so small a person that Christine obeyed in bewildered silence. She had intended to be very acute and observing, but she found herself unable to observe anything save the odd figure in the invalid's chair. Indeed Miss Torrance was enough to engage anyone's whole attention. She was so little, so wizened, that her appearance was positively startling. And her voice ! when she spoke Miss Torrance appeared to be all voice.

"Don't stare !" boomed the voice, irritably. Christine dropped her eyes.

"If there is anything I dislike it is a person who stares," continued Miss Torrance, staring very hard herself. "Why, you are a perfect child ! How old are you ?"

"Going on seventeen."

"Far too young ! I didn't advertise for a baby. What is your mother thinking of ?"

"I have no mother, Miss Torrance."

"I thought not. Dead, I suppose, or you would not be here. Well, I never judge from appearances. You may read a little from that book on the table, the green one. I am quite sure that you will not do. But I am always fair. I never form conclusions without good reasons. Begin where you find the book-marker." The invalid closed her eyes with a resigned expression.

Christine picked up the book. She knew that she was a good reader and the knowledge brought back some of her confidence. Her clear low voice was very pleasant to hear.

"Not bad, not bad at all," admitted the invalid. "But I don't suppose you could keep it up. I am not pessimistic, but I always distrust good beginnings."

"Oh, I think I could keep it up!" said Christine quickly. "Really I do." As she leaned forward her face came fully into the light, looking so lovely in its young eagerness that the invalid started involuntarily and put up her glasses.

"My dear !" she said in a different tone, "did you meet a young man as you came in here ?"

"No," said Christine, truthfully.

"Did you *see* a young man ?"

"No—yes. One got out of an automobile a little farther down the street. I think he had lost something."

"Was he tall, dark, and quite too good-looking for any useful purpose ?"

"I'm afraid I did not notice," faltered Christine. She could see no reason for the questions, but the little old lady was evidently excited.

"Did he speak to you, my dear ?"

"I think he said "By Jove,'" said the girl demurely.

"Um, very likely. Well, this is a nice state of affairs. Lost something, had he, the scamp ! And no wonder he thought I was lying—" She checked herself. Her sharp old eyes rested more kindly on the girl's wondering face, but her determination was immediately taken.

"All this is beside the point," she said briskly. "My dear, you read very well, but I am afraid that you would not suit me. I am a very cranky old woman and you are too young to be patient. Don't protest. I believe in being fair and in giving people a chance, but I know that the young are never patient with the old. And I would always feel guilty if I kept you in this close room when you ought to be out in the sunshine. I inherit the Torrance conscience, and it is a great trouble to me !"

There was a kindness in her voice which largely took the sting from the rejection. Christine felt an impulse of liking, and raising her eyes said frankly, "I think I could be patient, Miss Torrance, but if it would worry you to have me, of course—"

The old lady nodded. She had noticed at once Christine's neat dress and good shoes, and decided that this was not a case of urgent need, so that "the troublesome Torrance conscience" could not accuse her of harshness.

"Then we will consider it settled," she said. "And if you will not mind a word of advice from an old woman, I would tell you to go home and try to be useful there. You are much too young and too pretty to work for yourself, unless it is absolutely necessary."

Christine flushed. "It is absolutely necessary," she said, rising. Then, proudly fearful that she might seem to appeal for pity, she added a quick, rather stiff "Good morning," and left the room.

The old lady watched the closing door ruefully. "Most unfortunate," she murmured. "But it would never have done. Martha," to the maid, "you could see it would never have done to have her here. Pretty ? The child is lovely ! Mark would have been wild over her in a week. What did you say her name was ? Brown ? Might just as well have been Smith. Do you know whom she looked like ? She looked for all the world like my youngest sister, Mona. She was a belle when I was already passe. How I used to envy her. Adam simply adored her—he used to call her honey-bee on account of her hair. This child's hair is just like it. Poor Mona, she died very young. Likenesses are strange things !"

The maid smiled grimly. "Likenesses or no, she'll have some trouble getting anything respectable with that face," she remarked. "In her walk of life I always say that beauty is a drawback as often as not." She glanced complacently at her own prim features in the mirror. Her mistress, observing the glance, smiled.

"And what would you say Miss Brown's walk in life might be, Martha ?"

The maid shook her head, slowly. "Oh, she's got airs and graces enough! But you never can tell. Shop girls are getting very dressy these days, what with their false hair and all ! And ladies don't go about looking for work."

"The child said it was absolutely necessary."

The maid's prim lips came together sharply. It was evident that she had her own opinion about what "the child" might have said.

Miss Torrance sighed. "Well, I could not have taken her ! Though if Mark hadn't come in I might have. I liked the child. She had a voice like music. It was most selfish of Mark, most inconsiderate ! I wonder if he was going to call on Alice van Slyke, when he saw her ? It looks as if Adam were making rather a point of Alice. Well, it can't be helped—Martha, I'll see no more applicants to-day."

"There are three waiting, Ma'am"

"Send them away. That girl has spoiled me for anything more ordinary. It would not be fair to hear them now, and I always try to be absolutely fair."

It was of this "fairness" of Miss Torrance that Chrisrine was thinking as she walked cityward with a heavy heart. *Why* had she, who believed in being so fair, refused to give a trial to one so eminently fitted as Christine ? On account of her youth ? Christine had read in books that invalid ladies liked youth. In the proper order of things Miss Torrance ought to have engaged her at once. Soon she would have made herself indispensable; the old lady would have loved her like a daughter, and finally have decorously faded away leaving Christine her blessing and, incidentally, her beautiful home and plenty of money ! Here Christine's sense of humor saved the situation. She laughed heartily, and laughter is a good clearing house for gloom. After all, what was one check ? One must not expect to succeed the very first time ! Pausing for a moment, she drew out the second newspaper clipping.

WANTED—Cheerful companion for lady living alone. No housework. Good wages.

This sounded promising. "I should think *she* would want someone young," mused Christine. "Young people are more cheerful. Probably all her people are dead. Poor thing, it must be awful to be lonely like that."

The address, this time, was in another part of the city, distant, but easily reached by car. Christine was much too innocent to know that the street mentioned was in somewhat questionable quarters. She only knew that she had never been in that direction before, so that the sauce of novelty was added to the adventure. As the car whirled on she gave herself up once more to dreams. This lady to whom she was going was surely in great need. She pictured her in black with a sad face. It was too bad that she lived so far from Brook Street ! Christine peered out of the window of the car to find out just where she was, but the street was a strange one. As she did so she noticed a young man in a motor whose face seemed vaguely familiar. The motor was going very slowly—for a motor. It seemed indeed to keep just abreast of the car ! but here the girl's interest was distracted by the crowing of a pretty baby on the opposite seat and her eyes ceased to follow the slowly moving motor.

At the corner of Hadly Street, she alighted, and, after consulting her slip of paper for the proper number, she set off gaily in the direction indicated. It did not look like a pleasant street, yet the girl felt no dismay. She only felt sorry that a bereaved lady should be compelled to live in such an ugly part of the city.

But if her surroundings left Christine undisturbed. the same cannot be said of the young man in the motor car. When he saw her turn into Hadly Street, blank dismay seized upon Mark Wareham. The car slowed irresolutely, turned, stopped entirely, and then started again with new decision. It, too, turned into Hadly Street.

When Mark had left his Aunt's house he had fully believed that the old lady was not deceiving him. She had evidently no guest at present, and he must have been mistaken in thinking that the lady he sought for had gone in at her gate. On the other hand, there was the evidence of his eyes, and his eyes were not bad as eyes go. If she had not gone in there she had disappeared somewhere in that neighborhood, and her disappearance had added the spice of mystery to an interest already keen enough.

The only thing to do was to wait, and Mark waited. The chauffeur he sent home, and, driving the car himself, he patrolled Amberley Avenue with such efficiency that he soon saw Christine coming out—and out of his Aunt's gate !

Had Aunt Miriam fibbed, after all ?

He did not care to settle the question now. The main thing was not to lose sight of the lady a second time. Effacing himself as far as possible in a big Panhard he watched her take a slip of paper from her pocket, read it and board a down-town car at the corner, evidently she was searching for an address ; he would search too, and the blame for such seemingly dishonorable action might be laid at the door of Aunt Miriam, who had made such procedure necessary.

Christine sat by the car window, once in a while she glanced out, but as she never seemed to notice him his presence could not offend her ; besides a cat may look at a king.

Where was she going ? As the better portions of the city were left behind he wondered more and more, and watched the unconscious face at the window with no little concern. When he saw her alight at Hadly Street he gasped with dismay. That lovely child—here !

Quite happy, and with no idea of causing distress in anyone, Christine walked on, looking carefully at the house numbers. The houses, she thought, were not nice-looking houses, but the one she sought looked rather nicer than the others. It seemed comfortable and had a small garden. But it certainly did appear to be lonely. Christine wondered how it could look so lonely in the midst of a long city street, but long streets are very lonely sometimes—especially when the houses are so much alike. Christine thought that a lady living here would need a very cheerful companion indeed. She felt her own spirits sink a little. Nevertheless, she rang the bell with resolute hand. As she did so an automobile passed down the street. After a slight delay the door was opened by an untidy maid.

"I have come in answer to this advertisement," said Christine,determined this time to have no misunderstanding. But this house had no side door and the maid showed her in at once.

"I'll tell her," she said, eyeing Christine curiously. "Just sit down."

The room into which Christine was shown was evidently the parlor, and bore its state in life with dignity. It might have been its boast that no one could ever have mistaken it for anything but a parlor. It had a "suite," a piano, a palm, a polished table with the poets nicely laid out in padded leather, and each wall displayed exactly two pictures hung at the same height and at regular intervals. Christine shivered. "But she can't possibly *live* in here !" she comforted herself, and, with a glance at the precise

piles of music on the piano rack, "I don't believe she can play either."

"No, I do not play," drawled a soft voice from the doorway. Christine turned with a start. A lady had come into the room—at first glance she seemed a very beautiful lady.

"I am Mrs. Wilkins," said the lady. "I saw you looking at the music and making deductions. It does not look like music which is often played, does it? But you see it goes with the house."

"Oh, then it is a furnished house?"

The lady shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I hope you did not think that I furnished it! But it is really a perfect gem in a way. How does it strike you?"

"Very comfortable." The off-hand manner of the lady confused Christine.

"And prim? and respectable? It is very respectable, don't you think? That music, now—"Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words," is it not? Nothing could be more decorous. It is only the words of songs which are not respectable."

Christine laughed. The remark to her girlish ears sounded clever. Mrs. Wilkins sank into the rocking chair of the suite and arranged her floating draperies. Her face in the better light did not seem so attractive. It was hard, it was too pink and white. Christine thought that it looked "odd."

With the same unerring reading of her thoughts, the lady put up her handkerchief to her face. "Heavens! have I got too much on?" she asked interestedly, "The light was bad upstairs. I don't hold with over- doing it."

"What?" asked puzzled Christine.

Mrs. Wilkins tapped her fair cheek. "This! Now you—gracious, you're not 'done' at all!" Her glance grew keen. "I thought the maid said—"

"I came in answer to this." Christine held out the slip containing the advertisement "I'm in need of a position with good wages, and I am very cheerful."

"You!" To the poor girl's embarrassment the lady began to laugh—pretty, silvery laughter. "You! Oh, this is rich. Why, my good girl, I didn't advertise for a child!"

"But I am not a child. I am sixteen, and I am very cheerful. Young people are the cheerfulest. You are young yourself, Mrs. Wilkins, I do hope you will let me try."

The strange lady's laughter subsided, and her face grew suddenly grave. "I don't think you will do at all," she said abruptly.

"But *why*," urged poor Christine.

The other's eyes began to twinkle.

"Well, for one reason, you know, I need someone to go with the parlor."

Christine looked around with a puzzled air.

"Very respectable," prompted the lady, "very stiff, very prim—"

Christine smiled. "I am respectable," she declared, "and you remember you didn't say prim, you said 'cheerful.'"

"I meant prim. At least what I really meant was one who could be both cheerful and prim—upon different occasions."

"I don't quite understand."

"That's it exactly." Mrs. Wilkins' eyes crinkled up in the most enticing way when she laughed. "Sit down again and don't be cross with me. You see Mr.-um-Wilkins is away most of the time and it is annoying to be here alone without anyone but a clumsy maid, and then to a certain extent one thinks of appearances."

"But," said puzzled Christine, "it is perfectly correct for a married lady to live alone."

"Oh, yes, certainly," Mrs. Wilkins played rather nervously with her many rings. "I suppose you haven't a mother?" she said without looking up.

"No, but I have two sisters who have never let me feel the want!"

"Do they know you are here?" quickly.

Christine blushed. "No, it was to be quite a surprise."

"It would be," said the other dryly, "and now I think—there's the bell!"

She broke off abruptly and listened as the girl went to the door. The parlor door was open and they both heard a man's pleasant voice say," Good morning. Does Mrs. Alfred Smith live here?"

"No, she doesn't," said the girl, shortly.

A slight pause, during which Christine racked her brains to remember where she had heard the voice before.

"Might I see the mistress of the house?" asked the man at the door ingratiatingly.

"She don't see no agents."

"But I have here—"

"She don't want it." The maid shut the door with a bang.

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Wilkins, "What a nice voice he had. Some of these agents—why, look, he has an auto—pianos, I guess. I wish we had asked him in, only—" she glanced uncertainly at the girl. "I don't think you ought to stay—I mean I mustn't detain you any longer. You wouldn't do for me, my dear."

Christine thought that she looked rather tired and sad as she said it, but there was decision in her tone. It seemed useless to insist, so swallowing a lump of disappointment which seemed to leap into her throat, Christine held out her hand. The other did not seem to see it.

"Good-bye," she said. "Be sure to take the car at the corner."

The girl murmured an assent, but indeed she hardly heard the words. She was cruelly disappointed, the lump in her throat threatened to dissolve in tears, and she turned away from the house without noticing in what direction she was going. The brightness of the morning seemed dimmed somehow, for beside her own growing doubts and fears she felt the burden of the tragedy of another, a tragedy which she did not understand, but which she could dimly feel. Absorbed in her thoughts she walked on aimlessly, a strange figure indeed in that haunted street. Many watched her with curious eyes, some slunk out of her way, but at last one man, bolder or more vile, spoke to her. She did not hear what he said, but looked up with a quick smile. The look she met was something she had never seen, never dreamed of.

"If you're going this way, I'll go along with you," said the man, more loudly this time. He placed his hand upon her arm. Christine shrank back with a startled cry, and next moment the man's leering face was knocked out of her foreground and the man himself went spinning down the pavement under the force of a well directed blow.

"Excuse me," said a pleasant voice, "I think that fellow was annoying you."

"Yes," said Christine, "he—he was." She looked up into the face of the speaker with frightened eyes. But the face seemed somehow familiar. It was a dark, strong face, and the voice was kind. She felt none of the fear and repulsion for him that she had felt for the other man, and she spoke to him as she might have spoken to Tommy. "He was horrid," she admitted with a shaky laugh.

"I came up just in time," said the young man, pointing to a big green automobile standing by the curb. "In fact I was looking for you. My Aunt, Miss Torrance, sent me after you. She would very much like to see you if you can spare her a little time."

"Happily dreaming, a vision of Spring in Autumn."

Hope sprang up in Christine's eyes. "Oh, thank you," she said, gratefully. "Has Miss Torrance changed her mind? I will go at once. Can you tell me the nearest way to the car?"

"It is here." He pointed smilingly to the auto by the curb. "Will not this car do? It is much quicker. If you will trust me to drive you—"

The girl did not hesitate. She knew quite well that she could trust this young fellow who stood there so gravely before her. With a brief word of thanks she stepped into the car. He followed her and in a moment they were off.

"Oh, how *fast!*" gasped Christine.

The driver smiled. "I'll slow down presently. Let's get out of this first."

"Out-of-what?" asked Christine between bumps.

He looked at her sharply and his face brightened. "Oh, out of these bad roads," he told her. "Now, this is better," as they turned into a broad and quiet avenue. "I can go more slowly here."

Christine, to whom the novel ride had restored her spirits, laughed. "Surely it is an odd idea to go fast on bad roads and slow on good ones."

"Not at all. There is never any sense in lingering over unpleasant places, Miss—I think Aunt Miriam said that your name was Miss—"

"Brown," said Christine.

"Yes, of course, Miss Brown. I suppose you are wondering how I knew you, but the fact is I happened to see you go in to Miss Torrance's this morning."

"Why—and I saw you, too! I remember now. That is why I seemed to know your face. And your voice. You got out of this very auto. You had lost something, I think, and you said, "By Jove!"

"Did I, though?" Mark had the grace to blush.

"Did you find it?" asked Christine.

"What?"

"The thing you lost?"

"I don't know," stammered Mark. "I am still looking for it."

"Are you really very keen on going to my Aunt's at once?" he asked her presently.

"Yes, of course I am. It is very important. You don't know how important."

"Then I am afraid you are going to be very vexed with me. The truth is that I have you in this car under false pretences. I—I didn't have a message from Aunt Miriam."

"What?"

"No, I didn't. You see I just wanted to get you away from—from any annoyance, and that seemed the quickest way of doing it. You did not know me, but you knew her, and if you knew she was my Aunt it might be—like an introduction, you know. You see it all just happened. I did see you at Aunt Miriam's and so I knew you were a friend of hers—and when that tough had the impudence to speak to you I took the only way I knew of getting you away without disturbance. I hope you will forgive me."

Christine's face was turned away. The disappointment was so great that she could not have spoken had she wished. There was a horrible lump in her throat again.

"If you can't forgive me you might just as well say so," said Mark gloomily. Christine made an effort to swallow the lump.

"It isn't that. I'm sure you were very kind but—well, it is a mistake all through, I'm afraid. I am not your Aunt's friend. I called to apply for the position of lady's companion."

It was simply said and with dignity. It was evident that Christine did not think any the less of herself for the fact she related. Mark felt himself blush brilliantly. Then after a half glance at the lovely child-face so proudly turned away he cleared the air with a sudden burst of laughter.

"You! a companion to Aunt Miriam! Suffering cats!"

"Why not, indeed?" Christine's face was still prim but her voice gurgled.

"Why not? Oh, I don't know. Only its tremendously funny! If you knew my Aunt as well as I do you would laugh yourself. Aunt Miriam is really a corker, don't you know!"

"I thought her very nice, and when you said she had sent you I was so glad because I thought she had changed her mind and was going to have me. It quite cheered me up. Mrs. Wilkins wouldn't take me either, you see!"

"Mrs. Wilkins? Oh"—a sudden ray of light dawning. "Was it Mrs. Wilkins you called upon on Hadly Street?"

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Well, I was just passing. I saw you go in—I—"

Christine turned around suddenly. "Oh, I know now when I heard your voice! You were the piano agent!"

The young man's confusion was so evident that she added quickly, "There's nothing to be ashamed of in being a piano agent."

Mark recovered himself. "No, certainly not—only—well, my family—Aunt Miriam, you know, especially, do not like it. I keep it dark."

Christine nodded. "I see. It is just what I was trying to do. I did not tell the girls a thing about my trying to find a place. They wouldn't like it either, although I don't see why. Celia is in a shop herself."

"A shop?"

"Yes, but of course she is the head of a department, and it is the best store in the city, Angers & Son. But like you, I felt that I wanted to do something for myself. One can't go on living on one 's family forever, can one?"

"No," said Mark, weakly.

"You look queer," said Christine. "What's the matter?"

In the infinitesimal pause Mark Wareham made a notable decision.

"I'm hungry," he declared, "and you must be hungry too, and I have to take a run out into the country, not very far. It's a nice little place, where they serve good meals and their piano is out of tune. I wonder if you couldn't come with me?"

"Oh, I'd love to, but—I don't believe the girls would let me. I'm afraid I cannot go."

"Did you promise to be home for lunch?"

"No—o. I said I might have it down town."

"Well, why not come? You know who I am now, and I believe you would enjoy it. I have taken dozens of girls out to Haffey's for lunch. It's quite the thing."

Christine considered. She wanted to go very much, and she knew that Ada would not expect her home, nor did she think that she would grudge her the pleasure of the offered trip.

Being a Canadian girl, brought up in an absolutely free though clean and healthy atmosphere, and under conditions which precluded eternal chaperonage she would have had no hesitation about accepting the invitation under ordinary circumstances. Ordinary circumstances in this case would mean that she had met Mr. Wareham in the customary way, and that he was known to her sisters. On the other hand, she wanted very much to go and her misgivings were purely artificial ones. In her heart she knew that there was nothing more proper and natural than that he should ask her and that she should go. Tommy would be furious, of course! but then Tommy was often unnecessarily fussy!

Mark did not urge her, but it was not from want of eagerness. His longing to keep her with him, even for that short time, surprised himself. Had he ever felt like this about any of the many girls whose courteous escort he had been? He knew that he had not,

Continued on page 38

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B21

With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

A Dire Disaster

ONE of our "Juniors," aged ten, has sent us the following sad account of the tragedy of Willie Bright:

Little boy named Willie Bright
Found a stick of dynamite.
Slammed it down upon a rock—
Funeral service two o'clock.

A Chapter in Charlie Chipmonk's Career

By Greta Jansen

CHARLIE CHIPMONK and his little sister lived in a snug little home in the sugar bush. Mother Chipmonk had taken great care in selecting and furnishing the home for her wee squirrels. It was in the centre of a high stub of basswood that the wind had broken off for fun, several years before. In the side of the stub was a large knot-hole, that made a fine door to as cosy a squirrel living-room as one could wish to see. This living-room was well lined with soft grass and moss, so Charlie and little sister were very comfy, after they had had their breakfast.

Mother Chipmonk's pantry had been well filled with hickory, beech, and butternuts, but all that was left now were the shells, that had been thrown down the stairway in the lower part of the stub. So, now, Mother Chippy had to dig up some of the nuts she had pitted in the previous fall.

Our two young chippies grew fast, and before long their mother told them they might practise running and jumping over the roots of an old stump fence (that was near their home), so they would be able to climb the tallest trees, and jump from the wind swings of the elm trees; but she cautioned, "Be very careful, children, don't go far on the stumps when I'm away to the nut pits, for your Great Uncle Red is *very* cross, and claims all that stump fence as his, though why he claims it, I do not know."

One sunshiny afternoon Charlie and his sister went for a game of hide and seek on the stumps. When they got tired of that game they tried tag. Sister Chippy was It, and as she was chasing Charlie on the jagged old fence he ran a little farther than usual. He turned to see if sister were near, and he was terrified to see Great Uncle Red dash from the bush and spring on the stump behind him. Oh! how cross he looked, with his round, bushy tail quivering over his back!

"Chir-r-r-r-r," shouted Uncle Red. Now that in squirrel talk meant, "What are you doing here? Clear out, or I'll make it hot for you, you impudent young chipmonk!" Poor Charlie, what could he do? Sister had scampered for home as fast as she could, with her flat, brushy tail waving in fright, and mother was away at the farthest hickory pits and couldn't hear him.

Great Uncle Red made an angry dash for Charlie, and away flew the little fellow over the pointed roots, never stopping till he came to the rail fence on the lane. Charlie thought he heard Uncle Red after him, so he scampered on, along the zigzag fence. By and by he stopped to rest, and, finding that Uncle Red had given up the chase, the frightened, tired little squirrel crept into a cubby hole under a flat rail for a good rest, and presently went fast asleep.

When Charlie awoke the sunshine had all gone, and a cold, shivery wind was blowing from the north-east. Oh, how cold and hungry he felt! Off he started to find the stump fence that would lead him home, but he was so cold and stiff he could hardly run at all. After going a long way Charlie thought he must have got turned round in his sleep, and was going the wrong way, so he turned and hurried the other way as fast as his little, stiff legs could carry him. But no stump fence could he find. Soon it grew dark and colder, and the lonely, hungry, little fellow gave up and lay down in a fence corner and cried himself to sleep.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Brown, who had been up all night with a sick neighbor, came along the lane. Just as she went to climb the fence she saw a small chipmonk, apparently dead, in the fence corner. She picked him up and found that Charlie (as they afterward called him) was still alive. Carefully she cuddled him in her warm hands and hurried on home.

"Here's a pet for you, Ida," said Mrs. Brown to her little daughter, "that is, if you can coax this half-dead chipmonk back to life." Ida ran for some milk, and put it and a little hot water into a saucer. She shoved Charlie's nose into the milk, that made him sneeze; then slowly his little tongue tried to clean the milk off his face. The milk tasted very good, and he soon began to lap it, when Ida held the saucer to his nose. After feeding him Ida wrapped Charlie in some flannel and put him in a little basket by the stove. It didn't take Charlie long to find out that this little girl and her mother, not only wouldn't hurt him, but that they were the ones that fed him. In less than a week Charlie Chipmonk was as much at home in the Brown's kitchen as he had been in the basswood stub in the bush.

Charlie became very playful, and would hunt all over for nuts and other dainties that Ida hid, just for the fun of seeing him rummage into boxes and pockets for his food. Charlie had several sleeping-places—on the lounge pillow in the sunshine, or *under* the pillow; but his *favorite* nap-bed was Mrs. Brown's lap, when she sat down to knit or sew. Now and then, when the door was open, Charlie would slip out for a run over the chip pile and up the apple tree that leaned over the window.

Once when he was playing in the apple tree a large black and white creature gave him a great scare. Another day, when he was frolicking over the chips, a big black beast jumped at him, saying, "Bow-wow-wow." Needless to say Charlie rushed home in fright. You see, Puss and Rover didn't know Charlie was a pet: they thought he was one of those saucy squirrels that came up the mountain side to steal the boys' nuts from the woodshed.

One day, in the fall, Charlie slipped out when Ida was away at school and never returned. Ida never knew whether the cat had caught him, or that some other chippies had coaxed him over the mountain edge to live in the hollow butternut.

THE LITTLE GOOSE GIRL.

May Apples

By E. F. McPherson

THE eastbound express thundered along a north shore trestle and whisked into a tunnel. Bobby shut his eyes and held his breath. Then the train rumbled out again and buzzed around a curve. Rocks and baby trees flew by

Bobby was used to seeing baby trees in Manitoba. What he wanted to see was a great big tree, and most of all a great big apple tree.

"Oh, mother, dear," he cried, as a larger clump sped by, "is this Ontario now? Will the apple trees come soon?"

"This is Ontario, but there are no apple trees yet. Wait, dearie, until we are at grandpa's. Then you will see lots of apple trees."

Mother dear was dressed in black and her eyes looked as if big tears were just behind them ready to come out any time. Sometimes she hugged Bobby so hard it hurt, but he was brave and didn't say anything. He had promised papa to take good care of mother dear. Bobby didn't understand it all, but he remembered that he was proud to make the promise. Then, a few days afterwards, a great many men and horses and carriages came to their house and went away ever so slowly. One of the carriages had tall wavy plumes on it.

It was late in the night when Bobby and mother dear reached grandpa's town. Bobby fell sound asleep on the way out to grandpa's farm. A disappointment was in store for him, for it was not yet apple time. The trees were just making ready. Their fragrant dresses of pink and white blossoms shimmered in the moonlight and danced lightly to the music of the night wind.

Had Bobby been awake he would have noticed that mother dear was crying and that she snuggled close to grandpa. Then grandpa put his arm around her and called her his own little lassie come home again.

Bobby dreamed of an orchard full of apples, not blossoms, but lovely big apples hanging red from every bough, just as they did in his red and green picture book at home.

Next morning at breakfast grandpa said that perhaps Bobby would like some of those russet apples the boys had been keeping for him. One of the boys—he was really not a boy at all, but one of grandpa's grown-up sons—picked up a pail from the sink and told Bobby to "Come along, sonny."

Bobby's eyes danced and he trotted eagerly beside the "boy" to a field just behind the barn. There they stopped beside a pile of earth—the apple pit.

A few minutes later a very indignant little boy ran back to the house to mother dear. So indignant and so disappointed was he that he had to rub his eyes hard to keep back the tears.

"Oh, mother it was all a pack of fibs they told us in Manitoba. Apples don't grow on trees at all. They just grow in the ground, mind you, and then they have to be dug up just like potatoes!"

CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

Five Hundred Beautiful Little Sterling Silver Pencils for Five Hundred New Members to the Club

Dear Journal Readers:

Right in the centre of every community, intimate with many friends, associated with their neighbors in all social activities, interested in the clubs and organizations of all kinds, we need a member of the Girls' Club. We must get acquainted with these people, for every one of them should be a reader of the Journal. Nearly every one of them will gladly subscribe with someone whom they can trust. There are thousands of subscribers waiting for some one with the courage and energy to say, "I am representing CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, the best women's paper in the Dominion. One hundred and twenty-five thousand Canadians give it their hearty approval, now will you give it a trial?"

Belonging to the Girls' Club means being one of hundreds of our readers throughout all Canada, who are telling all their neighbors about the Journal, showing them its attractiveness and interest, urging them to take a Canadian magazine. A request to give a trial to a home magazine seems entirely different from asking subscriptions for any other. It is the hope of nearly every Canadian that everything belonging to Canada shall prosper. And this work, which is not really work, done in your spare time, during afternoon calls or after social meetings, pays our members splendidly. It has raised funds for charity, for travelling, for room furnishing, for many desirable things that otherwise would be beyond the means of our members. Not just one year, but year after year, as subscribers renew and increase, the earnings become larger.

But if each member has a circle of even several hundred subscribers, think how many members we need in the club to reach all the should-be subscribers in Canada. So we want hundreds of new members to join us now, to be ready for the full subscription season, when the majority of magazine subscriptions expire. We need one in every small town and country community, several in every city. Will you join the club or tell some friend whom you think would care to be a member. Just write to the Secretary of the Girls' Club, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, Toronto.

To the first five hundred new members who send us fifteen subscriptions to the Journal, we will give a beautiful little sterling silver pencil, in addition to all the commissions and bonus. This offer is open to everyone who has not yet sent us any subscriptions. Not only is this a most attractive little pocketbook piece, of which I am sure you'll be proud, but one that will be of constant service. Of course I can not be positive, but I am almost sure that the pencils will not all be gone before the first of October, perhaps not till even later. So if you get fifteen orders in August and September, you are practically certain to get one. It all depends on how many Journal readers just at this time want money and are willing to earn it.

Interest in Canada and also approval of the Journal are most strikingly shown by the number of Canadians in the United States who subscribe, even with an increase of price to cover the extra postage and the good American magazines that are offered. It would seem that in Canada, where prices are reversed, that when the Journal is well known there would be little demand for foreign magazines.

The experience of one of our members is interesting. She was visiting in Rochester, and in a short time secured over twenty subscriptions for the Journal.

This is one of the club members whom I know personally, and because I feel sure you will be interested, I want to tell you something about her. This is with her permission.

About two years ago she was troubled with a cancer on her right arm. At first it did not alarm her much, but later became so dangerous that an amputation was necessary. All her life she had been unusually active, to do nothing was as tiresome as work is to many persons. Now she found herself debarred from most of her former occupations, can you imagine the terrible monotony of inactivity. She began to feel that her restlessness was a strain on the people around her. When it was becoming almost unendurable, someone suggested subscription work for the Journal, which she hailed as a welcome relief, although she doesn't at all need to earn money, and all her relatives are most desirous of visits whenever she will leave her married daughter.

From the beginning she has been very successful in securing orders, and thereby earned a good deal of money. This no doubt, has pleased her, for there are many ways of spending surplus money. But by far the most important part to her has been securing a very attractive occupation for her leisure time.

Naturally she started first among her friends, who not only very gladly gave her their subscriptions, but greatly encouraged her by their interest in the Journal. Soon she began visiting her unknown neighbors. "Visiting" certainly is the right word, for though the question "Do you know the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL"? is the introduction, many other topics are discussed. As she talks very interestingly, she has made many enjoyable acquaintanceships. She makes the Journal, its contents, its organization, and its ambitions as interesting to others as they are to her, and unless there is a very good reason for not ordering, she usually gets a subscription. So with her, securing subscriptions is pleasant work which she does in any spare time, sometimes she works a few hours each day, then no opportunity may offer for a week, or several weeks. Yet in the short time she has been working, she has earned nearly $50.00. Aren't there many things you could do with $50.00? Let me tell you about the club.

Very truly,

Secretary C. G. C.

Quaint Presents

CELEBRITIES are often the recipients of quaint presents. For instance, on the marriage of the late Queen Victoria the farmers of East and West Pennard, Somersetshire, wishing to show their loyalty, manufactured from the milk of 750 cows an immense cheese nine feet in circumference. The gift was graciously accepted and was stored at Buckingham Palace, where it would undoubtedly have found its way to the royal table had not its donors wished to exhibit it as an advertisement. An equally homely gift was made to the late King Charles of Wurtemberg on the morning of his marriage to Princess Olga of Russia. A peasant woman sent him a pair of trousers of her own design with a note expressing the hope that they might be found a better cut and fit than those which she had last had the honor of seeing His Majesty wear. When Louis IV. of Hesse Darmstardt was married to Princess Alice he received a gift of a dozen pairs of stockings knitted by a humble admirer.

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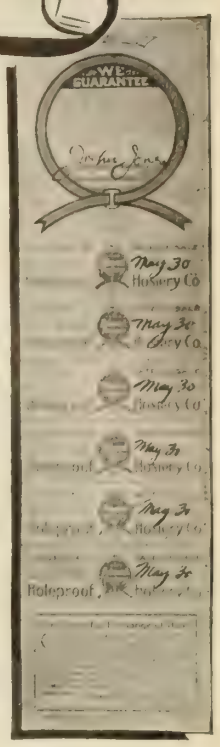
to wear without holes for

Six Months

—the lightest weight, finest Hosiery ever made for men, women and children.

Island cotton yarn—the top market price. Common yarn sells for 9 cents. That is the ratio of quality all through. Send today for an assortment and see what a wonderful product they are.



You don't have to *darn* hose any more. You don't have to *wear* darned hose. We give you with every six pairs of Holeproof Hose the signed-in-ink GUARANTEE shown at the right. If one or all pairs wear to holes in six months we replace them with new hose free. These are the original guaranteed hose, the hose with the Carl Freschl Pres signature, on the toe, the first hose ever sold with a guarantee. These same hose are a whirlwind success in the United States. Last year 5,400,000 *outlasted* the guarantee—wore *longer* than six months—yet they are made in the *lightest weights*, are *soft* and *attractive*. No hose ever looked, felt or fit any better. They cost just the same as hose that wear out in a week, so you might as well have them. We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for our Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn—the top market price. Common yarn sells for 9 cents. That is the ratio of quality all through. Send today for an assortment and see what a wonderful product they are.

MEN'S SOCKS—Sizes 9 to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs $1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs $1.50. Light and extra light weight mercerized, 6 pairs $2.00. Light and extra light weight, LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs, $3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, **3** pairs guaranteed *three* months, $2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs, $3.00.

WOMEN'S—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun-metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $4.00. Same in pure thread silk $3.00 for **3** pairs guaranteed *three* months. Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00 and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00.

CHILDREN'S—Sizes 5 to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors, black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

INFANTS' SOX—Colors tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pair, guaranteed six months $1.00. Ribbed leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months), $1.00.

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Jas. McHardy

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People with fixed incomes belong in two classes—those who pare down living expenses to buy the little luxuries, and those who live well and earn extra money for the extras. If you would shun the cheese-paring class and join the buoyant, care-free, moneyed people, write to the

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By JESSIE E. RORKE

IT is a mistake to suppose that a beautiful home is necessarily a costly one. It is true that money smooths the way and lessens the difficulties which one meets with in working out one's ideals, but a well filled purse has also its temptations, and quite as many luxurious homes fail to meet the requirements of harmony and simplicity as do the poorer ones.

If these two are kept in mind and carefully adhered to, though we may have long to wait we will in the end build up about us a beautiful home though it may be a most inexpensive one. But it is nesessary to have some definite end in view—a picture in our own mind of

THE MEDICINE CHEST

how we wish our rooms to look, and not to buy, in hit or miss fashion, the curtains that are offered as a bargain at the moment or the prettiest rug in the shop without regard to the position it must fill. True, we may have to buy our curtains at bargain prices, but let us wait until we can find the ones that are suitable, that fill their proper place in our scheme, even at the cost of patiently darning the holes in the last ones and making them last another season.

There is not only harmony of color to consider, but harmony also of style and of purpose. Money will do little for us in securing harmony of color; not nearly so much as time and careful thought in planning out a color scheme that will include the whole house and not allow each room, however beautiful in itself, to show harsh and striking contrasts with every open door. Furniture of the Colonial and Louis XVI. period would look incongruously out of place in the same room, and mission furniture refuses to combine with any other style—all must be mission or not at all. Then, too, the woods that are used should harmonize; one beautiful piece of mahogany would seem sadly out of place if the rest of the furniture was of ash, yet the room might be pleasing in every way, if only the cheaper wood was used, providing it was of the best quality, and the furniture was of good shape and workmanship. Each room has its own purpose in the house, and the furniture and decoration should fit unobtrusively into the general intention or harmony cannot be preserved.

The very fact that we have little to spend in furnishing our homes forces simplicity upon us whether we will or no, and secures for us this essential of beauty. Simple, graceful outlines and soft rich colorings are beautiful enough without ornament, and greatly to be preferred to many of the more elaborate things that are offered for our choice. The careful thought that is required to make our purchases fit in with the amount which we may spend should ensure that the few things we buy for the purpose of ornament alone will at least be what we consider beautiful, if we are wise enough to remember that one exquisite little cast or piece of pottery will be better than a dozen poorer ones, and one good picture gives a lasting pleasure that several poorer ones would fail to give even in the beginning.

If the home is to be furnished from a small income, it is wise to remember that in some places it is extravagant to economize. This is usually the case where it is necessary to pay for labor as well as material, and with the things that entail a large outlay in the beginning. In selecting wall papers, the quiet and unobtrusive colors that will prove most serviceable will probably give the most pleasing results, but it rarely pays to buy a cheap paper. The cost of hanging will be just the same whatever the price of the paper may be, and a poor paper that must soon be replaced will double this expense. A rug that is serviceable at all means a considerable outlay, and a really good one will usually outlive two poorer ones, and will make the room much more attractive.

In selecting furniture, it is possible to find much that is really beautiful and not too expensive, if we are careful not to sacrifice line and workmanship for the sake of a prettier grain in the wood, or an added ornament. Curtains may be dainty and pretty, and still be quite inexpensive. It is true that a wider range of beautiful colorings are to be found in more costly materials, but many of the printed linens and cotton repps and tapestries are very artistic and hold their colors surprisingly well.

Beyond the articles of furnishing are the little individual touches that make a house into a home and give it its greatest charm, and these rarely have a money value; they are as possible in the poorest home as in the costliest.

* * *

COOL ROOMS.

FOR those who remain in their own homes during at least a part of the summer months, the problem of making the house cool and attractive, a pleasant retreat from the heat and dust of out of doors, is constantly presenting itself, and, though during some of the scorching July and August days it seems without a solution, much may really be done toward gaining that end. If we can make the thermometer actually drop a few degrees, we have gained much, but

A SEWING TABLE

if we have only succeeded in making the house look cool we have gained something that is quite worth while and will at least give rest to nerves that are tired from the heat and glare of the day.

The first and easiest thing to do is to remove all superfluous bric-a-brac, and even furniture. Nothing suggests heat and stuffiness like over-crowding; let your rooms suggest space and airiness even at the risk at appearing bare. This will also lighten the burden of the housekeeper, and your choice pieces of porcelain or pottery will have a renewed interest when they come to light again in the fall. A few cut flowers in pretty vases, a potted fern or two, and the books and magazines that the family enjoy will be quite enough to make the room attractive, and the moments saved in dusting will give the busy housewife time to look cool and dainty herself.

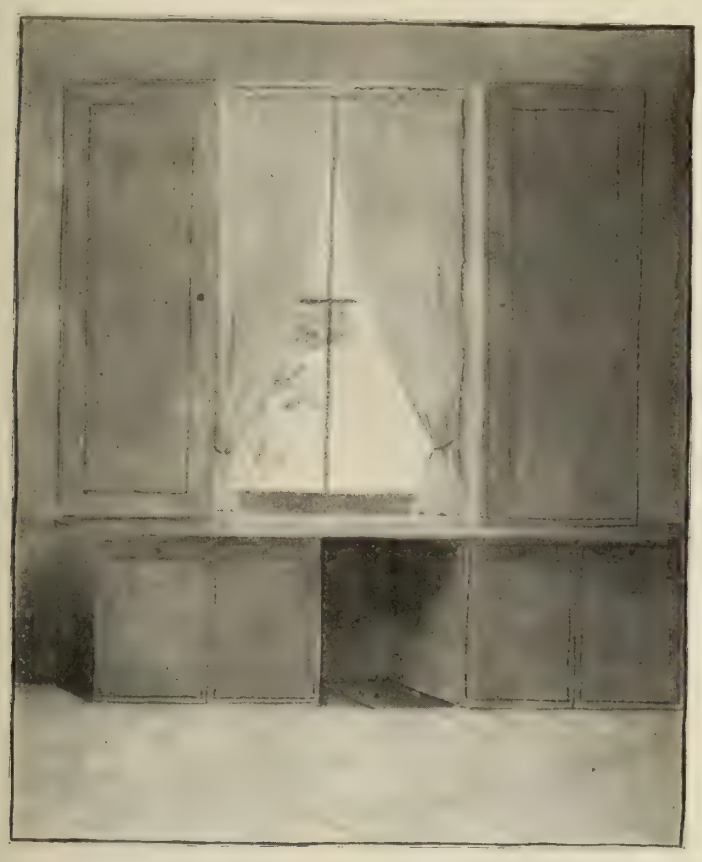
The most effective way of really cooling

the air is by tempering the light. There is no more successful way of accomplishing this than with the old fashioned shutters. The possessors of such old fashioned homes are indeed to be envied on the hot breathless days when they can retreat behind these cool dark screens during the middle of the day, the freshness of the early morning still lingering in the rooms, while later in the day, the shutters are thrown wide again to let in the cool evening air. But in most modern houses this effect must be attained by the use of shades and curtains. A dull grey green is the best color for the blinds, and if possible use inner curtains of some material that, while looking fresh and cool, is still thick enough to exclude much of the light. These should be arranged so that they may be easily drawn back to let in the air when it is not sunny. Either the plain or printed linens make an ideal material for this purpose. The windows should be closed during the hottest part of the day, but the remainder of the time should be opened as wide as possible to let in plenty of fresh air.

Where possible replace heavy covers with tub materials—stencilled linen is always pretty; banish unnecessary cushions giving those that remain dainty but serviceable wash covers.

It may be difficult to bring color to your assistance unless you have counted on summer changes in planning the original color scheme for your room, but if it is possible it will help greatly in getting a cool and pleasant effect. Shades of blue give the coolest effect, but greys, grey greens, and heliotrope and lilac shades are all cool and pretty. The greyer tones of any color are cooler than the brighter ones, and sometimes the most we can accomplish is to remove the brightest notes of color from a room and replace them with lower tones.

Flowers and plants about a house help to make it look cool with their suggestion of shady out of door corners, the white, blue and lilac colors or foliage alone being best to use in a sunny room, while if the effect is already cool and dark we may venture to use the brighter colors of such flowers as nasturtiums, poppies or orange lilies.



A PLEASANT WORK CORNER.

* * *

CONVENIENT CORNERS.

WE all agree that the beauty of a home must be based on neatness and order, and our mothers taught us when we were quite small that this can only be achieved by having a place for everything and everything in its place. But in a small home, or, indeed, in a large one, entirely suitable places for all the things that must be disposed of are sometimes difficult to find. We select some convenient spot where we lay away our small possessions in most orderly array, but as they slowly accumulate, as they seem to do with even the most reckless destroying of the worn out and old fashioned, we find ourselves in the position of the college girl who had a place for everything, and everything in its place, and that place the top dresser drawer. A miniature housecleaning and a stowing away in boxes restores things to order once more, but alas! we soon discover that this time it is not a convenient place and even prolonged searching sometimes fails to disclose just where things are laid away. But with a little careful planning and perhaps the aid of a carpenter, even a small house may be made to hold more than one could hope, and still look dainty, airy and fresh, without the suggestion of overcrowding. The solution seems to be in cupboards, closets, and pigeon-holes, numerous and well arranged.

A small cabinet for medicines will help in keeping things neat and orderly. This will be convenient if placed in the bathroom, and may often be built into the wall, thus taking up no extra room. It may be quite small, a couple of shelves and one small drawer being quite sufficient. If there is an invalid in the family, a medicine cabinet in the bedroom will be useful, and in that case the outside may be made pretty enough to be an additional decoration to the room.

The roll-top desk and the built in bookcase, or the many pretty ones in the shop from which we may choose solve the problem of how to keep books and papers in order, but a satisfactory sewing table is not so readily found, though one that is well equipped and light enough to be easily moved from one place to another will save much time and keep all the little necessities for sewing safely out of the way. A pretty and useful little table has one shallow drawer just beneath the flat top that is arranged with rows of stiff wire uprights to hold spools in much the same way as they are kept in the shops. So many of them accumulate in the various numbers in cotton and colors in silks, that it is a comfort to have then placed where they will not unwind and tangle and where the desired spool can be found at a glance. At the end of this drawer a small compartment is made for holding scissors and thimbles. Below this are three small drawers, the first divided into compartments for buttons and fastenings of various kinds, the second holding supplies for darning, and the third tapes and edgings. Near the bottom is a shallow tray where odds and ends of sewing may be placed while one is at work.

The carefully planned kitchen cabinets that are to be had now at any furniture dealers, have surely found a place for everything that a busy cook could need, but often a more pretty and attractive kitchen may be made by doing the planning onesself, and having the cupboards built in. A convenient arrangement, and one that makes a pleasant place to work, has a cupboard running beneath the window with a flat table top, and spaces below for flour and meals of different kinds. Above this on either side of the window cupboards are built into the wall, one to hold spices and other materials required in cooking, the other to hold cooking utensils. Another convenient kitchen cupboard has no shelves, only small hooks in the back from which the various small articles in constant use about the kitchen may be hung, and where they are found much more readily than if put away on shelves.

A small corner closet opening either into the kitchen or pantry, makes a most convenient place for keeping the cleaning utensils—brooms, mops and dusters.

Pictures, 2½ x 4¼ inches.

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Gowns for Summer Functions

SUMMER functions are apt to take place out of doors and bring the demand for just such costumes as the two illustrated.

The one to the left is made of eyelet embroidered linen combined with plain. It is exceedingly attractive, in the height of style, and the model is among the latest and smartest to have appeared. The skirt is cut in three pieces, and can be finished either with the high or natural waist line. The coat can be made just as illustrated with the big revers and round collar or with the sailor collar, but big pointed revers are greatly liked and are much to be desired. For midsummer wear, the eyelet embroidery is one of the most fashionable of all materials, but this suit could be made from any material adapted to street use with equal success. Plain linen made in such way would make a most satisfactory costume for general wear. Serge made after the same model would be excellent for travel, and for the incoming season.

For the medium size the coat will require 4¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 or 2½ yards 44; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 27 or 36, or 2¾ yards 44, with 2 yards of linen 27 inches wide to trim the entire gown. The pattern of the coat, 7044, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust; the skirt, 6827, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

The semi-princess gown shown to the right is an exceedingly dainty one. The sleeves and the blouse are cut in one and the skirt is five-gored. The trimming gives the fashionable panel effect. In this instance, the gown is made from marquisette and is embroidered by hand and trimmed with lace banding, but the model will be found appropriate for all the materials that are thin enough to be tucked successfully, and, in place of the embroidery can be used wider banding or applique or inset medallions, or any preferred trimming, or wide and narrow bands could be used on the skirt with two rows of lace applied within the panels, following the line of the lower one. Flowered cotton voiles are among the latest materials. This gown made from one of these, trimmed with lace insets only would be exceedingly attractive, and there are a great many other ways in which the design can be utilized.

For a woman of medium size will be required 8 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5¾ yards 36, or 5¼ yards 44, with 20 yards of insertion.

The pattern, 7023, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust.

Pretty Frocks for Little Girls

LITTLE girls are wearing dresses of many different styles this season, but there are no two models that are more fashionable or more attractive than these.

The dress to the left is made with peasant sleeves and with a little panel and yoke that are novel and attractive in the extreme. In this instance, the material is rose-colored linen and the panel and yoke are made of white eyelet embroidery, while the edges of the dress have been scalloped and worked with eyelets. The combination is most dainty and summer-like, and the frock one of the prettiest possible. Loose sleeves are becoming to little children and the scalloped edges are extremely fashionable, but, if preferred, the sleeves could be gathered into bands and the neck made with a standing collar. The closing is made invisibly at the back. The body and skirt portions are cut in one, so that the dress is very simple and easily made.

For the 6-year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 or 44, with 1 yard of all-over embroidery 18 inches wide.

The pattern of the dress, 7074, is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years of age; the embroidery pattern, 583, includes four yards.

The dress made in sailor style is always a favorite for the younger girls. This one includes a straight skirt that can be either plaited or gathered, and a collar that can be made square or round. In the illustration the material is linen, but frocks of this kind are made from various washable materials, from serge, from flannel, from cashmere, and, indeed, from very simple childish material with the collar either of the same or in contrast, as liked. The skirt is joined to a body lining and this lining is faced to form the shield. The blouse is separate. In this case, the lower edges of the sleeves are tucked to form cuffs, but they can be joined to straight cuffs to match the collar, if preferred. The linen illustrated is a fashionable as well as a satisfactory material, and will be quite appropriate for many weeks to come, but this same dress could be made of white serge with collar of blue or of blue serge with collar of white, to be exceedingly smart and to become available for cooler days.

For the 10-year size will be required 6 yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 36 or 3 yards 44, with ½-yard 27 inches wide for the collar when made of contrasting material.

The pattern, 7096, is cut in sizes for girls from 6 to 12 years of age.

Many Materials

AN exceptional popularity for lingerie dresses is reported this year. The business done in these lines has even exceeded the expectations which emphasizes the fact that this summer will be pre-eminently a dress season.

A variety of materials which range all the way from checked ginghams to fine cotton voiles and marquisettes are shown in lingerie dresses. Cotton voiles are said to be exceptionally strong, while the great favor demonstrated for marquisettes has not subsided. The voiles are shown in white and colors. Cross bar effects and corded or satin stripes are good. Bandings of laces and embroideries are everywhere prominent in the white dresses; these are often used in connection with strappings of colored materials in soft shades of pale blue, pink, etc.

Empire styles, kimono sleeves, and low necks in round and square effects are features. The use of ribbons for trim-

Dress Pattern No. 7074
Embrnidery Pattern No. 583

Dress Pattern No. 7096

Coat Pattern No. 7044
Skirt Pattern No. 6827

Dress Pattern No. 7023

mings is quite a prominent feature. A sash of black velvet ribbon with long ends hanging down the left side in front is one of the latest ideas for wearing with lingerie dresses.

Striped linen dresses trimmed with white embroideries have been good sellers, and a demand is reported for white mulls.

Cotton foulards with Persian banding effects enjoy great favor. Ginghams in plaids and checks trimmed with plain colors have sold well.

Cassimere-de-soie, a non-transparent silk and wool material, which is almost as light weight as chiffon, is a new feature in New York. Batistes in plain colors with trimmings of Irish or Maltese laces are favorably talked of.

In the spring lines foulard silks have been very popular, and a continuation of this trade is expected for some time at least. Natural sheer linen in hand-embroidered effect are shown.

With the Fashionable Fichu

THE gown that is worn with a fichu is exceedingly fashionable this season, and it is so dainty, so essentially feminine and so thoroughly charming that its popularity is likely to be continued through several seasons. In the illustration, the gown is made of figured net, trimmed with flounces of lace edged with silk, and the fichu is of plain white net, trimmed with lace of the sort. The effect is one of unusual charm. The skirt is cut to the high waist line and makes its own finish. If liked, the fichu could be omitted, for the blouse and skirt make a complete costume without. This blouse is cut out to form a square neck and trimmed with straight banding, but the model is a plain one that can be treated in several ways. It is fitted by means of under-arm gores that are extended into the sleeve portions to form gussets. The neck can be round or high, or square, and the sleeves can be left loose or gathered into bands.

The skirt is six-gored. In this case, it is made without the trimming portions, and the straight ruffles are arranged over it, but the pattern includes trimming portions as indicated in the back view. No prettier nor more fashionable model for a summer dinner gown could be found, but one of the great advantages of this design is to be found in the fact that it can be used for many purposes. The skirt without the ruffles and either with or without the trimming portions, becomes adapted to tailors' materials, and makes an excellent model for the suit or the odd skirt of the incoming season. The blouse is equally satisfactory for the entire gown, and for wear with the separate skirt. The fichu can be terminated at the under-arms, as in this instance, or extended to form a sash, and it can be made either double or single.

For a woman of medium size the fichu will require 2 yards of material 36 inches wide, with 6 yards of banding and 9 yards of lace; for the blouse will be needed 2¼ yards 27, 1¾ yards 36 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, and for the skirt 6 yards 27, 4 yards 36, or 3½ yards 44 when material has no up and down, but if there is figure or nap 6¾ yards 27, 4½ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide will be required. To make the three ruffles will require 11 yards of lace with ¾-yard 21 inches wide for the silk banding.

The pattern of the fichu, 7056, is cut in one size only. The blouse, 7060, in sizes from 34 to 44 bust. The skirt, 6989, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

A Dainty Midsummer Gown

NO material makes dainter or more attractive midsummer gowns than embroidered Swiss muslin. This one is trimmed with Irish lace and with little frills. It is smart and in every way to desired. The blouse is one of the very new ones made with a sailor collar, and it can be finished with straight bands of trimming, as in this instance, or with shaped cuffs. If under sleeves are liked, they can be used, but the simple straight sleeves finished with frills are new and fashionable.

The skirt is cut in four gores, and the front and the back gores are stitched to give a box-plait effect. It can be made either to the high or natural waist line. The trimming over the hips and the trimming above a wide hem make an exceedingly smart combination, and one that is greatly liked, but the skirt is a plain one that can be trimmed in any way that may be liked. If a high neck blouse is preferred this one can be finished with the regulation stock collar and worn either with or without the sailor collar. The model will be found a most satisfactory one for the incoming season as well as for the present.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1⅜ yards 36 or 44, with ⅝-yard 18 inches wide for the sailor collar and ⅞-yard of banding for the sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27 or 36, or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 3½ yards of lace banding. When the plaits are laid flat the skirt measures 2½ yards at the lower edge.

The pattern of the blouse, 7086, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust. The skirt, 7094, in sizes from 22 to 34 inches waist.

Frocks for Young Girls

DRESSES that are made with the high waist line are the preferred ones for young girls. Here are two that are charming. They are youthful and attractive at the same time that they are in the height of style, and both will be found available for small women.

The dress to the left is made in semi-princess style with the skirt and blouse joined and closed together at the back. Both blouse and skirt are made of contrasting materials and the effect is a most attractive one. Eyelet embroidery and batiste are the materials shown, with the yoke of Irish crochet and trimming of ball fringe, but frocks such as this one can be made available for morning wear if plain material is used, for afternoon occasions when treated after such a manner as this one. The skirt gives the panel effect at front and back that is new and smart, and the blouse includes pretty close fitting under sleeves. If liked, it can be made high at the neck with a stock collar.

For the 16-year size will be required 3½ yards of all-over embroidery 44 inches wide, with 2⅛ yards of plain material 27 and ⅞-yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide to make as illustrated. To make of one material throughout will be needed 6¼ yards 27, 4¾ yards 36, or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 7075, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The second dress is made with separate blouse and skirt, but the skirt is finished with a band of embroidery at the upper edge and adjusted over the blouse to give the semi-princess effect. Both are closed at the left of the front, and, if liked, they can be stitched together. The little chemisette and under sleeves are in every way attractive and the six-gored skirt can be trimmed just as illustrated or in any way that may be preferred. In this case, a band is arranged over it eleven inches from the lower edge and it is continued over the seam at the left of the front, but there are various ways in which this dress could be trimmed. A pretty effect could be obtained by scalloping the edges of the blouse and by lapping the edges of the skirt where now there is banding and scalloping to match. Scallops are greatly in vogue and any trimming that means hand-work is always distinctive, collarless necks are greatly in vogue, and much to be desired whenever becoming, but a stock collar can be added to the chemisette whenever desirable.

For a girl of sixteen years of age the blouse will require 2⅛ yards of material 27 or 36, or 1⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾-yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and under sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 5¼ yards 27, 3½ yards 36, or 3¼ yards 44; to trim the entire frock will require 6 yards of banding.

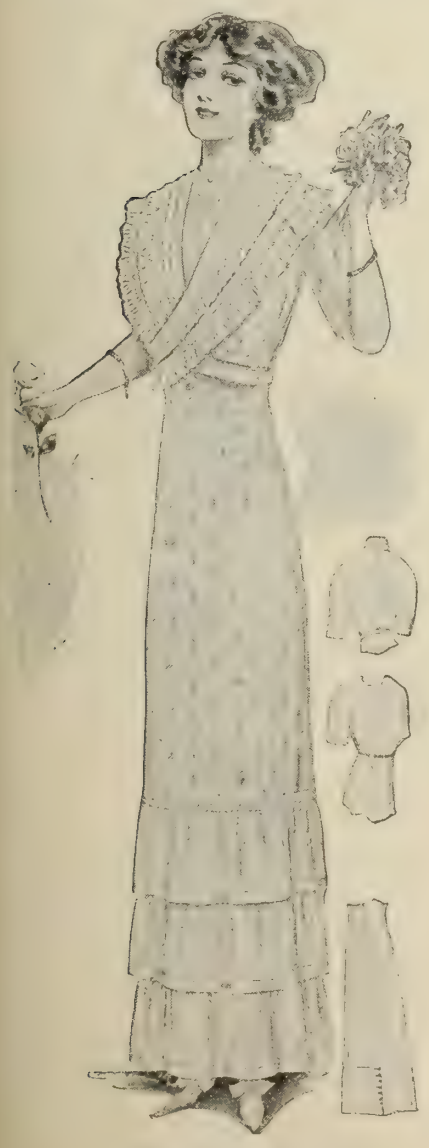
The pattern of the blouse, 7092, and of the skirt, 7093, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Miladi's Handbag

NOT for a long, long time has there been such a radical change in fashions in handbags as this season has witnessed. The very practical leather bag has been the accompaniment of almost every costume for three or four years, but it is now temporarily in oblivion. All manner of gay, pretty and frivolous-looking bags have become the fad, but the fancy will probably be worn out in a season or two. The very fact that even the more elaborate ones are daily increasing in size seems to augur a speedy return to the more practical leather bag. Indeed it is so convenient as to have become almost a necessity.

In Paris the main idea in regard to the handbag seems to be to have it as large as possible. The larger it is the smarter the effect, so it is believed. They are shown square, oblong, or perfectly round in shape, while others are square at the top and taper to a point at the bottom. Some of the shapes are unique and really beautiful, but their most fascinating feature is their flatness. However large the bag may be, it must not bulge. In some of the bags, the real place for holding things is very limited, being only at the top; the sides of the bag are stitched together at a certain distance down, while a fringe weights the edge. The more expensive ones have a touch of gold. In fact, in spite of its large size, everything about the new handbag reveals that it is much more a thing of beauty than of practical use.

Gold and silver mesh bags are still being carried, and the familiar beaded bag has come into new favor. Tapestry bags are quite a novelty, and some of them are very pretty, when the



Fichu Pattern No. 7056
Waist Pattern No. 7060
Skirt Pattern No. 6989

Waist Pattern No. 7086
Skirt Pattern No. 7094

Dress Pattern No. 7075

Waist Pattern No. 7092
Skirt Pattern No. 7093

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colors are not too bright. The tapestries are intended as imitations of the wonderful old-time Gobelins, and the frames are usually of gold or silver.

Many handsome bags are designed especially to suit the costume with which they are to be carried, and a fashionable shop showed last week a window full of new bags, each one accompanied by a parasol that matched it exactly.

Romper Pattern No. 6273

Child's Rompers

THERE is no garment that the little child wears that is more serviceable or more to be desired than this one. It can be drawn on over the frock and used to protect it, or it can be worn in place thereof and it is roomy and com-Gingham, chambray, percale, all the inexpensive printed wash fabrics, are appropriate and also the sturdier linen and galatea for very hard usage. In this instance chambray is finished with plain stitched edges and the rompers are made high at the neck with a standing collar and with long sleeves. A rolled-over collar could be substituted, however, or the neck could be cut out square and three-quarter sleeves can be used in place of the long ones.

The rompers are made with front portions and legs that are cut in one and with the back portion of the body. The leg portions are gathered and joined to a band and are buttoned into place and the lower edges are finished with hems in which elastic is inserted to regulate the size. The sleeves are the simple full ones that are finished with straight bands, or cuffs, and the belt keeps the garment in position.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 3¾ yards 24 or 27, 2¼ yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern 6273 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Child's Dress with Bloomers

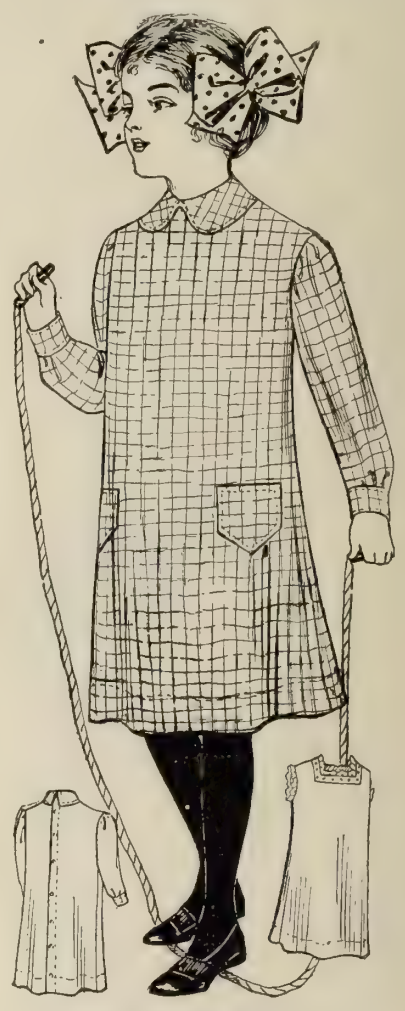
SUCH dresses as this one that are cut with waist and skirt portions in one are much liked for the little girls and are especially in demand at this season when washable materials are being made up. This one can be made either with the square neck or high, and it is equally desirable in both styles. It can be trimmed with bands or contrasting material as illustrated, or with banding as liked, or the edges could be scalloped and embroidered if a very dainty effect were wanted. Chambray is the material illustrated, and the bands are of white linen, but little girls wear linen and percales and all sturdy materials of the sort for morning, and the same dress would be pretty made from white lawn or Dresden dimity for afternoon occasions. There are accompanying bloomers which dispense with the need of petticoats and mean both comfort for the child and relief for the washwoman, but these can be used or omitted as occasion demands.

The dress is made with front and back portions, and is laid in tucks at the shoulders. It is closed to the left of the front in the fashionable Russian style. Whether the sleeves are long or short they are gathered into bands. The bloomers are circular and fitted by means of darts over the hips so that there is no fulness at the waist band.

The quantity of material required for the medium size, 14 years, is 5 yards 24 or 27, 3¾ yards 32, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with ¾-yard 27 for trimming.

The pattern, 6605, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Dress Pattern No. 6605



Apron Pattern No. 6775

Girl's Apron

APRONS that really cover the dress are what active girls require. This one can be made simply and plainly, as in this case, or with square neck, or without sleeves and without pockets, as shown in the small view. It is simple and easily made. It is practical and protective. It is in every way suited to the hours of play. Gingham, chambray, linen and a great many of the inexpensive wash fabrics are appropriate for the apron with sleeves, lawns and the like for the one made as shown in the back view.

The apron is made with fronts and backs. When high neck is used the collar is joined to the edge. The sleeves

are moderately full, and finished with straight bands.

The quantity of material required for 12-year size is 5 yards 24 or 27, or 3¼ yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern, 6775, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12, and 14 years of age.

Muslin Underwear

IT is noted that all classes of garments, regardless of price, are made of soft materials in sympathy with the prevailing garment style, which is

Suit Pattern No. 6703

close fitting. The fit of undermuslins is being more carefully looked to by manufacturers this season than ever before, and the result of this extra care bestowed upon them is to be found in a bigger variety of acceptable garments at popular prices than was hitherto produced.

Boy's Suit

THERE is no suit that is better adapted to the small boy than this one made in blouse style with the big becoming sailor collar. It will be found appropriate for linen and for galatea, for madras and similar materials and it also is well adapted to the suit of cooler weather made from serge, shepherd's check and similar materials. For dressy occasions the same model will be pretty made from silk, and ribbed silk is much liked, white for really formal occasions, dark color for those of more frequent occurrence.

The suit is made with blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse consists of front and back portions, the front being tucked to give the effect of a wide box plait while the sailor collar is arranged over the shoulders. There is a standing collar at the neck edge. The sleeves are in one piece each, tucked at the wrists. The knickerbockers are made in regulation style, drawn up by means of elastic inserted in hems at the lower edges.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 3⅞ yards of material 24 or 27, 3⅜ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 4¼ yards of braid.

The pattern 6703 is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Boy's Sailor Blouse Suit

THE sailor blouse suit is a becoming and altogether satisfactory one for the younger boys. It means comfort to them and it means general neatness and attractive effect. This one is made with the deep sailor collar that is so well liked this season and with a separate shield and will be found available for all seasonable materials. Blue linen makes this one and the shield is of white, but galateas are much liked for boys' suits, cotton repp and khaki are much used also and for the really warm weather washable materials of still lighter weight are called into requisition. For immediate wear serge or shepherd's check with shield of white would be smart and altogether desirable. Blue serge is always pretty and blue seems to suit the sailor costume especially well.

The suit consists of blouse and trousers. The blouse is finished with hems at

Suit Pattern No. 6643

the front edges and with the sailor collar at the neck. There is a hem at the lower edge in which elastic can be inserted. The separate shield is adjusted under it and buttoned into place beneath the collar while it is closed at the back. The full sleeves are made in one piece each and gathered into bands. The trousers can be gathered into bands at the lower edge and finished with bands to which buckles are attached to regulate the size, or they can be turned up and hemmed and elastic be inserted as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 5¼ yards 24 or 27, 4¼ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6643 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Suit Pattern No. 6717

Boy's Suit

THE suit with the side-front closing is always a favorite for the small boy, and this model is simple as well as smart. It will be found appropriate for linen, galatea and all similar mate-

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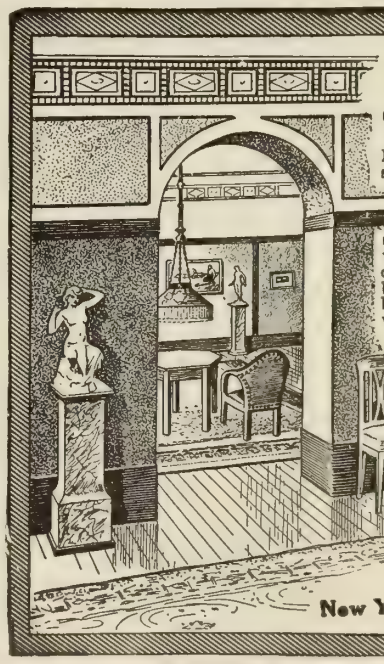

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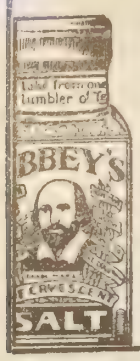

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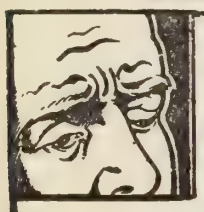

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rials and is also well adapted to a suit for cooler weather made from heavier materials.

The suit consists of the blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse is made simply with fronts and back, and closes

Blouse Pattern No. 7070

with buttons and buttonholes, while the sleeves are laid in tucks at the wrists. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort, drawn up by means of elastic at the knees.

The quantity of material required for the medium size, 4 years, is 3¼ yards 27, 2⅝ yards 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 6717, is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Plain Shirt Waist

THE plain shirt waist that is made in peasant style is a new and smart one. This one is finished with the regulation box plait and with regulation sleeves, but it is no trouble to make, as the sleeves make part of the waist and do not require fitting to the armholes. The under-arm gores that are extended into the sleeve portions to form gussets provide additional freedom and snug fit. In the illustration, French percale is finished with simple stitching, but waists of this kind are made from all simple, seasonable materials, silk and flannel, as well as the washable ones.

The blouse is made with two main portions, that are joined at the center back, and the under-arm gores. The openings in the sleeves are finished with over-laps and the straight cuffs are joined to the lower edges. The pocket can be used or omitted as liked. The neck can be finished either with a neck-band or round collar.

For the medium size will be required 2⅜ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7070, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

House Jacket

BREAKFAST jackets that can be belted are always desirable ones. This one can be treated in that way or left loose as preferred, and it also allows a choice for square or high neck, elbow or long sleeves, so that it really supplies every demand. Ring dotted cotton foulard is the material illustrated with trimming of beading threaded with ribbon. When made with square neck the fronts are cut out but the back is left high.

The jacket is made with fronts and back. The fronts are slightly full and finished with hems. When cut out to form the square they are joined to a narrow band, when made high they are finished with the rolled-over collar. The elbow sleeves are made simply in one piece each, gathered at their upper edges. The long sleeves are moderately full and gathered into bands at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 27, 3¾ yards

Apron Pattern No. 6952

32, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of banding.

The pattern, 6580, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure.

House Jacket Pattern No. 6580

Work Apron

THE apron that is becoming and attractive, at the same time that it is protective, is the perfect one. Here is a model that, added to all its other advantages is easy to make and easy to slip on and off. It is supplied with big pockets that add to its convenience.

The apron is made with front and side portions. The front is extended to form straps and the side portions are lapped at the back. There is a belt which is attached to one side of the apron and buttoned into place at the other. The straps are crossed and buttoned to the belt. The pockets are arranged over the side-fronts and stitched to position.

For the medium size the apron will require 4¾ yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6952, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust.

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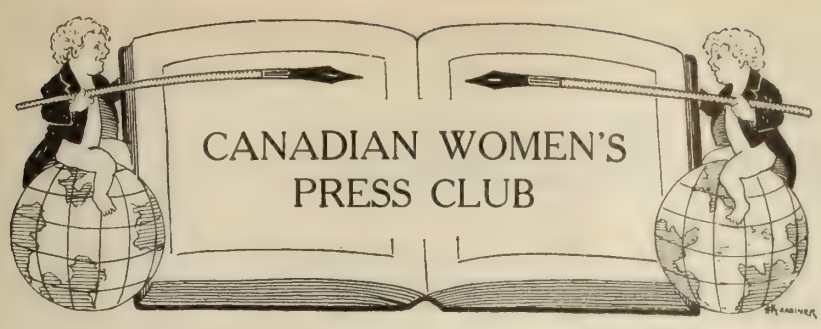

THE Winnipeg branch of the C.W.P.C. will celebrate its fourth birthday next September. The air of the West has agreed with it splendidly, and it is healthy, strong and well developed. It started life in a very unpretentious manner, the outgrowth of a social gathering, following the 1907 Annual Meeting of the Dominion Club at Winnipeg, and its birthplace was the home of Mrs. Rockwell C. Osborne, who is president of the branch for the current year. Of charter members, there were about six or eight, and it was a mutual privilege when the election of officers resulted in Miss E. Cora Hind becoming first President. Miss Lillian K. Beynon held the position of

MISS E. CORA HIND.

Secretary for the first year, and Miss Mary S. Mantle is the present Secretary. The branch now has twenty-seven members, and the different lines of work they undertake are both representative and interesting. Society, commercial, musical, theatrical, medical and municipal, home departments, children's departments, book reviews, poetry, literary notes, magazine articles, advertising, reporting, editing and authorship. All these branches of literary work have their representatives in the Winnipeg Women's Press Club.

The following brief accounts of the work of some of the members may be of general interest:—

Miss Lillian K. Beynon might be called a product of the West, although she was born in old Ontario. She came West when quite young, graduated from Manitoba University, and for six years taught in the public and high schools of the province. Five years ago she entered journalism as assistant editor of the weekly *Free Press*. Later she was editor of the "Woman's Department" in both the weekly and daily *Free Press*, where she is known as Lillian Laurie. At present, Miss Beynon is a regular contributor to the *Free Press*, does free lance work, and is organizer for the Women's Section of the Saskatchewan University Extension Department.

Miss Ella Cora Hind is a charter member of C.W.P.C. She is the commercial editor of the Manitoba *Free Press*, Western correspondent of the *Canadian Farm*, Toronto, editor "Woman's Quiet Hour," in *Western Home Monthly*, and "The Woman About Town," in Winnipeg *Town Topics*. Miss Hind also contributes to English papers letters on commercial and agricultural subjects. She was the first president of the Winnipeg local branch.

Mrs. C. P. Walker devotes herself to musical and dramatic work. She is press agent for the Walker Theatre, and for Mr. C. P. Walker's other theatres. Mrs. Walker is part owner of *Town Topics*, Winnipeg, and contributes to it, "The Matinee Girl," and the "Drama" sections. Mrs. Walker contributed to the *Canadian Home Journal* last summer a most entertaining account of her musical and dramatic career.

Mrs. Frederick Livesay, "Kilmeny" (formerly Florence Hamilton Randal, of Compton, Quebec), is editor of Children's Page, weekly *Free Press*, Winnipeg, and special writer. Her first verse and sketches appeared in the *Canadian Magazine*, *Saturday Night* and *Globe*. Was society editor of Ottawa *Journal*, resigning to go to South Africa as one of the Canadian teachers in Concentration Camps where she acted as special correspondent of the Ottawa *Journal*. Mrs. Livesay writes occasionally for *Canada*, and *Standard of Empire*, and for various Canadian and American periodicals. She was married to Mr. Fred. B. Livesay, Manager Western Associated Press, and has one daughter.

Mrs. Valance Patriarche began at fifteen as assistant editor of the Harbord Collegiate paper. Then she wrote street sketches for *Saturday Night*, articles for *Sunday World*, *Globe*, *Grip*, *The Week*, stories for *Canadian Magazine*, *Munsey*, and other American journals. While in Edinburgh, Mrs. Patriarche wrote some stories and articles for weekly papers there. Lately she has published a book—"Tag," some verse in *Putnam's*, and now has sketches weekly in Winnipeg *Free Press*.

Miss Florence B. Lediard entered journalistic work from school teaching in 1905, beginning her career with the *Farmer's Advocate* of London, Ont. Miss Lediard has been with the *Farmer's Advocate* Winnipeg, for five years. Before and during that time has written occasionally for magazines, including a poem, and some jokes. She counts it her greatest achievement and reward to have known the women of Western Canada.

Mrs. Jean Somerville Hughes is editorial writer and news editor for the *Western Canada Medical Journal*.

MISS ANNA LAKE, who is enjoying a holiday in Oregon, and who writes enthusiastically of its green valleys and rose hedges, was known to readers of the Toronto *Globe*, as "Maria." During her many years' association with that journal, her work, both as artist and journalist, has been of a high order. She understands thoroughly the varied requirements of a woman's page, and makes the most domestic topics entertaining to every reader. Her discussions on

MISS ANNA LAKE.

"the size of the loaf," in connection with Toronto's food supply was most capably conducted, and showed that "our daily bread" is ever a subject of absorbing interest. As a special correspondent on matters outside what is conventionally considered woman's sphere, she showed the same journalistic qualities of a grasp of the "news" aspect, and the ability to present it strikingly. Her bright and gracious manner makes her a most welcome member at Press Club gatherings, and it is hoped she may soon return from the Oregon valley to less glowing but not less friendly environment.

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Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
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The Institute and the Home

"FOR Home and Country," the Institute motto, has frequently been dwelt upon, as an appropriate maxim for such an association. In a paper by Mrs. J. H. Coatsworth, of the Kingsville Branch, South Essex, the connection between the Institute and the Home is treated with discrimination.

It is in order, no doubt, to say a few words regarding the work and the object of our Institute. As our motto, "For Home and Country," indicates, our object is to arouse a desire to attain to an ideal home life in every respect.

In connection with Institute work, subjects are dealt with which relate to the teaching of a higher standard, morally, mentally, and physically. Many subjects are introduced and discussed which are interesting and beneficial to old and young alike. No woman is regarded as too old either to become a member of our Institute, or to express opinions on any question under discussion. We are pleased that we have quite a large number of young girls, who are taking an active interest in the work.

Some may think that we attend the meetings just to have a good time. Well, what if we do? Are not the busy housewives and mothers entitled to at least one afternoon of each month, in which they can have a good time? We are all familiar with the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." In my opinion that saying applies just as much to Jill as it does to Jack. If too much work has a tendency to make Jack grow dull will it not have the same effect on Jill?

If we did nothing more than call together once a month, the mothers of our neighborhood that they might for a few hours forget, if possible, the anxieties of home duties, we would accomplish something towards making this world brighter and happier.

We members of the Institute were not slow to recognize the fact that laughter has a mission to perform in this world. So the sparkle of wit and humor is not frowned upon, but rather is encouraged at our gatherings. The good old proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," is as true to-day as it ever was. If we can, by bringing those of cheery disposition in contact with those who feel discouraged and down-hearted, cause the latter to enjoy themselves for a short time, are we not administering the much-needed medicine referred to?

Any organization which has for its object the introduction of higher ideals and nobler sentiments, is distinctly missionary in its character. Yet we cannot allow our Institute to supplant our missionary societies. If we do, we are not loyal to our home or Institute. In order to fulfil our duty to the inmates of our homes we must endeavor to impress truths on their minds, which will teach them to look beyond the confines of their own community and develop in them a sympathy for those dark parts of the world where Christianity is unknown. By the interest we ourselves take in foreign work, can we cultivate in our children that generous and well-developed nature which will enable them to regard all mankind as brothers.

The home determines the position which any country will occupy in comparison with other countries of the world. Can you conceive of a more worthy object for any society than the improvement of the home? Is not the mother the most potent factor in the establishment of the home? Then, is it not a step in the right direction for us to meet and exchange views on the numberless questions which the conscientious housekeeper and home-maker daily meets with?

It is not the house which makes the home any more than it is the body that makes the human being, but it is the nameless influence which the child first remembers, and is last to be forgotten by the oldest man or woman.

Men may construct dwelling places which will be palaces, but to women belongs the secret of imparting the true atmosphere of home. Sometimes the boundaries of mother's home life may seem rather limited, but when we consider that to her pre-eminently belongs the task of molding and fashioning the characters of our children, is not hers the farthest reaching of all occupations entrusted to mankind?

We at our Institute are striving to put into actual practice the helpful suggestions regarding the ideal home, realizing that when it becomes possible for us to have the ideal home, the ideal country will be a natural result.

The 20th Century Farmer's Wife

MRS. S. LEE, of Newton Robinson, South Simcoe district, has written some valuable reflections on the above subject:

Farms and farm life are gradually improving. The twentieth century is emphasizing the gospel of leisure. Leisure not only for rest, but for culture, intercourse and pleasure. Like most other developments, this idea has reached the city before the country, but gradually it is permeating the rural districts.

Formerly the farmer bought an increasing variety of implements to hasten and also to lighten his work. Manlike, he thought of himself first, of the money he could save and the easier times he could have. The modern farmer realizes the equal rights of his wife, and in many cases gives her first consideration.

The rapid development of the past few years is but an augury of that which will take place in the near future. Indications of good times are in evidence. Improvements have increased rapidly during the past few years. Many homes have been beautified. Neat, comfortable homes have been erected with a view to utility and comfort.

Many of our country homes are already equipped with nearly every convenience found in a city home. We have our bath rooms, laundry rooms, soft and hard water, both hot and cold, in the house, and other appointments designed to make housework easier and life more livable.

The twentieth century farmers' wives are not the drudges their grandmothers or even their mothers were during the past century. Gradually many labor-saving devices have been added to the home, things that would have surprised our grandmothers during the early part of the past century. The cream separator has taken the place of the old-fashioned hand skimmer that our mothers had to use. Then we have our butter workers, bread mixers, kitchen cabinets and many other articles which save us so much useless work.

Laundries have opened up in all our nearby towns, where farmers' wives can send their laundry and have it washed and ironed at small cost. Of late years, even the family sewing machine rattle seems less frequently heard. Tailored and ready-made clothes take the place of home-made garments. This gives the housewife more leisure, and possibly better style.

Then much of the rough and heavy work has been lightened for her. All this gives the farmer's wife more time for outdoor exercise. We have more time for our gardens; consequently we should be more healthy. Then we have more time for reading and can keep posted on the leading questions of the day. We have more time to study the needs and conditions of our country. The future of Canada depends upon what Canadians are doing for themselves to-day. The boys and girls of to-day will determine the Canadians of the next generation. This applies to our agricultural population, for farming has always been the mainstay of this province.

IN AN ONTARIO FIELD.

As farmers' wives, we have much to do with the building up of the future generation. Let us see to it that we make our homes as attractive as we can. Let us set out a few shrubs and flowers, plant out a few trees and vines. Then we are learning more all the time of the benefits of fresh air. And yet how much we have yet to learn in regard to this great natural cure for so many ailments. It is a subject on which the farmer's wife should make herself an expert.

Then the well-regulated twentieth century farm home should give opportunity from the earliest years for the development in the home circle of the spirit of interest in farm life and farm work. The home atmosphere has much to do in determining the inclination of the boy and girl. The women of the farm homes would do well to study this problem.

Then our homes are the great controlling force in morals. Women are the most potent factors in developing the moral life of the youth. In these days of exciting competition for more wealth and power, it is well to keep before us the building up of prosperous, contented, happy rural families, upon which our country's future will so largely depend. We have our Women's Institute meetings, where the farmers' wives can meet together and talk over ways and means of promoting our own interests, easier methods of doing our work, and better ways of preparing food.

To the many other advantages, we have the introduction of the rural telephone, and it is doing away with the isolation of many farm homes. It also has the advantage of connecting distant communities and creating a friendliness among people who otherwise might not come in helpful contact with one another. These are but a few of the pleasures and conveniences of the twentieth century farmer's wife.

Summer Beverages

FROM the Rodney Institute, a paper by Mrs. A. D. McGugan, on "Summer Beverages," has been received, which we publish as of decided interest to many readers.

When it is remembered that the body is made up very largely of water, it will be understood how important to health is a constant supply of this fluid. Many people have the idea that to drink water in any amount beyond that which is actually necessary to quench thirst, is injurious, and acting on this belief they drink as little as possible. The notion, however, is wide of the truth. Drinking freely of pure water is a most efficacious means, not only of preserving health, but often of restoring failing health.

All the tissues of the body need water. The water of the tissues and that of the blood are interchangeable, and water in abundance is necessary for the proper performance of every vital function. Cleanliness of the tissues within the body is as necessary to health and comfort as cleanliness of the skin, and water tends to insure the one as truly as it does the other. These waste materials, within the body, are frequently poisonous, and many a headache, many rheumatic pains and aches, many sleepless nights and listless days are due solely to the circulation in the blood, or deposit in the tissues, of these waste materials which cannot be got rid of because of an insufficient supply of water.

When water enters the stomach, it does not stay there until it is absorbed into the system, but begins to flow almost at once, in little gushes, into the intestine. It takes about three-quarters of an hour for the stomach to empty itself of a pint of cold water. As heat increases the movement of the walls of the stomach, hot water escapes in even a shorter time. It is therefore an excellent plan to wash out the stomach the first thing in the morning with a drink of hot water, or, better still, with hot water to which a little salt has been added, as the stomach empties itself in a very few minutes of hot, salty water. But at any time of the day drink plenty of water. It will help to keep the food in motion, assist in dissolving the food, wash out all the digestive organs so no waste matter lingers in them, and help generally to keep the system in good order. Physicians at the sanitariums tell us to drink at least four pints a day.

We might consider for a moment some of the beverages we use daily in our homes. Tea, we all know, is made from the leaves of a plant. The treatment of the leaves after they are picked varies according to whether black or green tea is to be produced. For black tea the leaves are dried in the sun, then rolled until they are soft, and broken. They are then made into little balls, and allowed to ferment. While fermentation is taking place some of the tannic acid in the leaves is changed into an insoluble form, thus black tea contains less tannin than green tea, as green tea is not allowed to ferment before the

final drying. In the olden days green tea used to be colored with Prussian blue or dried in copper kettles, but this has been done away with. The chief difference now is in the fermentation, which renders the tannin insoluble. Tea should never be boiled, but always made as an infusion. Pour boiling water over the tea and let it stand five or six minutes—not longer, or too much tannic acid will be extracted. The practise of allowing tea to boil, or of using leaves twice, with a small additional supply for the second pot, cannot be too strongly condemned. After the tea has stood five or six minutes the liquid should be poured off the leaves into a hot teapot, so no more tannin will be extracted. It can then be kept hot for any length of time.

Tea in itself has no food value. It is, however, a stimulant to the nervous system. Taken in moderate quantities it is not harmful. Where the mistake is made is either by taking too much or by drinking tea which has not been properly prepared.

Coffee, like tea, has to be cured by heat. It is a berry which has to be roasted to produce either odor or flavor. Coffee affects the nervous system much the same as tea, the stimulant being caffein. It is said by some that a cup of strong coffee will relieve headache. This is due to the stimulating effect of the large amount of caffein extracted in the preparation, and the nerves are over stimulated to renewed action. Later a feeling of lassitude will be felt, as coffee is a heart depressant as well as a nerve tonic. When first taken the heart beats more forcibly and rapidly, but this soon changes, and a heavy, stupid feeling is the result.

Cocoa was first taken to European countries from America, Columbus having carried it from Mexico in 1520, before either tea or coffee had been introduced into Europe. Cocoa is prepared from the seeds of a fruit which resembles a cucumber in appearance. These seeds, like black tea, are allowed to ferment, and are then roasted. This produces a dark color, and takes away the bitter taste of the seeds. They are then passed through hot rollers, which melt the seeds and removes part of the fat. The chief difference between chocolate and cocoa is that the fat is not removed from the chocolate. Cocoa has considerable food value, and has no injurious effect on the nervous system.

Of milk, we cannot take too much. Too often those who have to buy it think of it as a luxury which they can afford to take only in limited quantities. This is a mistake. It is one of the cheapest animal foods we can buy. In regard to its nutritive value, milk stands very high, and its worth is not appreciated as it should be, especially when we compare its cost with its value as a food. There is as much nourishment in a quart of milk or buttermilk as there is in a quart of oysters or a pound of beef.

No home-made beverage is more wholesome and delicious than those made with fruit syrups, and every housewife should provide a few jars of each in the season of small fruits. From analysis it has been proven that apples, berries, and stone fruits furnish a rich pure blood that nourishes strong muscles and a clean physical economy. It is perhaps not interesting to the average housewife to learn the amount of carbon, starch, albumen, and sugar this food contains. What she does wish to know is the best nourishment for the brains and bodies of those of her household and how to serve it so as to be healthful and attractive. Beverages made from our fresh fruits are both nourishing and refreshing. Properly made and stored they keep as well as canned fruits, and, besides making delicious drinks, these fruit syrups are fine for flavoring ices, creams, and other desserts. The fruit syrups require more sugar than jellies and should be made from perfectly ripe fruit. Use granulated sugar, earthen or graniteware vessels, and wooden or silver spoons. When done, they can be bottled, but are more convenient when kept in pint size fruit jars.

For currant syrup.—Wash, drain on a cloth, and stem the currants; mash thoroughly and set in a warm place for twenty-four hours, or until fermentation begins (this destroys the pectin contained in the fruit, and prevents the juice from jellying). Drain the juice through a cheesecloth bag that has been wrung out of hot water; measure and allow two pounds of sugar for each pint of juice. Set over a slow fire and stir constantly until every particle of sugar is dissolved. As soon as it is boiling hot take from the fire, skim, and when cold pour into jars and seal. Make cherry, raspberry, or a combination of raspberry and currant syrup in the same way. Use about a quarter of a glass of syrup to a glass of cold water.

For strawberry syrup.—Put four pounds of sugar over the fire in five cups of cold water. Stir constantly until the sugar is dissolved, measure, return to the stove, and boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water can be rolled between the thumb and finger. Have strawberries mashed and strained as for currant syrup; add one pint of juice for every quart of syrup, stir well, let come to a boil, skim, and seal hot, filling the jars to overflowing. Make pineapple and gooseberry syrup in the same way. We might mention that the juice of the pineapple is highly valued on account of its digestive qualities.

Delicious lemonade can be made from lemon syrup. Grate the yellow rind from six lemons, being sure that the lemons have been well washed, and mix it with three tablespoons of powdered sugar. Squeeze the juice from one dozen lemons and strain out the seeds. Boil the sugared rind for five minutes in two cups of water, add the juice, and for every cup of liquid allow one and one-fourth cups of sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved, boil five minutes, skim, and seal hot.

Strawberry vinegar.—Wash, drain and hull ripe strawberries; put in an earthenware vessel, and nearly cover with cider vinegar, and let stand one or two days. Scald and strain; allow one cup of sugar for each cup of juice; stir until sugar is dissolved, then simmer for fifteen minutes. Skim often and seal hot. Currants, raspberries, or cherries are nice made in the same way.

Orangeade is nice made in the same way as the ordinary lemonade, substituting the juice of the orange for that of the lemon; or the following recipe makes a delicious orangeade, and is always ready: Grate the rind and squeeze out the juice from six oranges; add four pounds sugar, one quart of water, and three ounces of citric acid; let stand twenty-four hours, strain and seal. Use two or three tablespoons of the liquid to a glass of water. The citric acid of this recipe sounds much more indigestible than it really is, as it is simply the acid of lemons, limes, and other fruits, and is generally prepared from lemon juice.

For iced cocoa.—Boil half a cup of cocoa, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, and one cup of water to make a rich syrup. Put this in a jar on the ice, and it is ready to serve at a minute's notice by simply adding a large spoonful to each glass of cold milk.

Grapes are so prized for their medicinal value that I must add a word in their favor. Their free use has a salutary effect on the system, diluting the blood, and dispersing scrofulous humors. The juice of the grape, swallowed slowly, has a healing influence on the tonsils, and is curative in bronchial inflammation. Grapes have also a tonic effect on the liver and kidneys. To make unfermented grape wine put ten pounds of crushed grapes in a porcelain kettle with one quart of water and bring to a boiling point; strain through a jelly bag, add three pounds of granulated sugar, boil for a moment, and seal while hot.

Keeping Boys on the Farm

MRS. W. R. SWAIN, of the Valentia Branch, Women's Institutes, contributes some valuable advice on this subject.

That this paper may be practical, I write these few thoughts more especially to the members of our Institutes, who have their little boys around them, as it depends very much on how they are brought up whether they are fond of home.

Boys seem to grow away from a mother's care so much earlier in their lives than our girls do. For this reason we need to lose no time in instilling into their young minds thoughtfulness. To do this we must not deceive them. They will have their little troubles, but let us help them out of them, let them feel that *mother cares.*

Starting to school will be their first getting away from home. Our children should be our most important work, and the effect of our work and care will last throughout eternity. How important then that we instill right principles into their young minds.

Order seems to be one of the chief essentials. To make our homes attractive let the boys have a place to put their belongings, and see that they are kept there. It will save much con-

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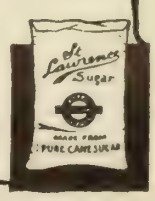
The anxiety as to whether Jams, Marmalades, Preserves and Pickles are going to keep, can be entirely dispelled by using **ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED.**

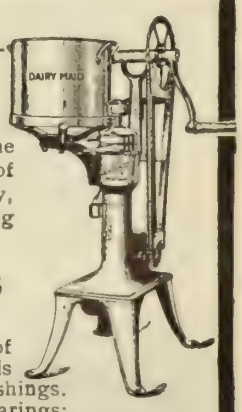
Remember to order ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR — either in barrels, 20 pound bags or by the pound.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited
MONTREAL. 34



When The Cow Has Done Her Part

OF COURSE it's important that the cow do her part. But after that, it's up to your cream separator. If it doesn't get highest quality cream—if it doesn't skim to a trace—you are robbing yourself of the profit that your cows have produced.



I H C Cream Harvesters get full value out of the milk, not for a few months only, but through years of constant service. They have proved their durability, close skimming, easy cleaning, and easy running advantages.

I H C Cream Harvesters

Dairymaid and Bluebell

are the only separators with dust-proof and milk-proof gears, which are easily accessible. The frame is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. These separators have large shafts, bushings, and bearings; the flexible top-bearing is the strongest and most effective found in any separator. The patented dirt-arrester removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated. I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive; and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes.

The I H C local agent will be glad to point out the above features and many others, or, write to nearest branch house for catalogues and other information.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

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I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problem to the I H C Service Bureau.

IHC WAGONS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF ALL LOADS AND ROADS FOR YEARS

THE real proof of the strength, durabilit , and value of I H C wagons is what they have done and are now doing for thousands of farmers throughout the Dominion. Light loads and heavy loads have been carried by I H C wagons, over good roads and bad roads, for so many years that there is hardly a farmer who is not familiar with the high quality that these names on wagons represent—

Petrolia Chatham

Either of these should be your choice if you want to be sure of lifetime service. The quality in both is the highest possible—the result of years of wagon-building experience, and the use of the best materials, shaped by skilled workmen operating with the finest manufacturing equipment.

Petrolia Wagons are constructed of the finest quality wood stock which is thoroughly seasoned by being air dried. The ironing is of the very best. The inspection of each part is most rigid. Petrolia Wagons must be made so that they will live up to the I H C standard of excellence or they are never sent out of the shops.

Chatham Wagons have a long record for satisfactory service in Canada. Made with hard maple axles, oak bolsters, sand boards, rims, and spokes, and oak or birch hubs—they represent the highest standard of wagon construction. When you buy a Chatham wagon it is with the assurance of getting the utmost service and satisfaction out of it.

Be sure to call on the I H C local agent. Get a pamphlet. Let him show you one of these wagons. If you prefer, write for literature or any other information you want to the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house.

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The bureau is a center, where the best ways of doing things on the farm, and data relating to its development, are collected and distributed free to everyone interested in agriculture. Every available source of information will be used in answering questions on all farm subjects. If the questions are sent to the I H C Service Bureau, they will receive prompt attention.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

TORONTO

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Splendid Classification - - Increased Prizes

ALL ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 15th

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J. O. ORR, City Hall, Toronto

A fence of this kind only 16 to 23c. per running foot. Shipped in rolls. Anyone can put it on the posts without special tools. We were the originators of this fence. Have sold hundreds of miles for enclosing parks, lawns, gardens, cemeteries, churches, station grounds, etc., etc. Supplied in any lengths desired, and painted either white or green. Also, Farm Fences and Gates, Netting, Baskets, Mats, Fence Tools, etc., etc. Ask for our 1911 catalog, the most complete fence catalog ever published.

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IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

fusion, and will teach the boys a tidy habit.

Decision is very necessary. When we tell our boys anything we should see that they do it. I have noticed how necessary it is to see that our boys have the right kind of company, that the influences may be for good. What they are taught in youth they never forget. What they read is next to be considered to their companions. What a great deal of harm those low novels and other such trashy books that are not fit to read have done the boys of our country, as well as other countries! We should watch closely the books that they read while they are young and while they are scarcely aware of the harm there is in them. They are so exciting that they take away the desire for better reading.

To make boys fond of the home they should have an interest in the home. Some of the brightest and most useful men of our day and also in the past are men from families that had to use the strictest economy. They had to work together to provide for the needs of the family. In this way they were taught to rely on themselves, and this brought out the best that was in them. If they are taught to be industrious they will be much more contented. I have noticed that those who have been the most successful in training their boys are those that told the boys all the business of the home, and fully explained their circumstances, and let the boy have some way to make some money that he could call his own. In this way they learn to do business and feel more independent.

This seems the reason why boys often get discontented at home—"When they have nothing that they can call their own."

From Various Branches

THE Branch at Rainham Centre has been one of the smallest in the county, but has taken a step in the right direction in having an oyster supper and concert to raise funds for the purpose of purchasing display cases for the protection of the pastry display at the fall fair. The event brought the Institute into the limelight in such a way that advertising could not have done. Great things are predicted for this Institute.

The oyster supper was served in the Vegetable Hall, which was lighted with gas, and beautifully decorated with the Institute colors (purple and gold), which hung in festoons, and added much to the enjoyment of all present.

After supper was served all repaired to the Town Hall, which stands only a few feet away, and were pleased with the profuse decorations of purple and gold and the Institute motto, "For Home and Country," interspersed with Union Jacks, covered the whole end of the hall.

The concert was of a high order, and was opened by the singing of the national song, "O Canada," followed by dialogues, recitations, songs, etc., each rendering their part very creditably to an appreciative audience.

Too much praise cannot be given Mrs W. S. Beam, president of the Selkirk Branch of the Institute, who occupied the chair. She gave a very interesting address concerning the Institute convention, held in Toronto some time ago, at which convention she was a delegate, and her manner of conducting the entertainment met with the approval of all present. During the evening several new members were enrolled.

* * *

The Women's Institute annual meeting, of Haliburton, was held in the Town Hall, May 10th. Every important feature of the work was taken up. Our members present were sixteen.

We endeavor to have a part in the meeting for each member by a response to roll call. Sometimes there is a helpful suggestion, again a recipe. At our May meeting our president was presented with some chinaware. One drawback in our meetings has been a lack of music, even if we have a piano.

The Institute has undertaken to furnish a curtain for the Town Hall, for use during entertainments.

On June 8th our delegate will be with us, from whom we hope to receive much benefit.

South Perth and Others

AT St. Mary's, on June 21st, was held the district convention of the Women's Institute of South Perth in the Methodist Church, Mrs. Proudfoot presiding. Delegates were present from every institute of the district. The reports of the various officers showed the organization to be in a very flourishing condition, last year being the best in its history. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Hugh Thompson, St. Mary's; vice-president, Mrs. Valentine Stock, Tavistock; secretary-treasurer, Miss Pringle, Staffa; auditors, Miss Patrick, Mitchell; Miss Kerslake, Staffa. District directors, Mrs. Tyler, St. Paul's; Mrs. Kemp, Kirkton; Mrs. Roberts, Mitchell; Mrs. Woodley, Fullerton; Mrs. Bollin, St. Mary's; and Mrs. Kastner, Springville. Addresses were given by various members on the work of the institute, and the prospects are bright for increased prosperity during the coming year.

The Dufferin Women's Institute convention, which was held in the town hall, Shelburne, on June 5th, 1911, was well attended by enthusiastic delegates from all the branches in the country.

At the morning business session the following district officers were elected: Dist. Pres., Miss Jennie Hall, Shelburne; vice-pres., Mrs. E. Richardson, Laurel; sec.-treas., Miss E. H. Besley, Shelburne; auditors, Mrs. McClean, Honeywood, and Mrs. Endacott, Orangeville; rep. to W. I. Convention, Toronto, Mrs. Currie, Laurel. Interesting reports were read by the representatives from the different branches of their work during the past year, some of which being as follows: Corbetton Branch has beautified the parsonage and manse grounds with ornamental trees and shrubs to the value of $26.75; Orangeville, Camilla, and Laurel are saving funds to furnish wards in the Orangeville hospital when built; Shelburne is awarding 1st prize $3, 2nd prize $2, 3rd prize $1, at the Dufferin Central Exhibition for best collection canned fruit put up in pint jars and free from acids. This prize is open only to those living in Dufferin county. The district gave $23 to charitable purposes, and $7 to the Hoodless Memorial Fund. Orangeville Branch has resolved that they will not buy anything after 6 o'clock Saturday nights unless they carry it home themselves.

At the opening of the afternoon session the following address was read by Mrs. East, president of Honeywood Branch, to Mrs. Fife, retiring district president:

A COUNTRY ROAD NEAR ROCKWOOD.

Photograph by T. J. McArthur

Dear Mrs. Fife.—We, the members of the Dufferin Women's Institute, desire to take this opportunity of expressing to you our appreciation of the deep interest you have always taken in the work of the Women's Institute. And we feel there could be no more fitting opportunity than the present when representatives from all the branches in the riding are met together in this convention. One common object has drawn us hither, the object as expressed in our motto: "For Home and Country." The desire to learn more about the science of home-making and housekeeping, to discuss methods for the improvement of the home and its surroundings, and to get instruction and information to so elevate the whole tone of the home life that we will be instrumental in helping to build up a high and lofty national character, for we realize that the foundation of the nation is laid in the homes and hearts of the people. In the work that the Women's Institutes have been endeavoring to do you have taken an active part for a number of years. Though handicapped to a great extent by ill-health your interest in the work of the Institute has never flagged. The work has been growing successfully throughout the riding, and it must have been an encouraging thought to you many times that you were one of those who helped to form the Institute, to work for it, and watch its growth to its present strength. The different branches are grateful for the assistance and encouragement you have given them, and trust you may be spared to many years of continued activity in the work with which you have so closely identified yourself. We ask you to accept this gift as a small tangible token of our appreciation. We know that it cannot repay you for the hours of thought and labor you have expended on the work, but trust it will remind you of the good will and appreciation of your co-workers in the Dufferin Women's Institute.

Mrs. Crombie, of Blount, then presented Mrs. Fife with a handsome mantel clock in behalf of all the different branches. Mrs. Fife, although taken by surprise, made a very feeling and appropriate reply.

The afternoon programme was given as follows, and was both interesting and instructive: Opening address, county president; address of welcome, Miss Jennie Hall, Shelburne; reply to address of welcome, Mrs. E. Richardson, Laurel; address, Mr. G. A. Putnam, superintendent of Women's Institutes, Toronto; paper, "The Art of Conversation," Mrs. (Rev.) Rose, Corbetton; paper, "Why I Am a Member of the Institute," Mrs. McClean, Honeywood; paper, "Home," Mrs. Stewart, Bowling Green; paper, "How to Furnish a Living Room for Comfort," Mrs. Cox, Laurel; paper, "Character Building," Miss B. Thompson, Camilla; address, "Home Nursing," Miss Smilie, Toronto.

At the evening session the following programme was given, with Mr. G. A. Putnam presiding: Piano solo, Miss May Hall, Shelburne; address, "Canadian Literature and Writers," Miss Smilie, Toronto; solo, Mrs. Endacott, Orangeville; address, Prof. G. E. Day, O.A.C., Guelph; solo, Miss Berwick, Shelburne; address, Mrs. Endacott, Orangeville; National Anthem.

The Stamford Branch of the Women's Institute was organized on May 29th, 1911, at which meeting two very interesting addresses were given. One was by Miss Robson, of Ilderton, on "The Economic Problem of the Country Girl," and the other, by Mrs. Ferguson, of Strathroy, on "What Place the Institute May Fill in Our Lives." The following officers were appointed: President, Mrs. B. Marsh; vice-president, Mrs. Walters; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. C. Pettit. The next meeting was held on June 7th, 1911, at which the members expressed their opinion on Institute work. Mrs. G. E. Russell, Mrs. A. Wells, and Mrs. Culverhouse were appointed as directors. There are thirty-one members enrolled.

The 12th annual meeting of the Kemble Branch of the Women's Institute met during last May at the home of Mrs. H. Hurlbutt, who is a most genial hostess, and whose esteem is attested by the numbers present, about fifty in all. After the opening exercises, the annual report was given by the secretary, showing the Institute to be in a more flourishing condition than at any time in its history. There are over fifty paid members in all—average attendance about twenty. A number of papers have been given during the year upon many timely and helpful subjects, which are too numerous to write of here. After several nominations ballots were distributed and Mrs. John Jones was re-elected president and Mrs. John Ward vice-president, and Mrs. Jas. Gardner remained secretary for another year. As this was the principal business except some minor details, the programme proper was proceeded with, Mrs. W. McGregor taking charge of the roll-call, to which many responded by giving short selections of poetry, some practical, some humorous, and some pathetic. Then Mrs. Jas. Davidson gave what was the best thing for the afternoon, a paper upon the flowers of May, showing that Mrs. Davidson has a wide and practical knowledge of botany and the classification of plants and flowers, an education which it has no doubt taken years to acquire. She said that Canada produces more varieties of wild flowers, shrubs and trees than any other port of the world, and a great many varieties may be got within our own township and that so-called improved or hot-house varieties have not the inimitable shadings or the woody perfume of so many of our national wildlings. So the wild flowers are the very best ones to decorate our school grounds, and they need not cost us anything but the labor of obtaining them, and also gave directions for planting. At the end of this interesting paper Mrs. A. M. Boyle gave a demonstration upon the virtues of Wondershine as a labor saver in cleaning silver, and samples of work shown made by the "Girls' Club," of which the president is the director. When the meeting was dismissed, the hostess, assisted by a number of pretty girls in white frocks, served an appetising and dainty lunch, when all dispersed and went to their homes well pleased.

"King's weather" favored the brilliant gathering of the joint meetings of Wooler Women's Institute with the Farmers' Institute at the beautiful home of Mr. Esli Terrill, Floral Hill, Wooler. Everyone seemed in the gayest of holiday spirits, and the sun dispensed his beaming rays over a scene not easily forgotten. From one-thirty on to the time advertised as the starting hour—two-thirty—a constant stream of buggies made their way up the picturesque slope leading to the fine old home. As the hour approached there were fully two hundred present.

While the women of the Institute gathered on the fresh green slopes of the lawn, the "farmers" made their way to a place much more interesting to them—the barn. On view there was the fine herd of Holstein cattle which are famed far and wide.

As the women's meeting commenced one looked round on a most representative gathering.

Mrs. S. L. Terrill, the president of the Wooler Branch, introduced the speaker for the afternoon, Mrs. Hunter, of Brampton. She took as her subject one very near to the hearts of her hearers, "Institute Work." The address was interesting from the very start. First of all, she expressed the delight it gave her to be present at such a large, enthusiastic meeting. Warming to her subject she said that anyone engaged in Institute work was always sure of meeting the best women in the land. It was a membership that was always growing, and to-day there are sixteen thousand women, all belonging to this organization in the province of Ontario alone. She drew a vivid picture of the growth of the Institute from its start, from the time, in fact, when it was only called a cooking school. She touched on the question of why so many girls left home, who had no need to do so, and gave as her reason the dislike, among modern girls, of housework. Now, Institute places work on a higher level by teaching and studying household economy. Girls, therefore, ought to give the best of their talents to this, the highest of women's work, making and keeping the home. The mistress of the house should study and develop the mental talents as well as the physical, in her children, and have spare time to spend with them and her husband in the evening, instead of house cleaning all the time.

One of the greatest benefits of Institute work is that it has taken us women out of our homes and kept us from stagnating. It also helps to keep us cheery and helpful. A simple illustration was used of two women who had lived for years within four miles of each other and yet had never spoken till they met at the Institute.

Add water to milk—
You *weaken* the milk.
Add soft wheat to flour—
You *weaken* your flour.
Cheapens it too.
Soft wheat costs less—*worth* less.
Soft wheat flour has less *gluten* less *nutriment.*
Your bread is less nutritious, sustaining, economical.
Soft flour has less *strength,* less *quality gluten.*
Giving less good things for your money and things less good.
Use Manitoba flour—Manitoba *hard* wheat flour.
Having everything the soft stuff *lacks.*
Five Roses is *all* Manitoba.
Without a grain of cheaper wheat.
Strengthen *your* food values.
Use FIVE ROSES.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED MONTREAL

PURITY
QUALITY
UNIFORMITY

you get all three in

Seal Brand Coffee

—the favorite in a million homes
In 1 and 2 pound sealed tins only.

123

25 Corns Removed Every Minute

Five million corns every year—25 every minute—are being removed by Blue-jay. Nobody who knows them uses anything else.

A Blue-jay plaster ends the pain instantly. Then the bit of B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days you lift it out. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience. The plaster is applied in a moment. It is so snug and so comfortable that you simply forget it. One is foolish indeed to suffer from corns when there is such an easy way to get rid of them.

See the Picture

A is the harmless red B & B wax which loosens the corn.
B is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading.
C is the comfortable narrow band which goes around the toe.
D is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

At All Druggists 15c and 25c per Package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

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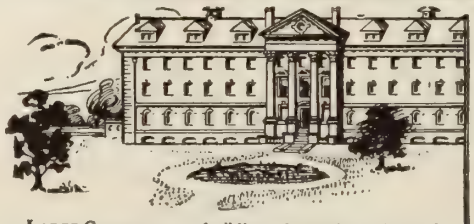
Fall Term commences Sept. 11, 1911



LARGE GROUNDS, new buildings, beautifully situated, with perfect sanitary equipment, electric light, steam heating, roomy, well-ventilated.

COMPETENT instruction, firm discipline, and homelike, Christian influences unite with these material advantages to make Pickering College worthy of your confidence. *For Announcement write*

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PURITY FLOUR

If that name is on the sack you can buy with confidence

"More bread and better bread"

33

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

Continued from page 12

barred, but there remained a number of well-known places where the risk of detection was infinitesimal.

"We'll go to the British Museum. In novels lovers always go to the British Museum when they want to meet in secret, and sit behind a statue. I'll make a point of prowling into every out-of-the-way corner to see if I can surprise any of them, and I'll bow to the mummy case, you must bow too, then perhaps it'll be propitiated, and send us good luck; and we'll go to the Tower, and Madame Tussaud's. I haven't been to Madame Tussaud's since I was ten. I'd love to see it again. It would be safe enough, wouldn't it?"

"Goodness, yes! It's not holiday time. You won't meet anyone there but strangers and tourists," said Pat positively. "Well! If I've to take my choice between marble and wax, I choose wax to-day, as being a degree warmer. Always did think the Museum was a freezing hole!" So to Madame Tussaud's they repaired without further delay.

Pat and Gwen enjoyed the waxworks like a couple of happy children, and were enthusiastic about the modern innovation of set pieces, or *tableaux*. Foremost among these, in that special year, was one purporting to represent a portion of the enclosure at Ascot, and the surprising up-to-dateness of the costumes worn by the ladies thereon won unmitigated praise from the bride, fresh from the purchase of her own trousseau.

"Look at the one in the grey satin! *Look!* My white canvas has exactly that back! The green one has ducky sleeves. I wish I had had my blue. *And* their hats—*and* their veils—so beautifully put on! Look at that blue girl standing by herself looking at the race-card! Isn't she exactly like life? I've a very good mind to cut short those blue sleeves, and—What is it?"

For answer her husband nipped her arm between finger and thumb, and pointed stealthily to the right. The sound of voices broke upon the air; between serried rows of effigies a female form approached, escorting two flaxen-haired children—a brief glimpse of her face showing as she bent and smiled. By all that was extraordinary and confounding—the well-known face of a friend of the family!

She was approaching along the aisle in which the Honeymooners themselves were standing; there was no turning to right or left; in another minute she would pass the screen of the next group, and confront them face to face! Gwen said no word. To the utter confounding of her spouse, she loosened her arm from his, dived nimbly beneath the protecting cord, and falling into position beside the Blue Girl of the Ascot Enclosure, slipped a hand through the waxen arm, and bent her own head over the extended card!

Of all the resourceful, quick-witted, audacious little wretches! Trust her for getting out of a scrape if a way were to be found on land or sea! The newly-made husband was breathless with surprised admiration, but—but—what of himself? What was he to do? On second thoughts, wasn't it a pretty low down thing to provide for herself, and leave him in the lurch? The faintest, smallest echo of a cough reached Pat's ear, and, looking up, he beheld the latest addition to Madame Tussaud's collection grimacing violently in his direction. She wanted him to do something, of course—but what? He was bothered if he knew. Never *could* understand what people were after when they mouthed and scowled. No good trying to act a waxwork, too. Couldn't to save his life, and what else *was* there? There was nothing else!

In subsequent hectorings Gwen demonstrated several different ways in which discovery might have been avoided, but as none of them occurred at the moment to the person in need, the next moment brought with it the dreaded encounter.

"*You!*" ejaculated Mrs. Freeman, incredulously. "You! Pat Hilbert, of all people in the world! My dear, good man, I thought you were miles away enjoying your honeymoon. What does this mean? I met your cousin only yesterday, and she said—"

"Yes, yes. Just so! Of course, and so I am." Pat's flushed conscious face was excellently in keeping with the sensations of a bridegroom unexpectedly run to earth. "Awful fag, but I—I had to come up to town. Things to do, you see—to look after—er—er—"

"Business! Yes, of course. Everything *must* give way to that, mustn't it!" assented Mrs. Freeman sympathetically. "I know what it is. We have scarcely ever had a holiday when my husband hasn't been summoned home in the middle, or obliged to shorten our stay at the end, but I imagined that professional men were exempt. In the middle of your honeymoon, too! Too bad! And poor, dear Gwen! So sad for her to be left all by herself. I do hope you won't be kept here long."

"Oh, no. I shall join her to-day. She's all right! She—er—er, as a matter of fact, at the moment she's with a party of friends. Enjoying herself a treat."

Now, Pat Hilbert, being a well-principled young man, felt a distinct glow of satisfaction in the absolute verity with which he had contrived to parry these embarrassing questions, but Mrs. Freeman looked a trifle surprised and chilled. Strange how even the nicest young people were infected with modern ideas! This young couple had appeared so simple, so attached, so content in each other in good old-world fashion that it came with a shock to hear of the bride making merry with strangers, while her newly-made husband was away in town. Then, being a humorous soul, her eyes twinkled, and she said smilingly.

"Your business is finished, I suppose, and you have a few hours to put in before your return? If one may ask, what in the name of all that is mysterious led you to spend them *here*, of all places in the world?"

Pat hesitated. The devil tempted him to declare that his train left from the Great Central, and that he had chosen the Waxworks as the most adjacent place of amusement, but better counsels prevailed; he recalled that, so far, honesty had protected him more surely than any fraud, and resolved to stick valiantly to the truth.

"Well!" he said smilingly, "since you ask me, I *did* want to put in the time, and there are precious few places in town where you can do so without the chance of running up against everyone you know!"

"I see! I see!" Mrs. Freeman laughed; a cheery, understanding laugh. "And so you came to dear old Madame Tussaud's, and made sure of meeting wax images only. Too bad of me to choose just this afternoon to bring my babies to pay their first visit! But don't be afraid, I won't give you away. I promise you faithfully not to mention to a soul that I have had a glimpse of you since you drove off for your honeymoon."

"Thanks, so much! I'll be grateful if you won't. I should get so horribly chaffed. We shall be 'At Home' in another fortnight, and I hope you'll be one of our first callers. I must say 'Good-bye.'—"

"Oh, not yet! Do come round with us, as you are here. It's not the least likely that another friend will come along, and we should love to have your company. What's this group? It looks interesting!"

To his horror, Pat saw the good lady's hand move towards the pince-nez which hung by a chain round her neck; he dared not turn towards the new member of the group, but knowing the risible qualities of the lady in question, trembled for her composure.

"Oh, there's a—there's a far better one further along. Let me show you! You can come back to this one later on. I should really like to show you the other before I leave," he cried hastily, pushing forward with such determination that his companions were constrained to follow. To the turn of the aisle he went, and then, safely round the corner, indulged in a flow of banal inanities about an undistinguished group, the while Mrs. Freeman listened with twinkling gravity. The poor dear fellow was so embarrassed he did not know *what* he was doing. But the poor dear fellow knew perfectly well! He was talking against time, until the tip of a white hat had safely vanished into space, and then and only then, did he bid his companions adieu.

(To be continued)

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

THE North has proved a veritable wonder land for the writer, as well as for the prospector and explorer. Dr. Cook may have lost his reputation in the frozen wilderness, but a respectable legion of would-be discoverers have found that a "dash to the Pole" is a sure means of notoriety.

However, when one turns to fiction, one finds that it is not necessary to penetrate the Polar regions, in order to find local color of the true boreal tinge. Yukon districts have afforded both poet and novelist attractive ground, and the writer of stirring tales is not slow to take advantage of the stern scenes of primitive struggles and transfer them to paper.

Mr. S. A. White, in "The Stampeder," writes a novel of thrilling incident, which whirls the reader from an accident at sea near Algiers to the rush to the Yukon. The hero, Rex Britton, is a gentleman of marvellous activities and of a bewildering variety of adventures. The story is melodrama of the most frank and "cheap show" order, but will be appreciated by many readers. There is a woman of the false, alluring type, and there is another of the "sweet, innocent heroine" class. The latter is, of course, triumphant in the end and becomes the hero's happy bride. The reader may become rather dazzled by the succession of weird happenings which fall to the lot of Rex, but, at least, the narrative is not lacking in "action."

The publisher of "The Stampeder" is William Briggs, of Toronto, who also brings out a Yukon novel by H. A. Cody, "The Frontiersman," a sturdy narrative of human effort and perseverance in penetrating the regions of the "great white silence." The first chapter introduces an attack of wolves on the lonely trailsman, Keith Steadman, who is a medical missionary from Eastern Canada. This fairly animated scene is an indication of what is to follow, and we find in the narrative a stirring account of the struggle against the dangers and difficulties which pioneers encounter in such a region. Several of the rough characters, especially "Pete," are depicted with a rugged realism, which gives one a vivid idea of the qualities necessary to win a way in the "North Countree."

AN extremely dainty and "informing" volume has been sent out by the Musson Book Company of Toronto. "The Canadian Garden — A Pocket Help for the Amateur" is a book to be desired, both for its contents and the style of presentation. It takes up in twenty-nine concise chapters the varied topics of interest to those who are planning their own garden and who are anxious to obtain the best and brightest results. Fruits, flowers and vegetables meet with due consideration, and their requirements as to soil and culture are discussed in bright and practical fashion.

"L'Envoi" is one of the pleasantest features of an attractive book, concluding as it does—"In retrospect we see once more the blue-and-white bed of English violets, with their subtle, bewildering perfume, where with one in harmony attuned they helped us to worship the Creator through His gift in the Sabbath stillness of Springtime. Could violets have a dearer mission?"

A STORY of old Southern days in Tennessee and along the Mississippi is found in "The Prodigal Judge"—a book which is deservedly among the best-selling novels. Vaughan Kester, the author, is evidently "to the manner born," so far as a knowledge of that country is concerned, and has a genuine gift for narration, as the reader discovers before the third chapter is reached. The romance and turbulence of those old days, when the War of 1812 was still in the memory, are keenly felt, and the casual reference to shooting or rioting is somewhat of a shock to conventional ideas of law and order.

The "Judge," himself, is a remarkable figure, whose tragedy is weirdly blended with grotesque humor. His final redemption has the pathos which grows out of the sacrifice of another.

The heroine, Betty Malroy, is the charming Southern girl with whom we are all familiar—who is pretty, high-spirited and winning in her sunshiny grace.

The villains of the story are of a consummate wickedness which gives one the thrills essential to the enjoyment of an old-time romance. The loyalty and devotion of Yancy to the small and mysterious waif, "Hannibal," is one of the most attractive features in a very enjoyable story.

The illustrations are of an unusual order of excellence and are quite the best which this year's popular fiction has shown. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

FROM the Macmillan Company of Canada come four volumes, which form an agreeable addition to the pile of summer fiction. "The Sea Lion" by Patrick Rushden is, we believe, a first novel. The new writer may congratulate himself on having produced a book of more than ordinary interest. The title is somewhat "reminiscent," reminding the reader too closely of "The Sea Wolf" by Jack London. The narrative, however, is only remotely associated with the sea, and introduces many of the vagaries of modern social life in London, including the visit of the heroine to a marvellous clairvoyant. There are two "villains" of uncanny type, Sir James Ripley being the most unpleasant creature who has appeared since the days of Svengali. The story "marches" admirably and leaves the reader no idle moments. One may wonder how the heroine ever was deceived by such an underbred impostor as "S. Thornfield," but the wonder only adds to the dramatic interest of the situation. As a narrative of thrilling turns, and as a study of character it is worth careful reading, even in these days of a multitude of tales.

"Adventure," by Jack London, is a story of the sea, with one of the most wonderful heroines who ever tried to rule in a semi-barbaric territory. The book is correctly named, as adventures of the hairbreadth order tumble over each other's heels throughout the chapters which lead to the final and happy outcome. Some of Mr. London's romances are too crude and brutal for the fastidious reader, as he appears to delight in physical conflict of the most elemental type and describes it in a fashion which seldom has the virtue of reserve. The present volume is an enjoyable exception to that rule and belongs rather to the realm of romance.

"Phrynette and London," by Marthe Troly-Curtin, is a most diverting book, containing the reflections of a French girl of seventeen on modern life and manners, as seen in the British capital. There is a delicious naivete about the remarks of "Phrynette," but there is also a subtle social philosophy in her criticism, of which no French demoiselle of seventeen would be capable. As a contribution to international comparisons, it is a volume of some value and, in its arraignment of London rents and the "flat" system, is suggestive of needed reforms.

"The Unknown God," by Putnam Weale, is a story of much more serious order than the reflections of "Phrynette." It is a narrative, or rather study, of missionary effort in China. It appears to be unfriendly to the methods and aims of Christian missions; yet a closer analysis shows that only the unworthy specimens in the service are under criticism. The hero of the book, Paul Hancock, is both sincere and scholarly, and his ultimate decision to abandon the hypocritical Mr. Gray, who is using the mission for personal ends, bids fair to result in more effective work than had been formerly accomplished. The immense difficulties which stand in the way of the West dealing in the East, are realized by the reader, but the author does not say that the christianizing of China is impossible. The secret spread of Mahommedanism, in some respects so like the Mormonism of our own continent, is graphically described. To many readers, the scenes along the great and ever-changing river of the Celestial Empire will prove more attractive than the characters who traverse it.

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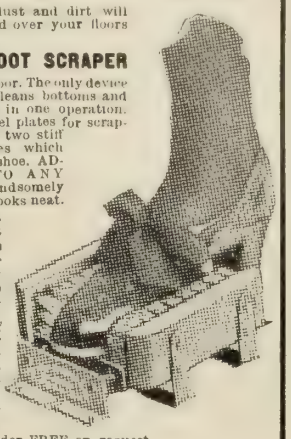

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and the new sensation was as keen as it was delicious. He would expose her to no comment by taking her to Haffey's. It was as he said, "quite the thing." They would be taken for an engaged couple probably, but that did not matter. In the unlikely event of his meeting one of his own friends there would be curiosity aroused, but he would know how to meet that.

He stole another glance at her face. It was serenely thoughtful. How lovely she was. Her hair, he had never seen hair like it, the curve of her faintly red lips, the droop of the white lids over the hazel eyes. Of what was she thinking? Would she let him know her, see her often, be her friend? He had known in that instant's pause which followed after she had told him who she was, and that her sister was a clerk in his adopted father's store that the answers to these questions would tip the balance of his fate.

If she would give him a chance, let him know her better, he would take that chance and let the lesser things go. So strangely are we made that Mark Wareham who, as a very handsome eligible, had for years been the special pet of Mammas and the favorite of their daughters, without a turning of the proverbial hair, was now at the glance of one golden-haired girl, calmly facing a probable giving up of his whole scheme of life, and hesitating in the choice no longer than one might hesitate between a pebble and a pearl. Mark knew very well what ambitions Adam Torrance held for him. He knew his pride, the rather selfish pride which had prevented him from identifying his name with that of the great stores he owned. He knew how deep was his affection for himself, and how he would suffer should Mark disappoint him. He had no misleading hope that such a man would ever consent to the marriage of his heir with a girl in Christine's circumstances, and with the name of "Brown." He sighed. It would certainly mean a breach with the governor!

"You must be very hungry," said Christine, timidly, noticing the sigh. "And I will go with you. I suppose I ought not but I don't feel that I ought not. So I'm going. I am enjoying it so much. I have always wanted to ride in an auto."

"Wanted to—?–'

"Ride in an auto. Like this. I have never before. It is like flying. I think it must be awfully jolly to be an agent. Though it would be still nicer to have an auto of one's own, wouldn't it?"

"You think so? Well, I don't know. In that case one would have to pay the bills."

"Don't you wish you owned this one?" asked Christine, practically.

"No, I wouldn't." As a matter of fact, this was true, for this car belonged to Mr. Torrance, and was of a make which Mark himself disliked.

Christine merely thought the remark showed strong-mindedness, and looked at him with added respect. "Celia is like that," she confided, "she doesn't worry about what she can't have."

"Celia is the one in the store?"

"Yes, she has been there sixteen years. Ever since I was born. She is very clever, when she isn't tired she makes more sales than all the rest of her department put together, and her eye is so good that she never makes a mistake in matching a shade. Ada says that perhaps Celia has a double share of eye-sight because, you know," sinking her voice, "Ada is blind."

"I did not know," said Mark gently. "Tell me about it."

So as they flew along under the yellowing autumn trees, Christine told him about her home. Told him, indeed, far more than she knew until he felt that he had known the three sisters all his life. Only of one thing Christine did not speak. She said nothing about their present troubles, nor why she had suddenly decided to seek work herself. Her innocent pride caused her to paint things brightly, and he saw only the pleasant if humble home at its best and happiest.

She told him, too, of her ventures that morning in quest of work, speaking with a quaint air as of one worker to another (for was he not an agent and piano tuner himself?) and he managed, without unduly frightening her, to get her to promise not to make any more efforts without the knowledge of her sisters. From what she had told him of them he felt sure that her morning's experience would not be repeated. For the rest, they were like a pair of children on a holiday. Christine learned to move the levers of the big machine, and they both laughed like babies at her first attempt with the steering wheel, and at the hideous screech of the horn whose valve was broken.

Neither of them ever forgot that drive. In after years a red leaf, the smell of ripe apples under a tree, a blue haze on the horizon of a sunny day, could bring it all back—as fresh and poignant as yesterday. At the time, Christine was not conscious of observing anything, yet afterwards she knew each foot of the road. It all belonged to the ineffaceable things of life. It remained always cloudless, spotless, completely happy, a day hedged about and set apart from all other days by the miracle of first love.

Not that she dreamed that the miracle had happened! She was conscious only of a new content and of a fresh wash of green and red upon the earth, a new blue in the sky. Nature had brightened up and shone resplendent.

They had lunch at the pretty gabled Inn (a transformed farm-house), in what once had been the farmhouse kitchen. It was pleasant there. The windows were long and low, and red leaves blew in at the open door. They ate and drank fare fit for gods and forget all about the piano which needed tuning. The old lady who waited smiled and nodded.

"That lad has brought many a lass before," she told her grand-daughter, "but this day he's brought the only lass for him."

"I don't see how you can tell, Granny," said the grand-daughter, wistfully. The old lady only shook her head. "When you're as old as me you'll know without telling," she said. But the girl only laughed, and shrugged her dimpled shoulders. "Oh, Granny, what good will it do me then!"

CHAPTER X.

THERE is nothing in life quite so perplexing as the problem of its might have beens. We feel ourselves so free, and we are so bound. We are like birds with strong wings and a limitless sky overhead. We say to ourselves, we will fly this way, and we will fly that way, and we beat the air cheerfully with our wings; but in reality our flight is determined by forces against which our poor wings are as thistle-down in a wood—"willy-nilly blowing." Fortunately, we do not dream of our own impotence How we walk as free men, defying fate. There is a story in a comic paper of a man who fell upon the street and was picked up dead. One physician said, learnedly, "heart-disease." Another said "apoplexy," but the street urchin who saw the fall said banana peel. We laugh at the story; we appreciate the discomfort of the grave physician, but put fate in the place of the banana peel and we unveil a tragedy.

None could have been more certain than Mark Wareham, that he held his destiny in his own hands, that afternoon when he left Christine at the door of the House of Windows. It was with the air of a man making his future that he asked her, timidly as lovers do, if he might call sometime soon to meet her sisters; and undoubtedly Christine thought that all the enquiries of fate were answered by her low voiced "Yes." Yet the determining factor in the lives of both of them was not Mark's request nor Christine's reply, but the apparently irrelevant fact that Martha (Miss Torrance's sour-faced maid) had eaten toasted cheese for supper the night before. This is easily seen, for if Martha had not eaten the cheese she would not have had dyspepsia, failing dyspepsia, she would not have asked leave to take a walk. The rest follows naturally, for on the walk she saw Mark and Christine returning in the motor from that divine luncheon at the Haffey Inn.

It all happened by what we contentedly call mere accident; but having happened, the result was inevitable. Martha was shocked; she told herself that she was grieved but how seldom do we feel real grief for the frailties of others. Martha might shake her head and sigh, but deep in her heart she felt a pleasurable excitement. Her estimate of the airs and graces of Christine had been right after all! Very sad, but, still, gratifying in the main.

"There she goes!" said Martha's inner nature, "just as I said! That's what comes of her pretty face. Look like hers is a snare to them as have them."

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EDITORIAL CHAT

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THE AUTUMN FASHIONS are beginning to absorb feminine attention, to the exclusion of almost every other topic. Fashion has played such strange tricks during the last year in skirts and hats, that we are kept in a constant "wonderment" as to whether the hobble effect is to be preserved, and whether the soup-bowl hat is to retain its popularity. In this issue we present our readers with what is practically a fashion supplement. The full-page plates will give you an excellent idea of the costumes which are designed for wear during the coming months. The advance announcement concerning fashions, which you will find in the form of a special letter, ought to be of particular interest to every woman, as we all like to know what are to be the modes of the future. Paris is still the arbiter in the realm of the *modiste*, and this information is obtained from headquarters. The unusual display of the latest styles in the number of the opening autumn was so welcomed by our readers last year that we decided this summer to enlarge

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EDITORIAL CHAT

the department further for the current issue in order to meet the demand for the latest and fullest information on the important subject—"Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

OUR SPECIAL ARTICLES are worthy of your careful reading. The article by Dr. J. D. Logan, one of our best known and most scholarly journalists—"The First Commandment of Hygiene"—is a valuable contribution on a subject which concerns all of us. Health is the essential condition, if we are to be either useful or happy, and this article deals ably with the initial requirement. "The Girls on the Farms" is a heart-to-heart talk of the best order—breezy, sensible and discerning—by a girl who knows what she is talking about, and who will be glad to hear from other country girls about their hobbies or their hopes. We publish the photograph of "A Country Girl," and from her happy face and evident pride in the good steed, you may be assured of a wholesome and comprehending friend. We hope to have from her other talks with "the girls on the farms."

THE FAVORITE PROFESSION for Canadian women is undoubtedly nursing. In New York it is generally admitted that the Canadian nurse is in the front of the profession. In accounting for this excellence, the New York *World* recently admitted that in physique and amenity to discipline the Canadian girl is undeniably superior to her United States cousin. Hundreds of our girls are turning their attention to that essentially womanly calling, and are filling the hospitals of the continent. The last generation has seen a wonderful change in the system of training, and the nurse is now a most capable assistant to the medical profession. We expect to publish, during the coming year, a series of articles on the training and work of the nurse, written by a member of that profession, who is thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and who will give all our readers who are cherishing ambitions in the direction of nursing information as to its trials and opportunities. These

I Want to Emphasize the Importance of Getting Genuine Jap-a-lac

F. H. GLIDDEN, President
The Glidden Varnish Company

THIS is a personal word to the housewives of America—from the President of the Glidden Varnish Company.

I want to make it a word of *warning*.

You have learned of the superior merits of Jap-a-lac. If you have not used Jap-a-lac yourself, you have heard of its wonderful results—how it enables you to save money and to renew and beautify everything about your home from cellar to garret.

But do you fully appreciate that there is only *one* Jap-a-lac—and that when the dealer offers you an imitation he is giving you an inferior article.

The enormous sale of Jap-a-lac, reaching millions and millions of cans annually, has not only proved the superiority of Jap-a-lac—

It has stimulated the makers of these imitations, and unscrupulous dealers, to redoubled effort. They are trying hard to "cash in" on Jap-a-lac's reputation. Don't let them do it at *your* expense, Mrs. Housewife.

Get the *genuine* Jap-a-lac—*insist!* When a dealer offers you an imitation, claiming that it has the merits of Jap-a-lac, he practises wilful deception and actual fraud.

And any dealer who wants to sell you a substitute doesn't want to keep your confidence, and oughtn't to keep your trade.

Jap-a-lac is the result of half-a-century of experience in fine varnish making.

We've learned how to select the special oils and gums to produce the finest results. We've learned just how to blend them. We've learned how to produce in Jap-a-lac the finest all-around-the-home beautifier in the world. Jap-a-lac not only means far greater beauty, but far greater wear, far greater covering capacity than any imitation.

Use Jap-a-lac to give the home a complete going over. Bring down the scuffed-up furniture from the attic. Jap-a-lac it back to beauty. Use it on floors, on discolored woodwork, on baby's go-cart. There's nothing like Jap-a-lac for turning old tin or zinc bath tubs into enameled new ones.

There are household uses for Jap-a-lac by the hundreds. We've compiled them in a little book. Write me and I will see that a copy is mailed you.

Jap-a-lac is sold by good dealers generally. If you should strike a substituting dealer remember that genuine Jap-a-lac is **most economical** and best. A substitute is wasteful----and disappointing.

In the United States, Jap-a-lac prices are: (Full U. S. Measure): ¼-Pt. 20c; ½-Pt. 30c; Pt. 50c; Qt. 90c; ½-Gal. $1.65; Gal. $3.00. In Canada (Full Imperial Measure): ¼-Pt. 25c; ½ Pt. 35c; Pt. 60c; Qt. $1.10; ½-Gal. $1.95; Gal. $3.50.

F. H. GLIDDEN, President

The Glidden Varnish Company

Factories: Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Can.
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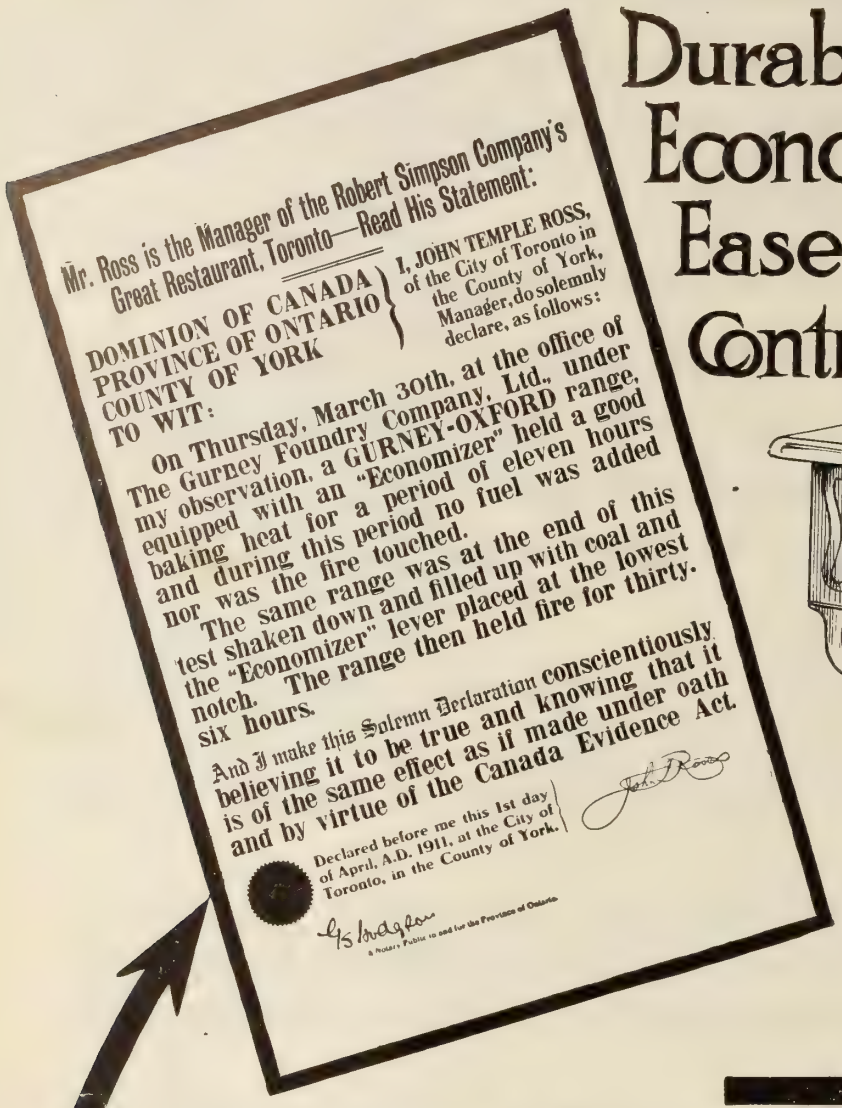

Mr. Ross is the Manager of the Robert Simpson Company's Great Restaurant, Toronto—Read His Statement:

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO
COUNTY OF YORK
TO WIT:

I, JOHN TEMPLE ROSS, of the City of Toronto in the County of York, Manager, do solemnly declare, as follows:

On Thursday, March 30th, at the office of The Gurney Foundry Company, Ltd., under my observation, a GURNEY-OXFORD range, equipped with an "Economizer" held a good baking heat for a period of eleven hours and during this period no fuel was added nor was the fire touched.

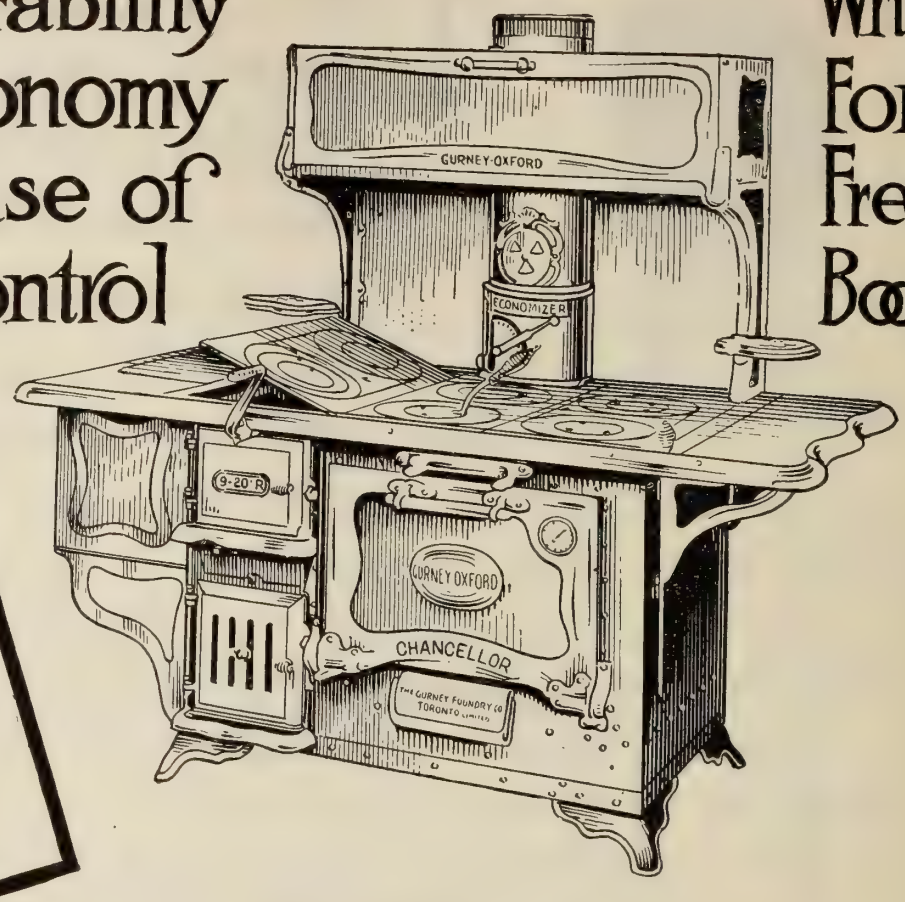
The same range was at the end of this test shaken down and filled up with coal and the "Economizer" lever placed at the lowest notch. The range then held fire for thirty six hours.

And I make this Solemn Declaration conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act.

Declared before me this 1st day of April, A.D. 1911, at the City of Toronto, in the County of York.

A Notary Public in and for the Province of Ontario

Durability Economy Ease of Control



Write For Free Book

A Cook Can't Make A Stove But A Stove Can Make A Cook

Most cooking success depends more upon the *stove* than on the *cook*.

Mr. John T. Ross, the author of the above tribute to Gurney-Oxford, is manager of the largest restaurant in Canada, and you may safely trust, not only his honesty, but the authority and experience from which he speaks.

GURNEY-OXFORD RANGES mean as much to *you* as to him. For no woman should put up with anything but the *best* in stoves. It means too much to her in time and labor; too much to the good man in grocery and fuel bills; too much to the whole family in health and proper diet.

STOVES GURNEY-OXFORD RANGES

The Dividing Oven Strip

is one of the star features of the GURNEY-OXFORD. This is a special division of the flue which forces the heat evenly *all over the oven*—front as well as back. Every woman who does her own baking will appreciate this.

The Grate is Easily Removable and the shaker works with greatest ease and simplicity, with one-half turn to the right. Owing to the strength of the "teeth" the hardest clinker is reduced to ashes in a jiffy. Now add to the above statement, and to our word, the proof of your own investigation. Ask your dealer for our Free Booklet, or if he does not sell Gurney-Oxford goods, write our nearest branch for the address of one who does.

Gurney-Oxford Ranges represent the highest standard in stove-making. No detail of material and workmanship is overlooked. Every stove that leaves the Gurney-Oxford factory has a reputation to sustain; a reputation for service, economy and ease of operation; a product that has stood the test of sixty years, and given life-long service in thousands of homes all over the country.

Mr. Ross, whose testimonial we are proud of, tells you about the wonderful heat-holding properties of the Oxford Economizer. Gurney-Oxfords are the only stoves licensed to use the wonderful device which makes this remarkable statement possible. The *Oxford Economizer* needs only to be set at a proper angle to hold the heat for hours.

This statement speaks volumes to the housewife whose range—to do satisfactory work—must not only cook *properly*, but economically as regards fuel, and with the greatest possible saving of *time*.

Another advantage of this device is its use as a first-class ventilator. It draws all odors of cooking—all the steam and smoke, up the chimney.

The Gurney Foundry Co. L't'd Toronto, Canada

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10 Cents a Copy

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

$1.00 a Year

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The Autumn Days

SEPTEMBER is a month which seems like April in its opening of a new period of activity. In April we are looking forward to a garden, with all summer delights, to holidays by lake or sea or mountain, and to a blessed change from the monotony of every day. In September, we have come back brown and invigorated, with a host of plans for autumn and winter work.

Then a spicy breeze begins to play about kitchen and pantry, and the odor of pickles or catsup is wafted abroad until even the passer-by notices the good homely fragrance and has visions of bottles filled with brown sauce or toothsome dainties. There is the prophecy of long and comfortable winter evenings in the very air, and we welcome the suggestion of drawn curtains and grate fires, with a hot supper awaiting us.

Surely these autumn days are the best of the Canadian year, with their brilliance of coloring and soft haze resting on fields and woods. They must have captured the fancy of our writers and artists, for the charms of October are pictured in glorious tints in every exhibition of Canadian art and have a sonnet to themselves in every collection of Canadian verse. They are a time of ripe fulfilling, when we see the results of the year's work and look hopefully onward to the coming months of endeavor.

There is nothing more worth while than a walk through the autumn woods, and let us not be too busy to visit them in all their glory.

* * *

Are Canadian Women Extravagant?

A CORRESPONDENT writes with some indignation about the advice so lavishly bestowed upon woman, as to the style and the expense of her clothing and the financial management of her household.

"When a man fails in business or is guilty of dishonorable dealing, nine times out of ten, the wife is blamed and accused of extravagance. In most cases, her husband has kept her in complete ignorance of his financial condition, and she has no idea of what her household expenditure should be. If a man would confide his business affairs to his wife and help her plan the household spending, he would find her both willing and sympathetic."

So writes our correspondent, who will doubtless find many to agree with her. There are few women who are wilfully and deliberately extravagant, who would spend more than they should in utter indifference to a husband's financial position. Most women are anxious to appear well, but are even more anxious to avoid financial embarrassment or ruin. The wife should not be kept in ignorance of her husband's business standing, and it is mistaken kindness which would refrain from informing her concerning his obligations. There is no one more pitiably helpless than the woman who is suddenly confronted with financial wreck, and who is utterly ignorant of the business world.

There are some women who are woefully extravagant and who are quite callous with regard to their husband's business worries. But such women are in the minority. Let a woman be given an opportunity to share a man's perplexities and responsibilities and she seldom fails to be equal to the occasion.

THE GLEANER

By VIRNA SHEARD

As children gather daisies down green ways
Mid butterflies and bees,
To-day across the meadows of past days
I gathered memories.

I stored my heart with harvest of lost hours—
With blossoms of spent years;
Leaves that had known the sun of joy, and hours
Drenched with the rain of tears.

And perfumes that were long ago distilled
From April's pink and white,
Again with all their old enchantment, filled
My spirit with delight.

From out the limbo where lost roses go
The place we may not see,
With all its petals sweet and half-ablow
One rose returned to me.

Where falls the sunlight chequered by the shade
On meadows of the past,
I gathered blossoms that no sun can fade
No winter wind can blast.

—Written for "The Canadian Home Journal."

A Sense of Beauty

A LOVE for "pretty things" is part of the feminine nature which no wise person would wish to see repressed. What a dull world it would be if the merely useful objects were all that it contained! Ruskin has praised the love of brightness and radiance, declaring it an essential to noble living, and has reminded us that joy is the highest and ideal condition. There is no virtue in sad looks and dull garments. The wearing of black in supposed mourning for the friends who have left this world is a deplorable fashion which should not obtain in any country calling itself Christian. Crepe, as a badge of mourning, has almost disappeared, and the sooner black garments follow it, the better and brighter our world will be.

However, there is a danger of confusing beauty with costliness. A starry marguerite is as beautiful as the bloom from a conservatory, and is within reach of all of us. Nearly all those "little touches," which mean so much in making life brighter and more worth living are within the means of most women. Luxury is not necessarily beauty, and lavish spending does not always secure aesthetic results. A profusion of decoration or adornment is a mistake, and merely results in such confusion that the eye is wearied and the senses unsoothed.

The Puritans had many noble qualities which made them a force for righteousness, both socially and politically; but, in their excessive strictness, the later Puritans went to an extreme which resulted in a reaction of license. There must be beauty and amusement in our lives if we are to be healthy and symmetrical. We must give to the young an opportunity for play and the gratification of a national love of beauty, or we shall drive them to what is ultimately harmful and base. Every home may be beautiful.

The First Commandment of Hygiene

By J. D. LOGAN, Ph.D.
Author of "Democracy and Education," "How to Gain Health," Etc

EVERY generation experiences what may be called a mental epidemic. An idea so obsesses a people or nation, and so deranges their customary attitudes of mind and their social habits, that the result is a general mania or craze—essentially a mental disease.

Our own generation is obsessed by problems of personal and domestic hygiene. We have so "worried" ourselves into an over-anxiety about what we should eat and drink, how we should dress and exercise, and how we should ventilate, heat and light our homes or dwelling-places, that we have passed from a sane state of mind in these matters of health and happiness to a mental condition which discloses in our conduct the symptoms of mania or hysteria.

There is no exaggeration in this statement. Witness the marked vogue to-day of "pure food" fads, for instance. The innumerable advertisements of breakfast foods present to the imagination such a variety of vitalizing and health-giving qualities and of methods of preparing and serving these foods that one's wits become, as it were, addled, and one almost neglects to eat at all out of sheer helplessness in determining what and when to eat.

Again: witness our panicky solicitude for pure air and water. To us there is a very grim humor in the irreverent refrain of the parodist—

"There are microbes hovering round."

We have come to regard the air and the water as polluted and poisonous. It is no longer enough for us to have the windows in our homes wide open day and night, we must now sleep out of doors—on the roof or veranda. Water from wells or municipal reservoirs is, in our modern view, altogether noxious; public fountains and drinking cups are cesspools. We must now have pure spring water, "bottled at the springs," or water sterilized by boiling, and no one may drink the water of a public fountain, save from his own or her own "individual drinking cup," a portable utensil carried about by each person, in pocket or handbag, according to the sex of each potential thirst-quencher. (*N.B.*--To inventors--There ought to be "big money" for one of you who would devise and patent a "combination" individual drinking cup; say, a combination match-safe and cup for men, and sewing thimble and cup for ladies!!)

Finally: This twentieth-century health hysteria has passed beyond a solicitude for ourselves. It is now directed towards the "creature comforts" of our domestic animals. In fact, we house, tend, and even diet, them as considerately as we do ourselves, and sometimes more considerately than we do our children. In the days of their health we feed our cats peptonized milk, and our canines dog biscuit. When they fall ill we send them to the cat or dog hospital; and when "Tabby" and "Carlo" die, we give them formal burial, weep o'er their graves, and raise tombstones to their memory. If we thus go to such ends for useless animals, how shall we escape the conclusion that eventually we shall exhibit a still greater solicitude for the health of our useful animals—house and groom our horses and cattle elaborately, and delight their palates with rations of predigested oats, puffed corn, and shredded hay?

This question may seem in form a forced witticism, a bit of satiric humor, applied somewhat ungraciously to a phase of a very genuine and praiseworthy humanitarian movement. Be it so. When a movement becomes such as to tend to result in an absurdity, then must we declare it to have its origin in a pathological, or insane, condition of mind.

Now, our twentieth-century health hysteria is the outcome of our ignorance of the basis, or fundamental principle, of hygiene. The natural vitalizing basis of all living beings, animal and vegetable, is oxygen. We fuss endlessly over the nature, quality and preparation of the foods we eat, and over the purity of the water we drink, but we forget that the supply and quality of these are, in our times, almost wholly regulated by others than ourselves. But oxygen, which is the great natural energy-giver, is free as the air and chiefly the gift of the air. Only ourselves can pollute the quality of the air we breath and limit the supply of oxygen. In short: Oxygen is our Health Master. And the supreme principle, maxim, or rule of sane hygiene is this: "KEEP THE SUPPLY OF AIR—the chief source and common carrier of oxygen for respiration—ADEQUATE, FRESH, PURE AND FLOWING."

To apply this principle, to obey this rule, in our daily living, is the simplest and easiest matter possible. We have only to understand the nature of the necessities in the case in order to see that nothing more is demanded than proper ventilation, in which are included as its auxiliaries proper heating and lighting, for our homes, offices, public auditoriums, institutional buildings, social clubhouses, factories, and general business places.

The necessities in the case may be put summarily as follows. The average composition of the air we breathe, as it is inhaled, is: Oxygen, 20:81 p.c.; nitrogen, 79:45 p.c.; carbonic acid, 0:04 p.c.; aqueous vapor (argon), very small quantity. Now, when this inhaled air has been deprived by the lungs of as much oxygen as they can absorb and is then exhaled, the air given out contains a decrease of about 4 p.c. of oxygen (16:033), and an increase of about 4 p.c. of carbonic acid (4:38), with a slight increase of nitrogen (79:587) and of aqueous vapor. The carbonic acid is a poisonous gas and the exhaled aqueous vapor is impregnated with impurities from the lungs.

The poisonous carbonic acid and impure aqueous vapor, together with the reduced quantity of oxygen, exhaled into a relatively confined breathing space, necessarily contaminate, and gradually reduce the total quantity of the vital air within that breathing space. If the proportion of oxygen in the air is reduced, by exhalation and inadequate ventilation, to 13 p.c., ill effects are soon felt, and when it is decreased to 8 p.c. asphyxia is inevitable.

It is, then, a momentous fact that the air we breathe is equally the agent of life or of death. The average adult "respires," approximately, once in every three seconds, inhales and exhales from 20 to 30 cubic inches of air per respiration. If we make a "good square meal" on vital air (20 p.c. oxygen per cubic inch) at every inhalation, then, all other conditions, of course, as they ought, we shall secure health and vigor—in a word, life. But if we skimp our vital air and breathe the exhaled poisonous carbonic acid and argon, then shall we suffer illness and a general debility of our members and energies—in short, virtual, if not actual, death. For thus sayeth the poet, truly, though paradoxically, since her own years upon this earth numbered almost ninety:

"How short is human life! The very breath
Which frames my words, accelerates my death."

Every adult requires about 2,000 cuboc feet of air-space in order to have good health and vigor, and the air itself must be kept pure, fresh and flowing. Human beings, however, exhibit specially curious logic in this matter. First, in believing that if the air in the house is kept flowing by window ventilation, it is necessarily pure and fresh; and, secondly, in selecting their lighting systems, as if the only thing to be considered in home-lighting were its brilliance, convenience and economy.

Window-ventilation, to be sure, is highly necessary, but the air thus kept flowing must be valued from the point of view of its source. Obviously, it cannot be pure and fresh of it is wafted to the windows from districts containing crowded tenements, abbatoirs, stables, back yards unclean with garbage and refuse, and so on.

From our point of view of ventilation and oxygen supply, especially when, as in winter, the days are long and the weather bitterly cold, a right system of lighting in our homes is paramount for health. The reason for this is that besides respiration the chief factor in reducing the average percentage of oxygen in the air from the adequate 20 p.c. to the degree which makes asphyxiation imminent, is combustion.

Since oil lamps and candles are now practically antiquated, the problem of the choice of lighting methods in our homes and offices lies between gas and electricity. A single consideration will readily settle that problem. So far as ventilation or oxygen supply is concerned the facts are these: One burner of illuminating gas will consume from the air in a room or office as much oxygen as would be consumed by three persons, and, in addition, will free carbon monoxide and dioxide, argon, sulphur, dioxide and ammonium compounds (See any reputable textbook of chemistry or cyclopædia under the proper headings). On the other hand, incandescent electric lights, because they require no oxygen and free no deleterious products by decomposition, are, indubitably, the most healthful system of lighting. This statement, of course, is meant as one of scientific fact and not as an advertisement, for, under special conditions, other considerations besides ventilation and percentage of oxygen may have to enter into the choice of a system of lighting for our homes and offices.

This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. The problem of insuring health and vigor is not so much a problem of what we shall eat and drink, but of how we shall obtain an adequate supply of pure, fresh, flowing air wherever we dwell and conduct our business. Relatively viewed, the supreme principle of hygiene is this: Oxygen is Nature's primeval and primary vitalizer—the elemental "breath of life." It is of the air, omnipresent and free, as the air, and none may take from us this supreme gift of Mother Nature—save ourselves. Therefore this is the first commandment of hygiene: "Seek ye pure, fresh, flowing air, and seek it abundantly."

A Carnation in Your Buttonhole

By MARION WATHEN

DO something new every day; something out of the beaten track. It may be quite an effort on your part, but do it; that is if you want to keep bright, to keep young.

You have heard people talk of "settling down." Don't. If you do, when you want to "stir" you will find yourself so well "settled" that you will be like the quartz that it takes dynamite to move.

I do not mean for people to be scatter-brained, that they are not to concentrate their energies, for nothing worth while was ever accomplished without concentration. But I do mean this: Keep out of ruts. The very minute a person begins to dread doing things other than the habitual, that is the time to do them. When we begin to be "set in our ways" we begin to be old.

It used to be considered the proper thing for persons who had reached a certain age to retire to the chimney corner and become helpless and infirm. But now we see grandmothers and grandfathers riding bicycles, touring about the country in autos—not allowing themselves to lose interest in things, to get into ruts. And so they keep bright and healthy and young.

Shake yourself the minute you begin to lose interest in things, for then you are in danger of "settling."

Turn right about and start being interested in something. Learn to play a game, even if you're seventy years of age; learn to make bread, if you've never made it; get interested in making cakes; if you've never cultivated flowers begin to cultivate them. If you're a student of books and are in danger of "settling down" to that, learn how to play golf, how to swim, how to row; buy a pattern and make a shirtwaist, start taking physical culture—something to lend variety to your life.

A college professor, while delivering a course of lectures on psychology at a Chautauqua summer school, attended "between times" a school of domestic science and learned how to make bread. He made a practical application of his psychology; he realized that "variety is not only the spice of life, but it is also a necessary ingredient."

A lady who was a story-writer but who realized that if she would keep bright and young she must have a line of interest other than her regular vocation, began to do housekeeping things. Her first attempt was at making peanut cookies, of which she was particularly fond. They were a great success, and she was prouder of this attainment than though she had written a good story. She treated every friend who called to peanut cookies, accompanied by a, "I want you to taste my cookies, I am so proud of them." Invariably she met with the response, "*You* didn't make *these?*" with a heavy accent on the "you," and a tone that decidedly suggested surprise and that the idea that she could make cookies was the most absurd, unbelievable thing in the world. The writer-lady was so annoyed that she kept on "making things," till she proved to her friends that people who did successful work along one line must not necessarily be one-sided. And to her surprise she discovered that this outside interest was making her a better story writer. It is surely a great mistake for people to become machines along any one line. Versatility tends to happiness, it tends to health, it tends to greatness. Goethe was a poet, a statesman, an artist, a philosopher. Michael Angelo not only painted Madonnas but he built bridges and frescoes. It is said that Franklin was distinguished along eleven different directions. But it is not so much making a business of doing a number of different things that I would urge, but simply that we keep up an interest in something other than our regular vocation. Otherwise, we are almost sure to become narrow.

Whatever we do don't let our enthusiasms die out. If we do we have surely begun to "settle." Be enthusiastic about something, even if it is only a baseball match, a game of croquet, a plant, a book, a mouse trap, a hat—*anything*. The most uninteresting person in the world is the person who is not enthusiastic over anything, and he is usually the oldest. Keep hold of enthusiasm and you will keep young.

BE ENTHUSIASTIC

Grow not dull and lifeless—grey,
In this glad world; there's chance each day,
In earth of sky and trees and flowers,
In world of friends to sweeten hours,
For much of joy and interest—thrill.
Keep open-heart; it's child-land still.

AT THE CROSS ROADS

A Story of One Summer Night

By WINIFRED M. GRAHAM

"I HAVE given you great-grandmother's room, Ellice. I thought you would like to be there again."

Little Mrs. Kenyon surveyed her sister-in-law rather anxiously. How tired Ellice looked, she thought to herself. There were dark marks under the grey eyes, and a certain weary droop in the usually erect, lithe figure.

"Thank you, Marion. Yes, I love dear great-grandmother's room. How we used to delight in sleeping there as a treat when we were little. I believe we thought that great-grandmother watched over us while we were asleep. After all, it is good to be a child, with no cares or worries to disturb."

"You ought not to talk about cares or worries at your age, Ellice," returned Marion Kenyon, with decision.

"Oh! I am all right," said Ellice, hastily, a slight flush rising to her pale cheeks under her sister-in-law's scrutiny, "only London air is not so invigorating as country air, you know. But you have not told me who else is staying here, and it is nearly time for me to dress for dinner."

"Only Mrs. Markham is here yet," replied Mrs. Kenyon, "but I am expecting some more people to-morrow—the Dawsons and Mr. Shaw. Oh, by the way"—and Marion pretended to be very busy arranging the cups on the dainty little tea-table—"Jack met Dudley Orme to-day in the village. He came over to see his aunt. Jack happened to mention that we are expecting you to-night, and Dudley seemed to think that it was a long time since he had seen you, so Jack asked him to come to dinner and stay the night."

Ellice sat staring into the fire as though she had not heard a word. Her sister-in-law went on pleadingly.

"You will be glad to see him, won't you, Ellice? You and he used to be such chums. You must not forget old friends, you know, even for charming new ones—Mr. Shaw, for instance."

"Yes, we have always been friends," assented Ellice quietly, ignoring the end of Mrs. Kenyon's remark. Into her mind came the picture of Doctor Dudley Orme, tall, handsome, clever, struggling to make his way in the world, but hampered by small means.

Dudley had called her his little wife, and she had never doubted in those early days that she would marry him. But college and hospital work had separated them as they grew up, and though Dudley never wavered in his affection for his chum, to Ellice things seemed rather different.

Then came her elder brother's marriage, and immediately afterwards her father's death and the terrible awakening to find that the estate was heavily mortgaged, and could not support them all. Jack had never wished Ellice to leave Castle Lodge; he would manage somehow, he said. But Ellice was brave and independent, so she obtained a post as secretary to one of her father's old friends, and for three years she had managed to maintain herself. Jack had enough to do to keep up Castle Lodge and clothe and educate his younger brother Herbert, and Ellice would not be a drag on him. But it was a struggle to live on her salary, and Ellice, hampered and restricted, cut off from the things she loved, and the luxuries she revelled in, had made up her mind that she was not meant to marry a poor man.

There was nothing mean or petty about Ellice, only a girlish longing to be free from pinching and scraping. She did not know, in the least, how much Dudley Orme cared for her, or realize what he really meant to her. Hitherto his had been a silent love, for he had not been in a position to marry, but lately he had obtained an appointment which brought him in a small but secure income, and he was only waiting for a chance to declare his love to Ellice.

And lately she had made the acquaintance of a friend of her brother's, a Mr. Shaw, who had bought a fine estate only a short distance from Castle Lodge. He was evidently greatly taken with Ellice's girlish beauty, and Ellice was flattered by the preference of this middle-aged, rich man for her.

Mrs. Kenyon sat silent, fidgeting with the sugar tongs and eyeing her sister-in-law doubtfully. She was very fond of Ellice, but she could not understand her at times.

Ellice jumped up and gathered together her furs. "I will go and dress, Marion, I think," she said, a little abruptly, "or I shall be late for dinner."

It was over. Ellice had given Dudley Orme his dismissal, and now she was alone in hed bedroom, brushing out her long hair and picturing over and over in her mind the scene in the inner drawing-room, where they had been discreetly left by Marion after dinner.

How manly Dudley had looked, and how well he had pleaded. It was only a small home he could offer her, but he could give her a wealth of love if he had not much money. A great lump rose up in Ellice's throat as she remembered his dazed, white face when she refused him. His little chum refused him. Had she been possessed by a spirit of evil? she asked herself, angrily, as she looked at her white face and heavy eyes in the glass while she brushed her hair. Surely something had been curiously wrong with her as she had listened, unmoved, to that passionate wooing.

"It's too late now," she said, turning away resolutely from her image in the glass. "Poor Dudley, what a muddle we've made of our lives. And—and—I believe I love you, after all."

That was the sting of it. Ellice know now, when it was too late, what a bitter mistake she had made. Only her pride had kept her from calling Dudley back after she had sent him from her side. She felt in a fever of pain and misery. She could not possibly go to bed. How could she sleep when

"It was a glorious May morning."

Dudley was under the same roof and awake also?—she could not doubt it. Well, if it was any comfort to him she had the heartache too. Oh, how foolish she had been, and a strangled sob rose, only to be choked back with firm determination.

She glanced restlessly round the room with its heavy mahogany furniture of a bygone age. Her eye caught a painting over the mantelpiece in an oval gilt frame. It was the portrait of a dainty, sweet-faced girl, hardly more than a child, dressed in the quaint costume of a hundred years ago. This was Ellice's great-grandmother, after whom the room was named. The pathetic, pale face, big, serious eyes, and childish mien had always had a strange fascination for Ellice. As a tiny mite she had once been found crying piteously before the portrait, and on being asked what was the matter she had replied, "Poor dreat-drandmover, she do look so sorry, she makes Ellie sorry too."

No wonder the poor little lady looked "sorry," for the portrait had been painted on the eve of her wedding with Garvice Kenyon, the owner at that time of Castle Lodge, and there was a well-founded tale handed down to her descendants that the unhappy bride loved another man, whom her parents would not allow her to marry, because he was poor. She had yielded at last to her parents' persuasion, and had married Garvice Kenyon, a rich man, but in no wise suited to be the husband of a timid, shrinking girl.

Not long, however, did Emmeline Kenyon live to mourn her lover. She faded silently away like a broken flower, and only eighteen months after her wedding day they laid her to rest in the old churchyard, leaving her husband and a baby son of six months to mourn her loss. It was a tragic little life history, and Ellice as she stood before the crackling fire and gazed up at the sad young face, felt it afresh.

"Even great-grandmother looks reproachfully at me," she said half aloud, and then all of a sudden some words her brother Jack had spoken casually a few months before, when he had run up to London to see her, flashed across her mind. They had been talking of Castle Lodge and of some improvements which Jack was making there and somehow the conversation had drifted to great-grandmother's room, and Jack had said carelessly, "Pater told me just before he died that there was a story of a secret drawer in the old cabinet in great-grandmother's room, where some of her treasures and her diary were hidden."

Ellice had not heard whether her brother had ever found the drawer, but she thought he had probably forgotten all about it in the business of making the improvements on which he had been engaged during the last six months. A sudden determination took possession of her to find the secret of the old cabinet herself. No one loved great-grandmother as she did, surely no one had more right to search for her secret treasures. True, it might seem like sacrilege, but who could understand a woman's secrets like a woman—one who could sympathize, as no one else in the family could, with the poor little ancestress who had been forced to marry a rich man whom she did not love? Ellice felt a throb of sympathy for the girl who had married a rich man instead of her poor lover.

To think was to act with Ellice. Marion had often told her that she was a bundle of impulses. In a moment she was across the room and stood facing the great heavy mahogany cabinet. She threw open the doors with their beautiful inlaid work, and drew out the drawers one by one, feel methodically all round inside each opening for some spring which should betray a hiding-place. But all in vain. Her searching brought no result but failure. If there was a secret the cabinet guarded it well, and great-grandmother looked on in silence, and gave no sign. Ellice was about to give up in despair, when, glancing upwards to the carved ornamentation which adorned the top of the cabinet, she noticed the heavy, wide beading below. She took a chair, climbed up, and pulled at the beading. It yielded to her tug, and a long, shallow drawer was disclosed, but it was empty. Disappointed again, Ellice determined to make one more attempt. She thrust her hand into the narrow opening and felt carefully all around. There was a sharp click, and a small drawer shot out suddenly against Ellice's hand, making her fingers tingle with the impact.

But the girl did not heed the pain. With a little cry of triumph she climbed down, holding her treasure, and carried it over to the light, so that she might examine it better. There was not much in it, after all—only a miniature of a young man, with a bright, handsome face, and the one word, Rupert, beneath it a lock of fair curly hair tied up with blue silk, a gold locket which was tarnished and dull, and a thin book with a very discolored leather cover.

Ellice touched the treasures tenderly, with a feeling that they were almost too sacred for the human eye, these long-hidden possessions of a long-dead wife. Then, impelled by some impulse which she could not resist, she sat down and opened the book.

It proved to be the writing of which Jack had spoken. The writing was pale and faint, just a girlish writing in the precise pointed style of a hundred years ago. On the front page were the words "Emmeline Elizabeth Darcy—her book. May 15th, 18." Below was a note which read, "This is my

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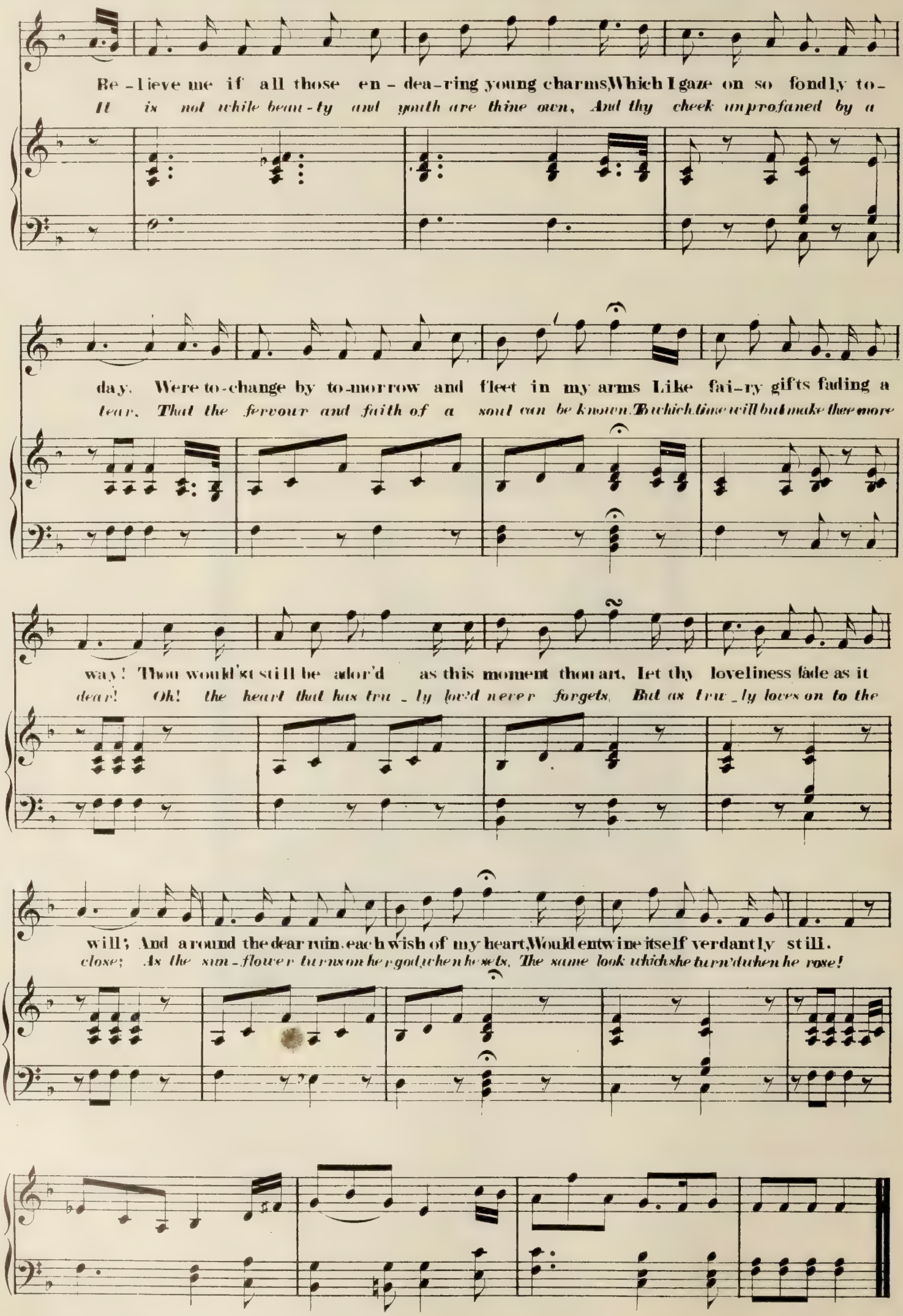
AN OLD-TIME LOVE SONG

"Believe Me if all Those Endearing Young Charms"

Words by THOMAS MOORE Music by SIR JOHN STEVENSON

Be-lieve me if all those en-dea-ring young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to-
It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek unprofaned by a
day, Were to-change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms Like fai-ry gifts fading a
tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known. To which time will but make thee more
way! Thou would'st still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it
dear! Oh! the heart that has tru-ly lov'd never forgets, But as tru-ly loves on to the
will; And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart, Would entwine itself verdantly still.
close; As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia.

"WHICH means that he doesn't want me," thought the older man with something like a sigh, but he did not let the feeling show in his face. "Very well," he said. "Good-bye, my boy. Have a good time. Just use your eyes and tell me what you see. I'll write you at Vancouver." He held out his hand which Mark shook heartily. Looking keenly into the frank, young eyes his uncle could see no shadow there. Yet, somehow, just at that moment, a strange psychological impulse prompted him to let the lad stay. For an instant he hesitated—an instant too long, for the impulse passed! Instead, he gripped his hand harder. "Mark," he said, "you and I—we are not men who say much. But you understand? You know the position you hold in this house—the hopes I place in you. Do not disappoint me, my son!"

Mark bowed his head. "I'll do my best, sir," he said gravely. And they shook hands again.

Left alone, Adam Torrance looked around his pleasant library with a sigh. He considered himself a fair man and he was fair when the fairness did not clash too boldly with his own deep desires. He had an inborn conviction, scarcely recognized, but very potent, that things ought to arrange themselves according to his wishes. If they did not, he was inclined to use suasion. He hoped that he would not have to use suasion with Mark. He wished Miriam had been more explicit, but realized that it would do no good to ask for details. She had given her warning, more she would not do. Brown! It sounded like the name of a girl who might work in the Stores!

He was angry with himself for thinking of the Stores. He did not wish to think of them, for they lay heavy on his conscience. Something was continually telling him, if he gave it the chance, that he had not been quite fair to the Stores. He had intended to be, years ago, after that terrible thing had happened, the loss of his baby girl, and while the awful accusation of the letter was still fresh in his mind he had intended to do many things. But Edith, his wife, had been so broken in health. She had declared so pitifully that it would kill her to stay in the city where the child had been lost, that, after a few half-hearted attempts, he had given it up, and they had gone away. He had told himself then that he could not do otherwise, and probably he had been right. After his wife's death he had pleaded that he needed rest and change; travel and yet more travel; but, now that he was home at last, the pushed-aside but never-settled problem stared him fully in the face.

Had he been a completely selfish man he would have ignored it, brushed it away as thousands of rich men brush away unpleasant duties.

"Now that Mark is off my mind, I'll have to look into things," he thought. "I'll never have a moment's peace until I do. Mark would have been a help, but I am glad he has gone. Miriam knew what she was talking about. Lucky I happened to have those timber limits. I'll write to Macgregor to keep him busy till I give the word. If Miriam would tell me who the girl is (only she won't), I might be able to make it up to her." But the little voice, which tells all of us a bit of truth now and again, said plainly, "You know that you could not make it up to her—if she cared." "Nonsense," he told the voice irritably. "This girl is nothing to me, and Mark—Mark is all I have."

Suddenly, for no obvious reason, a strange despondency came upon him. The immediate present seemed to slip out of focus, leaving him, a startled entity, in the vast outside of things. He felt, as he had felt once before in that room, when he had given up the search for the child who would never be found, a sense of loss, profound and illimitable!

Then the familiar things rushed back, he got his grip again. But with a difference. The impulse to call Mark back was irresistible. He rang the bell sharply. "Send Benson to me!"

"Benson has left for the depot, sir. Mr. Mark—"

"What is the time?"

"Ten-twenty, sir."

"The train has gone?"

"At ten, sir."

He turned back into the library. After all, it had been a foolish impulse.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Mark Wareham closed the door of his uncle's house behind him he had no clear purpose in his mind. He had decided that he could not, in decency, call upon Christine; and yet it seemed intolerable to spend his small remaining time at a distance from her. It would do no harm, at least, to walk in the direction of her home. It was a long walk and the fresh air would enable him to think. Over and over again he wondered at the chance which caused his uncle to need him at this particular time. It seemed such a blind, blundering of fate, but, not knowing anything about the toasted cheese eaten by Martha, the real reason of his misfortune did not for a moment occur to him. Again and again he pictured the morrow, which was already among the might have beens, and with each succeeding picture the present seemed more unendurable. It seemed as if he could not go without something, some word, some look even, which would hold a promise for the future; and as his will, already in the grip of one of the most elemental of human passions, grew more and more defiant, his reason seemed to remonstrate, and it did not seem so impossible to see Christine, after all. At least, it would be quite proper to try to see her. He might not succeed, but, to go across the continent without trying would surely be the height of foolishness. He looked at his watch—not much time left and it was a long way to Brook Street! Why need he walk? One could get plenty of fresh air on a car and be able to think all the better for sitting still. On fire with impatience he swung himself upon the first car that came along. It was the wrong car, and he would have to transfer, but anything seemed better than a moment of waiting.

Why had Aunt Miriam fibbed about Christine—stay, perhaps she had not fibbed. It was possible Christine had been waiting for her interview while Miss Torrance talked to him. A simple and adequate explanation. An explanation also of why Miss Torrance, after seeing Christine, had declined to give her a trial as companion. He almost hated Aunt Miriam!

How slowly the car crawled. At the point of transfer an old lady of more than comfortable proportions got wedged in the doorway, and when extricated had succeeded in making Mark miss his car. The most considerate and good-humored of men, he now consigned all old ladies to a place not at all suited to them. There was one spot where the car switched also, and a place where it slowed down because of an open sewer, and once the trolly came off. But Brook Street was reached at last! a more cheerful Brook Street at night, losing some of its sordidness in the show of lighted windows and the hum of talk. To Mark it was a street apart, not subject to the laws of other streets. Love had passed that way.

There were many lights in the House of Windows. It seemed quite gay, for many of the blinds were but half-drawn and lamplight hides as much as it discloses. Mark walked past the open door. He knew that the sisters' rooms opened to the side, above the garden, and it was his fancy to see if he could pick them out. Afterwards he was inclined to take great credit to himself for his perspicacity though indeed one only needed eyes to see the difference. For instance, the blinds of the Misses Brown hung straight and did not curl up at the edges. The windows of the Misses Brown were all open and the curtains showed a dainty white, undisfigured by holes or dangling ornaments. The light, too, was different, clearer and more subdued.

As Mark stood gazing, someone moved into the lighted square of window—a girl's slim figure. Mark felt his heart leap and then fall like lead for the figure was now joined by another, a man's figure, short and broad-shouldered. They leaned together over the window-sill. The sight was like tinder to the torch of Mark's awakening love. In a moment passion was ablaze. His journey, his uncle's need, every other consideration seemed futile beside the necessity of knowing who it was who stood in the window beside the figure of the square-shouldered man. The last of his diffidence vanished like a puff of smoke and he strode in at the door of the House of Windows very much as a cave man might have entered the home of his chosen mate. The impetus carried him up a full flight and then, as no one opposed him, reason managed to get in a word. The acquired niceties of civilization strove with the primitive instinct and he paused.

What right had he?

Above, a door opened and closed; someone was coming down the stair. He must go on, he could not turn back now—

"You!" said Christine.

She stood a few steps above him, the dim light shining behind her hair, her face in shadow. There was a tiny pause that seemed endless, and then, with a woman's quick recovery, "How do you do?" said the girl coolly, "I am going down to post a letter." Her tone implied that he should draw aside to let her pass.

Now was the cave-man's chance. They were alone upon the stairs. Let him but assert himself and she must hear him. All he had to do was to hold his ground and speak. But something had happened. At the sight of her, at the sound of her voice, all Mark's love-born confidence, his fever to be doing, was merged in a calamitous timidity; of all the things which he wanted to do, he found he could do nothing.

"She stood a few steps above him."

Meekly hes tepped aside, raising his hat without a word, to let her pass.

With dignified deliberation, Christine came down the few remaining steps and passed him on the landing. She even went two steps down the other flight, then she hesitated, turned, and flashing him a look in which dignity vainly strove with mischief, she asked "Were you—going somewhere ?"

"Yes," said Mark. "I am going to Vancouver."

"Oh !" said Christine.

"I was coming to say good-bye."

"Oh !" said Christine again.

Mark was recovering his nerve. Time was flying. He must make the most of the few moments left.

"May I come with you to post the letter ?" he asked gravely.

"Yes" said Christine. It was she now who seemed to have nothing to say. They walked down the stairs in silence. Christine forgot to be vexed with him for coming so soon. Mark forgot that he had expected her to be vexed. There are times when little things take second place.

"I have to go to-night, at ten," said Mark, when they were out in the cool dusk. Instinctively they turned into the quieter way—not the way to the letter box ! "I could not go without seeing you again. I know that I—that we—he floundered, and Christine seemed not able to help him. "I mean I know that we have known each other only a day. But it doesn't seem possible. I've often read in books about people feeling that they have always known other people. Till now, I thought it was rot. Yet when I saw you going in to my aunt's I knew at once; not your name or anything about you but just you. Did you feel anything like that ?"

"No-o," said Christine thoughtfully. "Not like that. But," smiling shyly, "I seem to know you very well now. Otherwise," with sudden primness, "I wouldn't have gone to lunch with you or be walking with you now."

"Well, you see it is the same thing, only different. It means that you and I were meant to be—"

"Friends ? Do you think so ?"

"And now that I have to go away and do not know just when I shall be back I wanted to tell you myself and ask you to—" again that overpowering shyness seized him and turned a much bolder request into "to let me write to you."

Christine gave him a girl's frank look—a look that may have meant just anything.

"You may if you wish," she said simply.

"And you won't forget me ? You promise—"

"Christine !" said a stern voice behind them.

Christine turned. "Oh, Tommy ! you startled me ! What is the matter ? Is anyone ill ?"

"I do not know your friend," said Tommy icily.

"Oh, let me introduce you. Mr. Wareham, Mr. Burns." Mark bowed curtly. He recognized the man with the square shoulders when he had seen at the window.

"Gracious !" said Christine sweetly, "I thought I left you talking about the garden with Ada ?"

"Ada thought you had simply gone down to post a letter."

"So I did. But not simply. Here is the letter box now."

"It is the fire-box," said Tommy grimly.

"So it is—how funny !" This time Christine had the grace to blush. "Where is the old letter box anyway ?" she asked pettishly.

"Where it always is. Two blocks farther down the other way." Tommy's tone was the last thing in irony.

"In that case," interposed Mark politely, "perhaps Miss Brown will entrust her letter to me. I shall pass the box on the way to the station. And I must run. My train is due at ten sharp."

Christine held out the letter to him, turning her back upon the aggrieved Tommy.

"Yes, you must go," she said, placing her free hand in his. "Good-bye and good luck."

He held her hand and the touch of it was more powerful than the frowns of a thousand Tommys. Yet for her sake he restrained himself. "You did not answer my last question," he reminded her. It was his last chance.

Christine blushed divinely. "Didn't I ? "Well then—then—I promise ? An answer sufficiently obscure to Tommy, but which seemed to satisfy Mark entirely. "Not good-bye, then" he said, "but Auf Wiedersehen."

"What's that ?" demanded the angry Tommy.

"German," said Christine, placidly.

"Well, I'll be—"

"I don't doubt it," she turned to him now, her lovely face white and mutinous.

"Well ? What do you mean by it ?" she asked sharply.

"What ?"

"I say, what do you mean by it ? Why are you spying on me ? What right have you ? I tell you I'm tired of it. I won't have it !—Oh, Tommy, you're a pig ! I hate you." She put up her hands and began to cry softly in the darkness.

"Christine !" Tommy's horror was unfeigned. "Oh, Christine !"

"Go away. I don't like you. If you hadn't been here he might—have—" she sobbed incoherently.

"Yes, I think he might have," said Tommy with cold fierceness, "and now I want to know who he is and how you came to be walkiing here with him ?"

"You have no right" repeated Christine sulkily, but nevertheless she told him. It all came out, about her attempt to get a position, about Aunt Miriam, about Mrs. Wilkins, about the luncheon, and about the going to Vancouver.

When she had finished Tommy drew a long breath and said, "Thank God."

"What for ?" asked Christine sharply. "Because he is going away, I suppose."

"No, not that," said Tommy gently. "You don't understand, Christine. You gave me a fright, but its alright now. Stop crying, dear. Did he—er—ask leave to write to you ?"

"Yes, he did."

"And did you—but I see you did. Will you read the letters to—to Ada, Christine ?"

"Parts—perhaps," said Christine naively.

In spite of himself Tommy laughed. "Oh, Christine !—and yesterday you were a child !"

"That's just it, Tommy," said the girl slowly. "I was a child—yesterday."

He patted her hand tenderly. "Don't fret. We all have to grow up sometime—why are you looking behind you ? What is the matter ?"

"Nothing—only I thought I saw that old woman again."

"What old woman ?"

"An old woman I saw this morning. I've seen her before sometimes. A horrid old thing with red eyes. Sometimes I have a feeling as if she was watching me. Look behind quickly. I think she is there now."

Tommy, much amazed, turned sharply and thought he saw someone; but the impression was so indistinct that he could not say whether or not it was but a shadow of the night.

"There is no one there, what nonsense, my dear girl !"

"Yes, I suppose so. She can't be really watching me. But I see her often. A most dreadful woman ! And I am nervous to-night, Tommy—"

"Yes ?"

"You don't really think that I—that he—"

"No. I think it was all natural and right enough. But you must not think of it too much, Christine. Remember, you have only seen him twice ! He is a piano tuner, you say ?"

"Yes, but it is a good business. He said so."

Tommy smiled in the dark. "I expect it is. But his name was one of the things which startled me. 'Wareham,' you know, is the name of the young fellow who is Mr. Torrance's adopted son. A gay young fellow, if tales are to be believed, and engaged to Miss Alice Van Slyke. For one awful moment I thought it might be he."

"Well, it isn't," said Christine cheerfully. They had now reached the house door. "Is my face alright ? Celia mustn't be worried."

Tommy looked long at her flushed cheeks and happy eyes.

"It looks—different," he said a little sadly.

Christine rubbed her cheeks vigorously with her handkerchief. "Now ?"

"I think it is a difference that you can't wipe off, Christine !"

He smiled at her blush, but as she sprang away from him up the stair, he watched her with a sigh.

"Little Christine, too !" he thought. "How old we must be getting !"

The moon had risen and was shining on the blind girl's garden. In its light the tin cans shone like white lilies. An intolerable pain shook the commonplace heart of commonplace Tommy Burns !

CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTINE sprang up the stairs two steps at a time. It was an accomplishment which dated from her extreme youth and lately had been discarded in favor of a more ladylike progress, but this morning Christine was in a hurry. She burst into the room where the blind girl sat, like a young and frisky whirlwind and Ada had scarcely time to hide some knitting under her apron before she was lifted bodily from her chair in the whirlwind's strong young arms.

"I've done it !" said Christine, setting her back with a gentle thump. "Let's celebrate !"

The blind girl's face turned to her with bewildered questioning.

"I've got a place, a position, a job, a 'sit' ! I'm an independent working person. Votes for women !"

"Christine !"

"Yes, I know. I'm excited, but that will wear off. The fact will remain. I start work at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Oh, Christine."

"Now, Ada, be sensible. You know and I know that I had to do it. I will admit that if we had plenty of money I wouldn't want to work—this way. I suppose I would want to do something, sometime, but I'd have a good time first. Go to the University, you know, and do all the usual things. But as I cannot, I am quite resigned to my prospects. There isn't anything dreadful or pathetic in a strong girl of nearly seventeen earning her own living."

"I wish it could be avoided, dear. You do not know just what you are talking about, Christine."

"Yes, I do. I understand the three salient facts, anyway. I need to work, I can work, and I am going to work." She laid her hat aside and sitting down in her favorite position rested her yellow head on the blind girl's lap.

"You must help me to reconcile Celia," she said coaxingly. "For the dreadful thing is that I am going into the Stores. Mr. Flynn got me taken on. Mrs. Flynn said he had to. She thinks I am doing a very sensible thing."

"The Stores ?" echoed Ada. "Oh, Christine—Celia !"

"Yes, I know Celia will fret, but you must help me to win her over. It need not last. Something is sure to turn up and when it does I shall be, like Mr. Micawber, on the spot ! Don't you think it is foolish to make a trouble of the inevitable ? I believe I am a born fatalist. Have you noticed it ?"

Ada smiled. "I can't say that I have. Aren't you rather young to be anything so serious for a while yet ? All your experiences are ahead of you and I suppose our blundering efforts to save you from them must seem rather amusing to a looker-on. All the same I grudge your growing up. I have always thought of you as a child. But this last week you are different. I have been wondering—"

"How I knew about things ? Well, I'll confess. I heard you and Celia talking when you thought I was asleep."

"I guessed that. But it is about something else that I have been wondering. The difference in you was not caused by what you heard that night. There must be something else."

Christine felt her face grow crimson.

"What else could there be ?" she laughed.

"I don't know. But there is something. Last week you were a child, now you have grown up. I wish I could see you, Christine," wistfully, "there may be something in your face."

The girl sat up quickly. "What could there be, dear ? It is just that I am getting older. I have been growing up for some time, only you and Celia have not noticed it. You have been such darling sisters; no one could have had a happier girlhood; but now you will make me miserable if you do not let me help. Celia has worked in a store since I was a baby. Why should I be thought better than she ? And Celia must have a rest. She is tired out. Of course I will not get more than half of Celia's salary, but we can get on somehow. There is something left, isn't there ?

"A very little; but I think we can manage. I have a surprise too. Look." With a shy smile she drew from under her apron a soft mass of fine white wool. "It is a shawl," proudly. "There is one finished in the lower drawer of my dresser and I can sell as many as I can make to the wool-store. The profit is not much but it will help. Oh, Christine, just think of me being able to help !"

Christine kissed her. She could not speak for a moment, but Ada went happily on.

"The little Icelander woman who lives in the back suite on the first floor taught me. It is a very old pattern, so old that it is quite new again. Her great grandmother used to make them. Christine, if you only knew the hours and hours she has spent teaching me ! People are so awfully kind. I took a long while to learn although when you and Celia were away I practised and practised every spare moment. Celia nearly caught me once or twice, but never quite. No one knows I can do it, except Tommy !"

"You told Tommy ?" said Christine in surprise.

"Yes. Someone had to get the wool and arrange for the store to buy the shawls and—and everything."

"Oh, and Tommy did that ?"

"Yes, and he is so pleased. He thinks they are lovely. You know Tommy always understands me and he knew how I longed to do something to help. He says he feels like that himself only in his case it's hopeless because Celia won't let him do anything. Poor Tommy, he has been so faithful to Celia for so many years; ever since that night that you—I mean ever since you were a baby. I don't suppose he is likely to change now."

Christine looked at her unconscious face curiously. To herself she was saying that she didn't quite understand Ada. She, Christine, felt sure that she would know if a man loved her.

"You are blushing !" said Ada suddenly. She was often uncannily conscious of things of which the blind are supposed to be ignorant.

"I am always doing it. I think I must have a cold," said Christine. She got up quickly and busied herself in laying the cloth on the round table. "I think I'll make pancakes to-night for supper," she went on reflectively. "We'll fry them in butter for a celebration ! I wonder if Tommy will write me a poem ? 'To a Young Lady Upon Securing Work' would be a proper title. He could make it very touching. Really, Ada, I'm nervous about telling Celia ! She has not been like herself for these three weeks. Her eyes are so hard and bright and her lips look so drawn and thin. She is stern too. Celia never used to be stern."

"Does she look like that ?" asked the blind girl anxiously. "I am afraid she is worrying more than we know."

"Well, she has to stop it !" Christine broke an

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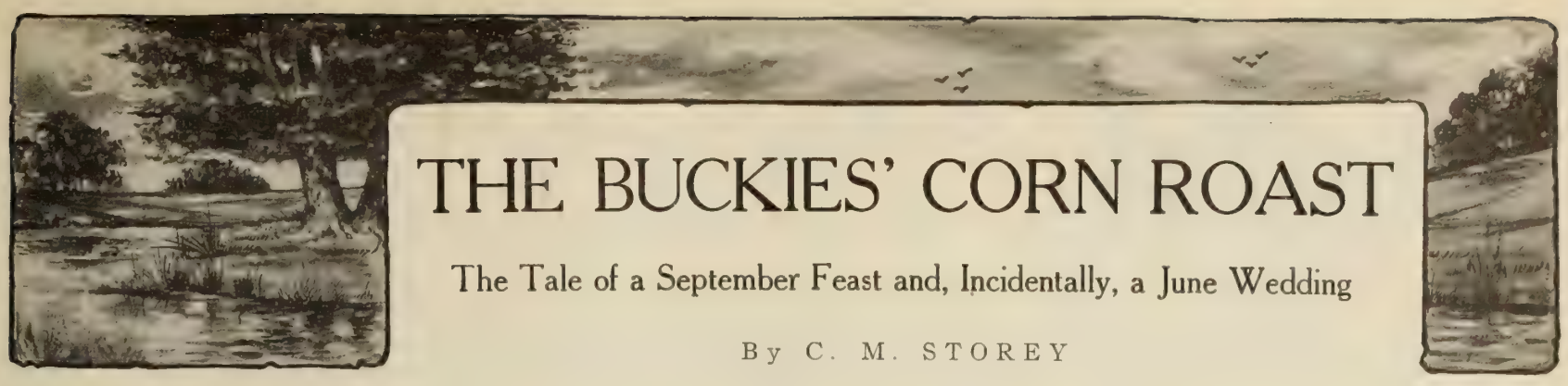

THE BUCKIES' CORN ROAST

The Tale of a September Feast and, Incidentally, a June Wedding

By C. M. STOREY

THERE'S a time for everything: March for marbles, April for skipping ropes, May for moving, June for weddings, and so on down the calendar. September, the month of haze and sunshine, is the mother of twin joys—hay rides and corn roasts. These contain the nectar of a whole summer's brewing.

Although the lay members of the Buckies' Camp were legion, the Buckies proper were but four in number, and albeit, united by the ties of kinship. Josie, with crinkly hair and petite figure, was the most delightful bit of feminine incapability that ever attempted to darn a stocking or bake a pie. The spirit was willing, as many a luckless effort would testify, but she had been born without the homely gifts of domesticity common in a greater or lesser degree to most of Eve's daughters. However, the gods had been kind to her in another way. They had bestowed upon her social gifts that more than compensated for those she had been denied, and made her, perhaps, the most charming member of the camp, at least so said transient guests.

Janet shone where Josie failed. She was a domestic graduate with medals galore, and, as Tommy Ballantyne said, the viands she cooked always tasted like more. Josette, christened Josephine, once known as Josie, later dubbed Josette to distinguish her from the other Josie, was rather a strong-willed, but usually a very reasonable young person. Isobel, the beauty of the camp, fair and willowy, had no special accomplishments, unless it was the gift of being happy and making others so.

Regularly each year the quartette came to the same spot to camp, and, usually, they lingered on into the glorious days of September, concluding the summer's gaieties with a monster corn roast, as a grand finale, to which the riverside folk looked forward, with perhaps more anticipation than any other event of the season, unless the arrival of the Buckies themselves, for they were more than passing popular.

None knew better than they how to conduct a corn roast to a successful issue. With the boldness born of a lifelong intimacy with the river and the most inaccessible cliffs of shore and island, they selected as a site for the corn roast, on this particular occasion, a high promontory that ran out into the channel, the last place on earth that any but the Buckies would have chosen. But the young ladies perceived the spectacular advantages of the location and decided in its favor. Two perpendicular walls of bald rock, fronting the south and the west winds, rose Gibraltar-wise out of the blue depths of the river. The east side was more hospitable. By exercising great care and skill, one might climb its mossy sides, to the top; then, again, within a yard or two from the top, one might roll to the bottom, without let or hindrance. It was mighty uncertain climbing. From the rear a rugged and tortuous path serpentined its way through a dense growth of pine and hemlock, which thinned perceptibly as it approached the tableland at the summit, a rather pleasant path to tread if one took it slowly. Nature must have designed this promontory for some sort of revelry, for she protected the steep places with hedges of juniper, cedar and bramble, and the base she fringed with cedar and shivering birches.

Perhaps it was here, in the days of their glory, that the Indians held their pow-wows, and by the gleaming fires at night the young braves danced, weird and grotesque figures, or listened with pride and longing to tales of prowess told by the old warriors. Perhaps—but the Red Man has passed and will not come this way again. The revels that take place here now are of a more pacific, if of a less picturesque nature.

There was a tradition that whatever date was named for the Buckies' corn roast, the weather was sure to be propitious. Nevertheless, there was much consulting of oracles and "probs."

Loath to leave their island habitations, many of the cottagers, who loved Dame Nature in her gayest, gladdest attire, and could do so, remained to worship at her shrine among the islands where:

> "All day the dreamy sunshine steeps,
> In gold the yellowing beeches,
> In softened blue the river sleeps
> Among the island reaches."

All the cottagers were invited to the corn roast as well as all the riverside folk, great and small, rich and poor, for on these occasions the Buckies knew no caste limit. It was an affair of general good will, where 'good fellows got together" to hold communion. Nor was there any age limit. Young and old were bidden. Young and old came. None prayed to be excused, saying he had married a wife and therefore he could not come. None begged to be excused, save one. There was one fly in the pot of ointment, there nearly always is.

Since the inception of the Buckies' Camp, Kenneth McAlpine had been their first lieutenant. Never before had he failed to aid and abet them in all their plans, sane or otherwise. But for some reason which he failed to give, he flatly refused to attend the annual function, and nothing could induce him to change his mind. Tommy Ballantyne, and, in fact, all the boys from the students' camp, had been despatched by the Buckies, to bombard his decision with their logic, but the young man was as resolute as his doughty ancestor on the barren hills of Scotland centuries before.

"I'd just like to know what's the matter with the dear boy," pouted Josie, whom Kenneth had never deserted before. Josie, Janet, and Isobel were seated on a log discussing Kenneth's indisposition or whatever it was.

"I can't think why he should act so," agreed Isobel. "Usually he's a most tractable young man—as men go," she added thoughtfully. "He must have a good reason for it, though, for he's not the least bit whimsical."

"There's one thing sure, if Kenny doesn't want to tell us, no one will ever get it out of him. He's a regular oyster, when he wants to be. Do you remember how mum he kept when Sammy Black got into that scrape at college? Kenny knew all about it, but no one ever got a word out of him." This from Janet.

Josie was plainly disappointed and as nearly angry as she ever got. "And do you know, girls, Tommy says he's going back to college to take a post-graduate course in raising cabbages or carrots. Tommy wasn't sure which. Tommy never is sure of anything outside of rugby, the dear."

"In softened blue the river sleeps."

"Except that he's always in love with one or the other of us," laughed Janet.

"Even then he's not sure which one," argued Josie. "Last week I was the bright particular star to which he aspired, three days ago it was Janet, and it may be your turn next Isobel, or Josette's."

"You've not been keeping close enough tab on Tommy's heart, Josie dear. Only two days ago he was prostrate at Josette's feet, and got turned down so effectually that he didn't even seek the comfort of offering the remnant of his affections to me, as he usually does when the rest of you decline," said Isobel.

"I wonder," said Janet musingly, as she skimmed a pebble along the surface of the water, with considerable skill, "if that's what's the matter with Josette. Do you suppose she's sorry she didn't accept him? She's in what I always want to call her 'Ruskin mood.' When I see her go off by herself with *Sesame and Lilies* under her arm, I know she's not quite normal. It's a danger signal, for Josette is not particularly booky, coining a word to suit the occasion, particularly in summer, and she's the last person among my intimate friends to resort to Ruskin. I believe it's a ruse to get off by herself, and *Sesame and Lilies* is just a habit."

"Dear old Josette," commented Josie hopefully. "If she's sorry, she needn't worry, she'll have plenty more chances. Tommy'll propose to each one of us at least once more before we strike camp."

"Did it ever occur to you how very characteristic everything Josette does, seems to be?" asked Isobel. "When she feels disposed to solitude and Ruskin, which, according to Janet, are synonymous, she quietly departs without a word to anyone, leaving in her wake a 'follow-me-if-you-dare' atmosphere, and I'd as soon follow a roaring lion to the mouth of his den as to disregard her wishes. Not that she would say a word, not she, but the atmosphere would still be there."

"That's what I think so charming about Josette. She never dictates. She's a sort of disciple of auto-suggestion. When she says, 'Shall we have muffins for supper?' I always interpret it, 'We *shall* have muffins for supper,' and govern myself and my oven accordingly. If Josette says, 'Shall we have fish for breakfast?' the very fish seem to know, and straightway attach themselves to her hook. She subconsciously proposes and disposes."

"But, what's all this got to do with Kenny?" inquired Isobel when Janet stopped for breath. "He has evidently made up his mind to cut us. There, I have it, Janet. He adores your oatmeal cakes, and you haven't made a batch this summer."

"Which, I interpret to mean, 'one for Kenny and two for Isobel,' eh! *ma chere?* Well, you shall have some this very day."

Kenneth McAlpine was the only son of a wealthy farmer—perhaps agriculturist would sound better—who had a fondness for tracing his ancestry back through dusty, musty tombs to Kenneth McAlpine, first king of the Scots, and was wont to say with fatherly pride, that even a king might be proud of such a boy as his. Despite the tendency to "go West young man," Kenneth stayed "east," graduated with honors from an agricultural college, and, with his father, tilled their soil and tended their stock along lines prescribed by science. To these men, farming was as much a profession as the practice of law or medicine. It was to them a thing to be respected, enjoyed, and at the same time to furnish a maintenance, which it did. There was no more elegible parti along the river front than this same young man, who had so stubbornly deserted the Buckies.

However, in spite of this drawback, things pointed to the most successful corn roast the Buckies had ever had. The students rallied in a body to their aid. Josette emerged from her Ruskin retirement, and everything went merry, as the proverbial marriage bell. The oracles told true. A perfect September day drew a soft, gray mantle about her, and became the night, fragrant with luscious odors from nearby orchards, and the tang of pine and hemlock with frosted juice of maple and birch.

Attended by the students, the Buckies arrived early to welcome their guests, who soon began to appear from all directions, some on foot across country, over bronzed stubble, wholesome laughter announcing their approach while they were yet a long way off. Others drove to the foot of the hill by an unused road. The drip, drip of paddles and snatches of song heralded the arrival of others in canoes and small boats, while the chug, chug of a motor boat, towing a gaily bedecked scow, brought all the early arrivals to the edge of the cliff with shouts of welcome. It was a whim of the Motor Boat Man, to take the scow in tow and coast along by the islands, picking up guests at the various boarding houses, who, for the sake of novelty, preferred the scow to other means of transportation. The men were armed with long poles, with which they kept the scow clear of the shore when sharp turns were made in narrow channels. Each person provided himself or herself with a chair or stool. Fancy runs riot when it's twilight among the islands, and 'twas easy to imagine that one was traversing the rivers of China or Africa in the flat-bottomed boats one sees in travellers' snapshots, and for the motor boat, well, it was a thing to be ignored, but not so the Motor Boat Man. He was a person to be reckoned with.

The first to arrive and tether his calico steed at the foot of the hill was Daniel, the mail carrier. Josie often remarked that Daniel came "first after Kenneth" in his attentions. The Buckies were constantly debtors by reason of "lifts," parcels delivered, and numerous letters, which came to camp triweekly through the agency of Daniel. He was a thrice welcome guest, as were his wife, her aged father, and the twins, who came with him. Glowing with the heartiness of their welcome, they were

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A Man for the Digging

The Story of a Girl's Speculation in Real Estate

By MARY S. MANTLE

"HARVEY, we've got to; I've set my heart on it!"

Harvey smiled indulgently. "We will if we can," he said, as the car drew up and they stepped aboard.

During the five-mile run into the city Ruth gave full rein to her fancy. It was not the new sub-division lying to the south of the car line which she saw, with its broad cuttings showing where roads would be, and its sign posts naming those unpeopled streets. What she saw, and described to her companion, was that ten-acre lot, yielding crisp, juicy vegetables, flowers in profusion, and a part wired off for the prize specimens of the feathered tribe she intended having.

"You certainly have got an imagination," he said in a tone of raillery. "Hadn't you better wait till you sign the agreement before you sell the eggs?"

"Oh, dear!" and she sighed, "how you do dampen a fellow's enthusiasm. Now, you know all the hard work I shall have to get that place started aright, and all the money it is going to cost to do it, and then you won't leave me alone for even half an hour with my comforting visions."

"It looks to me as if what would comfort you most would be to sign away two-thirds of that bank account of yours for a few acres of virgin prairie."

"Why can't you say," dramatically, "to start the finest market garden in Western Canada? I like an optimist," she retorted.

In this bantering vein their talk continued. As the car jerked around a sudden curve, he instructed her to be sure and pack her eggs well! It seemed but a very short time until they reached the city, and the office of the real estate agent by whom, a few days previously, they had been told of the land.

"We've got to get it," she whispered as they went in.

Harvey opened the proceedings for her diplomatically, by saying that they had seen the land, and that it was a long way out—further from the car line than they had expected—and the price was too high.

"Since I saw you another party has been after it. I have given him an option for thirty days," said the agent, smiling.

"Oh, I am sorry, I wanted it," said Ruth impulsively, but not tactfully, considering Harvey's attack.

It was rather disappointing. For three weeks the pair had spent all their spare time looking for a suitable plot of land. Ruth Raymond had been trained as a market gardener in an English agricultural college, with the expectation of taking a position in England at the end of her course. But in the meantime Canada had called to her, with the result that at the close of her college life she had determined to find out whether the West held her opportunity. She was just twenty-six, and a capable and energetic girl. Coming to Winnipeg, she had spent the winter working as a clerk in a store, so as not to encroach upon her capital while looking about and deciding whether the district was suitable for her venture. Negotiations for land were the outcome of the decision she had arrived at. Harvey Sutherland was helping her. He was an old friend, and had settled in the city four years previously. They had quickly found what she thought would suit her, but when Harvey tried to deal for the land the price was so high it was quite out of the question. And now there was this second rebuff.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again. You will have to find another rhyme with which to brace me up if our third attempt is not more lucky," said Ruth.

"Oh, no, young woman," and he laughed, "you don't draw any more good copy book maxims from me until you have properly worn out the one you have got. The rhyme calls for four tries!"

It was a glorious spring afternoon when next they were able to start out to "select a cabbage patch," as Harvey dubbed their mission. The crocuses, lacking the drapery of leaves, contrasted their delicate lavender tints with the bare ground. While travelling westward the news which that morning's mail had brought them both was the subject of their talk—Tom Carlyle had sailed for Canada.

"A fine chap, Tom," said Harvey. "I have been trying for three years to persuade him to come. He wasn't getting on any too well in England, but did not like to leave while his mother lived. Three months ago, when she died, I hoped he would turn his thoughts this way."

"He should be here now," said Ruth reflectively. "My home letters are full of his coming. What good times we used to have together, didn't we—you and Tom and the girls and I! Do you remember? You remember that afternoon when we all went fishing instead of going to school, and then didn't know what to do with the fish we caught?"

"You bet; they were jolly days. I guess since then Tom has travelled the stiffest road of us all. You knew he had been supporting his mother and two sisters for years past, didn't you, and paid for the education of the younger girl?"

"No; he never talked about his affairs, and since they moved away from Barleythorpe, six years ago, I have only seen him occasionally." But she did not tell of the many times she had wished she could have seen him, nor of her disappointment that he seemed to be quite content with occasional meetings.

"He should soon get ahead now," continued Harvey, "for one of his sisters has a position, and there is no longer a home to be kept up."

They talked of Tom, and his affairs a good deal that afternoon, for Ruth was interested, and Harvey was his closest friend. Harvey, who had kept up a regular correspondence with him, was full of his virtues, and delighted at the prospect of seeing him again.

The Sturgeon Creek car set them down three miles beyond the limits of the breezy, bustling, gateway city, into which, yearly, so many pass homeless, and out of which so many pass hopeful. Following closely the directions they had received, a tramp of about a quarter of a mile along a prairie road—for they were as much in the country as if twenty-five miles separated them from city streets—brought them to the place they were seeking. Poplars and oaks were plentiful on part of the land, but more than half of it was clear. From one side of the site to the other they tramped, viewed it from this angle and from that, examined the soil, and decided that both the land and the location seemed suitable. They even settled on the spot for the house, which was to be very small and unpretentious at first, just large enough for two. Ruth's sister was to join her as soon as she had the place ready.

"We had better sleep on it, and I'll get Hudson to look it over for us in the morning. If he thinks as we do, you should certainly try to deal for it." Harvey spoke enthusiastically.

Late the following afternoon, Hudson, having agreed with them regarding its suitability, the two met by appointment to negotiate for the property.

"I sold it this morning," said the agent.

They turned to each other in astonishment. "It looks like Fate," said Ruth.

"It looks like a nigger in the wood-pile," said the other belligerently.

"Anyway, it's discouraging," she said as they went slowly down the street.

"Got any enemies?" he questioned.

"Enemies? Why? No; at least, none that I know of."

"Well, it's a rum go," he said thoughtfully and expressively, "and I would like to get at the bottom of it. It isn't just accident, don't you believe it. Why, it isn't two days since we got particulars of that piece of land, and it's been on the market for months!"

"It *is* strange," she assented; "but only one or two know of my plans, and they are all girls, who are awfully interested to see me start. That second man made up rather a flimsy excuse, didn't you think," she continued meditatively.

"Flimsy! I should just say so," in a disgusted tone.

Ruth was a trifle despondent. "Oh, well, we'll make that fourth try and see what comes of it. But I warn you," as the humorous side of it appealed to her, "if we fail again, instead of a market garden I shall open an 'Agency for Tracking Elusive Spoil Sports.'"

They speculated on various explanations, but no reasonable one occurred to them. Ruth maintained that it was merely a coincidence, but Harvey was more sceptical.

"Although I don't know that I altogether like it," he said, "I'm interested in your experiment, and want to see what kind of a fist you are going to make of it; but it looks as if the powers were 'agin' you."

"Not much of an experiment," Ruth resented his slightly patronizing tone. "There is certainly an opening here for my work, especially if people get to know I am reliable, and I intend to be that."

"Still, it's a queer thing for you to go in for, isn't it," he suggested dubiously, with all a man's distrust of a new venture for a girl he likes.

She would not see it that way. If it suited her tastes and her health better to live out of doors, why should she tie herself to something which kept her in all the time?

"But you will marry some day, and what will become of your scheme then?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, no; I shan't marry," she said hastily. And he got the impression that that was a subject better not pursued.

Tom Carlyle arrived the following day, and they all found much pleasure in talking over old times. He seemed very much amused at the accounts of Ruth's repeated attempts and failures to secure land. However, as Harvey said, she had still another try coming. But she was rather annoyed at their way of treating her venture as somewhat of a joke.

"You shouldn't strike out and be so original," was all the comfort Tom vouchsafed her.

"What would you have a girl do," she fired up, "be a millstone around the neck of her relatives, or do something she is not fitted for, when she might have congenial work, and the free, open air to work in, and be all the better for it? Do you think it is only a man who likes an outdoor life?"

But he would not take her seriously, and she got far more annoyed with him about it than there seemed any occasion to be. Especially as apart from this one subject they got along splendidly together.

"I have got another proposition on the string for you." It was a few days later, and Harvey was keeping his promise to her—not to grow weary in well doing. "It looks all right to me. It will mean investing more than you intended, but I think we can get the terms arranged to suit you. The party from whom I heard about it wants us to meet him at the city limits on Thursday evening, and look it over. Can you go?

"Yes, I think so." She did not speak quite as enthusiastically as sometimes. She was feeling rather blue over the delays in her plans. "I hope it will be a bona fide deal this time."

"I don't think there is much doubt about it," he returned, reassuringly. "I have gone into it very carefully, and, personally, I think you are well out of the others if you can get this one through. From the plans I have seen it seems by far the most suitable we have looked at yet."

Unfortunately he was forced to telephone her the next afternoon. "I'm awfully sorry, Ruth, but I've just been told by the boss to go on to-morrow morning's train to Neepawa as witness in a case that our firm is interested in. I may be back by Thursday night, but I'm not quite sure. But you had better look over that deal anyway. You needn't decide upon it until I return, if you don't want to, but it would be well to look it over as we arranged."

He didn't get back in time, but Tom was willing to accompany her instead. They met at five o'clock on Thursday evening, and had tea together at The Tea Kettle Inn, afterwards setting out to walk to the appointed place. Up the wide main street their route lay at first. Turning westward, the buildings gradually thinned out, and vacant lots, each bearing the sign boards of four or five real estate firms, became more numerous than dwellings. Farmers, sitting uncomfortably on empty hayracks, were returning to the outlying farms, and, keeping to the ruts in the unmade roads, the teams toiled slowly along. Tom spoke of his prospects in Canada, as, leaving the busy streets behind, their talk became more personal. How he had long wanted to come, and meant to do well. A position had turned up already which promised to be good, and he was in high spirits. Ruth also was feeling more hopeful. She had her own interesting plans for the future, and, after all, the delays were only temporary, and certainly it was pleasant to see Tom again. For years she had rather regretfully thought of this friendship as belonging to the past only.

"It's not like Tom, though, to talk quite so freer about himself," she reflected; when he broke in abruptly on her thoughts.

"I wish I could persuade you to change your plans."

"Oh, you men," she laughed, "how you do hate a woman to do anything a little out of the beaten track! Why, there is nothing unwomanly in gardening, surely?"

"That isn't the reason," he said gravely. "I would like your plans to fit in with mine. For years I have wanted to tell you so, but I could not, hon-

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THE GIRLS ON THE FARMS

A Friendly Talk With All of You

"FROM ONE COUNTRY GIRL TO ANOTHER"

TO all the girls on all the farms in all this great Dominion: Greetings! It matters not if your farm is called a homestead, or a ranch, or by any other name; also no matter if your home is a snug old farmhouse, built seventy-five or a hundred years ago by your Loyalist ancestors, or if it is a ranch house, or a bungalow, or a shack, or a sod house. If you are a daughter in your father's house, if you are living your life on one of the countless tracts of land given up to the pursuit of agriculture, horticulture, or any other natural "culture" I have You in mind, and wish to include You in my greeting.

I am a girl who was born and has lived on a farm. It does not matter under which of the above-mentioned styles of architecture I have my rooftree; but please believe me to be well acquainted with my subject (should not a quarter of a century of experience teach one?), to be sincere, to be honest, and to have but one object in my mind,—to tell you of the things which I have found of such material aid to the greater enjoyment of a secluded life, but perhaps also to discover any unknown—that is, unknown to me—pleasure which may be making some seemingly narrow and colorless existence both broad and happy.

I shall declare myself at once so I shall not be sailing under false colors. I am quite convinced that any girl on any farm has many opportunities of happiness which she overlooks, sighs for the fulfillment of many dreams which would end in rude awakenings, and believes in many airy structures which would not weather a storm as does the snug farmhouse which is home. I know that this is so, and that there are many girls who spoil their own lives and disturb the harmony in the home with a desire for something of which they are not at all sure, and who have an entirely false idea of the dignity and pride of their true position.

There is the girl who is willing to work, work, work at the thousand and one "chores" which are always to be found to do on every farm. If she is quite content it seems that she hasn't a mind above her work, and she really is not getting all that she might out of her life. Then there is the girl who feels the call of the city strongly,—the city with its brightness and its attractions and its many things which the country lacks. She thinks to be a shop girl and stand behind a counter for nine long hours every day, bedecked in the cheap and flashy imitations of the prevailing fashions, or to be a stenographer and bend over a typewriter in a dim office, or to have the family move to town and "keep boarders" would be much more enjoyable than her present commonplace life with such tasks as the washing of the breakfast dishes and the milkpails, and the feeding of hens and chickens. And also there is the girl who feels she has a place in the big busy world, who is convinced that her true and proper vocation is that of a teacher, or a nurse, or a musician or some one of the numerous professions.

These three general types embrace all of us, don't you think? There we are, you and I,—either the girl who is lacking in enthusiasm, or the girl with misplaced enthusiasm, or the girl with repressed enthusiasm. Do you recognise your own class? I won't tell you under which heading I come lest you lose all interest in me before I have aroused it. Curiosity is a great aid to continued concern; so, I'll keep you guessing if I can.

You girl with your mind too much on your work, stop wondering if you will have to make biscuits for tea, to save the bread, and don't worry about that speck of dust on the sitting-room table; just let yourself go in a nice restful heap in the most comfy chair you can find and ponder over what I want to impress on you. And you girl with your eye on the fashion page and your heart on a new dress in quite the most exaggerated style, wait and see if I'm really as prosy as you have concluded I will be. And you girl who can't set the table without leaving something in the pantry which should be out of it, because you are dreaming of what you think you should be doing, shake yourself and read this the second time and wonder if it's worth considering.

GIRLS, one and all, do you know what it is that is causing us to be misfitted pegs in circles which seem to us to be so much too small? We give too much thought to ourselves. Consciously or unconsciously we live self-absorbed lives and we are not altogether to blame since it is but the result of circumstances. Our environment does not tend to be diverting unless we educate ourselves to have the all-seeing eye, the most acute powers of perception and a sensitiveness to our surroundings. Our minds work in an ever-diminishing circle until, if we are not constantly on the alert, the circumference has become just our own particular self, our own individual ideas, our own special desires.

Get cross if you wish; I won't mind a bit. Say that I am maligning (or will some of you say "slamming"?) the subject I profess to champion if you desire; to malign my subject is to demerit myself. Contend that many girls of the cities, with all the advantages and privileges offered there to divert their minds into numberless broad channels, are as narrow-minded and self-centred as any country-bred girl ever dared to be; maybe I will agree with you. But it is of no moment or importance to me what the city girl does. It is the country girl, the girl on the farm,—which means you and me—that I am interested in and want to discuss. I repeat my statement and stick to it,—the majority of the girls who are living their lives on a farm, either voluntarily or as a victim of circumstances, cannot avoid a tendency to become narrow in their views and should be constantly on their guard against a realization of the possibility.

I do not presume for an instant to say I can give you a recipe for broadmindedness or a sure cure for a limited outlook. I want you to understand

A HAPPY COUNTRY GIRL

that I have continually to fight against the same propensities of which I speak and the remedies I mention are but suggestions which I have found it helpful to follow. In my estimation the hints are equally applicable to all three of the types I have mentioned. The cause in the main is the same, so why not the restorative?

This is my first suggestion: Have a specialty! That may sound vague, childish, disappointing, but give it a second thought, please do! Call it a fad, a hobby, a marked fancy, a strong inclination for a certain length of time, or what you will, the name doesn't matter. The important thing is: Get the idea, then specialize it. When you have run it to the death and have tired of it,—choose another fancy and see how it will wear. The chances are that you will add one hobby to another, without losing all interest in the previous one, and thereby you will enlarge your interests most appreciably. If you have not the usual methods at hand for keeping the stretch of your mental survey in a state of elasticity then you must invent some of your own.

Let your mind run idly along the line of the pleasant things in your daily life—that is the things which give you pleasure—and you have surely found a variety of subjects from which to choose a specialty. I have had many and I am quite willing to confess that I have wearied of some of them and thrown them aside for a new diversion, but all of my fancies which in turn took up any unoccupied time I could find, enlarged my views and left ideas not only profitable to me, but also of great aid in my intercourse with other people both at home and abroad.

When I was a school girl I had a habit of writing in a blank book all the quotations and bits of poetry which especially appealed to me. It became a mania with me, but if I had not gone at it in such a whole-hearted fashion I would not have retained in my mind so many gems which have been of much pleasure as well as benefit to me.

It has often fallen to my lot to feed the hens and care for the "setters" in the spring. Frankly I do not care for hens—they are so lacking in individuality—but I managed to work up some enthusiasm on the subject and to make a hobby of it for some time at least. It made pleasant a task which would otherwise have been irksome.

I love horses,—no need to work for enthusiasm on that subject. I didn't make a fad of *horses*, no indeed, I became thoroughly acquainted with one particular *horse*, and it is not conceit but fact when I say I can groom that horse, harness that horse, and make a bran mash for that horse just as well as it can be done. Nor do I feel that I have taken from myself any of my femininity. If we country girls are to broaden our confined conceptions we must remember that false modesty is no hall mark of a womanly character. My motto is: Never be afraid to do anything you think right for *you* to do; never do anything you feel is not right for *you* to do.

And here is still another fancy of mine, which has been a profit to me incidentally, because I made a specialty of it, though it was from love of it. This is camping or living in the open air. Pick a small party of kindred spirits, with one old enough to make the neighbors satisfied with your conduct, yet young enough in spirit to enjoy the jaunt, pack your tents and a few necessities into your canoes,—or if you haven't a canoe or any water on which to float a canoe, then take a cart or any means of transportation,—and go to some spot unmarred by marks of civilization, and stop there. If life in this state of free unhampered living isn't a specialty to which you will turn on every possible occasion,—well, I'm sorry and you will have to find a more agreeable fancy in some other line; perhaps you would prefer fancy work! I have had simple accounts of some of my trips accepted by sporting magazines. So, isn't that a reward for learning about the packing, the cooking, and the uninteresting—or so considered by many—routine work as well as merely enjoying the experience?

And still another specialty which comes to my mind is common, ordinary, everyday cooking. Why not turn it into a hobby and make it uncommon, extraordinary, and quite as satisfying, if not much more so, to the family palate? And in the country where fresh meat cannot be procured every day, the specialist who can make the same roast do duty in several different forms has acquired an art of no mean order, while the girl who becomes an adept at working in the culinary odds and ends may, by lessening the household expenses, add to her own pin money.

There are so many many things, even in our narrowest, most shut-in existences, overlooked or regarded with contempt, that might be made a joy, a profit, an opening wedge to a broader prospective if we would but take them up with vigor and enthusiasm and determination.

I have been most personal but had to be, so as to disprove any notion that I might be talking of a theory which could not be practised. I wish I could go on and tell you of hobbies and more hobbies which have served in their turn, and ministered faithfully and well. I would like to bring forward some of my views on the finding of your and my particular talent, but I have spent my space and must stop. I shall hope that some one of all the girls who will read what I have written will have faith in me to the extent of trying my plan. If only you will go at the subject—or object—you have chosen, in a whole-hearted, determined fashion I have not one doubt as to the result, or of your approval of my suggestion.

Get Rid of the Slums

IN the city of Toronto the slum question has lately received a large share of editorial attention, following the report of the Medical Health Officer, Dr. Hastings. These remarks by the editor of the Toronto *Globe* may prove of general interest to those concerned in good citizenship:

"Toronto should make short work of her slums. They are a disgrace to the city and to Canadian civilization. Dr. Hastings' report on housing in the congested area south of College and Carlton Streets shows that over 26,000 people are living under conditions that are as bad for them morally as they are for the body. Of 4,696 houses inspected in the slum area, there were only 1,601 with baths, and less than half with inside closets. In 2,207 cases outside privy pits were found. No less than 2,137 of these houses had two families living in them. There were 198 one-roomed "dwellings" occupied by families aggregating 472 persons. These facts and many others secured by the inspectors on their rounds must disturb the self-complacency of the citizens who speak with pride of Toronto the Beautiful and Toronto the Good. No city can be in any real sense beautiful or good in which many thousands of people live without the most vitally important requirements for health and morality.

"It is to be hoped the Board of Health will follow up Dr. Hastings' report by the necessary orders for the abolition of all outside privy pits in the older sections of the city within a period of two or three years. It is possible that this might mean a harvest for the plumbers' combine, but if there were any signs of a disposition to charge unfairly high prices the board could do as the sanitary authorities of British cities do under like conditions —select standard workmen to install closets and baths at cost price.

"In addition to provisions for sanitary appliances in the houses of the slum sections of the city, the Board of Health should strictly enforce the existing regulations requiring a certain amount of cubic space for each inmate in a house or tenement. High rents are both a cause and an effect of overcrowding. In cases where the city, by failure to enforce the law against overcrowding, permits a dozen people to be herded together in space that should be given to half the number, it is responsible for the increase of rents that will inevitably follow, for the rule of the slum landlord is to charge 'all the traffic will stand.'"

A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

The Fascinating Adventures of a Romantic Honeymoon

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gwen Nugent becomes the wife of Dr. Pat Hilbert, London, England, and as they start off on their wedding journey, the bridegroom discovers that he has been robbed of his pocket-book. He and Gwen return quietly to London and spend their honeymoon in their new house, avoiding their friends. They go to an East End restaurant one evening and the waiter advises them to seek amusement at a music hall where a competition is going on. Friends call at their home, but they hide and escape discovery. They visit various resorts, and Pat is recognized at the Tussaud Waxworks.

GWEN was not in the Great Hall; she was not in the vestibule beyond. At the street door he found her, crouching back on the seat of a taxi; crimson-cheeked, shaking, helpless with laughter.

"I've been a wax-work!" she gasped. "I've been a wax-work! Oh, Pat, it was the finest joke in the world to stand safely there, and listen to your cross-examination. You were splendid! Positively splendid! I nearly exploded with laughter. Oh, Pat, it's the most delightful sensation in the world to have been wax, and come back to life and find yourself the wife of such a nice, clever man. It's been the most adventurous afternoon!"

"Quite so," said Pat dryly, "Would you mind telling me—I'm really curious to know—what on earth made you think of such a crack-brained scheme as going into that group at all?"

Gwen laughed happily, and mopped her wet eyes.

"Think!" she repeated calmly. "I never think! I just *do!!*"

CHAPTER VII.

TEN days had passed by, and the honeymoon lovers, having spent a lazy afternoon indoors, were preparing to sally forth for a jovial dinner in the east.

The peaceful security of those seven days had obliterated all fear of discovery, until one precaution after another had fallen into disuse. Instead of peering anxiously through the peep-holes in the back door, and creeping out one at a time, Gwen and Pat now prepared to start out together, and actually exchanged remarks in normal voices as they went. Pat turned the key in the lock, stood aside to allow his wife to pass, and Gwen, serene and smiling, stepped jauntily forward—into the very arms of a man in blue!

There he stood: blue-coated and ponderous; his thick-soled boots planted well apart; his large, shorn face alight with subtle glee; "Run 'em to earth!" "Got 'em at last!" printed in capital letters on his smile. Pat jerked violently, muttered one lurid word, and stood still, chewing at his moustache. Gwen laid her hand on her heart, leant up against the door, and protested with a fine air of reproach.

"Oh! Oh dear! You *did* give me a start!"

The man in blue regarded her with small, cynical eyes.

"Apologize, I'm sure!" he said. "Sorry your nerves are so delicate. Wouldn't have thought it, if you hadn't told me. Nice little time you've been having, I don't think! Week-end cottage, I s'pose? Quiet and sheltered; side entrance from the grounds——"

"Stop that!" cried Pat suddenly. He had been for the moment too stupefied by surprise and annoyance to interfere, but now his voice rang out in so haughty a command that for a moment the constable was plainly impressed. Unfortunately, Gwen spoilt the effect by an inquiry put in her most artless and eager fashion:

"Do tell us! How did you find us out?"

The man in blue swelled with importance, adopting his best police-court manner.

"Hinformation from party next door. Hunhexplained nises in hempty 'ouse. Hodour of 'am through hupper winders. Vices!"

Gwen just sniggered helplessly, then shot a reproachful glance at Pat. In moments of emergency it is necessary to the feminine mind to have someone to blame, and although the suggestion of the rasher had come from herself, she was acutely remindful that it was Pat who had insisted that there could be no harm in opening the windows a few inches top and bottom during the repast.

Constable 27 interpreted the glance as a sign of guilt, and continued sternly:

"You'd better come quietly. We make it as pleasant as possible if you come quiet. Don't want to make it more public than you can help, I suppose? Then come along without a fuss!"

"Come along, WHERE?" gasped Gwen breathlessly. For the first time a hint of alarm mingled with the amusement on her face. She drew back a pace and stared with big, incredulous eyes in the policeman's face. What could he mean?

"'Ome," replied the policeman suavely. "'Ome, sweet 'ome! where people who 'aven't got one of their own, and goes to taking possession of hother people's, can be 'oused and fed free of charge. I should have thought meself, a good-looking gal like you—"

"Stop that!" thundered Pat once more. "Heavens, man, can't you tell a lady when you see one? My wife and I are staying here because—er—er—because we choose to! It is our own house. We have a right to live in it if we choose. I am Dr. Hilbert. I'll show you my card." He dived his hand into his coat pockets, then suddenly paused and frowned angrily at the remembrance that his card-case, with other superfluous trifles lay with the rest of his baggage at Waterloo Station. "Hang it! I haven't a card with me. I left them—"

"At 'ome. On the top of the peanner! You *would* do!" remarked the constable eloquently. "Don't try to bunkum me, if *you* please, young man. I've my duty to do, and I mean to do it. You come along quiet with me—"

Pat muttered violently beneath his breath. What a fool he had been! What a doubly, trebly, distilled fool to give in to Gwen's mad scheme, and imagine for a moment that they could succeed in escaping detection! Here was a pretty mess! How on earth was he going to convince this jack-in-office of the truth of his unproved word, in the face of such damnatory evidence as this quiet slinking out of a back door? He cudgelled his brains for inspiration, but only the feeblest of ideas occurred, so feeble that they were rejected as soon as thought of. For a moment he considered the possibility of fighting it out, but the policeman looked a formidable customer, and at the best the position could be only temporarily improved. He cocked an accusing eye at Gwen, as who should say: "This is your doing, Madam! Get us out of the scrape as best you may," and Gwen, reading its meaning, made haste to obey.

"But we are Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert! It's perfectly true! You must know that we are telling the truth. The London police are the finest and most intelligent body of men in the world. Everyone says so. You read it in the newspapers once a week at least, and you must be a picked officer to be on this beat. Now, look at us in your fine and intelligent manner and say if you *really* think we look like adventurers, who would want to sleep in empty houses that didn't belong to us! You see thieves and cheats and stowaways every day of your life. . . . . Tell me honestly . . . . . do they look like us?"

Constable 27 burrowed his chin in his neck and did as he was requested. He saw a tall, slight man in a shabby tweed suit, and a remarkably pretty girl in navy blue serge; and, possessing a modicum of the sense with which Gwen had credited him, he saw something else, too: that delicate, indefinable *je-ne-sais-quoi* which distinguishes one class from another, be it arrayed in garments ever so similar. He saw; he realized; but on the one hand he knew that offences against the law are by no means confined to one section of the community, and on the other he was far from ready to acknowledge himself in the wrong and relinquish the chance of a case. A momentary pause was succeeded by a solemn wag of the head.

"Hasserveration," he pronounced solemnly, "hasserveration his not hevidence! Hin the habsence of proof, the law is bound to hact upon hevidence. If you come quietly I'll make it as comfortable as possible."

It was at this point that the idea of bribery entered Pat's brain. He thrust his hand into his waistcoat pocket, fingered a sovereign, and held it out on a stealthy hand.

"Look here, I say. . . . Let's put an end to this! . . . I am telling you the truth, and you'll injure your own reputation if you insist upon playing the fool. Let us pass, please! I don't care to keep my wife hanging about in this lane. I shall see you again, later on."

But Constable 27 indignantly waved aside the offered tip. He straightened his back, and as Gwen declared in after descriptions of the scene, "swelled wisible" inside his tight, blue coat. His dignity was wounded—the dignity of the Force.

"That will be used in hevidence against you, young man! Heverything you say will be brought forward, so I hadvise you to keep quiet. Hany more himpudence or 'esitation, and I'll whistle for a mate! Hevery consideration I was willing to show for the sake of the young woman; but when it comes to bribery and corruption—"

"Yes, indeed. You ought to be *ashamed,* Patrick!" cried Gwen traitorously. "He didn't mean it, officer; he didn't, indeed. It is only because he is upset and worried. . . . . You are misjudging him, you see, just as he misjudged you. . . . What *can* I do to convince you? . . . There must be some way of proving the truth!" She screwed her forehead, and pursed her lips in anxious consideration for a minute—but a minute only. Then, like a flash of sunlight came the looked-for inspiration. "I have it! I have it! Come into the house with us, officer, for just two minutes, and I'll prove to you without a shadow of doubt that we are really Dr. and Mrs. Hilbert, living peacefully in hiding in our own house. . . . You don't mind giving us just two minutes?"

Constable 27 cast one keen, appraising glance at Pat's bulk, evidently satisfied himself that he was the better man, and signified a dignified consent, whereupon Gwen led the way into the upstairs den, followed by the two equally mystified and curious men. Pat had no idea of the form in which proof was to be offered, until he saw his wife approach the pile of newspapers in the cupboard, when he reviled himself for a thick-skulled idiot for not having had a similar inspiration.

"You see, officer," explained Gwen deferentially, "this newspaper comes from Brainford, in Essex, the home of Dr. Hilbert's parents. As they are some of the oldest residents, there is a whole column devoted to the account of our wedding. There it is: 'Marriage of Dr. Patrick Hilbert to Miss Gwendolen Nugent'—that's me! 'A large assembly of friends and relations . . . wedding presents costly and numerous. . . . Dr. Hilbert has taken a house in —— Street for the convenience of his high-class and increasing practice. . . . . Charming bevy of bridesmaids in white chiffon and wreaths of roses. . . . .' You see! A whole column of description."

"That's as it may be, mum. I never denied that I knows of that the marriage took place. The 'appy couple are now enjoying of their honeymoon."

"They are, indeed! You're perfectly right. A rather unusual honeymoon, but most enjoyable and exciting. There's something else I want to show you. Down here!"

Gwen turned and patted the newspaper with exasperating coolness. That was so like a woman: to play with her triumph, and gloat over a deliberate and artistic *denouement.* If it had been left to Pat he would have seized the sheet, thrust it in his accuser's face with a "See that, you stupid ass!" which would have been as the trumpet of battle. As it was, Constable 27 regarded the medallion portraits of the bride and bridegroom, as published by the Brainford *Herald,* with an expression of ludicrous embarrassment and contrition.

"Well, to be sure! Think of that, now! Asks your pardon, I'm sure. 'Ope you will understand, sir, that 'aving received hinformation, I 'ad no chice. 'Ope the lady will overlook it, and—"

"The lady is very happy to find that her house is so effectually guarded!" cried Gwen in her most gracious manner. "Now, I'm going to give you a glass of wine, officer, to drink our health, and my husband will tell you how it happens that we came to be staying here privately. We realise, of course, that it has a peculiar effect—"

So it came to pass that Constable 27 sipped a glass of claret in company with Dr. and Mrs. Hilbert, lent a sympathetic ear to the history of the stolen notes, and entered into a conspiracy to lull the fears of the occupant "next door."

"In another couple of days our time will be up,

and we shall be coming home in state. Keep her quiet till then, there's a good fellow, with any story you like— it's all one to me. Tell her we are the caretakers, if you like. It's perfectly true."

"Right, sir; quite right! Hinformation correct has to parties in 'ouse next door. Further hinformation transpires, 'owever, that parties are located with permission of 'Ilbert himself. 'Ow would that do?"

"Capital! Capital!" Pat laughed heartily. Once more his arm swung out in casual, off-hand fashion. This time the arm of Constable 27 swung out to meet it; there hands touched, and parted.

"I drink your very good 'elth!" said the man in blue.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was the hour for luncheon—the last, the very last meal to be consumed by Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert as Honeymooners in Hiding. As was meet on such an occasion, the *menu* had been provided by the simple means of sweeping the cupboard bare, so that no traces of invasion might remain. Items: Two and a half sardines (battered), left high and dry at the bottom of a tin; the small half of a sixpenny glass of potted shrimps; one (over) poached egg; three slices of cold ham; a rind of cheese; one apple; two cups of coffee (weak).

Now it is one of the fundamental and irrevocable differences between the sexes that every woman worth her salt adores a picnic meal, while every man abhors it from his heart, so that it can readily be believed that our Honeymooners regarded the viands spread before them with widely differing feelings.

"What a *lovely* scrappy meal! I do adore a lunch of scraps! Don't you?" cried Gwen.

"Um!" replied Pat vaguely; then, scenting suspicion in his wife's eyes, made haste to affect a fictitious glee. "Rippin'!" he cried, and finished the sardines at a gulp.

Gwen toyed daintily with the potted shrimps, disintegrating the tiny pink rolls, and spreading them at intervals on a slice of brown bread and butter. It was no novel experience to her. She was no gossomer nymph, but a fine, well built, upstanding, English girl, yet times and again she had survived the scrimmage of a day at half-yearly sales, on no other sustenance than a buttered roll and a pot of shrimps. She would cheerfully expend her substance on unnecessary trifles, thrillingly reduced from two-and-six to one-and-eleven-three; but the price of a solid lunch would have lain heavy as a crime on her feminine conscience. Now, in her own home, she drank her weak coffee and nibbled her bread with an air of complete content; but as the meal drew towards a close a shadow fell across her face, she grew silent and distrait, and from time to time her shoulders heaved in melancholy sighs.

"Oh! she cried suddenly, in heartrending lament. "It's the last, the very last meal we shall ever have together as Honeymooners in Hiding! It's past—it's gone—we may live to be a hundred years old, but it can never, never come back. Pat, Pat, our honeymoon is over!"

"Don't you believe it. We shall be back again in a couple of days, and as happy as ever—happier! Our honeymoon is going to last all our lives," declared the bridegroom sturdily. But the bride refused to be comforted.

"Oh, you may say so, but I *know!* It will never be the same. We shall never be all alone again, you and I, with nothing and nobody to think about in the whole wide world but just our own two selves. We shall be back here—yes! But there will be servants, and callers, and patients, and invitations, and interruptions every hour of the day, and—and—taxes and bills: household bills, *grocers'* bills—*I* know them!—mounting up higher and higher each week, and you will bite your lips and say, 'My dear—'" Gwen drew up on a short, dramatic pause. *"Pat!* promise me faithfully, on your honor as a British subject, that, no matter *how* high it gets, you will *never* address me as 'My dear'!"

"Er—er—certainly not, if it annoys you." Pat was quite startled to think how easily he might have fallen into this unpardonable sin. "But I really can't see why not. It seems to me a very innocent expression."

"It's not!" Gwen assured him. "It's the very reverse. It affects to be a term of endearment, but in reality it's *reeking* with deceit! 'My dear' is what husbands call the wives whom they *don't* love; or, if they *do* love them, they save up 'my dear' for moments of exasperation, when they would like to shake them but daren't! You will often feel exasperated with me. I'll confess if you won't throw it up at me that I am enough to exasperate a saint at times; but if you care for peace, steer clear of 'my dear'! Now, like an angel, get your things together while I wash up, and then we'll be ready to drive to the hotel in time for tea."

Before leaving the hotel at H— the bride and bridegroom had each despatched long and dutiful letters to their relations, warning them in each case that no further communications than picture post-cards need be looked for during the rest of the honeymoon. It was unnecessary to divulge that the said post-cards were all written at the same time as the letters themselves, and committed to the charge of a friendly chambermaid, with instructions to post one regularly at intervals of two days. With one exception these post-cards contained only a few words of greeting, but the last in order bore an important message:

> "Expect to arrive home at six o'clock on Wednesday evening. Kindly send in servants and prepare."

A letter of reminder had ensured the prompt posting of this message, which could therefore be counted upon to arrive at its destination on the following morning, and, pending the two days of preparation, the honeymoon was to be shifted to the Metropole Hotel. Recognition was now a matter of unimportance, and as the couple drove through the busy streets each felt the stirrings of pleasurable excitement. Before Pat's eyes there rose the vision of the long, brightly-lighted restaurant; he saw himself seated before a daintily-spread table, running a covetous eye over the *menu*, holding the wine-card in his hand. Gwen was obvious to creature comforts; she thought with delight that at last she could wear one of her real new trousseau frocks; decided on the pink, with the shot-rose scarf; saw a vision of herself walking down the crowded room, and was conscious to the very curl on her neck of the meaning of the whispered comments, "What a *pretty* girl!"

Under these happy circumstances it can be believed that it was in the highest of spirits that our lovers arrayed themselves for the *table d'hote* dinner a few hours later on. Bags and boxes had been rescued from the left-luggage office *en route* to the hotel; and it was delightful to meet all the

"Constable 27 regarded the portraits with an expression of ludicrous embarrassment."

dainty new possessions once more, and have the choice of a dozen garments, after living practically in one for a fortnight on end.

Pat was shut up in his dressing-room with instructions not to dare to come out until he was summoned, so that the full blast of his wife's beauty might fall upon him unprepared. The result was all that could be desired, and even Gwen's thirst for compliments was assuaged by the assertion that never since the earth was created had such a lovely vision greeted the eyes of man. Then the bridegroom meekly requested a little attention for himself.

"Will I do? Shaved myself again to do you honor. Tie all right? Spoilt two before I could get one to please me."

Gwen nodded with queenly patronage.

"Quite! Your bows have always such nice little waists. Can't think how you tie them with your great fingers. But your coat, dear! It's very creased."

"What could you expect after being jammed up in my bag for a fortnight on end? I've not worn this coat since the night before we were married. What an age ago it seems—prehistoric history—eh? The creases will come out all right in the air. Shake it a bit—eh?"

Pat took hold of the silk-lined tails and flipped them violently to and fro. Suddenly, as he did so, his face changed; he stood rigid in the centre of the room, and gasped out his wife's name.

"Gwen!"

"What?"

"GWEN!"

"WHAT?"

"M—m—my—*Look!* In my pocket! My tail pocket! Lying there all the time! My—*pocket-book!*"

He held it out towards her; she leapt at him and tore it from his hands; she flicked over the pages, thrust her fingers into the pockets, shook it over the floor, and out they fluttered—one, two, three bank-notes—crisp, little, rustling, insignificant slips of paper, which represented a whole sixty pounds in golden coin of the realm!

There they lay on the drab hotel carpet, while the husband and wife gasped, and stared, and gasped again, and laughed, and exclaimed, and danced, and waved their hands, and behaved generally as any other happy, natural young couple would have done under the same circumstances.

"Safe—safe—all the time! Not lost at all! Lying in that pocket when you said you were sure—positively sure—"

"So I was—so I was! I could have sworn that I took it out, and put it in the pocket of my new tweed coat; but it was the morning of my wedding. Bates was in the room chafing me all the time I packed. I didn't know if I were standing on my head or my heels. Then when it couldn't be found I thought of the crowd, and that fellow who knocked against me, and made sure— And it was lying here all the time, safe and sound! Oh, my poor little girl, and you might have had your honeymoon after all!"

"I've had it—I've had it! The loveliest one that was ever known!" cried Gwen, and promptly, mysteriously, began to cry. Just why she, who had taken the great loss with a smile, and had smiled persistently throughout the Honeymoon in Hiding, should have dissolved into tears at the glad moment of discovery, is one of the inexplicable mysteries which will remain with us so long as young and charming women continue to inhabit the earth. Cry she did, however, but temperately, judiciously, with a careful dab of the eyes with a tiny lace handkerchief, since it behooved a bride on the eve of her first appearance in public in a pink trousseau frock to take care that the effect should not be spoiled by tear-staained eyes.

"It's only because—because I'm so *glad!*" she exclaimed to her astonished mate. "I always do when I'm too happy. We *are* the luckiest couple; it's too perfectly lovely to be true! Never say again that it's impossible to eat your cake and have it, for we've done it! We've had our honeymoon and kept our money; we've been as happy as two mortal creatures could possibly be, and we've kept a nest-egg to tide us over tight places in the future. Pat! you're a lucky man. Aren't you glad you married me?"

Dr. Patrick Hilbert declared with much emphasis that he was; he went on declaring it regularly throughout the years; he is declaring it at this present moment, when as a busy and successful London practitioner his happiest remembrances are of a certain fortnight when he lay *perdu* in his own house, slinking out of back doors to attend East End theatres and feasting on scraps cooked on a Beatrice stove, in the company of the sweetest and cheeriest little bride who ever shared a Honeymoon in Hiding!

THE END

Wisdom for the Wedded

MARRIAGE is of perennial interest, says *M. A. P.*, and it is seldom that one comes across a book so filled with good-humored common sense as "Wooing and Wedding," by the Rev. J. O. Bevan. Although Mr. Bevan has no love for the militant suffragette, he is equally against the "milk-and-water" type of woman. His ideal is the wifely helpmate who is a real sharer in her husband's joys and sorrows.

Mr. Bevan's advice to husbands is of the best.

"The author once heard of a girl being rebuked by her companion for speaking of her 'feencee,' as she miscalled her 'young man.' 'No,' said the censor, 'not feence, but financier!'

"That is, indeed, so in the majority of cases. You are the financier, you work for a wage, you hold the money-bags. Nevertheless, she is a partner in the concern—she is the Co. You earn the wages! Certainly; but who sustains you, sends you forth to labor? Who, like the snail, carries the house upon her back? The wife. Her ministration in the home—as mother, nurse, upholder, guardian, general factotum, maid-of-all-work, head cook and bottle-washer—is none the less useful, necessary, exacting, menial, monotonous.

"'A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done!' Take her, then, into your confidence: share and share alike; if you appropriate a certain proportion of the weekly proceeds for your club, your drink, your tobacco, give her just so much for her own sole use and appropriation."

"The role of wife is the hardest and most exacting profession in the world," says our author, but he appears to think that her lot may be considerably lightened if she will remember the old motto to "feed the brute." Most married men will appreciate the following little sermon to a wife:

"What a want of consideration is often displayed by you in a recital of all the domestic grievances during the day at the very moment when the good man has returned home tired out with the contradiction of sinners outside! 'Oh! John, the kitchen chimney has been on fire; the cat has kittened; the rate-collector, the butcher have called again for payment; the 'nuisance' man has been enquiring as to the leak in the drain!'

"No, no!—let the poor man come in, put on his slippers and his easy coat; let him pacify the wolf within that cries for food."

In "Merrie England"

Maypole Soap Dye

is as strong a favorite as the time-honored Maypole itself, and like it, Maypole Soap is always an emblem of brightness and beauty.

It transforms faded, dingy, ready-for-the-rag-bag clothes and house furnishings into things of freshness and beauty. Dresses, petticoats, stockings, gloves, sweaters, golf coats, children's dresses, ribbons, feathers, colored tablecloths, curtains, cushion tops, couch covers, rugs — these are some of your possessions to which

Maypole Soap

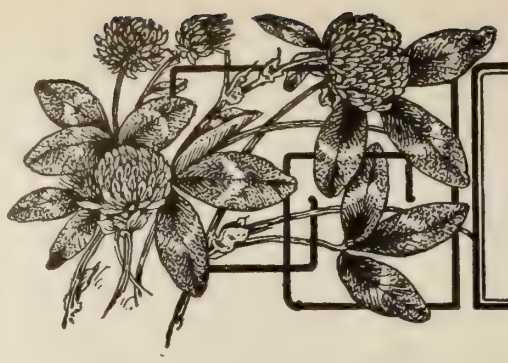
will give a new lease of life.

At one operation Maypole Soap cleanses and dyes to the brightest, prettiest colors — fadeless in sun or rain.

But one of the best things about Maypole Soap is the ease of using it. No muss or fuss —no scattering powder around — no stained hands or kettles. It's themost satisfactory home dye.

Made in 24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10 cents, black 15 cents—at your dealer's or postpaid with booklet, "How to Dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co. - Montreal



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

The Holiday Competition

WE have decided to defer for a month the date for the close of our competition, for which we are offering two prizes, the first of three dollars, the second of two dollars, for the best letters on the subject, "Our Summer Holiday." Each letter must be accompanied by a signed certificate from parent or guardian, stating age of writer, and assuring the Editor that the letter is original work. No one over fourteen years of age is allowed to compete. A special prize of two dollars is also offered for the best photograph of a holiday scene sent in by one of our Juniors.

The date for the close of this competition is October fifth.

The Northern Spy and the Greening

By E. G. G.

ONE day a Northern Spy and a Greening apple met in a Barrel. How they came to be together they could not tell. It was better that they should never meet, for they always quarrelled, and it is better for such things to live apart.

Northern Spy was a strong apple. He knew he looked well and was very popular, so, whenever he met an apple that was his inferior, he put on "airs" to show how superior he was in every way.

The grocer who owned the barrel had overlooked the two apples, and when they rolled against each other Northern Spy darted quickly to the other side of the Barrel and said in a lofty tone:

"I cannot imagine how you got here. This was a Barrel of Spys."

"I don't know," Greening squeaked, "but I will not hurt you. I am as good as you."

Northern Spy sniffed in a truly superior fashion.

"I am King of Apples. I adorn the tables of the rich. My varied and artistic coloring is admired by all. Whether baked, stewed or raw, I am lord of the apple kingdom."

"You are very conceited," said Greening. "You have no manners, and I think you are hard and sour."

"You're a pale, green thing," retorted Northern Spy, "and you're always shiny as though you never wash your face."

"Oh, I shine because I am rich and juicy."

"You mean soft," snapped Spy. "You can't live half the winter, while I shall live a whole year if I am kept cold and dry."

"I'm good for pies and apple butter," said Greening.

"But I'm good for everything," boasted Spy. "I heard a man say to-day that no matter how one ate a Spy, it was always good."

"You shouldn't repeat praise spoken of yourself," said Greening; "it is foolish."

"If I should roll hard against you, I wonder how long you would stand it? I could bruise your sides so that you would be good for nothing only to be thrown out."

"Well, we need not quarrel; we are both in the same boat," said Greening.

Greening sighed.

"The same Barrel," correctel Spy.

"I had hoped to become a pie and have some fine lady say, as she ate me, 'I do think Greenings make such lovely pies.' I should die happy if—"

"Ah," sneered his majesty, "you'll never hear that, because, as I have said, I am the king—"

At that moment the grocer's boy began to clean the barrel and the two apples tumbled out on the floor.

Northern Spy hastened to roll as far away from Greening as possible, lest anyone should think he was related to her. A poor washwoman, who had come in to buy a loaf of bread, stooped and picked up the Greening.

"Kin I have this apple?" she asked.

"Yes," said the boy, "take it."

"It'll make me a bit of pie. I allus say as how Greenings make the best pies."

Northern Spy chuckled. "You'll be turned into a pie, but you'll not be eaten by a lady."

"How do you know?" Greening whispered from the pocket of the old woman. "Rags sometimes clothe a noble soul, while wrinkles and grey hair tell of work done and battles fought."

"You are wise for a Greening," growled Spy. "I hope you will enjoy being cooked and eaten."

The boy struck him with his broom, and he rolled away into a corner, where he stayed many days. The heat caused his beauty to fade, his skin became wrinkled and his pride withered as he felt his strength ebbing away.

"I wish I had stayed near Greening," he moaned, "for then I might have had a career. I might have been picked up by a schoolboy and eaten. Then I should have in time become part of a man, which would have been glorious. Pride has been my ruin."

Northern Spy died alone, a withered, shrunken thing of skin and core, while Greening helped to feed a brave old woman who worked to make a living, which we think was a good work for an apple to do.

HAPPY PLAYMATES

The Big Jar of Water

A LITTLE Japanese boy named Kwang, who was very clever because he always paid attention to his lessons and tried to understand everything that came in his way, was playing with some other children, when one of them fell into a large earthenware jar full of water. The vessel was a tall one, and none of the children could reach their comrade. Kwang took up a large stone lying on the ground and throwing it at the earthenware jar with all his might, broke the vessel. The water at once ran out, and the little boy was saved.

Holiday Letters

Holyrood, July 10, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and enjoy reading it very much, especially the Juniors' page. I will now write on "Our Summer Holiday."

One hot day last summer my cousins and I made a tent under a large willow tree. In the tent we had a lemon and soda water stand. We had a board on some bricks for a counter, and a box to sit on when we were tired.

To make the lemonade we took a little lemon peel, some sugar, vinegar, and plenty of water. We used just the same for the soda water as the lemonade, only we used the soda water instead of lemon peel. The lemonade we sold for two pins a glass and the soda water we sold for three pins a glass. We chose three pins for the soda water because it sometimes takes a lot of soda to make it fizzle.

My cousin Tom was my partner. He stood on the fence and called out, "Here's your ice-cold lemonade, only two pins a glass. Come this way for your three-pin soda water!"

I stayed under the tent and waited on our customers. We did a big business. We sold to ten boys, five girls, two babies, my grandmother and two aunts. But we drank the most of it ourselves. We were all sick that night, but cannot imagine what was the matter, unless because we worked so hard.

I will close now, wishing your page success.

Yours truly,

MAE HENRY.

Age, 13 years.

I certify that Mae wrote this unassisted.

MRS. T. HENRY.

* * *

Dear Mae:

What a fine time you must have had in the tent under the large willow tree! I remember playing circus a long time ago, when I took the pins and my brother turned somersaults. But we had no such delightful drinks as the lemonade and soda water which you served. I am sure I can't imagine what sickened the ten boys, five girls, two babies, grandmother and two aunts. You must write to us again, Miss Mae.

Warkworth, July 28th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My nicest and happiest holiday was spent in a camp at Lake Nipigon.

On my way there I saw many prosperous towns and got a general idea of the average beauty and prosperity of Northern Ontario.

I arrived at the lake in the morning, and my first impression of the place was its exquisite beauty. The trees

Continued on page 50

A SEPTEMBER LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEND

THE many lovely wild flowers that grow in profusion along country and suburban roadsides offer an attractive decoration for any luncheon table. That their use for such a purpose is not more universal is not due to any lack of beauty on their part, but to a mistaken idea of many hostesses that only cultivated blossoms are adaptable for decorative use. Some of the prettiest tables I have seen boasted a central arrangement of wild flowers, and their long season of blossoming, as well as the variety in their kind and coloring, allows of their use from early spring, when the dainty wood violet pokes its head above the earth, until late autumn, when the golden rod gaily nods its bright plumed top. The list of wild flowers suitable for table use is a long one and might well include nearly all the known varieties. Their adaptability to any scheme renders them invaluable, and their inexpensiveness makes an earnest appeal in their behalf to the economical hostess.

In our illustration, one pretty arrangement of wild flowers is shown. Here Queen's Lace, that delicate, fragrant flower found in profusion throughout September, is massed with wild ferns as the central theme. Low glass vases, grouped about a tall vase, are the receptacles used, and the completed effect is that of a mound of lacey white interspersed with green. A tall-handled wicker basket, massed with the blossoms and ferns would be equally effective, as would a birch bark jardiniere. Queen's Lace is sufficiently decorative in itself to need no further embellishment, and surely there is no lovelier adornment for a September luncheon, even among the finest cultivated blossoms!

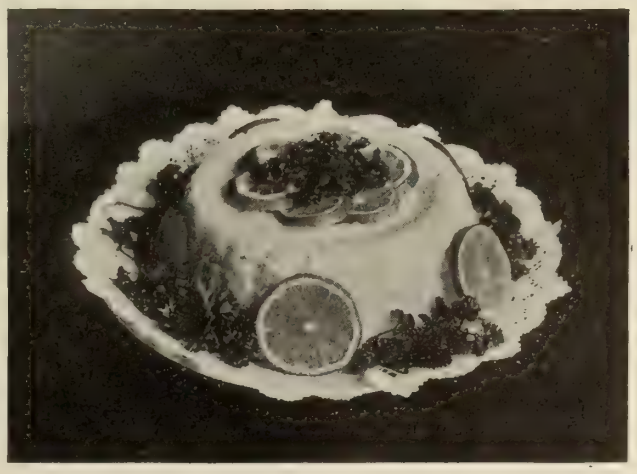
As to the menu suitable for an early autumn luncheon, any number of attractive dishes suggest themselves. The following is offered as a suggestion in the hopes that its easily prepared and appetizing concoctions may appeal to the prospective hostess, who may be in a quandary as to what to give her guests to eat.

Cauliflower Soup
Toasted French Bread
Chartreuse of Salmon
Potatoes Mushrooms
Baked Ham with Olives
Tomato and Egg Salad
Lemon Jelly
Kisses Coffee

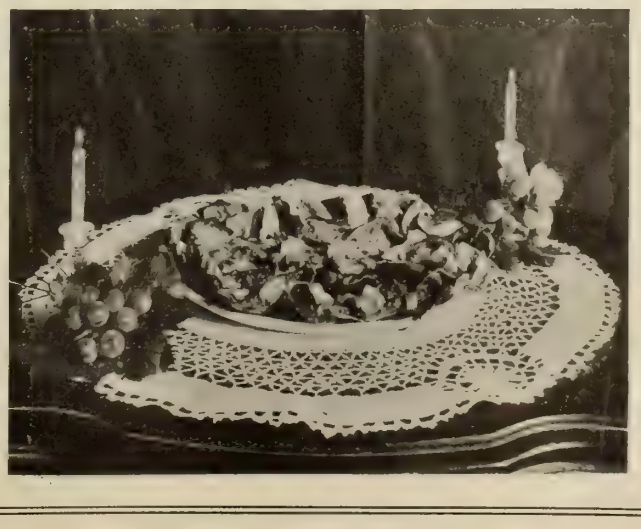
CAULIFLOWER SOUP—One head of cauliflower, one-eighth pound of butter, one-eighth pound of flour, one and one-fourth quarts of milk, one and one-fourth quarts of water, salt to taste, pinch of sugar and nutmeg. Wash the cauliflower, cut in small pieces, cook slowly in the boiling salted water, thicken the soup with the butter and flour, moistened by degrees with the hot milk to a thin paste. Add this to the hot milk, boil slowly five minutes, drain cauliflower when tender, add water in which it was cooked to the milk, allow to boil up, season with salt, a pinch each of sugar and nutmeg. Add cauliflower.

LUNCHEON TABLE WITH "QUEEN'S LACE"

LEMON JELLY



CHARTREUSE OF SALMON



TOMATO AND EGG SALAD

CHARTREUSE OF SALMON—Parboil one cup of rice five minutes; drain and steam until tender in about three cups of milk or stock, seasoned with salt and two tablespoons of curry powder. Line buttered mould with rice. Fill centre with a pound of cooked salmon, flaked, seasoned with salt, pepper, and lemon juice; cover with rice. Steam one-half hour. Serve with this egg sauce: Three ounces of butter, beaten with one ounce of flower; stir into it one pint of boiling water; salt and pepper. Cook fifteen minutes; pour into saucepan having hard-boiled eggs sliced or chopped in it.

BAKED HAM WITH OLIVES—Cover a ham with flour and water paste. Bake slowly for about five hours, basting often. Remove paste and skin except around shin bone. Brush ham with a beaten egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and set in oven until brown. Arrange a row of olives cut in halves along edge of skin. Garnish with lettuce leaves cut in ribbons, and paper frill.

TOMATO AND EGG SALAD—Take choice ripe tomatoes, dress liberally with best olive oil and a standard salad dressing, adding vinegar to latter if too thick. Use in proportion of two parts oil to one of dressing. Mix to uniform consistency and dispose on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with sections of hard-boiled eggs.

LEMON JELLY—Soak together for one-half hour one box of gelatine, and four lemons sliced, a little stick of cinnamon and one pint of cold water; then pour over it one quart of boiling water and four cups of sugar. Strain into round mould, and set in cool place or on ice. When ready to serve, unmould on plate, and, if desired, garnish base with blanched almonds. A cluster of flowers and feathery green, arranged in a small glass vase which will slip in the centre of the mould will lend a festive appearance. The flowers should be the same as those used for table decorations.

KISSES—Beat one cup whites of eggs until stiff; then beat in one-half cup fine granulated sugar. When clean cut can be made fold in second one-half cup of sugar; drop in spoonfuls on paper fastened to board. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

DELICIOUS APPETISING SATISFYING

That is what everyone says who has used E. D. S. preserves

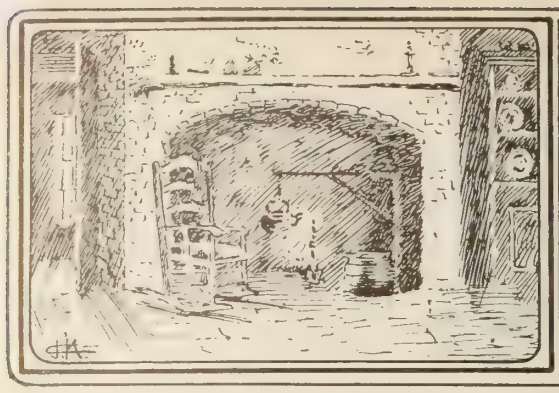
¶ They are liked by all persons from youth to old age. THE CHILDREN like E.D.S. preserves for their sweet, toothsome flavor. THE MOTHER serves them to father and to visitors because they are even better than "mother used to make." THE OLD FOLKS like them for their satisfying qualities—they cannot eat much but the food they do eat they want to be good. Next time you order your groceries ask your grocer to send up a jar of your favorite fruit. You will find the

E D S

BRAND OF PRESERVES

are better than the ordinary kind.

E. D. SMITH
WINONA,
ONT.



AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"You are preaching a gospel,
A chapter a day,
By the deeds that you do,
And the words that you say.
Men read what you're writing,
Whether faithless or true.
Say, what is the gospel
Acording to you?"

SILENT INFLUENCE

MEMORY carries me back over the years, and again I am a little girl of ten. It is a summer morning, in a little church, and in a town where I spent my childhood. Everybody knew everybody in those days, for it was only a village then, and a stranger received all the notice and scrutiny they could desire or warrant. A new face was in one of the side pews, in full view of the congregation. She was a guest of one of the leading villagers, beautiful of face and figure, prettily dressed, and attracted much admiration. When the minister announced his text, she fixed her eyes upon him, let her hands lie idly in her lap, and, until the close of the sermon, her attention was rapt. She neither averted her gaze, nor moved.

How did I observe it all? I suppose I must confess that I watched her instead of the speaker, for of that discourse I remember not one word, but her influence over my childish mind has lasted until now. I never saw her again, and little did she realize as she earnestly listened that morning that all along the years of one child's life her example of perfect church demeanor should hold sway.

Whenever I felt tempted to turn around, or a feeling of restlessness overtook me in church, the quiet attitude of that unknown lady inspired me to emulation, and I literally forced myself to do likewise, and what one cultivates in childhood *stays*. It became easier all the time to control the desire to fidget, and though one cannot always prevent wandering thoughts from intruding, we can, and should, preserve the outward semblance of interest. The seed took root in that little incident, and who will say that she did not preach a gospel to a young heart that day, to a mind that perhaps was not capable of understanding the deeper theology of the Bible message?

A RECOLLECTION of mother. We had for neighbor an English woman, who believed in "smacking" her children for all offences, (now, though we were Irish, praise be, our parents did not believe in 'batin'), yet one who believed her neighbor's children were always in the wrong. Two instances of this were when she missed her clothesline prop, and once when the key of the milk-house was lost. My brother was blamed for the disappearance of the clothes stick, though he stoutly maintained his innocence; while I was the last one seen with the key, according to her boy's story. Both articles eventually turned up, the stick in her own yard, where the lads had been playing horse with it, and the key right at the door, where it had dropped out of the lock. My memory calls up an angry, loud-voiced, red-faced woman on the one hand, and a calm, low-toned, dignified one on the other. Young as I was then, the scene has remained ineffaceable, and while my mother never flinched for one second in defending her own boy and girl, her naturally pale face did not change its color or expression, and I have felt that influence through all the years.

When I see a woman stand at her gate and shrilly call her children, and as each one passes gives a ringing crack on the ear, or wherever her hand happens to alight, on the frightened, dodging offender, I think of my mother. When I see a parent following a child with a switch or a strap in her hand, and calling out occasionally for the benefit of the people who have run to their doors or windows to learn the cause of the uproar, "I'll give it to you, my girl, when I get you home," or "You'll pay for this, young man," my mind reverts to mother and her gentle ways. Have you ever seen a woman with her sleeves rolled up, and her hands all flour, run out to settle a children's quarrel? Or did you ever receive a sharp note telling you if *you* didn't look after your children, and make them behave, the writer would?

I received such once, written in a passionate haste of indignant phrases and blots. I answered it, and the woman was ashamed ever after. You see, the silent influence always hung over me, and I remembered what mother would have done. So I wrote it calmly, and with unusual care, saying I regretted that, as neighbors, our children could not agree, but thought it was foolish for parents to interfere in childish squabbles, which were forgotten in a few hours. She could rest assured there would be no further cause for dispute, and through it all rang the true mother note that I had the same right to believe my boy's side of the story as she had to believe hers. Then I read the prohibition act to my flock, and no amount of coaxing ever swerved my decision that henceforth each family should "play in their own back yard." Too many parents are guilty of childish behavior in mixing up in little disputes that amount to nothing. Don't do it; teach them to settle their own little spats and differences, and if the ways of other children are objectionable to yours, or you feel that their influence is having a bad effect, it should not be a difficult matter to keep them separate, and yet give no cause for offence.

"NO man liveth unto himself," must mean this silent influence that radiates all unconsciously from our lives, and helps to mould the manners and lives of those with whom we come in contact. Think you that a man can live in a community, and his influence not be felt by those with whom he associates or transacts business; or a woman live in a place and not impress her neighbors, whether acquainted, or not, by the way she carries herself, or spends her time, or decorates her windows? A family was moving from one city street to another. The neighbors next door said, "You will never know how much good you have done me. I'm a poor, uneducated woman, but I have learned some lessons from you. Do you remember when you first came here how much time I spent hanging over the fence gossiping? Nothing that went on in the street escaped me; I neglected my work, I noticed you never did that, and I copied you. I used to scream at my children, you just beckoned to yours. I have watched you closely when you did not know, and I am a better woman than before I knew you."

Yes, we are watched, and by persons we little dream of. They are taking our measure, "sizing us up," so to speak, as citizens, mothers, church members, and forming ideals based upon what we represent to their minds. We can never get away from that fact, and it is a solemn one when we realize that someone else is perhaps building character on a foundation framed from what they consider our virtues. Should we not govern our actions so that the structure they build will stand the test of storm and stress? Do you look out of scornful eyes at people who are not so highly favored as yourself? Do you curl your lip at honest but lowly toil? Are you ready to smile encouragement at an objectionable story, or raise your eyebrows in assent at a hurtful insinuation? Would you like to feel that some one watching caught your spirit and perpetuated it?

A schoolmate, upon returning from college made this remark to me: "Of course, *now*, I shall not notice every one. I shall select my friends. You will do the same since your absence from home." Still smarting from a meeting with a very pretentious individual, also "just from school let out," who was busily engaged reading a letter as she passed me, I promptly replied, "Indeed, I shall do nothing of the sort. I hope I shall never become so ignorant as to pass anyone I ever knew without speaking." What a mean, impossible way to impress people with our greatness, shutting out the light of recognition, because of a higher education in a distant school, towards the unfortunate classmate learning life's lessons in the school of adversity! That very privilege they have had, the advantage of that education, should have taught them that the greatest men and the noblest women are noted for their natural kindliness and their simplicity of manner and purpose. Beneath the plain surface blazons the fire of great genius, and underneath a quiet exterior lay wondrous capabilities, grand souls that have discovered the truth of

"All things I thought I knew, but now confess,
The more I know, I know I know the less."

THERE are the home influences that follow us all through life, the school influences that are never forgotten. The different teachers, and the impressions that remain, it is impossible to set them aside. They have all had a part in your life. You remember the schoolboy who never got angry, his sunny face even yet sheds its joy as you recall him, and the patient, plodding seatmate, her persistency has helped you though you never knew it. In describing his teacher, my son said: "I have never seen him lose his temper. Under the most provoking circumstances he only bit his lip, and maintained utter silence." Could any parent wish a better example for a boy? The memory of that self-possessed man who could control his emotions is something to influence him all the rest of his life. Some one has said that silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.

Have you ever seen a strong man angry, ever seen his face pale, and a cold gleam come into his eyes, his lips compress, and his whole expression fairly make you shrink into yourself? Then, have you watched the fierce gleam fade, the color return, the firm lines relax, and never a word spoken? Then have you seen strength in very grandeur. Have you ever seen a calm-faced woman, under an abusive tirade, close her lips in silence, not even attempting to defend herself; or a boy or girl unjustly suffering blame, and, knowing it is undeserved, seek not to justify themselves, then have you beheld the same strength? It is the mightiest weapon one can wield in quelling gossip and slander, and if we could only keep back the cruel, stinging words of retort, that blast and blight everything in their path, making tender hearts wince and shrivel beneath their withering scorn, what a strength would be ours!

If the fathers in our land could never fail in their dignity, and show their children what a manly act it is to hold their temper in abeyance, and the mothers never let them see the angry flush of impatience and ill-nature wrinkle their brow, what an influence upon the characters of their children! If parents but realized how far-reaching and potent the example of their everyday lives were upon the children in their homes, it would tend to make them more cautious as to how they pattern their lives. Father worked so happily, so unceasingly,

"In and out of our home he went,
Year after year with a glad content."

And mother was so self-sacrificing, and on down the years the influence helped the boy and girl to bear the same yoke, and plod on over the same path. Gentle, patient lives, a soothing and quieting power as we view them in retrospect.

NOW, what is the gospel, according to you? Perhaps you feel that your influence is of little consequence, that your sphere is limited, that no one troubles to take notice. Do not deceive yourself; out from you flow waves of influence ever widening, no matter how humble your life may be. A poor cripple sitting at the window, sighing as the people pass, wishing he too had health and vigor to move about, laments that he is a burden. Little he dreams of the lesson his infirmity is teaching as the bustling crowd pass his window daily, and glance up at the pale, pathetic face. The cold and the heat, the labor and toil sink into insignificance, as they feel the strength of their limbs. The face at the window revealed their blessing of health and activity, it brought out their sympathy, and the unconscious sufferer knows naught of the power for good his very weakness appealed to in their highest and best natures.

Your gospel may be to always be found in your place, to exercise toleration under difficulties, to carry burdens cheerfully, to endure with heroism born of fortitude, to smile at misfortune. This little clipping may not be out of place here, as it bears somewhat on this phase of the subject: The novelists of the day are taking the "new" women for their heroines, women whom life has struck blow after blow until they have learned the art of laughter; women who know how to jest in the face of disappointment; women who have a comforting sense of humor. Hurt a woman's feelings nowadays, and she smiles gaily at you, or wilfully misunderstands your meaning; break her heart, she smiles still, and commands your admiration by the power of quiet laughter."

The influence of a woman, or a man either, for that matter, who can go through life leaving a streak of sunshine in their path as thus described is productive of results which cannot be estimated. That is just the kind of sunlight this old world needs, sending out its rays in kindly ripples of laughter. If the gospel our lives preach can show others that we can take the bitter with the sweet, can swallow the draught of severe bereavement, can accept the loss of money, or position, and smile with hope and trust in the face of it, then are we faithful to the true Gospel whose great Example lived His perfect life as though He daily asked, what is the Gospel according to Me, and His influence will live all through the ages.

To Clean Eiderdown

MAKE a lather of hot water and soap jelly, a heaped teaspoonful to the gallon, and add a little liquid ammonia. Steep the quilt in this for a few minutes. Then rinse well up and down, and use a second or third lot of suds if necessary. Rinse in two lots of clean water to which a little ammonia has been added, and run through wringer. If you have no wringer, hang in a windy situation and squeeze the bottom occasionally.

To the Family Grocer

—an appreciation

THIS is a simple word of *appreciation*—an acknowledgement of *our* obligation—a reminder of the obligation of the Public—to the Retail Grocers of the world. It is fitting to preface this acknowledgement to our season's advertising which will regularly tell more than twenty millions of people of the purity and excellence of Heinz 57 Varieties.

Perhaps you—the consumer—never stopped to think of it, but the reason why you are able to secure Heinz Products, wherever you may be, is *only* because of the splendid co-operation of the good grocers of the world.

And only because they *are* good grocers—because they look *beyond* the penny's profit in hand—because they put quality and service—your interests—*first*.

Here is something you should know. If your grocer has not told you, he should have done so. We are making this heretofore unpublished statement; in his behalf:

Our prices to your grocer are higher than he has to pay for similar lines.

Purity, the best materials and care —*ideals*—in the preparation of foods—*cost money*. Only fresh, sound materials, absolute cleanliness in preparation, and perfect means of natural preservation, are found in the great Heinz kitchens.

Obviously, we cannot compete in price with manufacturers who have a lower standard of product—of sanitation—who use artificial preservatives to market questionable materials. We do not *attempt* to compete.

Your grocer *understands*. He willingly pays *more* for Heinz Products, for the privilege of serving you better. But *you* who consume them, pay just about the same. Please remember that.

The constantly increasing sale and distribution of Heinz Products is one of the surest proofs of the high standards upheld today by the family grocer. And this tendency to supply you with the best is almost *general*—it is fairly typical of the grocery trade of today.

Of course the grocer is conserving his own interest in this. It holds his trade, and increases its growth.

But, remember, the grocer who sells you Heinz 57 Varieties shares with *us* the extra cost their quality represents —while you pay the regular market prices.

Thus, he *deserves* our appreciation and co-operation. He deserves *your* trade.

H. J. Heinz Company

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Autumn Fashions

DESIGNED FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

ADVANCE INFORMATION ON AUTUMN FASHIONS

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN PARIS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

THE opening of the autumn always is a time of special interest from the standpoint of fashions and dress. We used to think that the spring was the period of radical change, but latterly we have come to look to the fall for really new things. This season, however, there is little evidence of any really important change in the general trend of styles. For the street we will still wear narrow skirts with straight lines and short coats, although these coats will vary in length from what is known as wrist to finger tips. For the dressy costume three-quarter sleeves and big collars prevail. For the severe tailored suit of general wear long sleeves are preferred, and collars may be small or large as liked. Skirts are cut in many ways, but the prevailing width is two and one half yards. They fit closely, but are not exaggeratedly tight, and both good taste and fashion declare against the so narrow skirt that it marks the outline of the figure in a way that is far from attractive and savors of vulgarity. Both high and natural waist line will be used, but in a general way, it may be said that the natural waist line, or the skirt cut just a little above, will be the prevailing one of the street costume. For indoor gowns we are likely to see high waists and medium waists, waists indeed of every length.

Suitings are very beautiful and of every variety, but there is a general tendency toward the suits of serge and rough finished materials with taffeta and satin for the dressy costumes. Broadcloth is being extensively used as trimming; it is to be much employed upon wool and also upon taffeta. The combination is always a pretty one and the new effects are in every way charming. Ratine also is used as trimming while velvet in combination with cloth is to have great vogue.

Handsome costumes are further embellished by touches of embroidery, and embroidery executed in wool threads is among the smartest of all things for collars and cuffs. Some of the new skirts show little panels and turned over effects and these often are treated just as are the collars and cuffs.

The prevailing tendency in hats is for the high round crown with narrow brim that rolls up at one side. For the early season a great many hats of silk and satin trimmed with the same material or with ribbon, will be worn, but felt also is seen, and white felt with black velvet is smart and in every way attractive for the early season. Big hats unquestionably will be seen and they are always beautiful with ostrich trimming, but for general wear the high round crowns and narrow brims promise to be a favorite.

Buttons are to be used sparingly upon coats, but are exceedingly handsome and make a feature. Many of the costumes are closed with one, two or three large buttons, and these buttons are selected with the greatest care. Bags in envelope shape with cord handles are to be extensively used, and one of the latest fancies is to make them of the material or of the trimming of the gown, braided or embroidered in harmony with the costume.

Three-piece suits unquestionably will be much worn. They are always practical and consequently in demand. The general tendency in suitings is toward light weight. In many instances the skirt, the coat, and the lower part of the blouse are made of one material, with the upper of the blouse and the sleeves of chiffon, net or other light weight fabric, but while this is a fancy of the incoming season, the entire blouse of thin material in color to match the suit is in every way correct, and makes the accepted accompaniment of the tailored suit.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

No. 7082—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust. No. 7046—Three-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist. 2½ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 1½ yds. 36, 1¼ yds. 44 with 1 yd. of all-over lace 18 in. wide and ⅞ yd. of lace 6 in. wide for blouse; 6 yds. 27, 4 yds. 36 or 44 with ¾ yd. of lace banding for skirt, for medium size.

No. 7119—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 40 Bust. No. 7076—Three-Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist. 3¼ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2 yds. 36 or 44 with 1 yd. of all-over lace 18 in. wide for blouse; 4⅞ yds. 27, 3⅞ yds. 36, 2⅝ yds. 44 with 2¼ yds. of banding for skirt, for medium size.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

No. 7087—Long Coat, 34 to 44 Bust. 7 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 5¼ yds. 44 or 52, ¾ yd. of broadcloth for collar and cuffs, for medium size.

No. 7057—Three-Quarter or Full Length Coat, 34 to 44 Bust. 8 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 4⅝ yds. 44 or 52 for three-quarter coat; 8¾ yds. 27, 5 yds. 44 or 52 for long coat; 1 yd. 27 in. wide for collar and cuffs, for medium size.

No. 7078—Raglan Coat, 34 to 44 Bust. 7½ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 5½ yds. 44, 4 yds. 52, for medium size.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

No. 7113—Single Breasted Coat, 34 to 44 Bust. No. 7108—Six Gored Skirt with Separate Panels, 22 to 32 Waist. 4¾ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2¾ yds. 44 or 52, ¾ yd. velvet for coat; 10 yds. 27, 5 yds. 44 or 52 for skirt when material has figure or nap, 7¾ yds. 27, 3⅞ yds. 44 or 52 when material has neither figure nor nap, for medium size.

No. 7090—Short Semi-Fitted Coat, 34 to 44 Bust. No. 7117—Skirt with Tunic Effect, 22 to 32 Waist. 4¼ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2¼ yds. 44 or 52 with ½ yd. 44 in. wide for collar and cuffs for coat; 2¾ yds. 27, 2 yds. 44 or 52 for tunic, 1¾ yds. 44 for skirt, for medium size.

No. 7044—Short Coat, 34 to 42 Bust. No. 7072—Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist. 4¼ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2½ yds. 44 or 52 with ¾ yd. of velvet for coat; 6¼ yds. 27, 4¾ yds. 44 or 52 for skirt, for medium size.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

No. 7107—Tucked Peasant Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust. No. 7123—Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist. 2¼ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 1¾ yds. 36 or 44, 4½ yds. of banding for blouse; 4½ yds. 27, 2¾ yds. 36 or 44 for skirt, for medium size.

No. 7032—Peasant Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. No. 7027—Six-Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. 2¼ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 1⅜ yds. 36 or 44 for blouse; 5 yds. 27, 3¼ yds. 36, 2⅞ yds. 44 for skirt, for 16 year size.

No. 7106—Tucked Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust. No. 7034—Tunic Skirt with Five Gored Foundation, 22 to 30 Waist. 3⅝ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 3 yds. 36, 2¼ yds. 44 for blouse; 7 yds. 27, 5½ yds. 36 or 44 for tunic and flounce, 2½ yds. 27 for foundation of skirt, for medium size.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

Our Fashion Department

IN ordering patterns, our patrons will please keep in mind that when two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at twelve cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, Canadian Home Journal, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. Paper patterns, twelve cents each, post paid.

Smart Autumn Suits

THE tailored suit is always a costume first in demand at any change of the seasons. Here are three that are excellent, which show all the latest features of fashion, and which represent different yet equally important styles.

The first suit is made from cheviot, with trimming of velvet. The coat can be made of the favorite wrist length or shorter. The collar is of moderate size and square, and either long sleeves with rolled-over cuffs or three-quarter sleeves in bell shape can be used. The skirt is one of the best liked that the season has to offer. It is made in six gores, with a separate panel at front and back, and the back panel can be made either with a round or square outline. Panels of the sort can be used with singular success of striped fabrics, but the plain skirt is an excellent one, and in every way correct without the panels as well as with them. For the medium size the coat will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1 yard of velvet; for the skirt will be needed 7½ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 if material has up and down, 5¼ yards 27, 2⅝ yards 44 or 52 if it has not, and for the panels will be required 2½ yards of additional material 27, or 1¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The skirt at the lower edge measures 2¼ yards. The pattern of the coat, 7113, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7108, in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist.

Combinations of plain with checked material are exceedingly smart, and the second suit of the group illustrates a most effective use thereof. The jacket is a new one, closed somewhat to the left of the front, and with a collar that can be made either round or square at the back. The skirt gives a tunic suggestion, yet is all in one, the tunic portions being attached to the broad foundation on the line of stitching. Any two materials can be used in this way, or the suit could be made of one throughout with trimming of velvet or satin or broadcloth or other material of the kind. One of the latest fancies is to use ratine in contrasting color, and the entire suit made of blue cheviot with collar and cuffs and neckband and lower edge of the foundation skirt of tan colored ratine would be exceedingly handsome and fashionable. For the medium size the coat will require 4¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; for the tunic portion of the skirt will be needed 2¾ yards 27, 2 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, and for the foundation skirt 1¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The pattern of the coat, 7090, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches, bust measure, and of the skirt, 7117, in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist.

The third and last costume shown is an exceedingly smart one with a coat that gives the Empire line and which can be made either with a plain or two-piece back, and with three-quarter sleeves finished with cuffs or with elbow sleeves without the cuffs. The model is an exceptionally jaunty, attractive and smart one and combines with a skirt to make a most attractive suit. The skirt is novel in its treatment, but is a simple six-gored one; the box plait effect at the back, and with a trimming band arranged over the lower edge. In this case the band is cut on the bias and the coat is trimmed with velvet. For the woman of medium size the coat will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 2⅛ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1⅜ yards of velvet; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52, with 2 yards 27, 1¼ yards 44, or 1 yard 52 inches wide, for the trimming band. The pattern, of the coat, 7044, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7072, in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

Pretty Corset Cover

THE corset cover that is made with a peplum is one of the best liked. It is easily kept in place, yet it is perfectly smooth over the hips. This one is just full enough to be becoming to slender figures. It is finished with hems and closed by means of buttons and buttonholes worked in a fly, so that the closing practically is invisible. Nainsook is the material illustrated, and the edges are finished with beading and frills of handkerchief lawn. Lace or embroidery can be substituted for the latter, however, and any material used for the cover.

The corset cover is made with fronts and back. It is gathered at the lower edge and joined to the peplum. The edges of the neck and sleeves are turned over onto the right side and covered with beading, which is threaded to regulate the size.

For the 16 year size will be required 1⅛ yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of beading and 2 yards of edging.

Pattern No. 7068

The pattern, No. 7068, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Japanese Silk Waists

THE comfortable and natty separate waist of the hour is the Japanese wash silk one of white ground striped with a color that matches the suit with which it is worn. These silks come in such a wide range of color and pattern that any taste or suit can be matched. Those with grey or black ground with white stripes are also useful. The little checked ones make up into dainty waists, but the stripes are ahead in favor this season.

Made in plain shirt style, wash silk waists are especially smart. Some women, wishing to insure a strict shirt style, send to their husbands' shirt-makers, and women who do not have to reckon their pennies too carefully have them made literally by the dozen for travelling. Such a waist takes about as much room as any wisp of silk, and it does not crush readily. If it does it can be pressed with a turn of the iron. And any laundress who knows her business can wash and iron them like linen, though a good many persons send them to the cleaner and stand the extra expense. More than one business girl who has learned economy at the hands of careless laundresses does such waists up for herself, washing them in a suds made with white soap, rinsing

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Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan, and gun-metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Same in pure thread-silk $3.00 for **3** pairs (guaranteed *three* months). Outsizes in black medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5½ to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00.

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them and ironing them under a cloth when they are almost dry. An iron should never be put directly onto silk. If it is hot enough to do its work it will yellow the silk too easily for the amateur ironer to manage. And in any case the iron leaves a shine that shows it has been there.

Pattern No. 7071

Kimono with Yoke

THE simple kimono made with a plain yoke is always a pretty one and is adapted to a variety of materials. This one suits small women as well as young girls and will be found appropriate for silk, challis, cashmere, lawn, batiste, crepe, all the materials that are used for kimonos, with trimming of contrasting material or ribbon.

The kimono is made with a yoke and the full portions that are gathered and joined to it. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and are sewed to the armholes. The band that finishes the neck and front edges is rolled over to form a collar.

For the 16 year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 4¼ yards 36, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1⅝ yards of any width or 3⅝ yards of ribbon 5 inches wide to trim as illustrated; for the short kimono will be needed 2⅝ yards 27, or 1⅞ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of contrasting material.

The pattern, No. 7071, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16, and 18 years of age.

Work Apron

SUCH an apron as this one is liked by many women. It is amply protective and it suits the artist and the designer as well as it does the housewife. In fact, it will be found desirable for any occupation that means possible soil to the gown. Just as illustrated, with square neck and long sleeves, it is both becoming and practical, but it can be varied in several ways. The low neck can be cut on a round outline or the apron can be made high with a rolled-over collar. The sleeves can be cut off to three-quarter length, or can be omitted altogether.

Pattern No. 7080

The apron is made with front and backs. The sleeves are in one piece each, gathered into bands.

For the medium size will be required 7¾ yards of material 27 or 4½ yards 36 inches wide, with ½ yard 27 for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 7088, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure.

Pattern No. 7088

Square Yoke Nightgown

THE square yoke nightgown is always a pretty one. It can be made from one material throughout, or the yoke can be cut from all-over embroidery or from lace or can be embroidered by hand. This one is made from fine nainsook with the edges of

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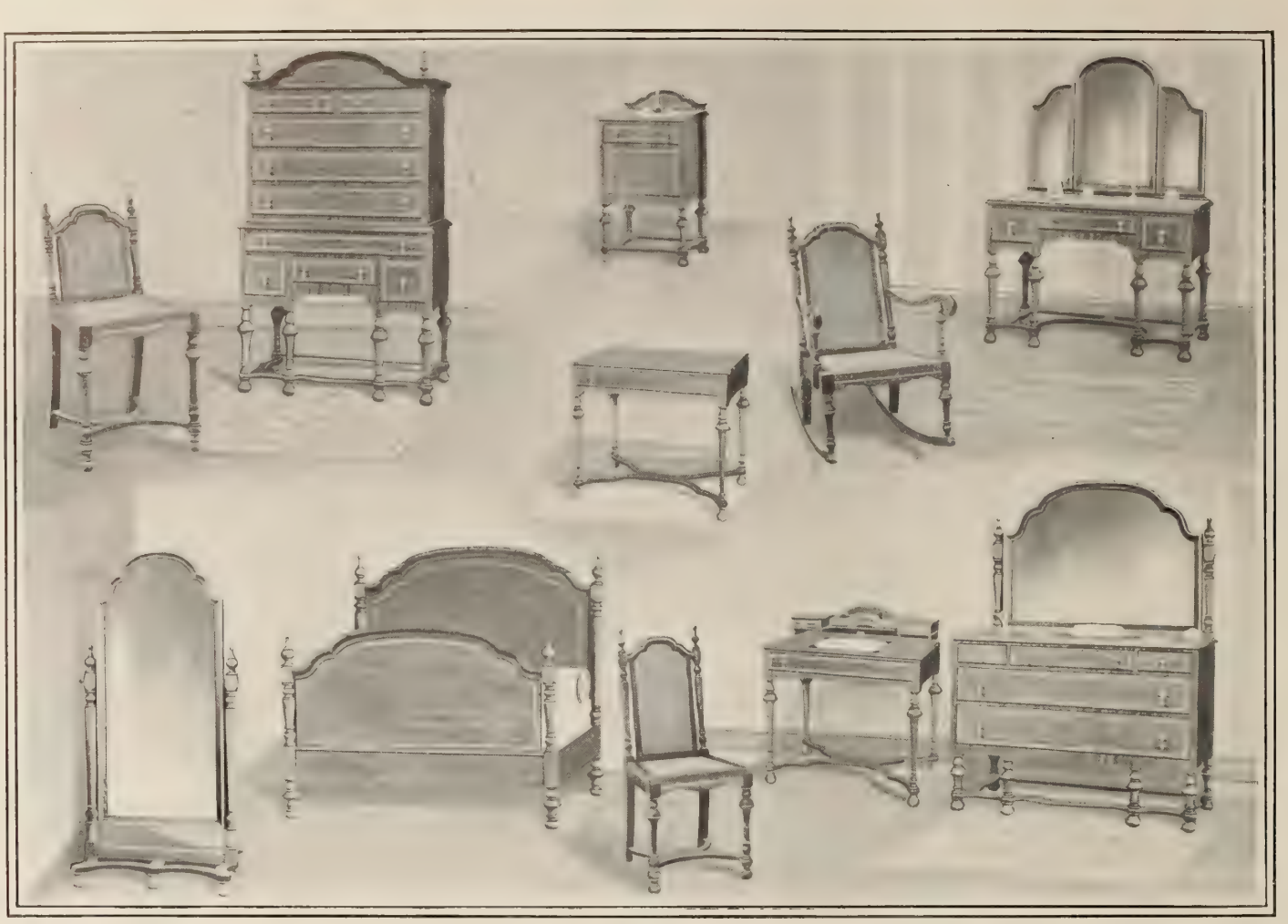

PERIOD FURNITURE

In the June number of this Journal we illustrated a page of "Period Furniture." Since that page appeared, our representative furniture dealers have supplied quite a number of their customers with those pieces. Having also had so many inquiries from all over Canada for Illustrations of different styles of period furniture, we realize the taste of our Canadian home builders for genuine meritorious furniture, and are consequently illustrating herewith two Bedroom Suites in "Period Styles." The upper illustration shows the ever popular William and Mary period, which is characterized by its simple dignity and absence of "Gingerbread" or overdone details. It is for these reasons, principally, that this period is still so popular in England to-day. The Suite illustrated is made in Old English Mahogany and Italian Walnut, is inlaid with broad lines of Ebony and Holly. The lower illustration is the Modern Turned Colonial Style. The Colonial being the only style which is supposed to have been originated in America. The Suite we illustrate is made in Solid Select Figured Mahogany, finished dull. We know nearly all readers of the Home Journal will be interested in these styles, and for further information would ask you to see your dealer, or communicate with us.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

yoke and sleeves scalloped and embroidered with dots. In the back view, it is shown simply seamed to the yoke. The short, loose sleeves are pretty and generally liked, but the gown can be made with long ones, gathered into cuffs. When it is made with a high neck, it

Pattern No. 7063

can be finished with a band or with a collar.

The nightgown is made with front and back portions that are gathered and joined to the yoke. Whether the sleeves are short or long, they are cut in one piece each.

For the medium size will be required 5½ yards of material 36 or 4 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7080, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Child's Jacket

JACKETS with cut-away effects and finished with big collars are new and smart for little children. This one also includes pockets that are dear to the childish heart, and it is in every way in the height of style. Silk, cloth, pongee, linen and all materials that are used for children's coats are appropriate, with collar either of the same material trimmed, as in this instance, or of a contrasting one. White linen banded with embroidery makes the combination shown in the front view; pongee with collar of bright red satin the combination shown in the back view.

The jacket is made with fronts and back. The collar is seamed to the neck and front edges. The sleeves are made in two pieces each, in regulation style.

For the 6 year size will be required 2¾ yards of material 27, 2⅛ yards 36 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of banding.

The pattern, No. 7063, is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Pattern No. 7081

Child's Apron

THE really protective apron is the one that always is needed. This one can be made with long sleeves and high neck or with square neck without sleeves, becoming somewhat more dainty in effect. Used in either way it protects the dress, for it completely covers it. It is simple and easily made. All materials that are used for aprons are appropriate, the white lawns for the more dressy aprons, the ginghams and the like for the one with the high neck and long sleeves.

The apron is made with fronts and backs. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and gathered into bands. The high neck is finished with a collar, but

Pattern No. 7064

when the apron is made with square neck and without sleeves, the neck and armhole edges can be finished in any way to suit the fancy.

For a child of 4 years of age will be required 2½ yards of material 27 or 2 yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7081, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Semi-Princess Slip

THE slip made with a high waist line is absolutely necessary for wear under transparent gowns that are treated in the same way. This one is in every way attractive and practical, yet quite simple. It combines a moderately full corset cover with perfectly smooth fitting skirt and can be made from any material that is used for garments of the kind. In the illustration, white lawn is trimmed with flouncing, banding and lace edging, but slips of thin silk are greatly liked and the model is just

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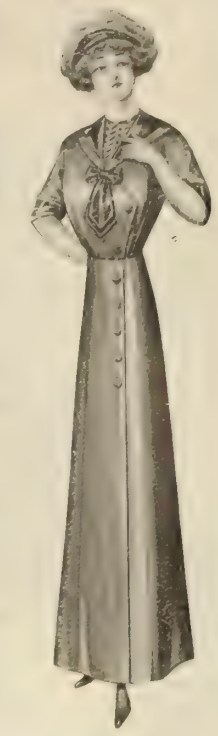

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S106—Charming tailored suit in all-wool Cheviot material. Coat is lined with heavy striped silk. 28 inches length with close fitting collar, long graceful lapels. Gored skirt with inverted plait on either side to knee. Colors Navy and Black. This is one of the most popular styles for the season. **Special price** - - - - - - **$13.50**

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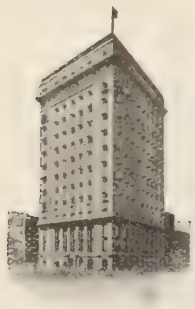

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of Canada
INCORPORATED 1885

113 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

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as well adapted to that material as it is to lawn.

The slip consists of corset cover and skirt. The corset cover is made with front and backs and the neck can be cut on either a square or round outline. The skirt is five gored. The flounce can be joined to the lower edge or arranged over the petticoat as liked.

For a woman of medium size will be required 4¼ yards of material 36, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of embroidery 13 inches wide or ⅝ yard of additional material 36 or 44 inches wide for the flounce, 3¼ yards of edging and 3½ yards of beading.

The pattern, No. 7064, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inch bust measure.

Tucked Negligee

PRETTY negligees such as this one always are in demand. In the illustration, a dainty dotted muslin is trimmed with banding and lace frills, but the model can be utilized for all seasonable materials that are adapted to such use, the many thin silks as well as washable ones, while challis and albatross are also admirable. The sleeves are cut in one with the main portions, so that there is very little labor involved in the making. The plain peplum does away with the bulk over the hips.

The negligee is made with fronts and back and is tucked on indicated lines. It is gathered at the lower edge and

Pattern No. 7062

finished with a perfectly plain peplum and belt.

For the medium size will be required 2¾ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 6½ yards of banding and 10 yards of ruffling.

The pattern, No. 7062, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

The Uses of Lace

THERE is a collar for evening wear, comprising a band of clear lace, stiffened by means of fine wire at the back. There should be a well-defined pattern upon the lace, which must be outlined with beads to resemble jewels; and to fix the pretty trifle there will be needed a bunch of tiny roses and forget-me-nots of satin or mousseline, to be made at home, or bought ready made.

Then there is a very precious piece destined to make a broad crossover for the corsage or to edge an apron garniture, the apron being one of those made of the finest pleated cambric or marquisette.

If a summer hat that has been worn for some time already requires a fresh garnishment, could a more elegant one be secured than a big butterfly bow of iridescent gauze hemmed with silver lace? And supposing a shoulder-scarf should be required, lace may be used as a garniture in this case also.

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Just a small pinch of Abbey's Salt to a glass of cold water, is the most refreshing and satisfying thirst quencher this hot weather.

This makes a drink like lemonade—just pleasantly acid — sparkling and invigorating.

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In homes of refinement,

Windsor Table Salt

has long been the universal favorite for table and culinary use.

17

EMBROIDERED HAND BAGS

TRULY bewildering is the range and variety of hand bags which are shown to tempt the woman who loves pretty things. Not so long ago the average woman was well content in the possession of a handsome leather bag, which seemed to suit every costume and occasion; but, alas, in this age of extravagance one requires —absolutely requires—a hand bag to match every costume. At least the well dressed woman thinks so, and where is the woman who does not wish to appear tastefully and correctly dressed for every occasion?

No. 1394—Child's Hand Bag, 35 cents.

Many of the beautiful, fancy bags shown in the shops are too handsome and expensive for summer use, as their beauty is lost when soiled; so this difficulty has had to be met, and has been successfully solved by the appearance of embroidered linens, which are known as "The Summer Hand Bags," and are now most popular. The designs upon these are simple and the embroidery easily done, so that

No. 1386—White or Tan Linen, 50 cents.

these dainty accessories are easily within the reach of all. Of course, these bags come already made up and the linings are left open at the bottom, so that they can be easily embroidered, the linings afterwards being slip stitched and turned back into place. Any selected initials may be stamped on these bags in addition to the designs which already appear.

No. 1375—Embroidered Pique Bag, 35 cents.

Many shapes and varieties of bags are now to be had, one of the newest being the "Coronation," or, as our American friends have called it, "The Sabretache," which is worn jauntily suspended from the shoulder. These bags first appeared made from heavy brocades and trimmed with gilt fringes and gimps, but such bags were too elaborate for daily use, and the linen bag, which is most practical, is made from heavy tan linen, finished with fringe and long cords to match. This bag is envelope in shape and has a dome fastener, and is lined with the same linen. The one illustrated has a design which is

No. 1387—Linen Bag, $1.10.

beautifully embroidered with Royal Floss in shades of dull rose outlined with black.

Another dainty bag is No. 1391, which is stamped on natural pongee silk and mounted in a dull gilt frame finished with cord handles. This bag is embroidered in dainty shades of opalescent silk outlined with black, which brings out the design beautifully.

Another variety of bag is No. 1393, which has the balloon frame, and this bag, which is most suitable to carry with linen costumes or wash dresses, may be had in either white or tan linen and the stamped designs are simple yet effective.

No. 1387 is a very handsome tan linen bag, which

No. 1391—Silk Pongee Bag, $1.25

is oblong in shape and handsomely mounted in a greyish silver frame. This very attractive bag is roomy, and the design pictured here has been beautifully embroidered in shades of dull heliotrope, green and black. Another useful and inexpensive bag is No. 1386, which may be had in white or tan. These linen bags have the added advantage of being easily cleaned when soiled, and thus may be kept fresh and attractive for an entire season.

The 1394 bag is for a child and is stamped on tan linen. It will require about three skeins of

No. 1393—White or Tan Linen, 75 cents.

Royal Floss to embroider any of the designs shown on this page, and these can be supplied at five cents per skein.

The 1375 bag is another variety which is stamped on pique and not made up. The stamping diagram shows the cutting out of this bag, which is envelope

No. 1501—Sabretache Bag, 75 cents

in shape and has two pockets. A piece of featherbone is slipped in at the top under the flap and stitched into place, and ribbon bows and strings complete this dainty summer bag, which is very dressy and suitable to carry with pretty muslin gowns.

If these articles cannot be supplied from your dealer write to Belding Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L, Montreal; also for any other information you may require.

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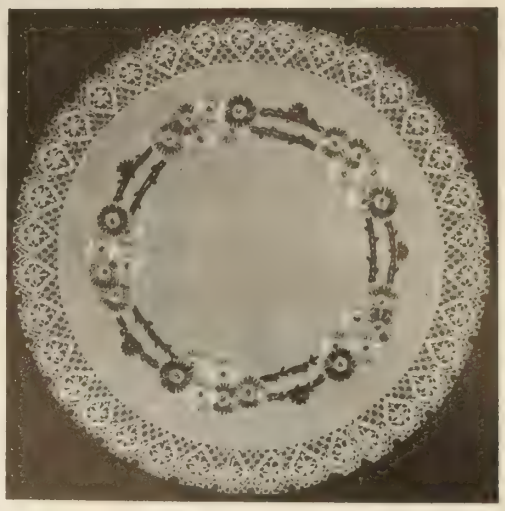

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You can easily tell it—there is a view of the British Houses of Parliament and the letters H.P. prominently displayed on every bottle of real H.P.

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have for many years manufactured this fabric, which has been much appreciated, and goes on increas ngly so. The excellent quality of the material, which is practically unshrinkable, makes it most adaptable to those who make up garments for day and night wear in their own homes.

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TORONTO, CAN.

A WRITER has told us that the years pass like summer clouds. Certainly, the seasons rush by us with their fleeting fashions with such swiftness that we are dismayed when we are told that the "new fashions" are to be displayed at the great shops. The summer girl has returned from Muskoka, Georgian Bay, or the St. Lawrence, with a liberal coat of tan on her smiling face, and is prepared to devote herself to the autumn styles and study what is most becoming in the new hats and coiffures. The housewife turns her attention to halls and bedrooms with the conviction that they need "doing over" before the winter sets in.

Now is the time for genuine bargains in rugs and wall papers. Axminster and Wilton squares are sold as low as thirty and thirty-five dollars, and in Oriental rugs Eaton's have shown most attractive and silky products in Shirvans and Kazaks for prices ranging from twenty dollars. The coloring of the Oriental rugs in softness and richness assures them a lasting place in artistic furnishing, and the woman who sets her heart on obtaining one is not likely to be disappointed in the quality of her purchase. What an infliction to a sensitive nature is an ugly carpet or a hideous wall paper! One may wear out an ugly gown or have an offending hat retrimmed. But a splashy wall paper is a daily and hourly trial, a violent-colored carpet is a continual eyesore. There never was a time when house furnishings were more attractive. Modern manufacture has brought them within purchase by the ordinary purse.

In the wall papers, the colors shown for dining-room, hall and sitting-room are brown, forest green, buff and red, with border and ceiling to match. The frieze is now almost universally used and is a needed finish in most apartments. Now, also, is the time for small touches of re-decoration. A shabby chair will look as good as new, after a liberal application of enamel, and a picture frame, which has been looking dingy for months, will present a shining appearance in a fresh coating of gilt. A few days spent in furbishing will make the old furniture and woodwork look as if they were fresh from the decorators.

The linen counters are crowded in these days, for towels, table napkins, and handsome scarfs are being sold at lower prices than will obtain later on. The elaborate tea-table covers are not popular with those who display best taste in home furnishing. Irish linen, hemstitched and embroidered in a small and dainty design, is the favorite fabric. A scarf of this nature can be bought in the early autumn sales for a dollar and a half, while towels of the best quality are sold at a correspondingly low figure. Among these may be noted the guest towel, of small size, which comes in scalloped ends at a price which makes it desirable to add a dozen to the linen chest.

DURING last spring and summer it was noticeable that the Frenchy fashion, "a touch of black," was observed in both gowns and millinery. It continues to be popular and is seen as a hair-line stripe in many of the autumn suitings. The all-black gown is going to be worn more for evening costumes than has been the fashion for some time. The black silks in duchesse, paillette, and mousseline have been selling at unusually low figures during the last month, and many of us, who consider the wardrobe incomplete without a waist or gown of black silk, have invested in a blouse or dress length. Cheap silk is never worth while, but if you will watch for a sale at a reliable shop you can often buy a gown of good quality for a comparatively small sum. The French printed foulards are still in fashion and the designs in navy and white, brown and white, and green and white are in high favor. The greatest recommendation of the foulard fabric is its light weight. No one who has realized the comfort of a foulard gown would be without this charming addition to one's stock of garments.

As for the hats, those already on exhibition show little change from the styles of the last two seasons. Crowns are higher, but the broad, sweeping lines of the wide-brimmed hat are still seen everywhere in the early autumn displays. The trimmings are the conventional styles, which come with the hint of colder days. The velvet bows are of richest coloring, and the ribbons are a triumph of artistic coloring and weaving. Autumn foliage, in gleaming satin and richest velvet, is seen on some of the most attractive headgear, and fruit makes its appearance in clusters of grapes and autumn berries, which are extremely effective.

IT looks much as though the majority of our clothes would be changeable in color next autumn. This idea is already beginning abroad, and is quite the moment's madness among the women who are expected to exploit something new each month. At the Coronation in London a great number of gowns, hats, wraps, parasols and stockings were worn that were changeable and iridiscent.

The stockings in changing colors have been worn for some weeks with summer gowns, but the parasols are new, and the shaded straw hats have a good deal of novelty about them.

There are also combinations that show more than two colors, such as raspberry, black and violet. These are deftly mingled, and present a far more harmonious service than one might think.

Felt hats, it is said, will carry out the idea, and instead of being dyed in a solid color, will be done in two or three mingled ones, and then trimmed in changeable satin or velvet ribbons. As for velvet, which promises to be again in fashion next year, we may expect to see it in every kind of changeable combinations, as its pile is so adaptable to this kind of color work.

There is no doubt that this novelty will be greeted with a good deal of enthusiasm. There may be many mistakes in choosing the unbecoming and ungraceful colors, but the amateur can be more safely relied upon to do this than she could to choose among the vivid colors, such as red, blue, green and black, that have been forced upon her for the last two years.

Mind you, these changeable tones will not be vivid; there is no splash of opposing colors such as in plaid or stripes or checks; the mingling is very well done by artistic dyers, and the fabric simply looks one color in one light and one color in another.

We have been delighted with the effect, as already seen in chiffon cloth and in gauzes. They prevailed last winter among those who dressed exceedingly well, and the effect was alluring. The gauzes lend themselves admirably to the changing lights and shadows of mingled tones, and as they were draped over solid colors the effect was not startling.

A soap bubble is always less vivid than a rainbow, and so it is that a changeable surface is far less conspicuous than a well-defined one in more than one color. We have become so used to stripes and plaids that we will probably consider soap bubble effects as most demure.

This rumor has already brought into being the use of shaded flowers, especially sweet peas. They are of satin, velvet and silk, and are used in bunches on straw hats or at the belt or bust of a corsage.

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Whether you are already a Kodak owner or not, we will gladly send you a copy on request, or it may be had from your dealer.

Canadian Kodak Co.
Limited
TORONTO, CAN.

HAVE YOU READ OUR GUARANTEE WHICH APPEARS ON PAGE 3

Common Sense Exterminator

KILLS ALL BUGS

Completely rids the house of them. Beats any "insect powder". Absolutely safe and certain. Use it on the beds and in the kitchen. Money back if you are not satisfied.

Remember Two Kinds { 1—For Rats and Mice. 2—For Roaches and Bed-Bugs.

At all dealers or from 20
COMMON SENSE MFG. CO.
381 Queen St. W., - Toronto.

WE have had the most trying July on record, and, during the most heated term, happy were the women who might remain indoors. For the business girl, those days were a trial, indeed, as she is expected to look fresh and cool at all times, and not to allow the most torrid heat to ruffle her temper. Some good advice, which may be passed on, runs as follows:

The girl in business should take extremely good care of her eyes. As she must perforce use them steadily all day long, it is only common sense to rest them as much as possible in the evenings and at the noon hour.

The girl who eats a hasty lunch and then spends the rest of her rest hour in reading or embroidery is in great danger of eye-strain. Eye-strain causes the eyes to become red and watery, inflames the lids, causes the lashes to fall out, and finally dims the brightness of those "windows of the soul." Also avoid reading as you go to and fro every day on the train. The very best use you can make of your eyes on the train is to close them.

Rested eyes do not have crows' feet around them, rested eyes do not lose their lustre, rested eyes do not squint, and, most important of all for the business girl, rested eyes will not give out half so soon as eyes that are never rested. Nothing can be better for tired eyes than to treat them to a boric bath at the noon hour. Have your druggist put up a small bottle of three per cent. solution of boric acid and at the same time buy a dainty little eye-cup. Persevere with this soothing treatment and your eyes will become strong, do their work well, and, at the same time, look pretty enough to satisfy the most exacting woman.

If you are subject to headaches and cannot see to do your work, the sensible and shortest course is to take a few minutes' vacation. Go away to some quiet part of your office and wrap ice-cold bandages around wrist and neck, then dip a small towel in the cold water and hold it firmly to your throbbing temples. In nine cases out of ten, if you sit perfectly relaxed and quiet, your headache will be gone in seven or eight minutes, and you will be yourself again.

The hands of the business woman are often rough, red and chapped, because of imperfect cleansing in cold, hard water, and careless drying—in fact it all spells carelessness.

Substitute a bowlful of warm, sudsy water for the cold water, add a pinch of powdered borax and make good use of a hand brush. Scrub and scour until every spot of grime has been dislodged, paying particular attention to the nails.

Empty the bowl and fill again with warm clear water and plunge in your hands, shaking them up and down until every bit of soiled lather has been rinsed off.

Now take a towel and rub until your hands are as dry as friction can make them. It takes two minutes to give your hands their bath.

Well-cared-for hands are more essential, if possible, in the office than in the home. The girl who is careless about her person is the girl who holds a second-rate position. As a matter of business policy, if nothing else, keep your hands in a spick-and-span condition. It will pay.

When the long, busy day has come to a close and you are ready to wend your weary way home, spare two or three minutes for a general primping up.

Take a deep breath and hold your hot face in a bowlful of tepid water for a second, then withdraw your head, take another breath and again hold your face well beneath the water. Repeat three or four times.

After your face is dried your skin will look as soft and fresh as heart could wish. When a dainty powder-puff has been whisked hither and thither over chin and cheeks and brows, and you have smoothed your hair and straightened your tie, you will look and feel a hundred per cent. better, and will probably enjoy every bit of your ride home.

A cup of cool, creamy milk as soon as you reach home, followed by a quick sponging of the body in cold salt water, will send you downstairs sweet and fresh for your evening fun. Nothing is so refreshing as the above treatment after a day of strenuous effort.

It makes you feel as good as new; and as to looks, why! one would think you had been spending an idle day, instead of working till head and back—and heart, perhaps—throbbed with pain.

Working in a hot, stuffy office has a peculiar effect upon the hair, which becomes dry and stringy. As fluffy, luxuriant tresses are one of the nine points of beauty, it behooves the business girl to rub the scalp with some good pomade before cuddling down for a long night's rest.

Use just the tiniest bit of pomade, as you don't want the hair to be oily.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

SUBSCRIBER—Massage with a good skin food is the best treatment for the trouble to which you refer. It is possible that the sight is defective, and you should find out if there is any eye strain. A lotion containing about a teaspoon of boracic acid is the most beneficial treatment which can be given tired eyes, and may be used every night. This may help to scatter the fine wrinkles. If you send a stamped and addressed envelope we shall forward the name of a good skin food. Avoid the habit of scowling. It is all too common in these days and gives a disagreeable expression.

E. S. G.—In answer to your rather extended list of inquiries: 1. Be careful about diet, avoiding greasy or highly-spiced food. Use a good skin food every night. 2. Avoid high collars. Use a good cold cream. Buttermilk often has an excellent effect. 3. See answer to former question. An almond cream is good for this. 4. The preparation you mention is not known to me. 5. Deep breathing is an effectual exercise, and is best taken early in the morning. 6. The ordinary calisthenic exercises with clubs or dumb bells ought to help you. 7. This cannot be answered without further details. Diet, scrupulous cleanliness, and exercise in the fresh air have much to do with it. Yes, the brush you refer to is to be commended. 8. The preparations you mention, especially the first two, are quite safe and beneficial. In all these cases you must be careful to follow the directions explicitly. 9. You should not wear such slippers, unless they are entirely in harmony with the rest of the costume. In warm weather, such footwear would be quite appropriate.

E. L. T.—The complexion food to which you refer would hardly remove the trouble which you mention. You are probably in need of a good tonic, concerning which you had better consult a physician. Daily application of skin food and brisk massage would help the other condition. For the hands, a cold cream should produce the desired result. Protect the hands when you are doing rough work and avoid, as much as possible, putting them in extremely hot or cold water. If you wear gloves at night they should be "ventilated" by having fingertips removed and a small hole cut in the palm. In treating any difficulty of this kind it must be borne in mind that constant care is necessary, if the desired results are to be obtained. Your skin is probably very sensitive and must, on that account, receive extra attention. It is quite possible to perform the ordinary domestic work without serious injury to the hands, if only care be exercised. There is no reason why the housewife should have rough or unsightly hands, and a soft, white hand, like a low, sweet voice, is "a most excellent thing in a woman."

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Our goods have earned a distinction that has come to no others, and their high standing is conserved by basing prices on the cost of production, and not on the purchasing powers of any certain class of buyers.

You are positive of securing distinctive styles, the same superior quality of workmanship, and superb appearance that has made the name of Dorenwend famous.

Transformations, Pompadours, Coils, Switches, Curls, Puffs, Etc.—The Latest American and European Fashions.

To people who cannot call we will send on request our handsome illustrated catalogue, together with a booklet on BEAUTY SECRETS, FREE ON REQUEST to any address. Write to-day.

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Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
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Bruce County Convention

THE people of Bruce County are famed for their thorough and successful accomplishment of anything which they undertake. Hence we are not surprised that the Women's Institute of that county is in a flourishing condition.

The account of the convention held in Wiarton on June 15th is of much interest, and we quote from it extracts which may be of much benefit to all.

The Women's Institute held their first convention for the County of Bruce, in the Town Hall, on Thursday of last week, and while there were not as many delegates present as had been expected, still the convention was a very successful one, great interest being taken. Wiarton is rather far north and the railway facilities not of the best, but as it would be just as difficult for delegates to get from North Bruce to a convention in East Bruce, we decided to set the ball rolling. We were somewhat surprised to find Lions Head, Mar and Hope Bay without representatives, and the railway could not be blamed for that, or was it the lack of it.

Mrs. McTavish, president of Bruce County, was not able to be present for the opening, but Mrs. Root, president for North Bruce, took the chair and opened the convention, Rev. J. M. Nicol offering the opening prayer.

The reports of delegates were all good, showing great interest being taken in the work by the members of the different branches and a great increase in membership. Colpoys was the youngest branch represented, they having been organized only six months, but we warn the Town Council to keep their eyes open, for there will be something happening in that town pretty soon.

The convention discussion took up some time, and it was decided to keep on and organize the county, and to hold the next convention in Chesley some time in next June.

Several papers were given, all good, but we have not space to give them. "Twentieth Century Farmer's Wife," read by Mrs. Beacock, Hepworth; "Home Discipline," by Mrs. Owens, Chesley; "Domestic Science in Rural Schools," by Mrs. Gandier, read by Mrs. Root; "Is the World Growing Better?" by Mrs. A. Baker, Allenford, read by Mrs. Farrow, Park Head.

The following officers for the county were elected: Pres., Mrs. D. McTavish, Port Elgin; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. Root, Wiarton; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. Beacock, Hepworth; Secretary, Mrs. Arthur Watt.

Mrs. Watt was tendered a vote of thanks for her services as secretary to this convention.

At the evening session, Mrs. Root, who was in the chair, gave an address on the aims and work of the Institute. There was an excellent musical programme rendered. Then Mayor Foster, in giving an address of welcome to the delegates, said in part: "I extend to you cordial welcome, and I trust that those of you who are gathered before me will have so pleasant and profitable a time that you will again choose Wiarton as your place of convention. I suggest if you have not taken into consideration the welfare of mere man that you will begin to do so, because if you can impress upon him that you are simply the ways and means of doing his wishes then you will more likely have his co-operation. There are few men, an odd one here and there, who think themselves the head of the household, and sometimes the wives will cater to this idea. Of course she knows all the time the so-called head of the house will be herself."

Dr. Foster went on in his own witty way to show that the wife did pretty much as she liked with her own head. Our mayor is rapidly taking first place as a platform speaker, and when talking to the ladies is a "broth of a boy." The Wiarton Institute are proud of the fact that he is an honorary member.

Rev. J. Nicol gave a very pointed and forceful address on "The Influence of the Home upon the Nation." He pointed out that the great task of man was the bringing of his will into the submission of the higher will. Man comes into the world and feels that there are forces against him which make him rebel, and he wants to do the thing that he knows he ought not to do.

> Our wills are ours, we know not how,
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

Men must be made to obey the "Thou Shalt" of the Higher Being, and just as man's will is brought into obedience will he become a useful life. The government of the country lays down certain laws and the desires of the one must submit to the desire and will of the many for the man's good, for the country's good. Government is simply housekeeping on a large scale. Housekeeping is simply a kind of government. The king is there in state, and constitutes authority, that is the father; and the parliament is there in which there is great deliberation, for the mother represents the parliament and the members of parliament; and there is also the judge and jury, represented by the mother, and the army and navy behind the government, that is the father. Of course the troops are seldom called upon to administer discipline; they are simply figureheads. It is the mother that makes the home, the personality of the mother that lives in the home, not the father. The great problem of the home is to win the child to submit its will to obedience of the home laws, that it may find in so submitting its will that it is doing the best for itself and the best for other members of the home. You will find a little child a month old begins to assert its will against the comfort of the family. It cries when there is nothing wrong, and if you respond to that cry it will cry again, just for the response; so for the comfort of the home, training must be given. Then that child may learn that others are there and that it must yield to the comfort of the home. No boy is so well qualified to assume the duties of the nation as the boy who grows up in the home and has been trained to respect and love the authority of the home. You cannot do your boy or girl a greater injury than to allow them by coaxing or argument to obtain their own way, and set aside the will of the parent, who knows what is the best interests of the child.

Mrs. McTavish, of Port Elgin, the beloved president of Bruce County, in a very practical address on Economies in the Home, spoke of the waste of time and energy on the part of the mother, so that she was not able to have the vacation she should have. "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," has been said again and again, yet it is largely our own fault. We should live more simply. Every mother takes pride in having her children nicely dressed, and when there is one or two it costs the mother a great deal of time. Often the dresses must be white with plenty of frills and tucks, and the mother spends half her time in washing and ironing, longer sometimes than the dress is on the child. Is the child any better? Is the mother any better? Dress the child plainly, for the comfort of the body and allow it to play in the sand, and the mother will have more time, and both the mother and child better health. Then too much time is spent on the table. The mother will spend a lot of time baking pies and cakes. I have known a child who had pie for dinner ask for another piece on going to bed, and that often the only food of the day, and the mother thinking he has eaten so little gives it to him, and then the next day if he is sick wonders what has made him so. It would have been better for the child's health and better for the mother, if she had saved the time and come out once a month to the Institute and given herself that vacation from home studies. It does the mother good to get away once in awhile for she meets others and gets an interchange of ideas, and goes home refreshed in body and mind.

NEAR LAMBTON MILLS

Photograph by Elsie Banks

There is also economy of money. Very often the mother tries to make one penny do the work of two, but it is poor economy to buy a poor piece of goods, better to buy a good piece of material, it does not cost any more for lining and trimmings, and will last much longer than the poor piece, and will often do to make over for the little ones, and anything bought because it is cheap, when it is not needed, is not economy, for it is dear at any price. She also spoke of the necessity of the mother taking time for the reading and study of good books, and overlooking the reading of her children. There are plenty of good biographies, historical works, books of travel and the study of nature. There is also good fiction, but keep away from the light trashy novels. The mother owes it to herself to read and study, so that she may teach her children what to read.

In speaking of the work of the Institute she said there has been in the past, a great misunderstanding. Many people think it is only for farmers' wives, but that is not so, it is for all women interested in the welfare of the home; others again thought it was connected with the fall fairs, but it is not. The Institute is doing an educational work, taking up the study of subjects relating to home welfare, sanitation, clothing, care of children, hygiene, diet, purity and many others. We are not suffragettes, we are quite satisfied with the vote as it is, and we would not wish to put such a weapon into the hands of thousands of ignorant, unlettered women who cannot even speak our language, and who are now pouring into our country. The woman who studies the welfare of the home influences the vote as it now is, and that is sufficient for us. Come out to the Institute meetings, the fee is only twenty-five cents a year, and it is money well spent, you will find. In closing, I thank you all for your kind attention.

The Women's Institute is deeply grateful to all who came so kindly, and heartily gave us of their best, thereby helping to make this, our first annual convention, a very successful one. Wiarton may be lacking an industry or two to make it progressive, but we have got a large number of very talented young people who can give us a programme second to none anywhere. We hope none of them will ever think of going West or anywhere else.

Concerning the Laundry

FROM the Woodville Institute we have received a paper by Mrs. R. N. Thomas on the subject of "The Laundry"—one which is of immediate interest to every household. We might say here that papers of this nature are especially welcome. The members of our Institutes are eminently practical and ask for what is of direct importance, in connection with the day's work. The quality which has been assigned a place next to godliness is of notable value, and the way to attain it in clothing is of weekly, or rather daily interest.

The one great privilege of the rich and poor alike, as well in the country as in the city, is cleanliness of clothing. Sunshine, air and water are free, and soap is cheap. Even if a garment be only half-washed, it may be quite cleansed by hanging in the air and sunshine. Cleaning is a sanitary measure, and gives better conditions for good health. Dirt in itself may not always be harmful, but at least its presence forecasts harm, and its removal may be just the necessary ounce of prevention. One of the most important sanitary measures in the home is the weekly washing. Washing has a three-fold reason—to remove dirt and open the pores of the cloth, to dry the cloth so as to renew its power of absorption, and to destroy any bacteria which may be present. A bountiful supply of water good for laundry purposes is an important factor in successful laundering. A water good for the laundry should be clean, soft, clear, and free from discoloration.

If the available supply of water is hard, the problem of us all is to find some means of removing the lime or of reducing its ill effects. A number of materials are on the market for softening water. The cheapest and best of these are alkalies, washing soda, lye, borax, and ammonia. The next we need is soap. The best advice for us all, I think, is to select a soap manufactured by a reliable firm, and give it a trial. It is not economy to use cheap and poorly made soap in the laundry. Three grades of soap should be used—a mild soap for flannels, woollens or delicate colors; a medium soap for the more durable colored goods; and a strong soap is best for much of the white goods, both cotton and linen.

Starch is also needed. There is a two-fold reason for the use of starch in laundry operations. First, the glazed surface of the starched garment keeps clean for a longer period of time; second, the increase in body of the starched garment causes it to resist

moisture longer, and is considered more attractive in appearance.

Borax, cooked in starch, increases its gloss, aids in preventing the starch sticking to the iron, and gives greater body and more lasting stiffness by its use. Alum is used alone or with borax in starch to improve color and to thin the starch mixture without the use of water. When alum is with the starch paste it causes the paste to become thinner. This cooking thin with alum does not affect the strength of the starch mixture and is an advantage in those cases in which a stiff starch is desired, but the mixture is inconvenient to handle. Wax, turpentine, kerosene, lard and butter are sometimes used to give a glossier finish, and to prevent the starch from sticking to the iron. In making starch a naturally soft water is greatly to be desired, also thorough cooking.

White fabrics have naturally a creamy tint which may be deepened to an unpleasant pale yellow after careless washing, or if the clothing is insufficiently rinsed or is not properly subjected to the bleaching influence of sunlight and fresh air. The use of blueing has developed, to hide this yellow color, as blue and yellow are complimentary colors, and when used together in proper proportions give the effect of white. No one kind of blueing can be recommended. We must experiment for ourselves and choose one good variety and learn to use it properly. Sufficient blueing should be used to make a little of the liquid taken up in the hand show a pale sky blue color. Better make a small amount of strong blueing in a bowl and then use this to color the water in the tub. The ordinary washing process is sufficient to get rid of most of the dirt in clothing, but certain stains may require special treatment to insure their complete removal. It is wise always to look over clothing and remove them before washing begins, as some stains are insoluble in water and soap, and thus become permanently set during the washing. Time will only allow me to speak of several of the common stains. Tea and chocolate stains, sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water. Coffee, fruit and wine stains may be removed by pouring boiling water over them from a height so as to strike stained part with force.

While Monday has long been chosen as the household day for washing, there is less good reason for this choice than for the postponement of the process until Tuesday. As I said before, the clothing should be gone over to discover rents and stains, and should be carefully sorted and put to soak. The object of soaking clothes before washing them is to soften and separate the fibres of the cloth and to soften and loosen the dirt. Water alone accomplishes this to a great extent, but the use of soap, to which has been added borax or ammonia, makes the washing process both easier and quicker. All the clothing should not be put to soak in the same tub. If three tubs are available, soak table linen and clean towels in one, bed and body linen in a second, and soiled towels and clothes in a third. If only two tubs are available, wash table linen and clean towels without soaking. Soiled towels and cloths should always be soaked before washing. If colds have prevailed in a family, the handkerchiefs should be put to soak by themselves, separately washed and boiled ten minutes.

While washing, keep adding plenty of hot water from time to time, and as suds are used up add more. Rubbing is essential for soiled garments. This may be accomplished by wash board and tub or by washing machine. It is well to have board for bands, hems, and edges; but the machine is a great improvement on the older method if properly used. If machine is used do not put enough water in to float the clothes, as they escape the mechanical action of the dashes, and are not sufficiently rubbed. Clothes should be clean before putting on to boil, as boiling process is not to remove the dirt, but to give clothes a better color. Use plenty of water and light suds but do not overfill boiler with clothes. Bring gradually to boiling point and boil ten minutes. Each boilerful of clothes should be started with clean, cold water.

Rinsing is an important part of the washing process. The clothes should be lifted from the boiler in a pan and water drained from them. It is not always practical to have more than one rinse water, but better results are obtained where it is possible to do so. Wring from rinsing water and shake out garments. Now the clothes are ready for blueing and starching. If colored clothes are to be soaked, cover with warm water very slightly soapy. No alkali should be used, and soap should be mild. After washing, colored garments should be turned inside out and hung in a very shady place and taken in as soon as dry. Fading is more often due to careless drying than to any fault in washing. Colors set in print.

In washing woollens, strong soaps should never be used, nor should the soap be applied directly to the garment. A great deal of stress may be laid upon not having the water more than "lukewarm." Shake and brush garment free from dust and wash garment by drawing through the hands and avoid rubbing if possible. Rinse, using several waters; wring through loosely set wringer. Turn wrong side out and hang in a warm place, but not near a fire, as heat causes shrinkage.

Underwear and woollen stockings should be stretched into shape and not ironed.

The process of drying clothes should not, if avoidable, be so carried on as simply to remove moisture. Clothing should be hung where it will be freely exposed to the action of fresh air and sunshine. Have a clothes pin bag or, better still, a clothes pin apron with a deep, wide pocket, and keep the pins clean. Each article should be turned wrong side out and shaped as nearly as possible in its natural shape. Avoid hanging pieces by the corners, as it pulls them out of shape. Fasten garments by bands when possible. Table and bed linen and towels should be hung very straight, and the larger pieces pinned in at least four places, as it is nearly impossible to iron properly a badly hung piece. Careful hanging greatly reduces the labor of ironing. Starched pieces should be removed from line as soon as dry, as long hanging reduces their stiffness.

Clothes should be dampened some hours before being ironed. This is best done the night before, as this distributes the moisture. Clothes should be well dampened, but not soaked. Very often trouble in ironing is due to over-wetting. A clean whisk kept for the purpose is the best thing, and use warm water. Care should be taken to fold and roll smoothly, as this aids in ironing. The rolls of dampened pieces should be packed in a basket lined with a clean cloth and covered with a clean cloth. Table and other linen should be made very damp. If sprinkled with mixture of one part alcohol and four parts water the result will resemble that of new linen.

For ordinary ironing a good firm surface is desirable. A thin woollen blanket and a linen cover are sufficient. Keep near your wax for waxing the iron, a cloth to wipe your iron on, and a folded piece of paper for testing it. For embroideries a thick covering is better, as the fabric should sink into a soft foundation, and bring out the pattern. Iron that part of the garment which will be least mussed by further handling. Everything should be ironed dry. If garment is trimmed, iron laces and embroideries first, as these dry out quickly because of their porous nature. Leave as much of garment folded as possible to keep it moist.

For ironing tablecloths, iron partly on wrong side and complete on right side, to bring out pattern. Table napkins, handkerchiefs, and towels are ironed in the same manner. The hems of sheets must be smoothly ironed, and it is a good plan to iron only this part, when time is a consideration. Colored garments should be ironed on wrong side, with not too hot an iron. Woollens should be shaped while drying by pulling and stretching. Underwear and woollen stockings should be stretched into shape and not ironed. If flannels are to be pressed, cover with a slightly dampened piece of cheesecloth and iron with moderately hot iron; but, if properly stretched and hung, they may be folded and put away without further treatment. After ironing, each article should be hung on a frame or clothes-horse to air, before putting away.

Institute Notes

THE Department of Agriculture will have a tent on the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition during the time of the fair, from August 28th to September 9th. A

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It will save you from all future heating troubles if you instal one this summer.

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TORONTO 35 WINNIPEG

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representative of the Institutes Branch will be in attendance to confer with officers and members of Farmers' and Women's Institutes regarding the work of these organizations, and especially plans for the winter series of meetings.

The exhibits of canned and preserved fruits, etc., by Women's Institutes at the above exhibition last year were very creditable indeed, and the officials of the exhibition are anxious to have the competition enlarged this year. The prize list is given below and we trust that many of the Institutes will exhibit as a society, and that the individual members will also exhibit in the general classes.

PRESERVED FRUIT.

Class XVII.—Quart Sealer of Canned Fruit of each of the following varieties:

	$	$	$
111. Blackberries	2.00	1.50	1.00
112. Cherries, black or red	2.00	1.50	1.00
113. Cherries, white or yellow	2.00	1.50	1.00
114. Gooseberries	2.00	1.50	1.00
115. Grapes, black or red	2.00	1.50	1.00
116. Peaches (white fleshed)	2.00	1.50	1.00
117. Peaches (yellow fleshed)	2.00	1.50	1.00
118. Pears	2.00	1.50	1.00
119. Plums, blue or red	2.00	1.50	1.00
120. Plums, green or white	2.00	1.50	1.00
121. Raspberries, red	2.00	1.50	1.00
122. Raspberries, black	2.00	1.50	1.00
123. Strawberries	2.00	1.50	1.00

124. Special for member of any Ontario Women's Institute taking highest aggregate in prize money in Sections 111 to 124, $4.50, $3.50, $2.50, $1.50.

Class XVIII.—Pint Jar of Jam of each of the following varieties:

	$	$	$
125. Currant, black	2.00	1.50	1.00
126. Gooseberry	2.00	1.50	1.00
127. Grape	2.00	1.50	1.00
128. Peach	2.00	1.50	1.00
129. Pear	2.00	1.50	1.00
130. Plum	2.00	1.50	1.00
131. Raspberry	2.00	1.50	1.00
132. Strawberry	2.00	1.50	1.00

Class XIX.—Half-pint Jar of Jelly of each of the following varieties. Jars or Glasses containing from 7 to 12 ozs. allowed.

	$	$	$
133. Apple	1.50	1.00	0.75
134. Crab Apple	1.50	1.00	.75
135. Currant, red	1.50	1.00	.75
136. Grape	1.50	1.00	.75
137. Quince	1.50	1.00	.75
138. Raspberry, red	1.50	1.00	.75

The size of the jars will be left to the discretion of the exhibitors. Small jars are advised.

Class XX.—Grape Juice, etc.

139. Grape Juice, unfermented, one quart bottle $3.00 $2.00 $1.00

140. Special for member of any Ontario Women's Institute taking highest aggregate in prize money in Sections 125 to 139 ..... $5.00 $4.00 $3.00 $2.00

141. Display by any Branch Women's Institute, to consist of Ontario grown fruits and vegetables, preserved, canned, dried, pickled, or put up in any other way intended to prolong keeping qualities for food; not more than 2 jars of any one kind ... $10.00 $7.00 $5.00 $3.00

Arrangements are being made for a series of lectures of special interest to Women's Institute members to be given in the lecture room of the Women's Building, at the Canadian National Exhibition. These lectures, so far as arranged for, are given below:

August 29th—Prof. A. P. Knight, Kingston, "Medical Inspection of Schools."

August 30th—Dr. J. A. Amyot, Toronto, "Purification of Water Supplies."

August 31st—Dr. Charles J. Hastings, Toronto, "Home Sanitation."

September 1st—Dr. James Roberts, Hamilton, "Prevention of Typhoid Fever."

September 2nd—Dr. G. D. Porter, Toronto, "Prevention of Tuberculosis."

September 4th—Dr. W. T. Connell, Kingston, "Rural Water Supplies."

September 5th—Dr. Chas. A. Hodgetts, Ottawa, "The Housing Question."

September 6th—Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Ottawa, "The Fly Question."

September 7th—Prof. H. H. Dean, Guelph Agricultural College, "How to Procure Pure Milk."

September 8th—Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Toronto, "Infant Mortality."

September 9th—Dr. W. H. Doherty, Toronto, "The Necessity for Dental Inspection of School Children."

Annual Provincial Convention

THIS convention will be held in Toronto on the 15th and 16th of November. Full announcements regarding programme will appear in a later issue. We wish to remind the Institutes that it is desirable to have every part of the province represented at this gathering. While each branch cannot hope to be represented, we trust that arrangements will be made to send persons from each riding to give reports of the proceedings to the various branches. News of delegates should be sent to the superintendent as early in October as possible.

The Clean Mouth League

MUCH has been said and written lately about the "Clean Mouth League," which aims at the purifying of the language from profanity and coarseness by co-operation. It is generally agreed that such an effort is much needed.

All right-thinking people are asked to unite in using their influence publicly and privately to this end as they go about their daily life. Those who can do more aggressive work are asked to carry the battle into schools, Sunday schools, colleges, factories, etc.; in fact, wherever it is needed.

Unity is strength, and a local branch should be formed in every town, and as honorary secretary appointed, and work and meetings organized. The society has a pledge card which can be had by applying to Mrs. Harry W. Jackson, honorary secretary "Clean Mouth League," Box 424, Kemptville, Ont.

After all, the future purity of our language depends chiefly upon the mothers. If they will instil into the little ones a horror of bad words, a fear of wrong-doing, and a reverence for God and His Holy Names, we shall have a purer atmosphere and a people of strong true character, for the words of a man help largely in moulding his character, even as his character is shown by his words.

Through the co-operation of the Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture, the Women's Institutes have been asked to use their influence in furthering the objects of this association. A sample pledge card is being sent to the officers of the Institutes. Where it is not thought well to form a separate society for this work, its objects can very well be attained by the appointment of a committee by the Women's Institute. The secretaries of these committees should report from time to time to the honorary secretary at Kemptville as to the progress of the work.

Three Programmes

RAVENNA sends the following programme:

June—Babies' field day. All the babies to be brought, all the mothers of young children to get up a paper on how to manage, clothe, feed, amuse them, etc.

July—Patriotism. Value of rest in the hot season. Salads.

August—Country homes and the advantages of country life. Guests in the country home. Saving steps.

September—What we learn by attending exhibitions. Canning fruit and tomatoes. Making pickles. Why is autumn so beautiful in nature? Compare it with the autumn of our lives.

October—General exchange of ideas on butter-making. Old fashioned paring-bees and quilting-bees. What should a child be taught before being sent to school?

November—Thanksgiving for prosperity and welfare of our Dominion. Holiday trips described by those who have taken them.

December—The dying year. Reflections on the past.

January—Report of delegates to the Provincial Convention. What is a

man's duty around the home? Winter evenings in the country.

February—Is a woman's time worth anything? Home influence on the young.

March—Spring weddings. Cleanliness of the surroundings of the home. Our Institutes, the benefit we derive from meeting together.

April—Washing of fine woollens, blankets, and bedding. Best methods of preparing fish.

May—Annual meeting and election of officers. Roll call.

Question drawer at all meetings.

Agincourt sends the following, which closed in June, 1911:

July—Mrs. A. Grant, Coleman. Music, instrumental, Miss B. Grant. A talk, "Care of Children's Teeth," Dr. Spaulding, D.D.F. Music, vocal, Miss Carrie Reesor. Paper, "What Money Cannot Buy," Mrs. A. McCowan.

August—Mrs. W. W. Walton, Wexford. Music, vocal, Miss L. Watson. Demonstration, "Cool Dishes for Summer," Mrs. Blackburn. Music, instrumental, Miss M. Galbraith. "Management of Poultry," Mrs. W. Loveless.

September—Mrs. J. Fleming, L'Amaroux. Reading, Mrs. J. Paterson. "Hints on Home Dressmaking," Miss A. Hood. Recitation, Miss Jean Ormerod. Paper, "Our Advantages in Country Life," Mrs. J. Rennie.

October—Mrs. M. Elliott, Agincourt. Music, instrumental, Miss M. Morgan. Demonstration, "Waxing Autumn Leaves," Miss Watson. Music, vocal, ladies' quartette. Talk, "Bulbs and Plants," Miss A. Third. Roll call. Music, duet, Misses Brown and Green. Paper, "Value of Cheerfulness," Mrs. Quantz. Music, vocal, Miss Flo. Green. Demonstration, "Tea Biscuits," Mrs. W. A. Young. Roll call, members respond by "favorite quotations."

May—Miss A. M. Holden, Wexford. Paper, "The 20th Century Farmer's Wife," Mrs. J. White. Guitar music, Misses Holden and Galbraith. Discussion, "Simple Meals—Their Refining Influence," Miss Winnifred Richardson. Annual meeting. Election of officers.

June, 1911—Mrs. R. Paterson, Agincourt. Annual picnic.

The Merrickville programme is also well worth consideration, and it is hereby reproduced:

June—The annual picnic.

July—Roll call, "Suggestions for improving local conditions, to exterminate flies, and to improve methods of distributing milk, bread and meat." Subject for paper, "Civic Improvement," Mrs. G. W. Elliott.

August—Roll call, "Suggestions for Autumn Gardening." Subject for paper, "The Management and Care of House Plants," Mrs. A. L. Mills; (bulbs), Mrs. S. Jakes.

September—Roll call, "Storing Winter Vegetables." Subject for paper, "Desserts." Hot desserts, Mrs. Magee; cold desserts, Mrs. Bedell.

October—Roll call, "Ways and Means of Obtaining New Members." Subject for paper, "Contamination of Food by Chemicals and Preservatives," Mr. G. W. Elliott.

November—Roll call, "Suggestions for Simple Christmas Gifts." Subject for paper, "The True Spirit of Christmas Giving," Miss Jaques.

December—Roll call, "What Use to Make of Pretty Booklets." Afternoon tea.

January—Roll call, "Home Amusements for the Children." Subject for paper, "Literature for Children," Miss Mary E. Pearson.

February—Roll call, "Home Duties for Boys and Girls." Subject for paper, "Emergency Treatment," Dr. Bedell.

March—Roll call, Quotations from Tennyson. Subject for paper, "Suggestions for the Care of Poultry, and for Obtaining Winter Eggs," Mrs. C. Jakes. "The Raising of Early Chickens," Mrs. R. Telford.

April—Roll call, "How to Keep Cheerful During the Worries of Housecleaning." Subject for paper, "Storing of Winter Garments to Prevent the Ravages of Moths," Mrs. R. C. Percival.

May—Roll call, "How We are Benefited by Meeting Together." Annual meeting.

THREE STURDY WESTERNERS
Photograph by Miss J. Cook, Kelowna, B. C.

members respond with quotations from favorite author.

November—Mrs. J. Baird, Woburn. Demonstration, "Cocoa Making," Miss M. B. Thomson. Music, instrumental, Miss Mabel Hall. Recitation, Mrs. (Dr.) Sisley. Paper, "Thanksgiving for National Blessings During the Reign of Edward the Peacemaker," Mrs. W. W. Irwin. Music, instrumental, Miss Muriel Secor.

December—Agincourt. Particulars of December meeting announced later. Delegates expected.

January—Mrs. J. J. Weir, Malvern. Roll call, members respond with quotations from Longfellow. Music, instrumental, Miss Vera Weir. "Half-an-hour with Longfellow," Miss Margaret Scott. Music, violin, Mrs. J. Empringham. A talk, "The Favorite Recipes of Famous Women," Miss Edna Chester. Music, vocal, from Longfellow, Miss Mary Purdie.

February—Mrs. C. Thomson, Malvern. Music, instrumental, Miss A. Baird. Debate, subject to be selected. Leaders, Mrs. W. A. Young and Mrs. A. Muir. Music, vocal, Miss Munroe. Discussion, "Simple Appetizing Dishes for Supper," Miss Taylor.

March—Mrs. B. Vradenburg, O'Sullivan. Music, duet, Misses Nichol. "Reminiscences of West Africa," Dr. Coutts. Question drawer, conducted by Mrs. T. Weir. Music, vocal, Miss I. Thompson.

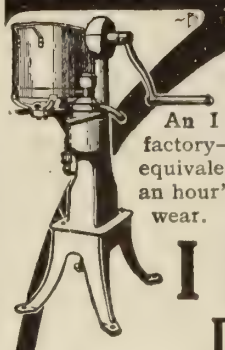
April—Mrs. W. W. Irwin, Agincourt.

Not Sure

"DO you think he is really in love with you?" asked Maud.

"I don't know," answered Mamie. "He says he is, but his letters don't sound a bit silly."

Bigger Cream Checks Sure For Years To Come



Just because a separator skims close is not sufficient reason for buying it. Equally important is the question of durability.

An I H C Cream Harvester was put to a year's test at the factory—running steadily for 10 hours every working day. This is equivalent to 20 years of ordinary use, figuring on a basis of half an hour's daily service. Yet in all this time there was no perceptible wear. What better proof of I H C durability can you ask?

I H C Cream Harvesters
Dairymaid and Bluebell

have been paying cow owners big dividends for years. Their skimming qualities are unequalled—their ease of turning—ease of cleaning—and durability are easily proved by the testimony of owners. Why not investigate?

You will find that I H C Cream Harvesters are the only separators with dust-proof gears, which are easily accessible. The frame is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. The I H C has large shafts, bushings, and bearings. The patented dirt-arrester removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated.

I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive, and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes. The I H C local agent will be glad to point out the above features and many others, or, write nearest branch house for catalogues.

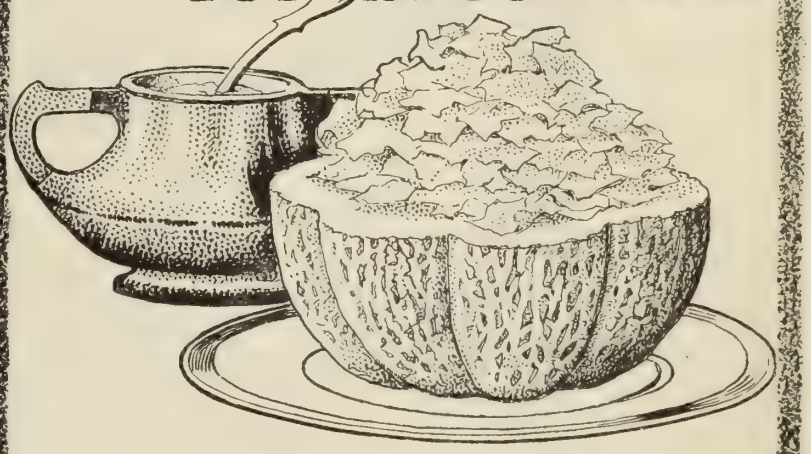
CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Chicago USA

I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problem to the I H C Service Bureau.

A real delight for breakfast



Fill a canteloupe with Kellogg's

10c. per pkg.

Cut canteloupe in half; clean out centre; fill with Corn Flakes, adding a little sugar to suit the taste.

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Made in Canada 32

OWNERS ARE PROUD OF I H C WAGONS

There is a certain pride in owning a wagon that you know is built of the highest quality materials obtainable—a wagon that is not only attractively finished with the best paint and varnish, but which also gives perfect service, day after day, and year after year. That's why I H C owners are so proud of their wagons.

If you want to be proud of your next wagon—choose one of these two in the I H C line—

Chatham or Petrolia

The loads they carry, the roads they traverse, and their wonderful durability make others wish they had bought a Chatham or Petrolia.

Chatham Wagons have a long record for satisfactory service in Canada. Made with hard maple axles, oak bolsters, sand boards, rims, and spokes, and oak or birch hubs—they represent the highest standard of wagon construction. When you buy a Chatham wagon it is with the assurance of getting the utmost service and satisfaction out of it.

Petrolia Wagons are constructed of first quality woodstock which is thoroughly seasoned by being air-dried. The ironing is of the very best. The inspection of each part is most rigid.

Be sure to call on the I H C local agent, get a pamphlet, and let him show you one of these wagons. If you prefer, write the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house for any information you want.

EASTERN CANADIAN BRANCHES:—International Harvester Company of America at Hamilton, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; St. John, N. B.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Chicago U S A

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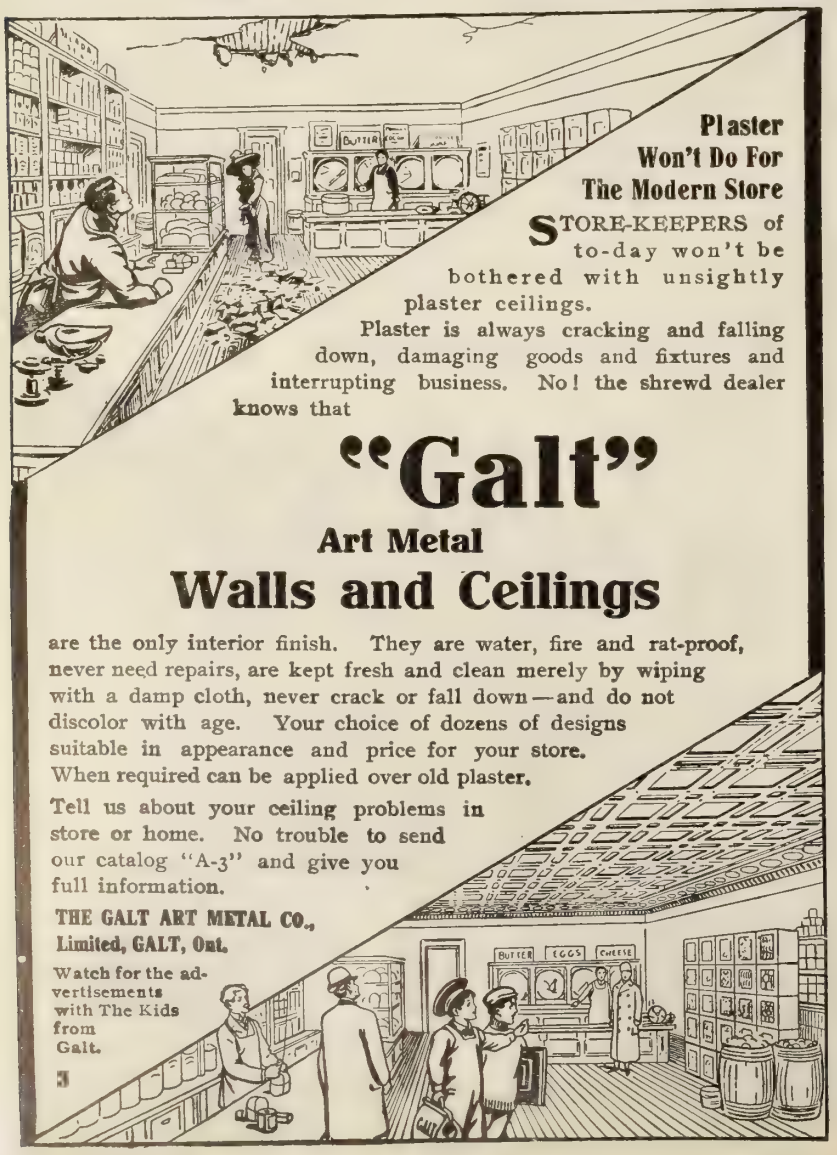


Plaster Won't Do For The Modern Store

STORE-KEEPERS of to-day won't be bothered with unsightly plaster ceilings.

Plaster is always cracking and falling down, damaging goods and fixtures and interrupting business. No! the shrewd dealer knows that

"Galt"
Art Metal
Walls and Ceilings

are the only interior finish. They are water, fire and rat-proof, never need repairs, are kept fresh and clean merely by wiping with a damp cloth, never crack or fall down—and do not discolor with age. Your choice of dozens of designs suitable in appearance and price for your store. When required can be applied over old plaster.

Tell us about your ceiling problems in store or home. No trouble to send our catalog "A-3" and give you full information.

THE GALT ART METAL CO., Limited, GALT, Ont.

Watch for the advertisements with The Kids from Galt.

3

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue

THE BUCKIES' CORN ROAST

Continued from page 11

left to enjoy the panorama afforded by the "Carnival of Isles" that lay before them, while the hostesses received other guests.

A college professor with a *papier-mache* complexion and a taste for "specimens" rather than humans, was persuaded by Josie to attend the corn roast this year, for the first time. At first, some of the plainer folk stood in awe of him, but it's wonderful what possibilities there are in college professors. Even his wife scarcely knew him as he came out of his shell and joined in the fun with the youngsters. It was good for him and good for them. The man from the capital came with his household and gramophone. Grandmother and Grandfather Temple, who would celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding in a day or two, climbed the hill like a pair of mountain goats, at least so said Tommy Ballantyne, whose offer of assistance was refused. The dear old lady was subject to rheumatism, but, strange to say, she hadn't felt a twinge since the date of the corn roast had been fixed, and it was only by exercising a great deal of diplomacy that Tommy had induced her to sit on a chair instead of a stone. But, then she was only seventy years young. Some of the younger folk, most of whom came in the canoes and small boats, had the temerity to try to climb up the mossy embankment, only to roll down each time amid shouts of laughter, proclaiming their defeat, and only the thicket of cedars below kept them from rolling into the water.

A little after eight o'clock all the guests had arrived, but it was not till Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine came, and in answer to an inquiry, stated that Kenny had "gone down the road," that the Buckies actually gave up expecting him. In each heart there had been a secret hope that he would relent, because, somehow, he seemed a part of the corn roast and had been instrumental in getting up the first one.

The distinction of lighting the fire was conferred on Uncle Billy King, who was the oldest person present. Uncle Billy lighted the match in the most approved fashion and gallantly handed it to Grandmother Temple, who touched it to the kindling. Everybody cheered Uncle Billy for his gallantry; then the Man from the Capital touched the button, and the gramophone played the National Anthem, and the corn roast was declared "on," just as a passing steamer saluted. Dicky Smith had a set of bones, and the Man from the Elbow came with his fiddle, and there was music fit to cheer the savage breasts that possibly made merriment here hundreds of years before.

When the fire had burnt up sufficiently, luscious ears of corn, fastened on the end of long wire spits were held over the fire to roast. When browned to a "turn" they were buttered, and the older folk—there were no old folk—were served first. Many a rugged, wrinkled face bore smudgy testimony to having feasted. Although almost toothless, Uncle Billy managed to get not a little enjoyment out of a beautifully browned ear which, Josie assured him, she had roasted for him herself. The twins displayed a wonderful capacity for corn, and the professor proved an adept at roasting it. Altogether, it was a very happy group that gathered around the blazing fire that night. There were never any discordant notes at the Buckies' corn roast. Whatever animosities might exist, they were buried for that one night at least, and sometimes forever, which proved what perfect hostesses the girls were.

After much laughing and visiting, for some had not met since the last corn roast, and some were meeting for the first time, fresh fuel was put on the fires, the apples were passed around, and all seated themselves in a circle to listen to the story tellers and the music.

"Now," said Josie, to the Man from the Capital, "please make your music-machine play 'Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet,' in honor of Grandmother and Grandfather Temple, to take them back to their honeymoon, and afterwards Uncle Billy is going to tell us a story. I hope it's going to be the true story of Chimney Island, for I've designs on the pot of gold that rumor says is hidden some place on the island, and I believe you know where it is, Uncle Billy. Now, don't tell me that it isn't true."

The music began, and from the outer edge of the circle a grey clad figure stole out into the shadow so quietly as to be unnoticed, and stood under the sentinel pines that crested the eastern slope. The flames leaped up and revealed her more distinctly than she liked. She took a step forward, caught at a twig of the tree to support herself. Snap! a shuffle, and a scarcely perceptible rattling of small stones among the moss. That was all; and none of the corn roasters knew that a Buckie had rolled down the hill and was lying in a semi-conscious bundle among the cedars at the water's edge.

Frightened, she lay in a heap, vaguely conscious of dripping paddles approaching, and a suppressed but anxious voice calling to her to speak. Standing under the pines looking out across the water something told her that someone was down there watching the party on the promontory, though she could see no one. Now, she knew she had not been mistaken, and the voice thrilled her like electric needles. Her first impulse was to lie perfectly still and let him go away, but as her senses became clearer, she knew that the owner of that voice would never give up until he had found her, or any of the Buckies whom it might happen to be, even though he had to sound an alarm. That he had seen and recognized her on the bank she was sure.

"Here," she responded timidly.

"Are you hurt?"

"I don't know, that is, not much, just a little bruised," she said, trying to make light of her accident.

"That's bad enough, let us hope it won't turn out any worse. Do you think you could make your way to the elm? This is such a beast of a shore, but there is a passage along under the elm that I think I can make."

It was as he said, a beast of a shore, abounding in shoals under the water, boulders above it and weeds where one least expected them, without a shallow place or shelving rock for yards on either side of where the girl lay. Ages ago, when the world was younger, Nature must have been kinder to this miniature Gibraltar, because in the crevices were tangled roots of ancient trees, and the trunk of one splendid elm, bent with its weight of years, hung lifeless out across the water, like the wraith of an ancient bridge.

Slowly the unfortunate Buckie made her way in the darkness to the trunk of the elm. Creeping was slow work, and she had time to recover her senses. The bushes grew so thickly along the shore that she could not possibly have fallen into the water, so there was no special occasion for profuse gratitude to her rescuer, who was none other than the stubborn absentee, Kenneth McAlpine. He had declined their invitation and had cut them to all intents and purposes. Yes, she would be very formal and independent. What right had he to be prowling around looking for damsels in distress? However, she would have to accept his assistance now. She had gone too far to retreat gracefully. "I'm afraid that you'll have to come out on the trunk a little way. I'm as near the shore as I can come, but I've a match here that I'll light, so that you can see to get a start. Do you think you can do it?" As he held the lighted match up he saw how pale she was.

Plainly there was no other way; so she crept along the tree trunk until she was directly over the canoe, and managed to get both feet on one side without falling off into the water.

"How lucky for me, Don Quixote. Do you often go out like this in quest of adventure, and do you often find such awkward maidens as myself to provide them for you?" She affected a note of satire, which she only thought

she felt and which was entirely foreign to her nature. But he appeared not to hear her and said quietly:

"Don't jump, you may capsize the canoe. You'll have to permit me to lift you down."

"Indeed, I'll not. I'll sit here till morning first."

"As you like, but if you choose to stay, so shall I. However, I'm afraid you will soon be missed. Don't you think you had better let me *help* you down?"

"*Help*" didn't sound nearly so bad as "*lift*," and in her heart she blessed him for it. It gave her a chance to compromise without humiliation. It was like Kenny. To be sure, what a gentleman he was! He was more worthy to be called a prince than any man she knew. And how perfectly horrid she had tried to be to him.

At any cost she must get back to the party before she was missed. She made a movement as if to let herself down, but he held her back.

"Easy now, little girl, I don't want to have to answer to Tommy for your life. If you should tip the canoe and drown, I'd feel obliged to drown too."

"Tommy! What do you mean, Kenneth McAlpine? No, never mind what you mean, please *help* me into the canoe and take me back."

Kenneth was beginning to think that he had been acting like a goose for the past few weeks and seemed to have resolved suddenly to find out how much ground there was for his suspicions.

"Not till you tell me why you turned me down for Tommy Ballantyne, and whether I'm to congratulate you or not. At least, you owe that much to an old friend. By the way, wasn't it a bit careless of Tommy to let you roll down the hill? I'm sure I shouldn't if I had been there." How provoking he was getting to be.

"It was as if the leaves of a novel had suddenly blown over, till an open page lay before her revealing the mystery of the plot." She knew now that Kenneth's pride had been hurt and that she had been the unconscious cause of it, and she sought for the simplest explanation she could make.

"Indeed, Kenneth, we *were* expecting company, and I *really* couldn't go out sailing with you, and you didn't come back in the evening as you promised. I should have gone then."

"But you went in the afternoon with Tommy after refusing to come with me."

"That's the absurd part of it. There wasn't any butter for supper, and someone had to go for it. Tommy was there and offered to paddle one of us down to the farm for it. We cast lots and it fell to me to go, and you haven't any idea how provoking that boy can be. He dawdled about among the islands half the afternoon, and when we got back Janet's muffins were ten minutes overdone. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Not quite," he said very coolly. "When I asked you to sail with me that afternoon it was with the intention of asking you to marry me. If fate hadn't bungled things so, and I had asked you, would you have turned me down for Tommy—or anyone else?" Just at this juncture the inquisitive old moon thrust its red face above the horizon, ostensibly to show the corn roasters the way home, but in reality to see what was happening at the old elm tree. But all he saw was a young man helping a rosy-cheeked maiden down into the canoe which glided off across the water, and the girl stole from among the shadows just as the final number was being played, and someone inquired what had become of Josette. However, the answer must have been satisfactory, because, when June, the month of weddings, came around again there was a wedding, at which Josie, Janet and Isobel were bridesmaids and Tommy "best man," while Kenneth and Josette were the "happy couple."

A Man for the Digging

Continued from page 12

orably, before now. Ruth," and he turned to her appealingly, "don't you know that I have loved you for years?"

What a wave of humility swept over her as she listened to his quiet words! When love touches a responsive chord it thrills to a sense of unworthiness. But it was a responsive chord he had touched, and she told him so. They walked on for some time, taking no account of their bearings, until Ruth suddenly awoke to the fact that they were at least half a mile beyond the place at which they were to meet their man.

"Oh, dear. We must go back quickly; I didn't notice where we were going."

Tom shot a glance at her flushed face.

"It isn't necessary," he said, meaningly. "I am the man you came to meet, and I've told you all about the proposition."

When she had recovered from her surprise she asked him rather shyly, "Did Harvey know it was *this?*"

"Yes, he knew." Then, slipping his arm through hers, he asked a little anxiously, "Open confession is good for the soul, isn't it?"

"I am sure I don't know, I never indulge," she said lightly, as if this turn in the talk was rather a relief after the tension of strong feeling which had preceded it.

"Well, I'm going to try it," he continued, "and hope for a sympathetic confessor."

"Is it murder, treason, stratagem, or spoils that is on your conscience?"

"Worse than any; it's real estate."

She was all attention now. "What do you mean?" she asked quickly.

"Harvey was your spoil sport."

"Harvey!"

And then he confessed that in correspondence with his friend he had learned of her planns, and haw when the way unexpectedly opened and he knew he could shortly follow her to Canada, he had asked Harvey to try and prevent her from making an investment, of taking any definite step until he could come and ask her to keep step with him. Harvey had managed it, although several times he had been very hard put to it to succeed.

"You can have a garden, dear, if you like; but not a market garden," he concluded.

And Ruth laughed happily, and said that although she never, *never*, NEVER, would forgive that hypocrite Harvey, she would be willing to drop the prefix "market" for the compensation of having a man around to do the digging!

Hospitality in Japan

IF a Jap invited you to his home, you would probably be shown into the dining-room; but, if you were to call again next morning, you would be surprised to find that that room had disappeared, and its place was occupied by perhaps the best bedroom or a general siting-room. For, as Sir Henry Norman puts it in *The Real Japan*, "when you wish to make a new room you simply 'form square' by sliding enough panels in their grooves to enclose the space; or, at your pleasure, all the rooms can be thrown into one."

In Japanese houses chairs and tables are quite unknown, and when you are tired you throw yourself on the floor, which is kept scrupulously clean, so that there is no danger of spoiling your white linen suit. The Japanese posture of repose is to seat oneself on one's heels, and this is very painful at first.

When you wish to retire for the night, you do not get up and go to your bedroom; you merely remain where you are, and slide the wall round the spot you have chosen for your slumbers. The most comfortable way is to have a "futon," or thick quilt, and roll yourself in a rug or blanket upon it.

On being invited to dine at the house of a Japanese gentleman, he will greet you with:

"How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?"

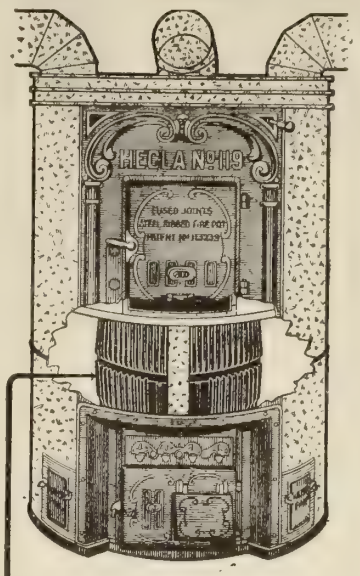
And your reply should be:

"How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

These speeches are punctuated with low bows, and the sound of breath sucked rapidly between the teeth, which expresses the great honor your host feels at your condescension in visiting his humble abode.

Dinner begins with a kind of soup and fish in a lacquer bowl. You drink the soup, and eat the fish with your chopsticks. According to Sir Henry, it is easy to acquire the art of eating with chopsticks. The next course consists of four or five little heaps of food on a lacquer dish—a *purdee* of chestnuts, a salmi of some small bird or wildfowl, a few boiled lily-roots, and a mess of stewed seaweed. Then follows sake, a kind of wine resembling dry sherry, which is always served warm. It is drunk from tiny cups, each holding a tablespoonful.

A FURNACE THAT WILL GIVE YOU AS MUCH HEAT FROM SIX TONS OF COAL, AS YOU EVER GOT FROM SEVEN, IS ONE YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK.



¶ The "Hecla" will do this: It is built to save coal at every point, but the big coal-saving feature is the Steel Ribbed Fire Pot. By adding Steel Ribs to the Fire Pot the surface which radiates heat is increased three times.

Every Furnace has flanges or projections of some sort on the fire pot to get more radiating surface, because the heating capacity of the fire pot increases as you increase the radiating surface. But the "Hecla" is the only Furnace that has attained the greatest possible radiating surface and the reason is that where other Furnaces have clumsy cast-iron Flanges, the flanges on the "Hecla" are made of steel plate and fused to the fire pot casting by our patent process.

STEEL RIBBED FIRE POT
Constructed to save Fuel
Flanges of steel plate—97 in number—are fused into the Fire Pot casting, increasing the radiating surface three times. This gives the air better access to the source of heat so that the heat is conducted away from the coal as rapidly as it is created and without waste.

"Hecla" Furnace

A test extending over three years, demonstrated that this ribbed fire pot made a saving in coal—13⅜%.

Isn't that worth looking into?

Ask someone who owns a "Hecla."

You will find the "Hecla" the best warm air Furnace you ever saw. You will find that it gives an even distribution of heat—heat that is moist and free from gas or dust.

You will find the "Hecla" a Furnace easy to run. One that does not waste live coals when you shake it down. You will find a Furnace that burns wood or coal equally well.

Get this Booklet.

It gives interesting information about Healthful Heating.

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PLANS Send a rough diagram of your house and we will send complete plans and estimates for heating it. **FREE**

MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

is unsurpassed in every way. In design, appearance and working parts, this Washing Machine has no equal at any price.

MAXWELL'S "CHAMPION" has the largest opening of any washer. Practically the whole top opens up—gives you plenty of room for working.

The tub is Red Cypress—the wood that grows in the water — that won't shrink or rot — that lasts a lifetime.

The "Champion" is the only washer that may be worked with side crank as well as with top lever.—Perfect construction, high speed, balance wheel make Maxwell's "Champion" the easiest running washer in the world.

Don't put up with a wash-tub when it is so quick and easy to do the family washing with Maxwell's "Champion".

Write for our new catalogue free.

David Maxwell & Sons,
St. Mary's, Ont.

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Won't stain the clothing.

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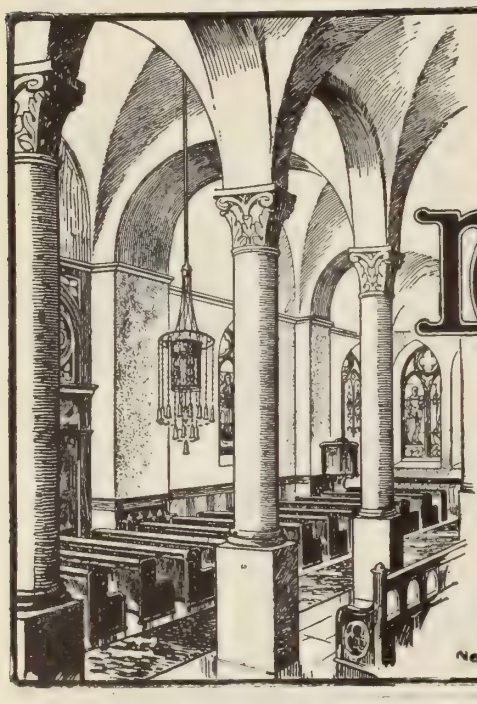

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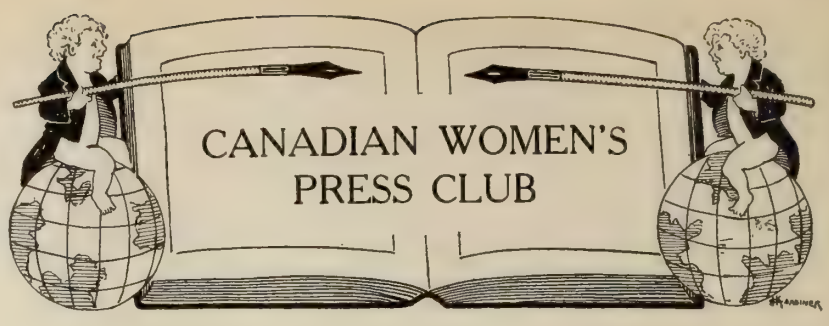

WINNIPEG members have such a variety of journalistic activity that we continue in this issue an account of the work done by the members of that progressive and pioneer branch.

Mrs. Pearl Richmond Hamilton conducts the Women's and Boys' and Girls' departments in *The Canadian Thresherman*. She also writes a page every month on "The Young Woman and Her Problem," in the *Western Home Monthly*. Her ambition is to make a thorough study of problems concerning young women.

Miss Frances Beynon is one of the pioneer women writers of Canada to take up advertising as a profession. More than two years ago she entered the employ of The T. Eaton Company as a special fashion writer. From that she branched out into general advertising, and is now conducting the *Tribune* page for that Company.

Miss Nan Moulton is editor of *The Western Municipal News*. Has contributed articles, mostly descriptive, to *Canada Monthly*, *Canadian Home Journal*, Toronto *Globe*, *Canadian Courier*, Montreal *Standard*, *Sports Afield*, Chicago, *Travel Magazine*, New York, *The Red Funnel*, New Zealand, and *Field*, London.

Miss Grace Cornell holds the position of society editor of the Manitoba *Free Press*.

Miss Kennethe Haig says:—"I cannot explain why I entered journalism. My name is not Agnes, neither was it the call of blood, for none of my relatives were connected with the newspaper world—we have always been a most respectable family! Perhaps, like Topsy, I just growed that way. A reporter on the Winnipeg *Free Press*, upon the resignation of Miss Lillian Beynon, whose assistant I had been, I became editor of the Women's Department. The position is many sizes too big for me, but please remember that I have not as yet celebrated my first journalistic birthday."

MRS. R. C. OSBORNE, PRESIDENT WINNIPEG W. P. C.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas-Long is a writer of prose and poetry, and has contributed to various magazines, including *Modern Culture Magazine*, New York, *Truth*, *The Varsity*, Toronto, *The University Monthly*, Toronto, and is a contributor to *Holroyde's Magazine*, Winnipeg. She has also contributed to the following newspapers, Toronto *Saturday Night*, *Mail and Empire*, *Globe*, and Utica *Globe*, Utica, N. Y. She is preparing her poems for publication in book form.

Mrs. Florence G. Bale has made a specialty of illustrating her descriptions of places with her own kodak views—several of her "Little Kodak Journeys" appeared in *The Trail*, as a series, covering interesting places in Canada, from Fort William to Victoria. Her illustrated sketches are popular on the other side of the boundary, where Canada is now a much discussed country.

Mrs. Helen E. Vialoux is a Manitoban, being a daughter of a pioneer of '59, in Old Fort Garry. She is a newspaper correspondent and writer of sketches of outdoor life and nature studies in Manitoba, as well as articles on poultry keeping. Mrs. Vialoux is the writer of the tale "Bridget's Chicks," now running in *Bulman's Magazine*.

Mrs. Byrtha Bowman Stavert, who at the present time is editor of *Bulman's Magazine of Country Life*, and associate editor of *The Dominion*, began as a newspaper reporter twelve years ago on the *Minneapolis Tribune*, and since that time has occupied the editorial chair of three dailies and two magazines of the United States; has been feature writer for two American syndicates. Mrs. Stavert is the author of many short stories, including the series "The Experiences of a Cub Reporter."

Miss Annie Ferguson Playfair is owner and editor of the *Hartney Star*. She previously owned and very successfully edited *The Belmont News*, and only sold it to make a larger investment in her present paper. She says of her work:—"In so far as newspaper work is concerned, I entered not in by choice nor because of preparation, but by accident; fell, as it were, out of the clouds of doubt and despair into a print shop, without one hour of business training, or one atom of knowledge concerning a printing plant, buying, stock, prices, wages or the conduct of work on a paper, and was hardly able to write a respectable local. Now, if nothing else, I am carrying a pretty fair notion of the value of a plant, the general needs of a paper, and how to buy and sell. I do my own buying, charging, book-keeping, collecting, soliciting, correspondence, writing of locals, editorials, and sometimes even attempt to help out an odd busy patron with an ad. If necessary, I can feed the press, look after the inking on paper day, and set a little type if we are rushed.

Mrs. Abbie Lyon Sharman is an American whose Canadian husband returned last fall to his native land. For ten years their home was near the University of Chicago, where Mrs. Sharman followed advanced studies in English literature and history. Two years ago she began reviewing books for the "Friday Review" of the *Chicago Evening Post*. This work the editor of the "Review," urged her to continue even after her home was moved to Winnipeg.

Mrs. Francis Graham has been editor of Women's Department in the *Grain Growers' Guide* for nearly two years, and occasionally contributes articles to various publications expounding the ethics of equity as applied to the financial status of the sexes.

Through her recommendation and support, the Women's Canada Club of Winnipeg (of which she is hon. secretary), is taking the initiative in a campaign of petitions to be finally presented "en bloc" to the Dominion Government praying that the free homestead privilege shall be extended to women. She has for years been quietly but forcefully working on a dower law (dropping a word or a letter here and there), for Manitoba women, and at last has secured the absolute pledge of a member that he will bring in and firmly support, in the Manitoba Legislature, at its next session, a bill framed upon the Ontario dower law plan.

Our President Abroad

ONE of the many pleasures which I have looked forward to when I came back to Canada was telling the Canadian Women's Press Club how kindly those of us who had work to do in London at the time of the Coronation were treated for the sake of Canada and the C. W. P. C. There were eight members of the Canadian Women's Press Club staying in London during the month of June. Mrs. Fitz Gibbon, for several years honorary president, was writing a series of articles for several Canadian papers, including the Vancouver *Province*, the Manitoba *Free Press*, and the *News* of Toronto. Mrs. Simpson Hayes, first corresponding secretary and an honorary member, besides doing some journalistic work, had been engaged by the Canadian Pacific Railway to give information as to the West of Canada to intending settlers. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who seems inclined to stay in London for some years

at least, was lecturing, writing magazine articles, and getting two or three books under way. Mrs. J. S. Hughes, of Winnipeg, spent part of the month of June at the Lyceum Club, and returned again in July, after a visit to Scotland. Miss MacLeod Moore, a member of the C. W. P. C., whose permanent residence is in London, is the London correspondent of the Toronto *Saturday Night,* has been for years connected with the Montreal *Star,* and is a contributor to *The Canadian Gazette* and *Canada.* Miss MacLeod Moore is the honorary secretary of the United Empire Circle of the Lyceum Club. Miss Birchall has been in London for eighteen months. Her letters to the Toronto *Star* are regular features of both the daily and weekly editions. I made the seventh member of the club at work in London last June. Mrs. Everard Cotes spent the winter and spring in London, and sailed for Canada a few days before the Coronation. It was a pleasure for the members of the club to meet each other during Coronation time, either by chance or appointment, in the rooms of the Society of Women Journalists, at the Lyceum Club, at the many entertainments given for the people from overseas; or at the Naval Review on the Saturday following the Coronation, and, greatest of all, in the south triforium of Westminster Abbey, where three members of the C. W. P. C. were allotted seats to view the Coronation. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick was invited to the Abbey in her official capacity as president of the Society of Women Journalists. Her seat was also in the south triforium.

I am quite unable in a word or two to give any idea of how wonderful and beautiful these weeks in London were. London's hospitality was truly imperial. But the Coronation itself outshone everything else. For one person who saw it I can say quite frankly that it was a far greater event than the beautiful sight I had expected to see. It was something to remember all the rest of one's life. The meaning of the Coronation was greater than its beauty, and its beauty was very wonderful.

The Society of Women Journalists gave a Coronation dinner on the evening of the twentieth of June, two days before the Coronation. Five members of the C. W. P. C. were present at the dinner, Mrs. Simpson Hayes, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, Miss MacLeod Moore, Miss Birchall, and the president. Mrs. Fitz Gibbon, who, as one of the council of the S. of W. J., had been assigned a seat at the guest table, was unable to attend. The dinner was held in the banqueting hall of the Criterion restaurant, and between three and four hundred people were present. Mr. Israel Zangwill proposed the health of the society and coupled with the toast the name of Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds, for the Society of Women Journalists, and my name for the Canadian Women's Press Club. I felt greatly honored in being given an opportunity to reply for the club, and, as I told them of a membership that counted representatives in places as widely separated as Halifax and Victoria, I was proud to belong to Canada and the club. Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds made the end of her speech a very pretty welcome to the representatives from Canada; and the way that one after another of our own Press Club members managed to catch the eye of the next speaker and wish her luck with a nod and a smile was a backing worth having when one had to follow such celebrities as Sir Mortimer Durand, Mr. Zangwill, and Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston. Even if I had the heart to do such a thing as inflict my speech on you the speech was not written out and so I could not repeat it if I would. But, after all, it was only necessary to say "thank you" as sincerely as one could.

The Naval Review was very wonderful. But, perhaps, nothing was more wonderful than Coronation London itself. I shall never forget the look of the people on Piccadilly the afternoon and evening of the day before Coronation, nor the look of the street itself, with its swinging yellow globes and green wreaths. Joyous expectancy could not reach a higher point.

After my work was finished I went over to Paris for a week, then had a final week in London, and then came home as happy as only a Canadian can be to see Canada again.

With best wishes for every member of the club we love the best,

Faithfully yours,

M. MacMurchy.

MRS. MARGARET MANSON, AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND TO CARIBOO IN 1862."

Vancouver Branch

THE Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club now numbers fifteen members, with a prospect of two or three more being added in the near future. Meetings are held every third Tuesday of each month, the married ladies of the club being the hostesses. These meetings are purely informal and social, and, while it is not always possible for every member to attend every meeting, yet it is an established fact that every member tries not to miss a meeting, because they are always enjoyable.

Mrs. Alice Ashworth Townley, the president of the club, is keenly interested in the woman suffrage movement, and is president of the Political Equality League, in Vancouver, through which the work is being done in that city. At the author of "The Opinions of Mary," Mrs. Townley has won an enviable reputation for herself, and those who enjoyed Mary (and who has not) may look forward to reading another book from Mrs. Townley's pen in the near future, as she is at present preparing the manuscript for it.

Mrs. McNaughton Manson is resting on the laurels of her book, "Overland to Cariboo in 1862." She is, however, contributing occasional articles about her beloved Cariboo country.

Mrs. Blanche Holt Murison, one of the best loved poets of the West, wrote a Coronation song, which was used at the public Coronation services in Vancouver. It has been copied all over the Dominion, and brought its author much praise. Mrs. Murison is now completing the manuscript for two volumes of poems, one entirely Canadian in tone, the other miscellaneous.

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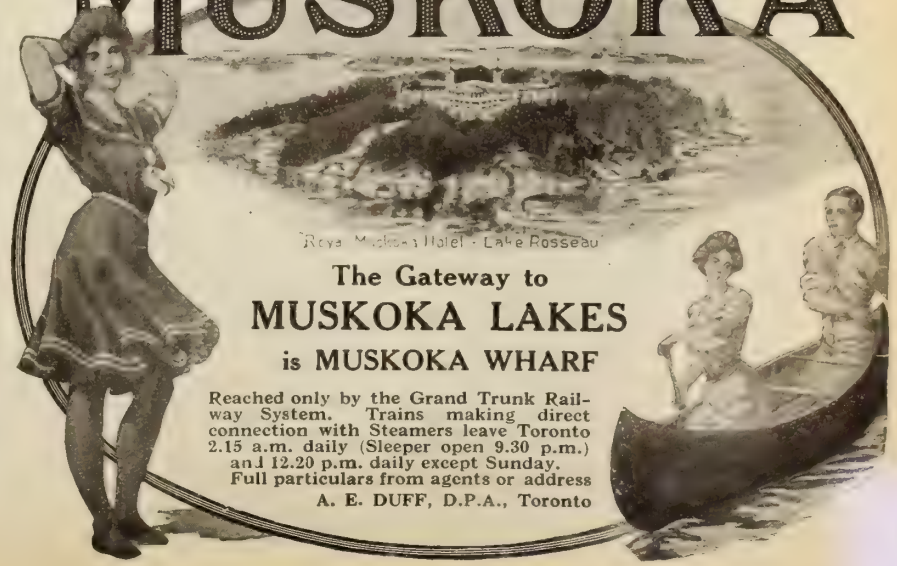

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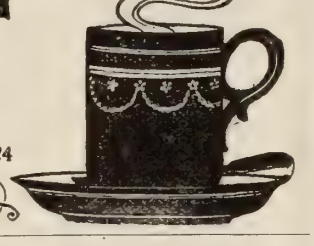

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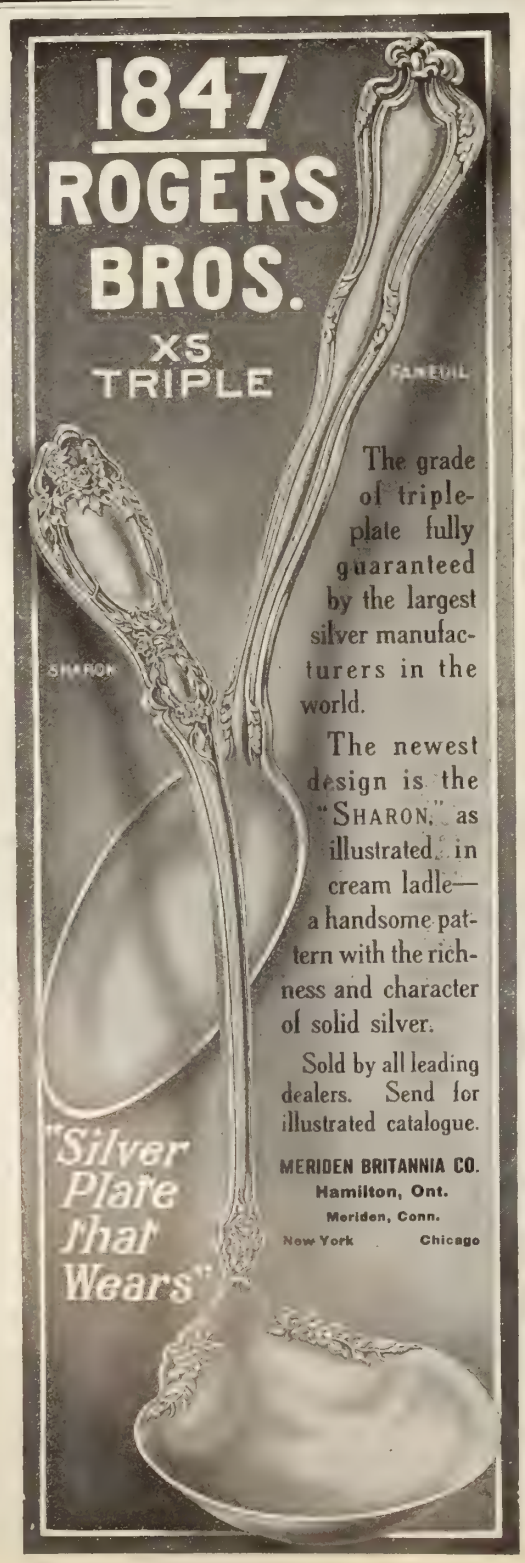

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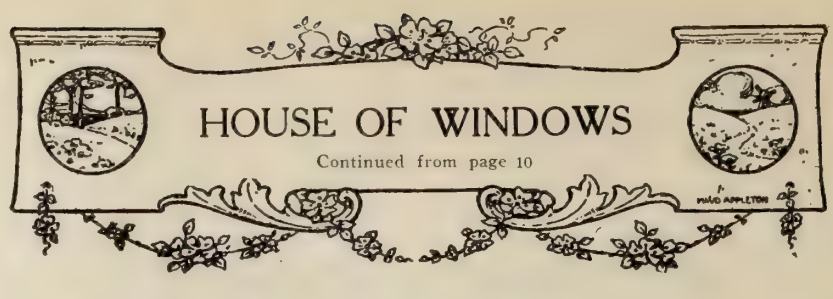


HOUSE OF WINDOWS

Continued from page 10

egg into a bowl with an emphatic hand. "Ada, was there (where's the egg-beater?)—was there any mail to-day?"

"Any bills, you mean? Yes, there is one. It felt rather big. I put it away so that Celia might not see it until she has had her supper. It's on the mantel behind the clock."

Christine bent over her egg, beating vigorously. Lucky for her, now, that the blind girl was not near enough to sense the furious rush of color which crimsoned even her slim white neck. He had written! She did not need to look at the envelope to know.

"Can't you find it? asked Ada, innocently.

"In a moment!" Never was egg so well beaten before! What should she tell Ada? If she said that the letter was not for Celia but for her, the secret would be out. Celia would never rest until she knew who the mysterious correspondent might be. And Christine did not want to tell, she could not tell—yet. If she said nothing, Ada would conclude that it was for Celia and after supper would speak to her about it. She might say it was only a circular and pretend to burn it. That would be lying and Christine naturally hated a lie. Slowly she reached for the letter behind the o'clock. Perhaps it really was a circular! It felt like it. She was afraid, almost, to look at the other side! She turned it at last with a sudden fli—

Miss Christine Brown.

Yes, it was for her. A big, strong, handwriting—a writing she had never seen before and which she knew instantly.

"If it is Jones' bill, perhaps you had better open it," suggested Ada.

"It isn't Jones' bill. It's a circular!"

She had told the lie without flinching! Her face grew hot. What would he think of her if he knew she could tell a lie like that? She crushed the letter into her pocket.

The blind girl sighed with relief. "That's good," she said. "I was afraid it might worry Celia. We ought to keep all worry from her just now if we can."

"Yes, we ought." Already the lie seemed more than justified. Christine mixed the flour with her egg with the sense of a crisis past. Perhaps lies were like other things—relatives. Doctors often tell lies to patients—for their good. So it could not be altogether wrong and there were times—

"Ada," she said suddenly, "What would happen if everybody always told the truth?"

"Why, I don't know. The Millennium, probably."

"Would it? Think now?"

"Well," smiling, "I'm not so sure either. Truth is unpleasant sometimes. Perhaps we are not meant to tell all of it. But I suppose there is a difference between not telling the truth and telling what isn't the truth."

"Oh, how profound! But if it were for a person's good?"

"One would have to decide that for oneself. I remember once when you were delirious with measles you thought you saw a white cat sitting on the chair. Celia had to declare that she saw it, too, and I had to feel it and nurse it in my lap—for your good!" She laughed, reminiscently.

Christine's letter did not seem such a weight in her pocket now and the pancakes were ready for the pan. Ada's quick ear had already caught Celia's step on the stairs. Quietly she slipped the knitting into the table drawer. Christine watched the concealment with a laugh.

"Pancakes!" said Celia cheerily, as she opened the door. "And butter! It smells nice—if we only can forget how much butter is a pound. Christine, don't you think the bacon dripping—"

"This is a celebration!" said Christine hastily. "Something nice has happened. We'll tell you after you've had supper."

"If it's nice, why not tell me now."

"Ask me no more. Like Grape-nuts, there's a reason!" Christine's voice was light but her quick eyes had not missed the weariness in Celia's face.

Celia indeed, in spite of her forced cheeriness, was more than ordinarily exhausted. She did not know why; she told herself fiercely that there was no reason for it, but at heart she knew that every day was bringing her nearer to the last of her strength. She fought well, but fighting is a privilege of the strong: still she was not beaten yet. She tried hard to eat the tempting cakes, to drink her tea and to take an interest in Christine's chatter.

"I shan't tell you the surprise at all if you don't eat," declared Christine.

Celia murmured something about having had a big lunch,

"What did you have?" questioned Christine, severely.

Celia was understood to say that she couldn't remember. "But really," she declared, "I am not hungry. Ada, was there any mail

"Nothing but a circular, dear. Christine burned it."

(Christine was certainly very much flushed—probably it was cooking pancakes).

"A circular? What was it, Christine?"

"Oh, what?" with a nervous start. "The circular?— I don't know—er—pianos, I think."

"Pianos? How strange to send piano circulars to Brook Street. You ought not to bend so near the fire, dear. Your face is crimson."

"Christine has a cold," said Ada. "Perhaps she is feverish."

Tired as she was, Celia immediately rose and felt the girl's forehead with an anxious hand.

"She has a little fever, I think," she answered in a worried voice. "Did you get your feet—"

"No. Really, Celia, it isn't fever. It is the heat from the stove. That and feeling worried about what I have to tell you. Are you sure you can't eat any more? Well then, it is just this—that I've got work. I am going to begin to-morrow."

For a moment there was silence. Celia's face settled into hard lines. She did not look at Christine.

"Where?" she asked, briefly, coldly.

Christine was frightened. She glanced at Ada appealingly and the blind girl felt the look.

"Celia," she said gently, "Perhaps Christine is right. It is only for a time. Things will be better soon. And she will take no harm. You have done it all so long, dear, surely you can let us help you now?"

Celia, usually as wax in Ada's hands, did not seem to hear her.

"Where are you going?" she asked Christine again.

"With you," said the girl. "I've got a place at the Stores."

Celia drew a sharp breath. Then she laughed, a laugh such as they had never dreamed could come from Celia, bitter, hard. She looked at Christine, a glance which swept her from head to foot. "A shop-girl!" she said, "You!"

Christine pusher her plate aside, "Why not?" she asked quietly.

"I forbid it. That's all. If you must work, wait until you find something else. You have youth, health, beauty and courage. That is what the Stores want. They'll take it all, day by day, week by week, year by year, they'll take it all! "First your youth, then your health, then your beauty—or no, they take your courage first, I think, so that you have none when you want to break away. They fill you so full of the fear of life that you daren't let go. Don't I know it! And then when these are gone they take what's left and—" she looked around in a frightened way— "I don't know just what they do with what's left," she said in a half whisper.

"Celia," said Christine, "you are not well. You are not yourself!"

"Yes, I am quite myself. I see very clearly. You have heard me speak of Alma Stone? She worked beside me for years. She was young and pretty—not half as pretty as you. She stood it a long time—and then she broke away.

She had still some good looks, and a little courage left. She said she was going to make a bid for freedom! Today I heard what happened to her."

"What was it ?" asked the girl interestedly.

Celia laughed again. "You—you don't even know !" she said, "and you won't if I can help it. Now listen, Christine, you must give up this idea. It is true that I do not see any prospect of your going back to school just at once, but that is a different matter. You must promise me—"

"But, Celia dear, I have tried so many different things, uselessly—"

"I know, but there must be something. If you enter the Stores now, it will break my heart. All these years that I have worked there, seeing my youth and strength going from me I have kept my heart warm with the thought that it would save you from a like fate. The reason is stronger than you know. Don't let me feel now that it has all been in vain, and that the Stores have got you too. It isn't necessary. I have not given out yet."

Christine rose and stood beside her, smoothing her still soft and plentiful hair with gentle hands.

"Celia" she said. "I promise. If it isn't necessary I will not go. But if it is necessary you must promise not to feel like that. You're looking at it wrongly. Indeed you are. You have done for me more than a mother could do. You have been mother and sister too. I will obey you. But if your health demands a rest and I can help no other way, you must let me help in the only way I can. Is it a bargain?"

Celia, relieved of the fear and despair with which Christine's proposal had plunged her, smiled happily. She felt stronger. She was sure that she could get along until something else was found. And the love and reverence in the girl's eyes made her glow with happiness. "It is a bargain," she said and kissed her.

Later, Tommy came in. He had a new poem for Celia, a new book for Christine and some late flowers for Ada. "Like those by the east wall in the garden," he told her unblushingly. The room brightened wonderfully under the influence of his kindly chatter.

But suddenly in the midst of a laugh Celia caught her hand to her side, gasped and fainted !

The doctor, hurried in by an excited Tommy, found her still unconscious and very white upon the bed.

"A bad break-down," he said after a quick examination. "She must not move for weeks. Complete quiet. Nourishing food, absolute rest of the body and mind."

"We can give her rest of body," said Christine, "but what about her mind ? She is sure to worry because she does not want me to work and now I must."

The doctor looked at her, standing there straight and young with her love-face and fearless eyes. "I don't wonwer!" he said involuntarily. "But—well, do the best you can. And for awhile, at least, you will have no trouble. She is too weak to worry. She may not ask a single question." He glanced at Tommy curiously. "Your sisters?" he asked courteously.

"No" said Tommy shortly.

"Well, don't worry. I think she will pull through."

Relieved of his worst anxiety, Tommy's eyes wandered from the bed to where Ada stood listening. The doctor caught their expression, and smiled understandingly.

"Same old triangle," he mused drawing on his gloves. As he turned to go he looked very closely at Christine and, on sudden impulse, drew Tommy aside.

"You are not really going to let that child go into a store, are you?" he asked curiously. "Why, she has a face —whew! it will be a risk!"

"What can one do ?" asked Tommy, miserably.

"That's so. But—I'll tell you—I need someone in my office just now. Clerical work, appointments, etc. How would that do, eh ?"

Tommy looked at the man keenly. He had a handsome face but it was set with the unmistakable seal of fast living. Something in the eyes seemed greedy, repulsive. The look he cast at Christine brought the blood ito Tommy's face.

"I don't think it would do at all," he said, shortly.

The doctor laughed. The greedy light in his eyes faded out. He was cold again, professional.

"No? Well, probably you are right," he agreed, and bowing, took his leave.

Tommy came slowly back into the inner room. Celia lay in a semi-stupor with Ada crying quietly beside her. But Christine stood erect, her hand resting upon the foot of the bed.

"Well, that is over!" she said. "Tomorrow I go to work !"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE theory of coincidence to which we refer so many of the curious happenings of life will explain perhaps the fact that one week after Christime entered the Stores the semi-annual ribbon sale began. It was Christine's first experience of a sale's true inwardness, and the marvels which she noted were not dissimilar to those same marvels observed by Celia in the same place sixteen years before. Save for the complete change of personnel and a few minor differences the scenes might well have been counterparts of each other. In the ribbons themselves the main distinguishing feature seemed to be that whereas plaids had been the fashion then it was now stripes which were most in evidence .The fashion in hairdressing had also changed, and the young ladies behind the counters, who, in Celia's day, had been content with neatly coiled or braided tresses, were now resplendent in towering structures which held the eye with the fascination of the wonderful. It was all simple enough to one who understood the mysteries of rats and buns and turbans and puffs and curls, but to the uninitiated the result was little short of miraculous, for even supposing that nature in lavish mood had supplied such hair—how did they get it to stick on? The costuming also had changed, for now, instead of a medley of colors, the clerks were uniformly dressed in black; black of all degrees of blackness, in all stages of newness and oldness, and of all kinds of materials and grades of quality, but still, as far as the color scheme was concerned, blackness everywhere. The uses of this funereal rule were just now becoming apparent to Christine, who was watching one of her fellow clerks.

"Yes, madam," the girl was saying. "This is a true yellow." She tossed the end of a ribbon over her black sleeve. "This other is more on the tuscan shade. The difference," throwing the end of the second ribbon beside the first, "is quite discernible against the black."

"I wish to goodness that customer would go and let Miss Blake get a chance to straighten up," whispered one of the other clerks to Christine, "but you'll see, she'll stay till the bell rings. Miss Blake has been ten minutes behind the rest of us all the week. That's what it means to have obliging manners! That woman doesn't intend to buy anything anyway."

"So many don't," said Christine. "I wonder why?"

"One of three reasons," said the other, "they don't know what they want, or they don't really want it, or they want it and can't get it—are you tired, Miss Brown?"

"No," said Christine, but as she straightened up an involuntary sigh betrayed the effort.

"Oh, no! of course not!" gibed the other with sympathetic irony.

"It's my back," explained Christine, "I never knew I had a back before, and now its difficult to know anything else. To-day has been the worst yet."

The girl nodded. "Sales are fierce," she admitted. "Did you ever see anything like that scramble for the sash ribbons at 9 o'clock. One woman had on a chiffon scarf which must have cost six dollars anyway. In the scrimmage it was torn to pieces—but she got the twenty-cent ribbon she wanted! And they say we must be polite to them! At noon to-day three women had hold of the same piece. They fought for it like dogs for a bone. Polite? You might as well try to be polite to a lot of—"

"Oh, be careful," said Christine, "somebody might hear."

The other girl, who was a brunette of a coarse but handsome type, tossed her overladen head. "Don't care if they do," she declared. "I'm going to get out of here next week."

Christine sighed.

"If you'll take my advice you'll get out of it too. You've got a weak back. Every new girl's back is sore at first, but it wears off. Yours is getting worse. You won't stand this for a year. Better get out before your health goes. And, besides, you're—too pretty!"

(To be continued)

May be the dough had forgotten to *rise.*
Or had risen quickly overnight and *fallen* again—
To rise nevermore.
Twas *weak* flour, of course.
Meaning weak in *gluten.*
But FIVE ROSES *is* strong, *unusually strong.*
With that *glutinous* strength which *compels* it to rise to your surprised delight.
Stays risen too.
Being coherent, *elastic.*
And the dough feels *springy* under your hand.
Squeaks and cracks as you work it.
Feel the *feel* of a FIVE ROSES dough.
Note the wonderful *smooth* texture—soft—*velvety.*
Great is the *bread* born of such dough—
Your dough!
Try this *good* flour.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED MONTREAL

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers

JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

Continued from page 16

sloped gradually down to the lake, their images pictured in the calm water with the natural tints and shapes, so that the eye could scarcely discern which was forest and which reflection, but for their reversed positions. The camp was pitched in a clearing on the shore, and a view of the lake in all its magnificance could be obtained from it.

One afternoon was spent in preparation and that night all "retired," fatigued from the day's exertions.

Fishing, hunting, canoeing, and sightseeing were our pastimes throughout vacation, and weary campers went to their beds of cedar boughs after enjoying a delightful evening around the roaring camp-fire, feeling that the finest and most restful place in the world was this very spot near Lake Nipigon.

Of all enjoyments, I liked canoeing best. The swift, gliding motion and the enjoyable feeling of a ride over the placid lake seemed unequalled by any other enjoyment.

But every enjoyment passes and the happy care-free days went by with nothing to mar their bliss.

Soon, however, school and business called, and the jolly campers went back to grim Mr. Toil and the "madding crowd."

But I have never forgotten the dear, old camp, and I still long to see its familiar attractions and scenery again.

Wishing "The Journal" success I will close.

Your new cousin,

CHARLES BOOTH.

This is the sole work of Charles.

K. B. Booth.

My dear Charles:

You are a very welcome new cousin, and I am sure all the Journal's Juniors will be interested in your holiday experience. I sympathize with your liking for canoeing. It is the most delightful way of enjoying our beautiful lakes. Have you read Pauline Johnson's "The Song My Paddle Sings"? My first experience of a canoe was on Shadow River, near Rosseau, and I shall never forget the beauty of that stream at sunset.

How do you like the following story? I wrote it one evening, during a flight of imagination. It starts off the old way, "Once upon a time," and ends up, "And lived happily ever after."

THE MAGIC BOX.

Once upon a time a famous family set out for their summer home. This family consisted of a girl, aged twelve years, named Dorothy, but called Dot for short; a boy fourteen years old, named Samuel, or Sam for short; and Mr. and Mrs. Neil. They lived in a village which we can call Roseland.

When they arrived at their destination they found a message saying their bank had failed. This left Mr. Neil almost a poor man.

After they had been at their cottage about a week Dot and Sam were walking down the beach, when, to their surprise, they found a cave.

"Oh" cried Dot, "how I should like to explore that cave! What fun it would be."

"All right," agreed Sam, "we will."

So off they started, eager to see what this wonderful cave might contain.

They walked on for a while, when suddenly it branched off into another passage.

Now at this time a story had gone around that in some cave a box of vast treasures had been hidden by a pirate who was very rich, but hid his treasures in all sorts of places.

This man had been drowned at sea, and never returned to gather his treasure.

So, as the children walked on, Sam noticed a key lying on the floor of the cave.

"What is that, Dot?" asked he.

"Oh, oh! a key, how exciting," replied Dot. "There must be a door to fit it some place; let's try to find it."

She gazed all around, and presently saw a crack representing a door. It was about two feet square, and had a keyhole in it.

"There is a door," cried the girl. "See, there, almost at your elbow."

Sam looked, and sure enough, there was a door.

Send for this Great Catalogue

Your Address on a Post Card will bring it.

TO-DAY

We Pay Delivery Charges to any Destination in Canada

In the New FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE of

THE SIMPSON STORE

you'll find that on everything from a packet of pins to a load of furniture, we pay all delivery charges to your nearest Railway Station, no matter where you live in Canada.

The time is past when you must worry out just what an article will cost when you receive it and have paid delivery charges. NOW, when you send an order to Simpson's, you know that the price we quote is exactly what the article will cost you laid down at your nearest Station or Post Office with all delivery charges paid.

If for any reason you find the goods we send you unsatisfactory, return them within seven days after you receive them, in good condition, and we will exchange or refund money, and pay all freight, express or mail charges both ways.

We will not issue a Christmas Catalogue this year. You will find all Christmas Goods included in this one.

TORONTO

A feature of this Catalogue is its forty-four pages of delivery-paid furniture. Just write on a post card: "Send me Fall and Winter Catalogue No. 33.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue

"I'm going to fit this key to it," cried Dot. "Yes, it fits, too. How fine!"

She turned it in the lock, and slowly the little door swung back, displaying a casket which had a card on the middle of it engraved in big black letters.

> If you want
> a wish be granted
> tap three times
> upon the metal.

Dot and Sam took the box out and read the card.

"Oh," said Dot, "if this isn't grand. Now papa will be rich again."

Sam looked around and said, "Let's go home, I'm hungry. I wish I were there now."

"I'm awfully tired," acknowledged Dot. "Oh, I'm going to wish we were both home, and father out of trouble."

So saying, she tapped three times upon the box, and the next minute they both rushed in the door of the cottage.

Soon after their father came home that night, a messenger suddenly arrived, saying Mr. Neil was to start immediately for Cobalt, as a rich vein of silver had been struck on one of his claims.

So, through the magic wish they became rich and lived happily ever after.

Hoping to see this in the Juniors' Page, and wishing the Circle every success, I remain,

MARION A. REYNOLDS (age 12).
(Certified).

An Unfortunate Vacancy

ELIZABETH, just six, had been going to kindergarten, and enjoyed very much the little motion-songs taught there. She was very enthusiastic at learning all the words, but one day she realized that, try as she might, she could not make her voice harmonize with those of the other children. Thoroughly disheartened, she ran home to her mother and with a sigh said:

"Oh, mama, I don't know what I shall do. I'm so full of words, but so empty of tune!"

An Ambitious Boy

DEAR young brothers and sisters: There was once a boy who lived in a small town. His father was not poor, neither was he very rich, but he was anxious to give his son every advantage that would help to make him a useful, happy man. Among other things, he wanted Dick—that was the boy's name—to go to college. So, from the time that Dick was twelve, he heard his father and mother discussing to which college they would send their son. He listened to them while they planned about the money part of it, and felt happy and proud when he heard them say to each other, "*Our* boy will carry off all the honors of his class and become a famous man."

Then one day Dick woke up in just one second. "Why shouldn't I be doing something, and helping father and mother when they are doing so much for me?" he said to himself. All day he turned this idea over and over in his mind. When evening came and his father returned from business he had a plan ready.

"Father," he said at dinner that night, "mayn't I have some chickens? I'll take care of them myself and see that they don't wander out over our grounds or the neighbors'."

"Why do you want chickens, Dick?" his father asked kindly.

"Because I want to make some money, father, and I can do it by selling eggs and broilers."

"And why do you want money?" his father inquired. "Isn't your allowance enough for everything that you need?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but I want to begin to save money to put me through college. I don't suppose I can make very much, but what I *do* make will help a little."

His father gazed thoughtfully at him a moment over his glasses, then announced decidedly:

"Good for you, Dick. You shall have some chickens just as soon as we can fix up a place for them."

Well, not long afterward Dick got his chickens and because it was vacation time he was able to give his scheme all his attention. The result was that by the end of the summer he had made a neat little sum which went into the bank with his father's money.—*New Idea.*

MADE IN BERLIN

THE "ONWARD" AUTOMATIC VACUUM CLEANER

Even the most cheerful housewife wearies at times of the labor and drudge of sweep-sweep-sweep, with the dirt flying all around, and then the monotonous round of dusting to follow.

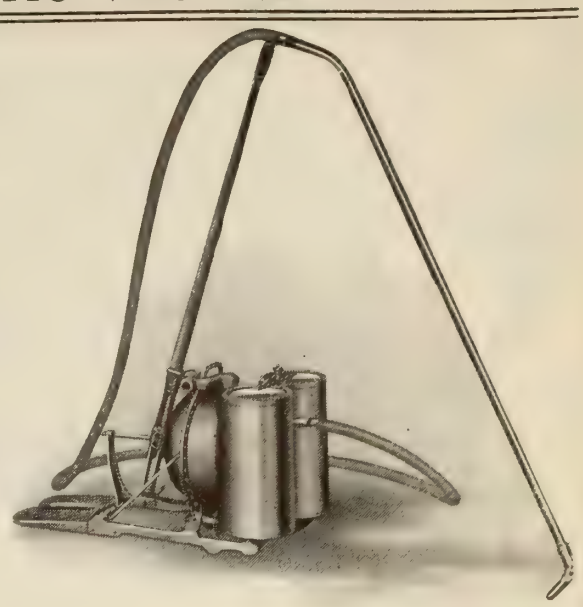
Save your wife—mother—sister or friend this heavy work and dull routine—brighten the house-keeping game.

The "ONWARD" Automatic is a real Automatic Cleaner at a price that brings it within the reach of every overworked housewife.

The One Hand-Power Cleaner that *blows* as well as *sucks*.

It sucks *all* the dust and grit out of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture, curtains, mattresses and clothes. Cleans fabrics through and through, inside and out, *and holds all the dust in the tank*.

Easiest to empty, because our exclusive double tank device for separating the dust from the air catches 95 per cent. of the dust in the bottom of the tank, without screens or water. Only 5 per cent. is screened, and that on the outside of one canvas-covered cylinder. Other makes of Vacuum Cleaners have only one tank and screen 100 per cent. of the dust in complicated screens, bags, etc.



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BERLIN, - - ONTARIO

Largest Builders of Hand and Electric Power Vacuum Cleaners in Canada

Our Pattern Business continues to grow, proving that we have what our readers want and that we supply their needs in this branch satisfactorily. They receive prompt service, and could help greatly by showing the JOURNAL to friends and placing orders together. **All patterns 12 cents each.**

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Port Hope, Ont.

Residential School for Boys. Healthy Situation, Fireproof Buildings, Extensive playgrounds, large gymnasium, skating rinks, etc.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and business. Special attention given to younger boys.

Next term beging Sept. 13. New boys must report Sept. 12th.

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REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge), LL.D.
Port Hope - - - - Ontario

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"SWAN"

FOUNT-PEN

you are always ready to "jot it down." The "Swan" has no intricate or delicate parts—consequently it never gets out of order, and is always ready to write without adjusting or coaxing. Good for a lifetime. Sold by Stationers. $2.50 upwards.

CATALOGUE FREE

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"Pocket Money" Talks No. 3—

Hundreds of thousands of people are sending new or renewal magazine subscriptions during these next few months, and many thousands of dollars are to be earned by ladies who will get these subscriptions from their friends and neighbors and send them to us. Write for our rates—you'll be surprised how large they are.

"Pocket Money" Department
Canadian Home Journal

A Waterpan worth while

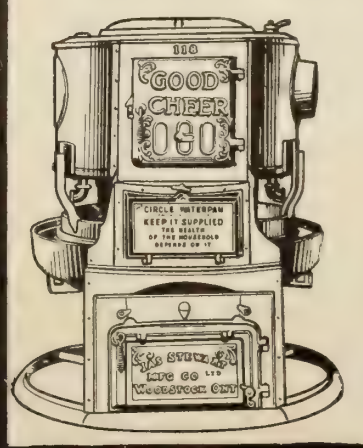
The object of the Furnace Waterpan is to give back to the warmed air the natural moisture that the fire has dried out. But in the average Furnace the Waterpan is made insignificant and insufficient and placed in the least effective position. But the

"Good Cheer" Furnace

Has A Big Circle Waterpan

entirely encircling the fire-pot. This waterpan holds 4 to 6 gallons, and is placed where it will evaporate the water rapidly. It keeps the humidity of the air up to the normal 60% or 70% while the air from the average furnace often contains less than 25% of moisture.

Besides the vast improvement this makes in comfort and healthfulness, the house feels as warm at 65° as it does at 70° when the air is parching and dry. The consequent saving of coal is a big item.



"Good Cheer" Furnace construction throughout is of the same high standard of excellence as the Circle Waterpan.

It's well worth your while to write for Booklet and full information about the advantages of the "Good Cheer" Furnace. 9

The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited
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INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never Becomes Hard. Every Particle Can Be Consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

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CANADA

NOTICE THE NAME

CLARK'S

On all your purchases of Prepared Meats and so protect the health of your family and guests.

You must often feel the need of something tasty for Lunch, Dinner or Supper, but do not feel like undertaking the task of cooking.

THEN IT IS THAT CLARK'S GREAT VARIETY OF PREPARED FOOD DELICACIES OFFERS A WAY OUT, and enables you to provide a repast at once, appetizing and nourishing, either hot or cold, for the Individual. for **THE TWO,** or the Family and guests.

ISN'T THE TIME, WORRY AND ENERGY SAVED WORTH CONSIDERING?

Just glance back at Clark's list in last month's issue, and **GET THE HABIT OF KEEPING SOME IN RESERVE.**

W. CLARK, MONTREAL

MANUFACTURER OF THE FAMOUS "CHATEAU" BRAND CONCENTRATED SOUPS

Summer Strength and Summer Satisfaction

come from foods that are easily digested—foods that supply the greatest amount of nutriment without taxing the liver or heating the body. Cut out the flesh foods and indigestible pastries for awhile and eat

SHREDDED WHEAT

the whole wheat food that is ready-cooked, and ready-to-serve. All the meat of the golden wheat prepared in its most digestible form. Give the cook a "day off," close up the hot kitchen and serve Shredded Wheat Biscuit with berries or other fresh fruits. It means health and strength, with freedom from work or worry. Place two Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a dish, cover them with berries or other fresh fruits, then pour over them milk, adding a little cream and sugar to suit the taste. Nothing so wholesome or satisfying in the Summer or nothing so easy to prepare.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer, made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded, baked and pressed into a wafer. A crisp, tasty Summer snack for the camp or the long tramp, for the bungalow in the mountains, for picnics or excursions on land or on sea. Eaten with butter, salt, cheese, caviar or marmalades.

Made by F66

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue

Homemade Enamel

"WHILE visiting some English friends," said a Newark woman, "I learned how to make an admirable enamel paint, which, to all intents and purposes, is equal to the regulation product one buys. It is applied as a finishing coat to the paint, and leaves the surface not only hard but with that gloss which is so much to be desired.

"How is it made? Well, my friends told me it was an English formula which they had used for years, and I have tried it since my return, and had great success. Take a wineglassful of spirits of turpentine and drop into it a piece of caustic soda the size of a marble. When this is thoroughly dissolved, stir the mixture into a two-pound tin of white zinc paint. Stir this for some minutes, until it is well incorporated. Now the mixture is enamel, and is ready for use."

Color in Decoration

HOW many of us understand the great truth that color is a language, each tone of which expresses a definite feeling different from every other tone? asks Frank Alvah Parsons in *Arts and Decorative*. We know this is so of sound; we do not question the definite appeal to the sense of taste made by vinegar, salt, pepper or sugar, and still we fail to comprehend the force and meaning of color tones. This is partly because we do not think about it and partly because painters have monopolized color into an emotional trust. There are more people making homes than there are painting pictures, and nowhere is a knowledge of color more useful than to the home maker.

Volumes have been written about color, principally by those who have some taste or color feeling. Generally these things are merely statements of individual opinion based upon personal feeling, therefore have no general value, no two people feeling alike. Let all understand the elementary facts of color significance and then use some common sense in application of the same to home decoration.

Most people know that we see color because of the light, and that the less light there is the less color we see. Yellow is nearest like light, therefore the most powerful color in producing light effects. Use it, then, in rooms that seem too dark and in those that have no direct sun rays. Where this color dominates there will be cheer, brightness and hopefulness. To the melancholy, the pessimistic. the despondent this color is a life tonic.

Another factor one always has to reckon with is intensity, or brilliancy, in color. Probably this is the least understood, therefore the most badly treated of the color qualities. A full, intense note of color is the strongest, loudest possible expression of that idea. A full red tone says red to the human intelligence as powerfully as red can be said. A soft, neutralized tone of the same red is very much less powerful and less exacting and exciting in its appeal. The walls, ceiling and floor of a room are the shell, or background, upon which furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac and people are to be seen and appreciated. What human being has sufficient vitality to stand against a full-intensity red or blue wall paper? What picture, chair or rare vase can hope to get a passing glance when exploited against such vicious, loud, protesting backgrounds as we often see upon the walls. Nothing short of a color which has lost half of its full strength by neutralization is fit to color the walls of any room. In fact, nothing is more helpful than this general law: "Backgrounds should always be grayer or softer than objects which are to be shown upon them."

About Fruit Jars

HERE is a wax said to be excellent for sealing cans and jars: One ounce of gum shellac, one ounce of beeswax, and eighteen ounces of resin. This cools instantly. You can dip pieces of strong domestic into the fluid and press them down over the tops of jars, by putting your hands in cold water and then handling the waxed cloth quickly before it cools.

An old-time housekeeper says that for strawberries and blackberries (especially strawberries), common stone jars, carefully sealed, are much better than cans or glass, as fruits retain their color and flavor much better in them. She gives the following plan for putting up such fruits: Place the cans or jars in hot water and keep them there until filled with fruit that has been allowed merely to come to a scald in syrup made to your taste, remove instantly and seal. If bubbles arise when pressing down the cover, drop on a few more drops of wax and press down until there are none. In a very few minutes the wax will be perfectly hard, and you can set away your jars.

Many cooks object to putting any sugar in their canned fruits, but others claim that it improves the fruit, preventing the leathery look and feel that some fruits have when canned without. Bottles are properly sealed if, after being tightly corked, the necks are dipped in the hot sealing wax, as it cools and hardens instantly.

If sugar is used, the syrup must be boiling hot when the fruit is put in, and must be brought to a boil before canning. After putting into the can or jar all the fruit it will hold, pour the syrup, boiling hot, into the jar, overflowing, so as to fill every air space between the fruit.

It pays to get new rubbers, and the metal tops must fit each particular jar, or the fruit will spoil.

Bits of Advice

A good bait for a rat trap is a paste made of cornmeal and eggs.

If new boots don't polish quickly, rub over with a piece of lemon.

Cucumber and almond cosmetics both cleanse and whiten the skin.

The interior of every refrigerator should frequently be scalded with soda water.

When silver is not in constant use a piece of camphor will keep it from tarnishing.

If meat used for soup is cut into small pieces more nutriment will be obtained.

To peel tomatoes without scalding, rub them backward with the blunt edge of a knife.

To polish aluminum make a mixture of borax, ammonia and water. Apply with a soft cloth.

Frequent dusting saves sweeping. A room that is dusted often and thoroughly will not require such constant sweeping as one that is dusted carelessly and seldom.

On buying a new pair of gloves, turn back the wrists and write name and address on the inside with ink.

Never put meat directly on the ice but always on a plate, as direct contact with the ice will destroy its flavor.

A piece of court plaster on the end of the forefinger of the left hand will protect it from needle pricks when sewing.

The stains on a tablecloth, napkins or a frock should be soaked in sour milk as soon as possible and washed out in soap suds.

Libby's 100 Foods

One of them is
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

New ideas for tempting salads and desserts in the new edition of our booklet, "Libby's Luscious Fruits." Write for it. It's free. Address Canadian Kitchens, Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd., Dept. CJ-1, Chatham, Ontario

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

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Catchup	Sweet Mixed Pickles
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Sauer Kraut	Sweet Midget Pickles
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Corned Beef	Mexican Tamales	Peaches	Maraschino Cherries
Vienna Sausage	Chili Con Carne	Pears	Prunes
Corned Beef Hash	Chop Suey	Apricots	Dried Prunes
Roast Beef	Meat with Spread	Plums	Asparagus
Lunch Tongue	Ragout (Beef Stew)	Sliced Pineapple	Spinach
Ox Tongue	Potted Meat	Crushed Pineapple	Sweet Potatoes
Veal Loaf	Deviled Meat	Fruits for Salad	Pumpkin
Sliced Dried Beef	Potted Ham	Muscat Grapes	Tomatoes
Beef Steak and Onions	Deviled Ham	Berries	Ripe Olives
Frankfurter Sausage	Bouillon Cubes	Royal Anne Cherries	Red Alaska Salmon

(Partial List)

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QUEBEC - CANADA

If you are one of those who are looking for an efficient dentifrice without a "druggy" taste, try—

and assure yourself that its delicious flavor does not Lessen its Efficiency. Ask your dentist, or notice for yourself the difference in your teeth after a month or two of its twice-a-day use.

TO DENTISTS

You will please your patients and induce them to take care of their teeth—and your work—if you recommend the regular use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

As a neutralizer of excessive acidity of the mouth, and as an efficient cleanser, it has the endorsement of eminent dentists and of expert chemists.

Every day letters are received from well-known dentists in praise of the benefits which Ribbon Dental Cream confers on their patients.

READ WHAT THESE DENTISTS SAY:

"It is positively the first cream I have found that will polish gold crowns and bridge work in the mouth."

"I heartily endorse your Ribbon Dental Cream. It has a tendency to stimulate gum tissue."

"It leaves a cool, delicious taste in the mouth."

"I know of no more cleanly, efficient, convenient and dainty dentifrice to keep the teeth clean and the breath pure."

Names will be given on application.

Educators all over the country have found this pleasant-tasting dentifrice their greatest aid in teaching their scholars the importance of "Good Teeth—Good Health."

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans, preserves and polishes perfectly and antiseptically, leaving the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition which counteracts germ growth.

A trial tube of this delicious, efficient cream sent for four cents in stamps.

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W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

OCTOBER 1911

HOUSE FURNISHING NUMBER

PRICE 10 CENTS

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E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

Winnipeg TORONTO, ONT. Montreal

EDITORIAL CHAT

HOME-FURNISHING to-day implies an almost bewildering variety of details. Only the woman who has studied the matter with system and discrimination can select from modern materials what is best suited to home needs. Primitive housekeeping in the cave or the garden may have been the genuine simple life; but, after all, the cave-dwellers missed a great deal. There may be anxiety about the task of modern selection, but the true woman is never happier than when she is choosing the new furniture or deciding on the wall decorations. The present issue of this Journal takes up the various departments of home-furnishing and discusses for the housewife's benefit the modern equipment for comfort and convenience. The contribution by Miss Ridout, "The Making of Oriental Rugs," is an interesting article on a subject which is yearly becoming more attractive. Mr. Paul Fitzpatrick, who has contributed to several of our home-furnishing numbers, has written two articles which should be of value to our many readers. "The Girl's Room" is a criticism of the average feminine apartment and contains several suggestions which will be useful to our girl friends. Mr. Fitzpatrick contributes also "A Treatise on Wall Paper," which takes up the history of this important feature of home-furnishing, with a sketch of its modern development, and illustrations which show some of the latest designs. Electricity is being used so extensively in the housekeeping of to-day, that it is almost indispensable in the various domestic operations. Ironing, sewing and cooking are all being done by means of electricity, and the article, "Electrified Housekeeping," deals with several of the latest inventions. "A Touch of Paint," by Mr. Mihell, is a comprehensive and "informing" article on the use of paint in connection with house decoration.

CULINARY TOPICS are of eternal interest to the feminine reader, and we are assured by our Journal circle that we are meeting their wishes and needs in the space which we devote to these matters. For instance, the series of luncheons which we have published from month to month, prepared by an excellent authority on all matters relating to the cuisine, has been appreciated in a most encouraging fashion. The department of "Household Exchange," which is an occasional rather than a regular feature, is one to which we would call your attention. We are anxious to have contributions from any of you who are in possession of special items of domestic information, which would be of use to the general reader. Recipes are not required, but short articles of two or three hundred words of particular information. Names and addresses must be included with the items, as these will be published by way of guarantee. Payment will be made for such items. We expect, during the winter months, to have several articles dealing with dishes of especially seasonable nature. The matter of diet is receiving more attention at this time than has been paid to it by preceding generations—perhaps because this is an age of noise and nerves. We hope to publish several articles on this subject, which will be of real value, from the technical standpoint, as well as interesting from the popular.

OUR FICTION is becoming more pleasing than ever, if we may judge from what our correspondents tell us. Mrs. MacKay's serial story, "The House of Windows," grows in interest with each number, and we are sure that you will follow the beautiful heroine's fortunes and misfortunes with increasing eagerness. You will be interested to know that this popular writer has won high favor with an English publisher, and that a book of hers will be published next year by a well-known firm. The serial, "The Cost of a Crime," which begins in this issue, is a story of absorbing interest, which describes the fall of a hitherto honest citizen and his subsequent suffering. It is not unhealthily sensational, but shows the consequences of a crime all too common in these days of extravagance and social aspiration. The short stories in this number are both worth reading. "The Stray Man" is a snatch of romance which should appeal to all admirers of a bright and human love-story. "Susan the Indispensable" has a moral underlying the narrative, and is a keen bit of social analysis.

OUR MUSIC PAGE is always welcome, and the "lullaby" published this month is as sweet a melody, with words of tender sentiment, as you have heard.

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What One Boy thinks of Gurney-Oxford Stoves

The prompt call to dinner is a welcome sound in this boy's ears, and meals are always on time since his mother got this new Gurney-Oxford Range.

It saves him bother and chores, too. He seldom has to split any kindling—that wonderful Economizer is such a good way to hold the heat that the fire lasts for hours and yet burns very little fuel—much less than any stove they ever had before.

And they never have to trouble with clinkers or ashes. It is perfectly simple to manage both with the new reversible grate. And this helps coal bills, too. It burns to a fine white powder.

Cookies and bread are even better than they used to be. They say it is because the Gurney-Oxford range has a divided flue strip along the top of the oven which guides the heat evenly all over it. But the boy doesn't care about the reason; he only knows that he never gets any hard crusts, and the cake is always done in the middle.

• • •

This youngster's enthusiasm is echoed by grown-ups in every family where a Gurney-Oxford Range is used.

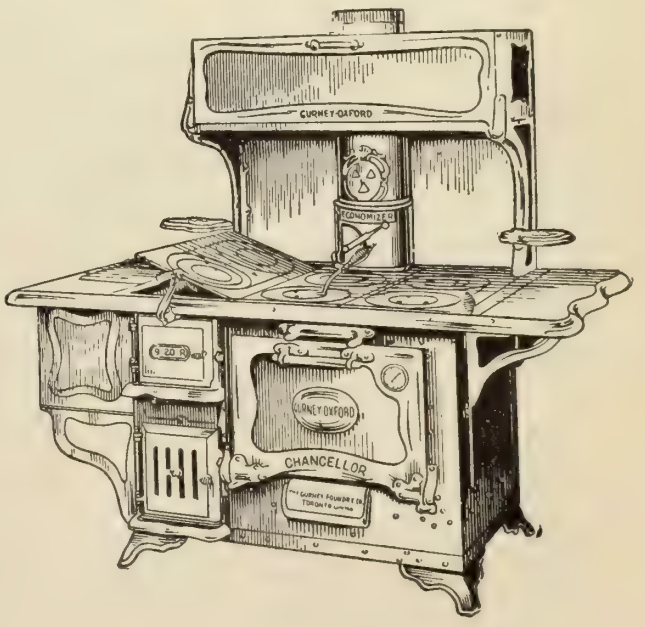
GURNEY-OXFORD

Its exclusive patent device, the OXFORD ECONOMIZER, saves not only fuel and time but food values, because of the slow simmering possible without stirring or attention. It is a good ventilator, too, and takes the cooking odors up the chimney.

• • •

In short, Gurney-Oxford Ranges represent the highest present-day development in stove-making. Simple and strong in construction; reliable and easy in operation; and in outward show, shining, spick and span, this Gurney-Oxford range is an ornament as well as a necessity to any kitchen.

Ask your dealer to show them, or if he does not keep them, write our nearest branch for a convenient address and free book.



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We use no preservatives except those that Nature supplies; we need no chemicals; we use *sound* materials; we prepare them in *clean* kitchens; our uniformed employes are clean, they work in the *sunlight*, under the most modern sanitary conditions.

Chemicals are *only* necessary for preserving inferior materials. *Good* food, *sound* food, *clean* food, does not require artificial preservatives. But, it *costs* more to give you clean, sound, naturally preserved products.

If this were not such a huge industry—if we did not save all *in-between* profits—if we did not operate our own *farms*—if we did not have *canning* and *pickling* and *preserving* plants located right in the *heart* of the *districts* where we *grow*—Heinz quality would cost you from a *third* to a *fourth* more, instead of only the slight advance you now have to pay.

Explain this to the *consumer* when you sell any of the Heinz 57 Varieties.

You are entitled to receive *credit* for giving *more value* at the *same price*.

For instance, when you sell a bottle of Heinz Ketchup, call attention to the fact that you are selling *pure ketchup;* ketchup that is made of fresh, ripe tomatoes direct from the vine and bottled hot —instead of being made of cannery waste, preserved with Benzoate of Soda.

When you suggest Heinz Baked Beans, lay stress on the fact that they are *really oven baked*. And don't forget to mention the quality of the pork in every can, or the rich, fruity tomato sauce that gives such zest and *individuality* to the dish.

So, take your customers into your confidence—*tell* them that you could sell something else and make more profit on the single sale but that you prefer to pay a little more in order to give them more value, and thus deserve their larger patronage.

You should also call attention to Heinz Tomato Soup, Sweet Pickles, Preserves, Jellies, Apple Butter, India Relish, etc., and especially to Heinz Pure Vinegars.

H. J. Heinz Company

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

10 Cents a Copy

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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Pure Milk Supply

NOW that the last rose of the summer of 1911 has faded, we may admit that it was a season of an unusual degree of heat, during which the infant and the aged population suffered extremely. The mortality rate of the former has shown, once more, if such proof were needed, that Canadian cities are not yet alive to the importance of a better milk supply. In our crowded foreign sections, the mothers are exceedingly ignorant regarding the care of their infants, and are in need of instruction from competent and scientifically-trained authorities. Montreal, which has been the greatest sinner in this respect, is awaking to the necessity for ridding itself of unenviable notoriety for high infant death rate. Tne press of that city deserves credit for its exposure of slum conditions, and its urgency in the matter of instruction.

In Toronto, Dr. Hastings, the Medical Health Officer, is showing decided vigilance in the matter of milk inspection. The report of the Chief of Dairy Inspection on September 12th showed that four hundred and forty-six quarts of milk had been emptied because of formaldehyde, while of forty-seven samples of milk examined for bacteria, the counts averaged 23,000,000 a cubic centimetre. Dr. Hastings stated that hundreds of epidemics and outbreaks of typhoid have been traced directly to the milk supply.

A Toronto woman said recently: "I have tried three dairies and have not yet been able to get a glass of milk."

* * *

A Serious Lack

WE are rather given to boasting about our educational system and challenging international comparisons. While there is much of which we may reasonably be proud in our public school equipment, there is a serious lack in our higher educational institutions. If a girl seeks to enter upon a university course of study, she must attend a co-educational institution. There is not a university for women throughout the length and breadth of our fair Dominion. There is not an educational institution for Canadian women which may be compared with Smith College, Vassar, Wellesley or Bryn Mawr in the United States.

Why is it that we have been so niggardly in our provision for feminine education? Lord Strathcona has been most generous to the Royal Victoria College, the residence for women attending McGill University. There are several such residences in Toronto, such as Annesley Hall and Queen's Hall, for girl students attending co-educational universities; but nowhere in Canada is there a university for women.

The life of the girl attending a university for women is naturally much freer and pleasanter than that of the girl attending a university of "mixed" classes. When shall we have a Canadian Wellesley or Bryn Mawr? It is time for some of our surplus millions to be turned in this direction.

* * *

Healthful Talk

A WOMAN who is a member of a family noted for its good health and cheerfulness, recently paid a visit to certain distant cousins living in a remote village.

"I am not going there again," she announced on her return. "They are the most dismal and unhealthy people I ever met—and everyone who called seemed to talk about all the diseases in the village. Every day, I heard about pain and sickness until I felt, myself, as if it were my duty to develop symptoms of something or other. So, I cut short my visit—and don't let anyone ever mention nerves or rheumatism to me again!"

There is a great deal of common sense in the advice so lavishly given in this age as to "talking health." Death, disease and disaster should be debarred from polite conversation. It is an unmistakable mark of the peasant or the provincial to dwell upon the horrible or ghastly. Do not read about murders or calamities, and, by all means, do not talk about them. A Canadian editor says that women are the chief offenders in this regard and are far more interested in unsavory details of crime or misfortune than are men readers.

* * *

Our Political Press

FOR the last two months, our papers have been filled with politics—and little else. Making all allowance for the exaggeration which attends upon a contest, there is much for the unprejudiced citizen to regret in the matter and manner of the press accounts. To have read Reform and Conservative papers in one day meant confusion and consternation.

Women are accused of being the gossipy sex, but in this respect, they are surely not worse than their brethren. No group of feminine detractors could be more "catty" than the writers of our political paragraphs. Pettiness, spite and unfairness to opponents were in painful evidence throughout the whole campaign. It is all very well to say that such attacks are "mere politics," and that a week after election the political enemies will be completely reconciled. The effect of such attacks remains, with the result that our best citizens can hardly be induced to become candidates. Women are especially sensitive regarding such attacks on father, husband or son, and many a woman has been heard to express thankfulness when her husband retired from the political arena.

Canada is "our" country and must be governed by the best, if she is to attain the best. A political campaign should not be made such a season of mud-slinging that a man of dignity and good taste hesitates to enter upon a contest, while a woman dreads the spiteful and personal abuse which is sure to follow a nomination.

* * *

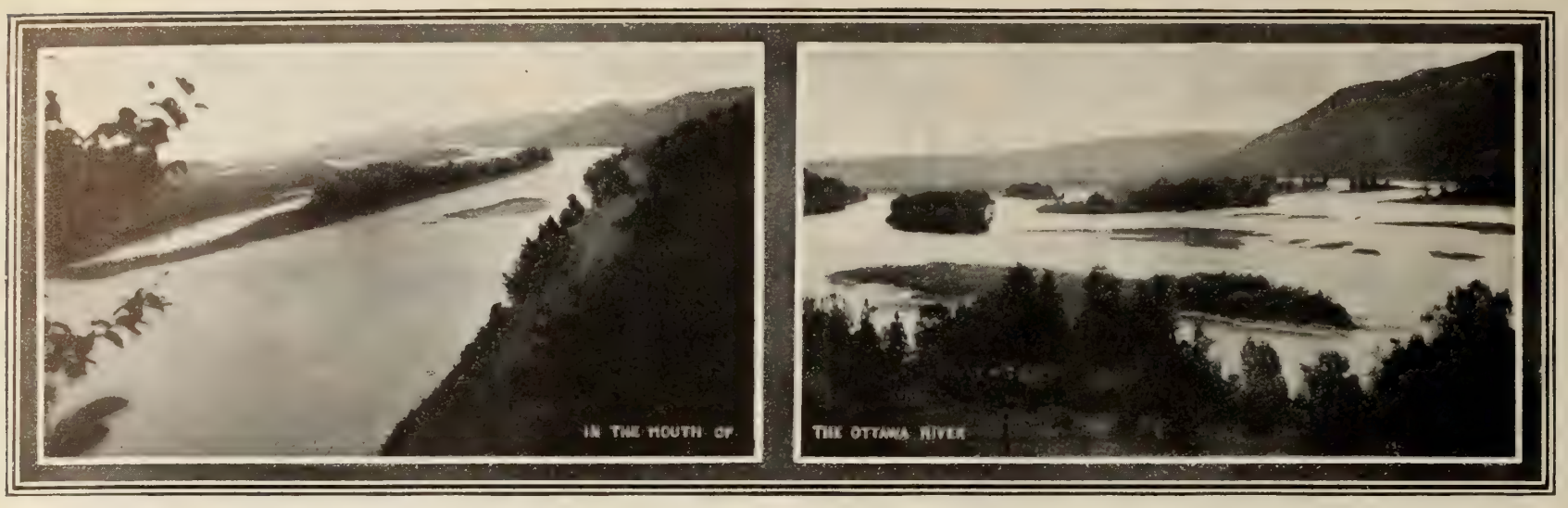
In the Fashion

HOW far should we conform to the modes? We women are accused of being slaves to Dame Fashion, of being afraid to wear what is out of style or old-fashioned. There is a couplet by one of England's poets which is supposed to offer good advice on this subject:—

> "Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

It may occur to the logical woman (and many of us possess the power of reasoning), that if this advice were followed the fashions would never change. Better advice, probably, is that given by a woman who is in the front ranks of the dressmaking "profession" in England—to study one's own style and select from the prevailing modes that which is individually becoming. It is manifest that the coat which is suitable for the woman who is tall and slender will not be the correct wear for her who is short and stout. No one need despair, even when the first glance reveals half-a-dozen costumes, not one of which will suit one's particular hue of complexion, or style of figure.

PICTURESQUE SCENES ON THE OTTAWA



Photographs by Elsie Banks.

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS VERSUS MOTHERS

By a PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER

YOU have seen the title, "Public School Teachers versus Mothers." What does it mean? It means that a public school teacher, throwing aside all malice and evil-speaking, is about to dart upon the mothers of the English-speaking people the arrows of her long-pent-up speech. They are not poisoned arrows, remember, but the bow is bent with a true English love of justice. The public school teacher has taken in silence the criticism and censure of mothers since public schools began, and now the mothers must in their turn listen to advice and censure. I use the word "must" advisedly, for teachers' chairs will soon be vacant if there is no alleviation of the present situation. I am addressing mothers and not fathers, because I am a strong believer in the old saying,—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." If the mother awakens to the gravity of the situation, and takes to her heart the admonition found here, I doubt not but that her influence will soon leaven the American continent.

I must first show that it is with infinite consideration that public school teachers should be treated. Now I know that you always say, (admiring yourself the while for your broad sympathy) that preachers and teachers are classes that have your deepest sympathy and consideration. Nevertheless your sympathy has not yet been strong enough to lighten the burden or sweeten the life of the teacher.

The average class is one of forty-five children with, the distraught teacher often thinks, one hundred and forty-five varieties of disposition. I want the ear of that earnest, wise, tenderly solicitous little mother who asks advice of sages, past and present, as to the best method of dealing with Johnny. "For you know he's no more like Mary! Now I can persuade her usually, or at worst times a little tap or two will do, but, do you know, Johnny is so different! I do get so discouraged." Don't you? Don't you? I rather think we teachers who have not the inexhaustible store of mother's patience, nor do not see with the same partial eyes, get quite as discouraged in dealing with our forty-five.

Consider! We are judged by the alacrity of our pupils' obedience. In a home it might easily occur that the other children might not be aware of the one child's naughtiness. In school the naughty one is usually in the front seat. If he is not punished in the same manner, (children are not quick in the perception of equivalents, but demand the identical things) a strong sense of injustice rankles in the breast of a former misdoer. Moreover, our time is limited. The quickest way is the best way for us. Our lesson must proceed. There are forty-five to be led in the way of knowledge, while this one is demanding our attention in an altogether different line of thought. And, mother, did you ever think how you handicap us? Remember how difficult you find your task with no one to consider but yourself and your child. Teachers often remark that teaching would be a joy if that ever-present fear of parental criticism and displeasures were not always obtruding itself. I have composed myself to view the matter calmly and what I relate as to teachers' experiences is not magnified nor distorted by resentment. We find it a prevailing tendency among parents to suspect the teacher of harboring a dislike of their child, a half barbarous desire to torture him. We find we are regarded as a sort of stepmother, a class, I may say here, that have my deep sympathy.

I do not find that children voluntarily carry home a minute account of the affairs of the school. More often it is encouraged by parents' questions, not questions dealing with work, nor asked for the purpose of following the teacher's line of thought, but questions (I blush for the Canadian mother) put only to entrap the teacher in indifference, injustice and general misdoing. I feel myself contemptible in writing of such contemptible motives, but it is too true, and possibly this will cause those who have been actuated by any such motives to consider seriously what they are doing.

City teachers often board where there are children going to other teachers in the same school. A certain teacher boarding under these circumstances used to be regaled with conversations of which the following is an illustration: Mother—"Well, Vera, how did school go to-day? How did Charlie Haines act to-day? Did anybody get the strap?" Vera—No, Mamma, but two or three had to stand on the floor though." Mother—"Well, now, how long does she make you stand up? Poor little things!" Vera's intuition tells her that mother must be regaled with the worst and she draws on her imagination liberally. "Oh, Mamma, they were so tired! She makes them stand up an awful long time." "But, how long, Vera, an hour?" "Oh, I'm sure she does, mother; my legs ache so when I have to stand up!" Mother—"Now, John, did you ever hear of anything like it? Making little children like them stand up an hour! The poor little things! Now see here, John, you sit down and write her a good sharp note and tell her not to make Vera stand up again. I declare, it makes a mother dread to send her child to school." The distracted teacher the next day asks herself wildly, "Are parents possessed with a desire to torment a teacher, or are all children liars?"

How often I have been amazed to find people, sensible, kind-hearted, well-intentioned in other things, not only listen to, but encourage the child to repeat the day's misdemeanours and the teacher's reprimands.

If left to ourselves we would sufficiently comprehend how priceless is that with which we work, but when parents metaphorically shake their fists in our faces, and between clenched teeth dare us to lay harming hands upon their treasure, we certainly do not take their child to our heart as we would have done. Believe me, teachers are being forced out of the profession by the attitude of parents toward them. It is inexplicable to me, but there is no exaggeration or falsity in the assertion that parents regard teachers always suspiciously and often inimically.

But you say, "I do not believe that children of this age do anything really bad." I know mothers of to-day are prone to think so. Now I suppose by *really bad* you mean putting an inverted tack on his neighbor's chair, or throwing an ink-bottle at the teacher. Well, no, we stop him before he gets there, but in pinching legs, in putting cold things, crawling things and scratching things down backs, in shrinking his work, in beating a tattoo with his well-shod feet against the desk irons, he can equal, if not far exceed children of any other generation. But we will lay these tendencies aside, for, I believe, there is a fine class of disciplarian extant, and the above-mentioned tendencies lie dormant in the average pupil. But no age ever produced children noisier, more restless, or more resolute in following the gleam of their own happy imagination than does the present age. Had I Aladdin's lamp, I should wish every mother to be transported, in the capacity of teacher, to the school-room in early spring, when mud from the boots grinds under each step and makes the constant shuffling and scraping of feet a screeching, scratching, excruciating torture, when several pupils are in their most sullen moods, when others as their mothers say are, "All nerves, you know; Miss Brown"; when two or three have a racking and incessant cough, jarring every fibre of your body and effectually putting an end to instruction; when the incorrigible pupil in the reading-lesson is trving to discover how far he can keep from any sort of reasonable performance without endangering his corporal being; and when a determined knock is heard at the door acquainting you of the presence of an irate parent and suggestive of the pleasant purport of an interview with the same.

If I were a mother I should be jealous of the public school teacher, because to-day the Educational Department has annexed for the teacher the greater part of the mother's province. The home has been a failure, the Educational Department thinks; so the teacher must be given the most delicate and sacred of its duties. The teacher instead of the mother must teach the child the love of God, must lead the child to the perception of beauty in natural things, must lead the way through the enchanted dells of fairy-land, and old folk-lore, telling the bed-time story in school hours, and still further encroaching upon the mother's rightful province must entertain and instruct the child, teaching how to make doll-clothes, to sing, to draw, and even to play games. And now I understand that the duty of imparting to children the necessary knowledge regarding sex, is being laid by public opinion upon the teacher. The papers state that it might be considered by some to be the duty of the mother, but unquestionably(!) it is the duty of the public school teacher.

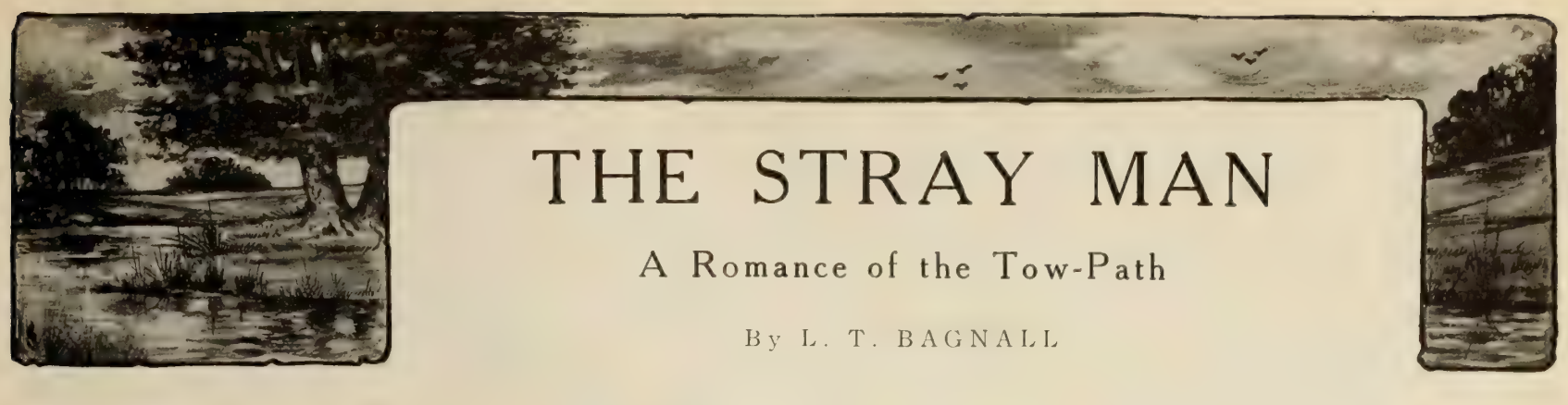
The Rosy-Cheeked Urchin

By MARGUERITE WOOD.

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Is a right merry monarch in all but estate;
But treasure brings trouble, what title is free?
Thus better without one, thus happy is he;
For the ring of his laugh is a mirth-moving strain,
Which a choir of young creatures respond to again.
The birds are all singing, each heart is elate
With the rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate.

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Hath Nature's own pages upon him to wait;
His joyous companions—a cherubim crew,
With posies and daisies and buttercups, too.
He boasts not of jewels on forehead or breast,
But his heart is all gladness, his mind is at rest.
Oh! what are the honors, the glories of state,
To the rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate.

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Waves proudly above him his satchel and slate;
The sky is all brightness, the fields are all gay,
Green branches are waving, the lambs are at play;
And where is the bosom that pines not to be
Thus bathed in the sunlight as happy as he?
For the heart's purest pleasures (we find when too late)
Dwell within the bright urchin that swings on the gate.



THE STRAY MAN

A Romance of the Tow-Path

By L. T. BAGNALL

PHILIP WORCELEY-DANE, artist, stalked, pipe in mouth, along the tow-path one morning in early June. Some few paces behind him trotted his small henchman, the burden of the oil paraphernalia nicely adjusted to their respective powers. It was Philip's third sitting at that picture, but the work had been interrupted by a call to town which had entailed a four-days' absence, so that it was with relief that on turning a bend he found no one ensconced in his "claim." That particular view was the most picturable for a mile up and down stream; also the artist crowd had already invaded Wanbrook for the summer, and every lodging was let.

When Philip had arrived at his old place and dismissed his boy, he stared at the grass like Crusoe at the print of Man Friday's feet.

"Those aren't all my marks," he muttered. "What a wicked lot of color wasted; palette's been turned upside down and scrubbed on the grass. Nuisance! Hope he's finished, or only works in the afternoon. Thought I'd left for good, naturally, I suppose."

He settled his easel and stool, fixed his canvas more smartly than usual, and set to work with vigor; absence and London had given fresh impetus; and besides, the further his picture advanced the firmer would become his tenure.

But the distractions of the river-side are terribly beguiling, even for a man in love with his art; and this June morning it seemed that Nature had decreed coquettishly, "Thou shalt not paint!"

A water rat made excursions under his very nose to retrieve salvage floating down from the cottages behind the bend. A pair of kingfishers chased each other like flashes of blue flame, uttering their cries as of unoiled keys, or fished within sight. A bold heron settled in a tributary, preened himself, and then stood like a stuffed thing, deceitfully waiting for his prey. A heifer was stung by a bee, and her antics under the stimulus were highly entertaining. A weasel stalked a sparrow, and was within an ace of catching him too. Altogether, half-way through the morning Philip's painting had become spasmodic.

He had been observing nature and criticizing his canvas for the best part of an hour when he heard a faint rattle as of tubes, and turning, discovered a feminine figure busily painting some thirty yards behind him. He jumped to the conclusion that she must be the lavisher of paint; and, since he occupied her site, knew that he must be very much in the way. It was impossible to see her face, for she was sitting at her work, and her canvas entirely hid it. On turning again to his own he saw an effect of light on the distant hills which he hurriedly made a note of, and in the doing grew absorbed. The next thing he heard was the swirl and swish of an on-coming barge behind him, and the thump of the horse's feet on the tow-path. He stood up and stretched himself, welcoming the interruption as an excuse for lunch; glanced round, started at a run, but arrived—too late. The barge, timber-laden, coming rapidly downstream, was drawn by an energetic horse with no one at its head, the "Row-Barge" inn having deflected its leader from the path of duty. The horse, cunning from long usage, had charged the latchless hand-gate, the first attempt failed, and it swung back upon its broad chest, but the second succeeded. Somehow the rope wagged clear of the post and rails, and he came along at a brisk walk, pulling well away from the slacking line.

The girl had evidently known what to expect as soon as the gate clanged, and had plenty of time to remove her gear before the horse reached her. In one minute everything was put aside, as far from the water as possible; farther they could not go, because of a steep-sided ditch. All seemed safe, and the lady, on the ditch's brink, stood calmly waiting for the passing of the disturber. Suddenly the man in the barge, whether of necessity or of malice prepense, shifted the tiller; the rope slackened, and the unreasoning creature of habit, accustomed always to keep it taut, clumped on the outermost edge of the ditch, making with Juggernaut feet straight for the heap of painting materials.

It was at this tremendous moment that Philip faced about. In the twinkle of an eye the girl had seen what to do, and done it, but unfortunately not in the best possible way. She flew to the horse's head, on the river side, and led him safely past the threatened spot. In her excitement she increased his pace, let go, and in a flash remembered she was on the *rope side*. There was no time to dart round his head, the only thing to do was to duck. She hesitated for one second, the line caught her across the chest, felled her, and the horse clanked on immutably.

Philip came up swiftly, glaring across at the man on the barge, who was deeply interested in some water lilies, and reached the victim just as the breathless imbiber plunged through the gate. The girl was sitting up, rather white; but Philip had no time to speak before he tackled the bargee, who was going to pass them at a shambling run.

"D'you see what's happened to this lady through your dawdling at the 'Row-Boat'?" he demanded fiercely. "The horse nearly smashed her things, and she was knocked down by the rope! What's your name? Not going to give it? *That* doesn't matter—I've got the number and name of your barge! Stick to your horse another time, or you'll have a worse accident; I shall report you in any case——"

"Oi weren't dawdlin' at no—'Row-Boat,'" said the man scornfully. "An' woy didn't she move 'er traps? An' woy didn't she move erself? Oi aint rersponsible ef yer bloomin' artists go'n set in th' middle uv th' path—yer kin rerport me, guv'nor, an' a lot er good may it do yer!—an' Oi weren't 'dawdlin'' at no 'Row-Boat'——"

"Be off!" said Philip quietly, squaring his shoulders, and he went.

"It's the 'Row-*Barge*,'" said the girl, with a little laugh. "What an unnaturally accurate bargee!"

"Are you sure you're not hurt?"

"The student sat on her stool, and he on the grass."

"Not a bit, thanks. It was very stupid of me, I forgot about the rope."

"It's abominably dangerous, I shall write to the owner."

"Oh, please don't. It must be so dull on the tow-path! I'm sure *I* should drink ginger beer, or something, at every public!" with a swift smile. Philip laughed. That smile was very good; there were dimples.

"I'm afraid you must be angry with me," he said. "I believe I've got your painting place."

"But it was I who took yours! I thought you had left for good. One day when I came, meaning to do that bit, I saw from the road that someone was there, but after that, nobody came, so I made sure that you weren't coming back."

"I'm sorry I did—that is——"

The girl had rearranged her things, all but the canvas, which she seemed to have no intention of showing. Philip felt as though some brass instrument inside him forced him to say:

"Might—might I see your work?"

She flushed. *He* thought *she* thought he was presumptuous.

"Certainly," she said carelessly. "I haven't got very far."

She picked it up from the grass and fixed it on the easel. It was only at the second-day stage, but Philip liked the promise of it.

"If she doesn't spoil it later by niggling, it will be rather broad and nice," was his inward comment. Aloud:

"If I may say so, that's coming in the right way. I—I hope you don't mind my asking?"

"Mind! Everyone on the tow-path has a right to look at its pictures."

Philip felt diminutive.

"And now," with a shy smile. "Might I see yours?"

Eagerly—"I should be delighted, but look here, I'm sure you've had to alter your thing a lot because I'm in your place; I'm not going to stay, I was going in any case, honor bright; please, won't you go back to it?"

"Don't you paint in the afternoon?"

"Not in the same place."

By this time they were level with Philip's canvas. The girl stood silent. Then she turned, and for one brief moment looked the man full in the eyes. At length, with a little sigh——

"You have made Nature tell you things, you are near to her!"

"I love her," he said simply.

"So do I, but she stands away. I'm always trying to get closer, but I haven't found the secret yet. You seemed to me to have got something from the heart of her."

"Thank you."

"I must be going," she said, after a short pause, as if the unconventionality of the whole affair had that moment struck her. "Thank you so much for—for trying to help me."

"Please, won't you come to-morrow, here, I mean; I shan't be coming!" said Philip.

"But how will you manage? *Your* picture isn't finished either!"

"No, but it's more advanced than yours, and I can easily wait; it's such a pity you should have to finish from a different point. And it was all my fault for going away in the middle!"

The girl laughed.

"I don't suppose *that* was your fault," she said. "When you can paint like that."

"I tell you what," said Philip. "Would you—would you object if I—a little way behind you—or to one side?—so that I didn't get in your way?" He collapsed feebly, for the ready flush had risen again, and in the pause he was sure he had gone too far.

"I don't know. You were there first. I think perhaps, especially as you're farther advanced, that we'd better go on as we are," she replied a little stiffly.

Philip looked at her like a nice, chastised dog. It was a look hard to withstand, but with no visible sign of softening save a hurried little smile, the chastiser inclined her head in farewell, and vanished behind the may-trees. Philip rammed his hands into his pockets and strode down the path away from the village.

"'Oh, like a queen's her happy tread,'" he hummed.

"'And like a queen's her—' That won't do—it's brown—dark brown.

> "'Her dark brown head!
> But oh, at last, when all is said,
> Her woman's heart for me!—'
> 'We wandered where the river gleamed.'

—(how appropriate, only we haven't—yet!)

> "'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed,
> A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
> So proud, and pure, and free.'

"Her woman's heart. Her—oh, hang it all!—Wonder where she's staying? Doesn't look like the ordinary student—hair done nicely, all ripples, and tidy. As to dress, plain green linen frock, or overall? That was studenty. Wonder if she'll come back to-morrow. What a fool to say that, about painting together; I was possessed, I couldn't help it. She'll think me a first-class bounder. *She* won't come. 'We wandered where the river—' Two o'clock! And the Thatching train goes at a quarter past—dash it, shall have to wheel all the way."

The next day, by dint of superhuman strength, Philip kept away from the tow-path. On his arrival in the morning he saw from the road a light green, shady-hatted figure at work on the may-tree bend, but not in his place.

"Perhaps she'll go to it if I keep away long enough," he thought. He looked steadily at the back of the green blot, until it showed signs of turning round, when he hurriedly fixed up his things and started a picture near a spy-hole in the hedge. Half way through the morning he was rewarded

by witnessing the removal of the green blot to the original place.

About half-past one he missed the blot. Immediately afterwards he heard steps, which stopped behind him, a delightful voice say: "Good morning!" and he was face to face with the green overall.

"So you've changed your mind, and begun a new picture after all," she said. "It's—do you think it's pretty here?"

"No, I don't," said Philip, almost crossly.

"I'm going to get some ginger beer. They keep the stone-bottle sort at Hobbs'," said the student.

"May I carry it for you?" asked Philip. His voice sounded to him as if it was another person's. He certainly had no control over it.

"Thank you. Perhaps you'd like to get some too, if you ever drink it?" (Dimples).

They strolled to Hobbs', and bought two bottles apiece. The student had a string bag, and Philip put them in, and retained it. When they came to Philip's gap in the hedge she held out her hand for the bag.

"Please, mayn't I carry it all the way?" he pleaded, with the doggy look. This time it succeeded. When they reached her painting claim Philip produced sandwiches, saying he had brought lunch with him, "for a change," he usually went home for it. The student sat on her stool, and he sat on the grass, facing her. She had tomatoes, and he had apples, and they made exchanges, and were mirthful over next-to-nothings. When they had emptied the last bottle and thrown the last apple core to the river rats, the girl flashed round upon the man.

"Has it struck you that we don't know each other's names?"

"It hasn't worried me. It didn't seem to matter!"

"Mine is Enid Hill."

"And mine"—with a sigh—"is Philip Worceley-Dane."

A slight pause.

"If you still liked, you might come and paint in your first place," she said carelessly.

Philip sat a little in front of Enid, her own arrangement. She said she couldn't bear anyone to see her working, which led to a conversation on the schools. She studied at the Slade. "*Is* she going to get her living by it or not?" thought Philip. How he hoped she was! He checked himself with a jerk; what business was that of his? All of a sudden a backwash of memory stirred forgotten things. He turned, and looked at her serene face with a thoughtful scrutiny; then went back to his canvas with an odd little laugh. The name was Hill, too, that confirmed it.

"And do you work very hard?" said the grave, yet sunny voice behind him.

"Um, have to, you see. More or less a case of bread-and-butter."

He blushed at the lie, which he remembered ought to be the blacker for its tincture of truth. He was very well endowed with this world's goods, but only allowed himself a slender income, to keep himself from "getting fat."

"We're both real workers, then," said the student pensively. "It's curious to think we've both been in London for several years, and never met till we came down here."

"I hope we shan't go on not meeting, though, in town!"

"I'm not there all the summer."

"But sometimes we get a winter! Are you staying down here?"

"Yes. Not in Wanbrook, though," she added hastily.

Gradually they drifted to bigger themes; until, the warp and woof of things discovered to be viewed from much the same standpoint, they slid into that intimacy which is often not born of years and closest propinquity. When it was time to pack up he helped her to load her bicycle, which reposed on a couch of meadowsweet in a ditch; and was then forgetting his and escorting her on her way, but this she would not hear of. He thought she was quite curiously decisive, with yet a hint of mischief about the corners of her mouth; even the dear dog look failed.

By half-past ten, for the next three days they were established in their joint stronghold. Philip's picture should by rights have been finished, but he continually found new things to do to it, which yet failed to improve the general effect. Enid's was three parts done, and somehow hers also was not living up to its early promise.

On the third morning of the partnership Enid asked Philip if he would mind coming and giving his "candid advice." He leaned over her shoulder as she did not offer to move, and with a few sure touches took out a prospective tangle, and suggested a broader effect here and there, lost through over-elaboration. The twelve-fifteen from Pinkton was due in five minutes, and vehicles of every description rattled along the road and stumped and rumbled over the swing bridge; but the pair had their backs to the world, and nothing short of an earthquake would have made them face about.

One individual who got off the train and drove away in a high dog-cart, happened to look over the hedge and up the tow-path to the bend by the hawthorns, and horse and groom were astonished by a disagreeably sudden pull-up.

The driver, a handsome old man with suggestions of the soldier in bearing and moustache, backed the cart until the two figures were again in view, and had another good look. They were a long way off, but he had keen eyesight, and the green overall was unique in that part of the world. With an expression of mingled wrath and bewilderment he cut the blood chestnut absent-mindedly, and was fairly run away with for the best part of a mile, which temporarily relieved his feelings.

Half an hour later Enid announced that necessity compelled her to go; someone was expecting her, she said. Again the doggy look was futile, and Philip was left in a world full of emptiness.

II.

THE Slade student, leaving her unwieldy canvas in the village, pedaled briskly along a dusty, two-mile stretch of road. Mounting a slight hill between picturesque cottages, she wheeled her machine through wrought iron gates, and so, past shrubberies and a lake, to a red Elizabethan house, standing terrace-girdled, in a park.

By a table in the hall stood he of the dog-cart, choosing flies out of a book.

Enid slipped in by a side entrance, tidied herself, and came downstairs just as the gong announced lunch.

"Hullo, dad!" she hailed, kissing him. His face was totally unresponsive.

"Well, Enid?"

"So you're back all right; did you happen to remember my paints, and Jones's collar?"

"I did."

"I guessed you'd go fishing the instant you got back; I nearly wired to you yesterday, when I saw the fly was on the river." Silence and absorption in the fly book. She looked at him with heightened color.

"The gong has sounded, father; I came back on purpose to have lunch with you."

"You did, Enid? That was very good of you, when your work was as engrossing as it must have been to-day."

They were near the open dining-room door, and servants made a reply impossible. Conversation during the meal was not of an easy character. Directly it was over Enid rose to go, humming a little air, her slender figure very erect.

"Enid."

"Yes, father?"

"I want you in the library a moment."

"Certainly."

He opened the door with punctilious courtesy.

"Who was giving you a—lesson on the tow-path this morning? I didn't recognize him."

"A Mr. Dane," with cold lightness.

"A friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"Since when?"

"Since—since Tuesday."

"Who introduced him?"

"The tow-path," with an airy little laugh.

"Might I ask if this delightful free-masonry is customary at the Slade school?"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, would it be considered a matter of course, that on meeting a stray man, say in the National Gallery, the only excuse being your common art, you should allow him to speak to you—I presume he was the first?—and in four days call him your 'friend.' If this is so, I imagine you have no lack of 'friends!'"

Enid was angry, though not to the extent she would have been but for remembering the great excuse to be made. For a Bohemian artist in Rome her beautiful mother had forsaken her husband and three-year-old daughter, who became from henceforth the idol of the broken man's life.

"You are unjust, father," proudly.

"In what way?"

"You have judged beforehand, without knowing anything—*anything* about it, and you gave me no time to tell you——"

"It seems to me that all I know, except what I saw for myself—has been learned from your own lips."

"You have made up a great deal for yourself, or you wouldn't be speaking to me in this way. Is it like me to pick up people and make friends with them, without knowing anything about them?"

"What do you know about this man?"

"That he is a gentleman."

"Anything else?" cynically.

"I think that's enough."

"I do not think it's enough, or rather, I don't consider you a sufficient judge. Since when—I remember, since Tuesday—the day after I left. And you didn't wire to me that the fly was on the river."

His face, kept like a mask hitherto, began to work. He looked very old. Enid glanced at him.

"Father!" she said, a tremor in her voice, coming a step nearer. "If only you hadn't taken it like this——"

"Taken what?" sharply.

"Why didn't you know me better? Have you no faith?"

"*She* said that, too," he muttered. Enid winced.

"What do you want me to do? I will tell you all about it from the beginning." With a few quick sentences she filled in the incidents of the past four days. To her dismay it sounded odd in the telling, very odd. She blushed scarlet, and tripped over the words. Her father fixed his tragic eyes upon her.

"You invited him to come and paint with you?"

"I have told you so."

"But he proposed it first?"

"Yes."

"I knew the London life would change you!"

"It *hasn't* changed me! Oh, father, father, will you never understand?"

She turned to go, tears smarting under her lids, her eyes, gray-black like her father's, showing deep injury.

"Enid!"

"Well, father?"

"No gentleman would have proposed that!"

"Why don't you finish? Why don't you say *no lady* would have allowed it?"

He looked at her moodily.

"I don't see why you take this attitude; when you saw I was so put out, why couldn't you laugh it off, as you always do? Kiss me, and—and call me pet names—" His voice faltered. "Instead of which you take up the cudgels for this—this outsider—as if he were a friend of long standing. It's perfectly impossible to call a person 'friend' whom you've only known four—five—days! But why I'm arguing about it, heaven only knows."

A sudden blast of wrath seemed to rise.

"You don't see him again, do you hear?" He pulled himself out of the chair and stood gripping the edge of the table. She noticed the swelling veins in his hands and temples.

"We're not in the Middle Ages, father!"

"You don't see him again! We may be more degenerate than the Middle Ages, but there is parental authority left, here and there! And my daughter shall do as I say in this case, though she goes her own way in every other. I forbid you to see or to speak to the man again. He hasn't—— He didn't get beyond painting?"

"I don't know what you mean!"

Brutally: "Did he make love to you?"

It was the last straw. Her father's haunted eyes fell before her look of pure scorn; then, with a sob, she fled.

Colonel Hill sank back into the chair with a groan. The jealous fear tugging at his heart he would not formulate, but the grandfather clock ticked it out, monotonously, maddeningly.

Of course he was a cad; all these tow-path painter fellows were outsiders; presuming on having helped her, which he didn't! Depend upon it he knew who she was; he would have heard in the village.

At the end of a period of grim brooding he went to the dining-room, and with shaking fingers poured himself out a glass of brandy. It gave him outward self-possession; he collected his rod and tackle and drove off in the cart which had waited nearly an hour to take him to the river. He would not have thought of altering his plans had he suddenly found himself in the grip of a mortal malady.

All that endless afternoon Enid lay upon her bed; in her ears the drone of the bees in the clematis wreaths; in her heart the crying of a new-born love. About six o'clock she got up, bathed her face, and calling Jones, her Irish terrier, set off for the river.

"I shall say good-bye to the place," she said. "Father can't prevent me from doing *that*. And if we ever meet in London— But of course we shan't."

She came along the tow-path towards instead of from, the village, as heretofore. The June evening was very sweet and still, the scent of hawthorn heavy on the air.

A hedge ended inconsequently not far from the deserted trysting-place. She sat down under it, propping her white face with her hands.

She gazed at the paint-smeared grass, rainbow-hued in two distinct patches now. No visionary rainbow of promise bent a radiant halo above, bracketing the two patches into one. The tears of the sky and the dew of the night would wash out all trace of their joint occupation; in a week's time she would hardly be able to find the exact spot, because of the grown grass and footsteps of man and beast.

This little tow-path adventure would be rubbed out of his life as easily, as quickly, as the paint-smudges from the grass. She had hidden from him where she lived, of mischievous purpose; she could not imagine any possibility of communication. Her father would see to it that she painted no more until he had left; she had never yet felt directly the pressure of his iron will, but she knew its power.

Jones, in spite of intense preoccupation, became aware that something was wrong; these sounds were new to him. He left his little plays and pushed close to her, licking her hands; she seized and hugged him disagreeably tight. Once he gazed up at her sadly when she actually made his ribs give. The look was oddly reminiscent. She turned his face away, and two tears fell on his neck.

Jones struggled to be free. . . . .

"Would you rather I went away?" said Philip.

"It doesn't matter—because *I'm* going."

Jones exhaustively examined his legs, discovered he was a dog-freemason, and gave the countersign with his tail.

"I—I never thought of your being here," said the man, crimson with stooping to stroke Jones.

"Nor did I," distantly.

"Are you coming to paint to-morrow?"

"No."

"The day after?"

"Sunday?"

"Monday, then?"

"No."

"Won't you tell me why you're crying?" with intense concern.

"I'm *not* crying!" standing up. "Good-bye; I'm not coming again. My picture's f—finished."

"So is mine; but I thought we—you—I might begin another?"

"Good-bye!" She held out her hand, staring fixedly at Jones, who was excavating a water rat. It was not safe to look into the man's eyes, said a voice within, because then the last little remnant of control would depart. Just because of that voice, in a flash she looked; and lo, it was her turn for time and space to vanish like a parched scroll.

"Shall you mind being poor, Sweetheart?" Philip's voice was saying, as space and time swam into focus once more. "But *I* shall be rich! Was ever anyone so rich?"

Continued on page 54

SUSAN THE INDISPENSABLE

A Story of a Useless Sacrifice

By EVELYN SHARP

FOR the first time in fifteen years, Susan Wilbraham forgot she was indispensable. It was the hour of early dinner, and she knew it was her business, as it had been for fifteen years, to see the meal through. She did not for one moment minimize the importance of being present at early dinner, that most difficult of family meals, and the one at which domestic passions, always simmering under repression, reach their occasional grand moments. She had learned everything there was to know about early dinner from the experience of a youth spent in the service of her step-mother and of a large family of step-brothers and sisters. Yet, after fifteen years given with lavish devotion to the only cause she had ever known, Susan found herself, at one o'clock on a summer day, standing idly in the middle of her bedroom with a letter in her hand, just as if the bell had not rung twice, as if mutton broth and curried rabbit had never been, as if no family sat round the dining-room table waiting for her to come down and attend to them.

A thump on the door made her look round with a start. "No, I'm not ill. Of course I'm not ill! Why should I be ill?" was her reply to the rather scared enquiry of the youngest of the Wilbrahams, who, by virtue of her lowly position in the family, ran its errands under compulsion.

The little sister withdrew with the tact proper to the slave, and scurried downstairs, hoping to make a sensation by a highly colored account of the way Susan had snubbed her. Unfortunately, Susan followed too closely to give her time to work up this sensation; and Jenny subsided into unwilling retirement beside her mother, trying to convey the impression that she had been mainly instrumental in restoring early dinner to its normal condition.

Susan looked at the waiting family a little impatiently. She knew that Mrs. Wilbraham, a prey to delicate nerves, was incapable of dealing out portions of food with a due regard for individual appetites. She knew that she had taught the family to rely upon her absolutely. Yet, when she saw two dishes cooling at the end of the table, while five or six people sat looking at them, hungry but inactive, she was aware of a distinct feeling of impatience. She never remembered feeling like that before, and she conscientiously stifled the sensation, and offered a hurried explanation that had the merit of being true and the defect of being instantly discredited on that account.

"Sorry," she said, plunging a spoon into a congealing mass of pearl barley and chopped carrots. "I didn't hear the bell. Why didn't you begin?"

"My dear!" was Mrs. Wilbraham's sole comment upon this unprecedented suggestion: while the boys whistled to show the valuation they set upon her excuse for being late.

"Jack, take round the water, and don't spill it down people's necks," said Susan briskly. "Sit up, Mary, child, do! Why haven't you cut the bread, Billy? Prue, I do think you might have started them!"

Prue roused herself from an absorbing dream, and appeared as much outraged as her mother had been at the idea of organizing early dinner without Susan's leadership. At the age of twenty Prue was wrestling with a small crisis of her own; and, having confided it to Susan, she felt naturally hurt at being thought capable of taking a strong line over anything like mutton. Her brothers misconstrued her silence.

"Prue!" echoed Billy, who came next to her in age. "What's the good of Prue? She never thinks of anything now—never!"

"She's been getting worser and worser, ever since she went on that stupid visit to the Rackstraws," added Jack. "You shut up, Jen! I shall use what words I jolly well like—I'm eighteen months older'n you, anyhow!"

"You haven't spent the extra time in learning grammar, have you?" observed Jenny, scooping up the last grains of pearl barley on her plate before passing it up for a second helping. "Yes, I have finished what's on my plate, Susan. That isn't fat; it's bone. You can pinch it if you like."

"Oh, Jenny," murmured her mother. "It isn't pretty to talk like that about your food."

Jenny, unabashed, rubbed her cheek against her mother's sleeve. Like the rest of the family she looked upon mothers in the mass as pretty, gentle creatures, too fragile to deal with the serious things of life, such as punishments or clothes, but always responsive when caressed and loved within limitations. "You can't be pretty about mutton broth, mummy," she explained. "Pink jelly, p'raps; but not mutton broth, darling."

The first course was removed, and there was a brief and anxious pause while hopes that were centred upon pink jelly had not yet been dashed by the appearance of milk pudding and baked apples. Mary—who never spoke unless she had some fact to impart, a self-restraint that was shown by no one else in the family—took advantage of the temporary lull.

"Brian Grierson has come home at last," she announced. "I met Lady Grierson on my way back from school just now, and she sent her love to mother, and said Brian was coming up to call this afternoon. I did meet her, Jenny, so there! It was at the corner of High Street, just by Hangman's Lane; and if you'd waited to button your boots properly, instead of skipping every other button, you'd have met her too, and got a lift in the car, as I did!"

The dispute with Jenny was rightly regarded as a side issue. The news of the return of Sir John Grierson's second son from South Africa was so thrilling that the family broke out into clamorous commentary, and the entry of two unpopular puddings passed unnoticed.

"Why, it must be ten years since he went out to that mine," observed Mrs. Wilbraham, forgetting nerves and delicacy in a flutter of excitement.

"Fifteen," said Susan, speaking for the first time. Dispensing portions of pudding at lightning speed, she wondered how no one guessed from her manner that the news had been hers before Mary made a sensation with it—ever since, in fact, the second post had brought her the letter that made her late for lunch.

"Susan's arms were round her."

"Yes, fifteen," agreed Mary. "I was born the day he went away, wasn't I, Susan?"

It was always Susan, not Mrs. Wilbraham, who was appealed to for biographical details. Susan did not, however, corroborate this one. Having absently placed three baked apples on Billy's plate and presented Prue with an unsought helping of milk pudding, she found herself exposed to instant and uncompromising criticism; and conversation was suspended while she readjusted matters apologetically.

"You're making such a noise, I don't know what I'm doing," she said, an excuse that convinced nobody, since the conditions were never otherwise during early dinner. She followed it up with various scathing remarks about people who made a greedy fuss over their food; and in the universal anger thus aroused the subject of Brian's return was dropped, as she meant it to be.

"Getting what you didn't ask for, and then complaining, isn't fussin' about your food," objected Jack. "What's the use of two puddings, if you mayn't like one of 'em best?"

"Besides," added Jenny, "you can't call it greedy to want milk pudding. It's—it's noble."

Susan did not attempt to check the shout of laughter with which this sally was received. The conversation was changed, and her secret was her own still. Somebody opportunely looked at the clock, and after that tumult reigned until the boys had been despatched on their bicycles to the college on the hill, and the two younger girls to the high school in the town. The subject of Brian Grierson's return was not allowed to drop, however. Mrs. Wilbraham revived it as soon as Susan went into the drawing-room after lunch.

"I wonder if Brian will be much altered?" she began, with renewed interest. Fresh subjects of conversation were rare, and this one consequently ranked high. "He was always a nice lad, though unsuccessful—like your dear father."

She ended with a sigh that was only a habit. The failure of the late Mr. Wilbraham to sell his pictures had never really troubled her much. Susan had taken over the financial burden of making both ends meet, fifteen years ago, and neither then nor since her father's death had she allowed her stepmother to suffer any of the worry and anxiety of bringing up a family on narrow means. Susan herself would not have dreamed of sighing when her father's name was mentioned. His memory stood to her for nearly everything in her youth that spelt joy instead of self-sacrifice, and she would have scorned to think of him sentimentally. Mrs. Wilbraham did not know that she felt like this; she knew very little about Susan, though they had lived in the same house for twenty-one years. To her Susan always appeared a little heartless about her father, as she did now about Brian Grierson. Susan was rather a funny girl, she concluded, as she settled herself comfortably on the sofa and asked for another cushion. Susan was forty-one; but all unmarried women were "girls" to Mrs. Wilbraham, unless they had to leave home and earn their living, in which case they became "poor things."

"Fifteen years is a long time," said Susan conventionally, as she fetched the cushion from the window seat. The letter burned in her pocket as she stood there a moment and looked out into the garden, smiling to herself at the absurdity of her inadequate little remark. Outside, the sunshine blazed down on the sloping lawn, turning the long beds of perennial plants into blurred masses of color. Early that morning she had seen in the perennial beds nothing but overgrown plants that wanted tying up badly. Now, as she stood there with Brian's letter in her pocket, all the joy of the summer day had entered into her, and she saw a picture that she had not seen for fifteen years. Fifteen years ago she had to stifle her gift of seeing pictures; to-day, since the arrival of the second post, it had refused to be stifled.

Her step-mother spoke plaintively, and Susan remembered that it was not her business to be seeing pictures. Fifteen years, as she had said, was a long time. The remark was neither absurd nor inadequate. It was true.

"My dear, I am waiting for that cushion," said Mrs. Wilbraham. "Is anything wrong in the garden?"

Susan laughed, as she brought the cushion across the room through the sunlight. "Yes," she said; "there's a picture in it. Could anything be more wrong?"

Mrs. Wilbraham sighed again. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "Your father used to talk like that, but I never heard you do it before. And you seem to be very callous about Brian's return. You used to be such friends, too. Why, at one time your father and I almost thought there was something between you!"

Susan's laughter died away. She looked down curiously at the pretty soft face of the woman on the sofa. "Did you, mother?" she said. "I wonder how you would have got on all these years without me, if—if there had been something between us, as you put it?"

Mrs. Wilbraham managed to look hurt and dignified at the same moment. "Really, my dear, what a strange thing to say!" she remonstrated. "I hope that as a mother I should know how to get on without any one of my daughters, if her hand were asked in marriage."

Susan continued to look down at her. "Do you remember what was happening when Brian went away?" she continued slowly. "Prue and Billy were tumbling over one another in the nursery; Mary was just born; father wasn't making any money, and we had to send away the nurse and run the house with one maid. A little while after, I had a post offered me to teach drawing in a high school in London. I was mad to go to London and paint

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word, or a careless fling
That you made an hour ago."

AN EVENING WALK

MY friend and I were going to the railway depot. She had come off the boat in the early morning, and spent the day with me before resuming her journey westward. We were sauntering along slowly, still full of questions and answers that had been accumulating for five or more years. A man emerged from his gate, and started towards town. A little girl about four years of age came flying down the walk after him, calling wildly, "Papa, kiss me!" He walked steadily on, giving no heed to the tearful appeal. My heart ached; how could he? I thought of another little girl with brown eyes and curls, who used to race down the sidewalk with the same cry, and how thankful was I that the big father always turned, no matter how great his hurry, and held open arms for his little pet to bound into, and give him a good-bye hug! His would have been a life-long remorse had he ignored the pleading of his child's affection, as did this hard-hearted father who left his little one in tears, because he did not kiss her.

I thought, too, of Mr. Dombey, and his love for little Paul, and of poor unloved Florence, who went through childhood craving for the love that her father ever repulsed. The poor, hungry hearts of little children all around us, longing for natural affection that seems to be bottled up and labeled—"To be given in small doses at long intervals." I found the incident hurting me, and ever since I have a sense of inward pain when I recall it. Why did he not return and grant the baby's request? Was he ashamed to show such tenderness, and was he afraid we would regard him as being soft-hearted? It looked so heartless and cruel to turn a deaf ear to what would have made the little heart so happy. It was such a small favor, so easily granted, but refused, and apparently for no reason. "Papa, kiss me!" Some day his remorse may come for "offending one of these little ones."

If men but knew how much it means to wife and children to be remembered with a good-bye kiss, it would not often be omitted, or so grudgingly given. If they realized the song it leaves in the heart of the mother who faces a busy day with the work and the children, it would be tenderly given, and what woman is there with that impression of love and thoughtfulness in her mind, who could not endure the toil and weariness, and do her best in the home to make it restful and beautiful? Words are often spoken in haste; harshly, too, sometimes, in the rush of early departures, and if allowed to smoulder all day, by night a fire of unrest is burning, which would never have ignited, had the incipient flames been smothered by the good-bye kiss which meant that nothing was rankling, and the memory of that little act of tenderness would have burned out any bitterness, until

"A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day;
But it smoothes the furrows out of the care
And lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away."

"GRANDPA!"

The speaker was a little blue-eyed fairy, and the old man whom she addressed, paused in his walk and turned around.

"Hold your horses!" was her next remark, and she signified by a wave of her little hand that her mother had stopped to speak to a friend, and she wanted him to wait. He evidently understood the command, and rested on his cane, while we passed.

"What peculiar ways of expression we are allowing ourselves to drift into," I said.

"Yes," my companion answered, "I was amused at a boy, who was reading aloud to his mother. Elisha's name was mentioned, and thinking to test his knowledge of Scripture, she asked who was meant. "Oh, he was the old gink (g hard) that got the bears to eat up the bad kids that guyed him.'"

Some years ago that kind of talk was called *slang*, and people were admonished not to adopt that mode of expression if they desired to be proper speakers; now, we do not see so much advice about it, but we hear it on all sides. A call to meals is "Church is ready," or "The gong for hash." A letter is closed with "I must ring off," and "Well, so long."

"That doesn't cut any ice," and "Eating soup with a big spoon," convey meanings, no doubt, but when I opened wide eyes at the latter, and inquired what it meant, the bright little miss who used it informed me I was behind the times. I daresay; and yet a "mere man" reader of this page said slyly, "I hardly expected to find 'stunts' in 'Around the Hearth.'" (He was no relative understand). Well, you see, it is hard to resist, because some of those expressions cover so much ground, save words, as it were, and present day living leaves very little room for superfluities in speech or action, and so they creep in everywhere, even to the press and the pulpit.

AS the great engine turned the curve and its headlight advanced, people leaned forward to catch a glimpse. A young girl stood at the edge of the platform, as the powerful giant thundered towards us. "Do not stand so close to the edge, Hazel, or you may lose your balance, and fall over," cautioned a nervous mother. The girl turned a scornful face, and I wish I could give force to words on paper that she threw into "Don't alarm yourself; *I'm not going to fall!*" A woman of their party with a quiet, determined face and firm lips, gave her long braid of red hair a pull, whereupon the saucy maid stepped back, and defiantly faced her. Undismayed, the woman spoke in accents quite as forceful as hers had been—"If I had a girl of your age that would speak to me as you have spoken to your mother I would slap her well, and right here and now."

Isn't it a pity that children are permitted to speak to their parents as many of them do? It commences in babyhood, and grows with them, and it is no kindness to allow it. When they are little it may sound cute, but it is the trickling of a small stream that increases in volume and extent until parents are overwhelmed with a sea of shame and embarrassment, yet perfectly helpless in the matter, for the habit is so strong that it cannot be broken or cured. They have sowed the wind, and must reap the whirlwind. They must endure the mortification of feeling that there is no filial respect, of being contradicted, and dubbed "my old lady," and the "governor," and this, altogether aside from the too obvious fact that the child is unpopular with better trained companions.

"I never dared open my mouth when I was at home," said a woman, "and I resolved that my children should have more freedom of speech." That was her excuse for three very forward girls whom nobody could admire—a mistake built upon a mistake, which did not mend matters. A happy medium could have been struck, but there, the old world marches on with its history repeating itself. The long train stood still, the passengers got aboard, the signal was given, my friend was waving adieu as the line of cars pulled out, and my moralizing ended with the hope that the pert maiden had received a salutary lesson.

STANDING on the street corner were two women, talking. As I approached one called me by name, saying, "Come here, I want to introduce you to a stranger in our city. She attends your church, and I want you to know her, and to be good to her, for she had a lovely mother, one of the best mothers I ever knew." As I shook hands I remarked that she had been given a good recommendation, and, of course, that "reminded me" to tell them what I once heard an old grey-haired man say—"The older I grow, the more I realize the importance of being well-born." To meet people who say "I knew your father or mother, he was a good man, or she was a grand woman," is something of which to be proud. Better than gold is such a heritage.

Across the street a man dressed in Highland costume was distributing bills announcing the attractions of the theatre. A gay party of very young people, chattering and laughing entered the building, a theatre-party ,I suppose—and doesn't it seem a shame that such mere children frequent those places so much? It seems to me that our young people are *blase* with entertainments until nothing is left in anticipation; late parties and dancing, before they are out of public school, and so before they reach twenty they have tasted all sorts of pleasures, and are tired of it all, looking around, as it were, "for other worlds to conquer."

Turning down a quiet avenue, I see the lone man busy mowing his lawn. Only one open window upstairs tells the story of the family away camping, and the *pater* keeping house, that is, he sleeps there, getting his meals down town, and going to the camp or cottage for the week-end with his family. For the thousandth time I wonder why people delight in sand and woods, subject to all manner of inconveniences, food for bothersome flies and mosquitoes, and leave their homes when all is green and full of bloom .

People are passing in and out of an open church door with serious mien. They have had a busy day, and seek a little immunity from the stress of their lives in the peaceful sanctuary. If all the churches kept open doors what throngs would steal away for an hour's heart communion! Many who find it impossible to attend divine service on Sunday would quietly slip in at eventide, and come away refreshed, leaving their all upon the altar, fortified with fresh hope and courage in the sweet solemnity of the courts of the Lord.

STREET cars are unloading tired mothers with sleeping children, returning from the parks, where they have enjoyed an outing. Collapsible baby carriages are handed off and set in shape for the tired babies, and spaces filled in with lunch baskets and Teddy bears. They tell me that in the large cities *women* go around carrying Teddy bears in their arms. What next will not foolish womankind do? As if they haven't enough to look after with parasol, hand bag, and hobble skirts, but they must hug a toy bear to their hearts! That does seem the limit. Better the living breathing pug or poodle, that can respond in doggy fashion than the inanimate bundle of stuffed fur. When one thinks of the Infants' Homes, where poor, wan little humans are being systematically and theoretically handled, we would fain wish that the milk of human kindness would render it fashionable to adopt a deserted little waif, and accord it some of the sympathy that the dumb brute is better without.

Many couples drive by me in handsome turnouts, and it is exceptional to see a man without the inevitable pipe or cigar in his mouth. He is depriving wife and baby of the pure fresh air they might enjoy if that tobacco smoke were not blowing in their faces. 'Tis the same everywhere; take a trip on the water hoping to blow the cobwebs from your brain, and watch the dancing waves, the ubiquitous pipe is near you, offending your nostrils; attend a ball game, or watch a procession, and one is suffocated by the selfishness of men, who never stop to consider that smoke is extremely trying to many people; it is puffed in your face as you walk on the street; it spoils the atmosphere of the house, and yet we suffer it for the sake of peace—the pipe of peace, forsooth!

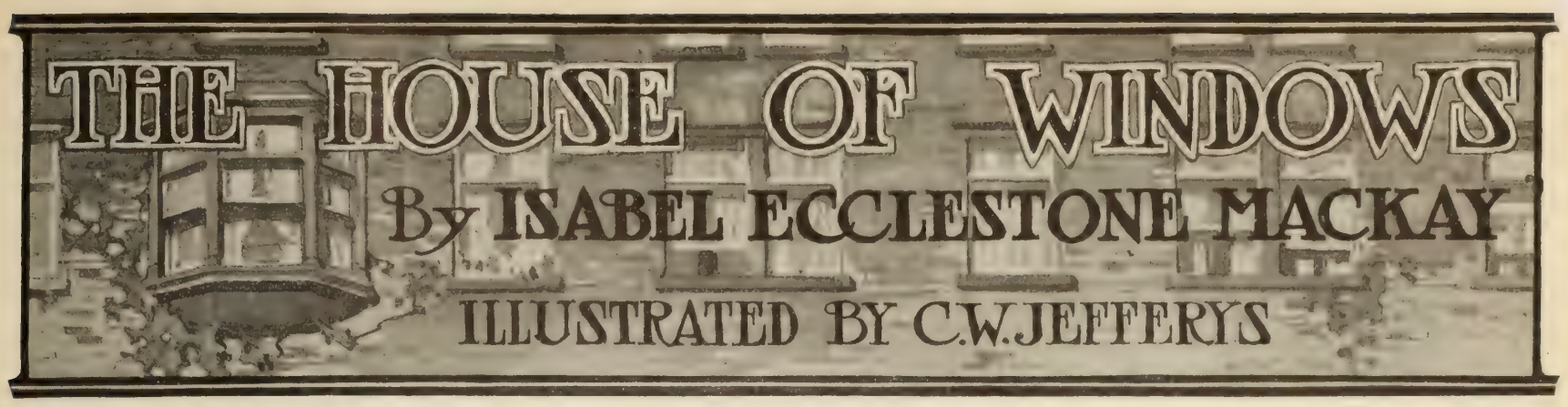
Let men smoke if they must, but they have no right to inflict it on others, to affect the throats and tender eyes of women and children, and of other men who object to the pungent and often vile odor from cheap cigars and ancient pipes. Men should smoke in private, and among themselves, and never be guilty of carrying a lighted pipe or cigar into a drawing-room; and women should frown upon the practice of men smoking when playing games across the table from them, obliging them to inhale the obnoxious stuff.

HERE is a woman among her flowers. Tenderly she sprinkles them after the heat and dust of the warm August day, handling them with loving touch. She, evidently is fond of her flowers, so am I, but I never have any luck, they simply refuse to grow for me. I have been told that we must love them in order to be successful. Perhaps that is where the secret lies—I love to see them, but begrudge the time to care for them, and caress them, noting every new bud and leaf, and so they give me meagre return.

Music flows out from an open door. The blinds are up, and I pause a second to look at the picture. A young girl is seated at an old organ, four or five standing around her singing an old, old hymn, "Homeward bound." Now, where am I? Away in the past, hands that are folded and laid away, playing the organ, voices that are silent ringing in sweet tones. "We're home at last, home at last." With those words still sounding in my ears, I open my own gate and as I rock gently in the verandah chair, quietly muse on my evening walk.

Across the square, where red-coated men are being drilled into military tactics, and discipline, come the words of command, Right! Left! Halt! Such is life. We advance, retreat, swerve to right and left, then halt. There is no shout of command, our orders come from unseen forces, but the discipline we receive keeps us in line, and Forward! March! is our motto, as we face each new day's battle.

Twilight is deepening into night, the stars come out, the shadows grow among the trees, the last twitter of birds has ceased, the day and the walk are ended.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores."

"I DON'T see what my looks have to do with it." The dark girl, who had finished her work with quick, experienced hands, began to help Christine replace her ribbons. Their heads came very close together.

"I don't believe you do," she said in a lower voice. "But you will soon. Many unpleasant little experiences will teach you. Of course, a girl can always take care of herself, still it's annoying! Have you noticed that good-looking man who has been in several times to have you match ribbons for his sister?"

"Yes?"

"His sister doesn't send him to match any ribbons! That's Gilbert Van Slyke. Did you notice the way he looked at you?"

"No—why should I?"

"No reason at all. But I did. And last night he was hanging round outside the door as we came out. He got in the same car with you."

"I did not see him."

"Well, look out for him, that's all. Gracious! I don't believe you know how stunning you are You're not only pretty, you're different! A gentleman friend once said to me that after you knew a few girls all the rest were just as like as peas in a pod. But you're not. That's why folks stop and look after you in the street."

Christine looked startled and then she laughed.

"You're exaggerating!" she said. "But I do find the work much harder than I thought. If I could only sit down!"

The dark girl glanced toward the stools with a sarcastic smile. "There's a seat," she said. "Why don't you use it? You can't say that the management have not provided you with a stool."

Christine smiled faintly. She already knew that the stools with no time to sit upon them were a stock joke.

"Where are you going?" she asked the girl with the directness which close companionship brings.

"Me? Oh, I'm lucky. I'm going into a tea-room. One of the swell kind that serve light lunches and charge heavy prices. I'll be on my feet a lot, but not all day. I'm not on till nine, and I'm off at six. Better pay, too. Of course, it's not an ordinary restaurant—it's not as if I were an ordinary waitress!" she added quickly.

But Christine's aching back took no heed of the distinction. "It sounds easier than this," she said wistfully. "Do you think that I —"

The girl shook her head. "There was only one vacancy and they had 100 applicants. I got the chance through my cousin who used to be—well, my cousin knew Miss Rodgers who keeps the tea-room." So sharp is the caste line between shop-girl and servant that she could not bring herself to admit that the cousin had once been Miss Rodgers' maid.

"But I'll tell you," she went on kindly, "if there ever is another chance, I'll let you know in good time."

"Thank you, Miss Edwards," said Christine. She liked the dark girl. She had been uniformly kind to her, and kindness means more than faultless English in a hard place.

"I wish you would call me Molly," said Miss Edwards, "and say, how is your sister getting on?"

"No better," said Christine; "but no worse. The doctor prepared us for a long wait. She just lies there. She asks no questions. I don't believe she thinks at all. Ada says she does not move a finger for hours together. She knows me when I am with her, but as soon as I am gone she forgets about me. That's good, you know, for she must not be worried, and it would worry her to know that I am working."

The dark girl nodded. She planted a remaining bolt firmly on the finished pile and helped Christine to spread the dust cloth. "She used to be a good saleswoman," she said thoughtfully, "but—did you know that they were thinking of letting her go?"

"What?" asked Christine, in surprise.

"Or at least they were going to transfer her to the mantle department. She would not stand that two weeks, and they knew it."

"Who wouldn't stand what?" asked Miss Blake, who, having got rid of the yellow ribbon customer more quickly than she expected, was also spreading dust cloths.

"I don't believe it!" said Christine flatly.

"Oh, you mean about Celia Brown " said Miss Blake, comprehendingly. "My dear, you are very green. There isn't any old age pension in this store."

"Celia isn't old!"

"But she was breaking down. It's the same thing."

"It's horrible!" said Christine, flushing.

Miss Blake, a tall, cool-looking blonde, smiled. "Yes, isn't it?" she asked, but with the indifference of one to an accepted fact.

Before Christine could answer, another girl had joined the group. This clerk was older than either of the others. Her chest was hollow and her eyes unnaturally bright. Her hair was bleached and puffed and tortured into a weight that her weak-looking head seemed scarcely able to carry. Just now she was alive with the animation of a news-teller.

"Say," she began, "did you know we are to be inspected? Yes, we are! We are on the eve of a new era. The old order is going to give place to new with a vengeance. In other words, some folks are going to get it in the neck!"

She paused a moment to enjoy the mystification of her audience and then added in impish glee: "Mr. Torrance is home, and he's coming to inspect the Stores himself!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Edwards, pretending to faint against the case.

"When?" asked the more practical Miss Blake.

"To-morrow, so look your spryest. They say old Bunce is quaking in his boots. There's no telling what Mr. Torrance will do. But as he's going to take an 'active interest' in things, he's bound to do something. Somebody'll sure get fired."

Christine turned pale. "Any of us?" she asked fearfully.

"No, ninny. We're not important enough. He'll want to make a splurge. It will be a case of 'off with his head—so much for Buckingham'—(now where do you suppose I've heard that? It came pat, but I'm sure I don't know what it means!) Say, girls, did any of you ever see old Torrance?"

It appeared that none of them had, and the vivacious Miss Black rattled on ('rattled' is a good word, for her hand and jerky voice issuing from her little dried-up mouth put one irresistibly in mind of the rattling of dried peas in a withered pod). "They say he's a fine looking man. His nephew or adopted son or something, is too sweet for words. I've seen him with Miss Van Slyke. Say, he's a peach. Dark, with the loveliest eyes! They look at you so soft."

"You mean they look at Miss Van Slyke so soft?" suggested Miss Blake drily.

"Oh, I don't know," with a toss of her head. "I guess I ought to know what I mean. If a cat can look at a king, I guess—"

"A king can look at—a cat!" laughed Miss Blake, with pointed emphasis. She did not like Miss Black.

"Cat, yourself!" said the other angrily, "and if you know so much I shan't tell you any more." Her angry eyes fell on Christine, who happened to be smiling.

"Perhaps *you* could tell who he looks at!" snapped the girl. "You ought to know something about the connections of the Van Slyke family. Gilbert Van Slyke looks often enough at you. But you'd better tell him not to hang around the door so much. Lots of gorls have got sacked for less.'

Christine flushed crimson, but Miss Blake interrupted with easy insolence:

"Oh, drop it, Mary!" she said, and looking at Christine's crimson face she laughed. Don't you mind *her*," she added. And laughing with the rapid adjustment of those to whom such "scraps" were familiar, the three girls moved off to get their hats.

Christine followed more slowly. Her common sense echoed Miss Blake's advice not to mind, yet in spite of herself she did mind. The coarse words flung at her from a spiteful heart carried a sting. She felt as if she had been pelted with mud which she could not brush off. Who was this Gilbert Van Slyke, and what had the girls meant? She did remember the tall, good-looking man who had taken so long to match ribbons for his sister and had apologized so courteously for giving her so much trouble. She remembered wishing that all her customers were as considerate. And now the fellow clerks were insinuating—but no, the idea was too absurd! She thought of how Tommy Burns would look if he had heard Miss Black's remark, and the mental worry dissolved in an amused laugh.

The laugh cheered her and changed the direction of her thoughts. By the time she had patted her hair into shape and pinned on her hat she had forgotten about Mr. Van Slyke and was thinking instead about the letter in her handbag—the second letter from Mark. She had been able to give it only the briefest reading before hurrying off to work that morning—just a dip in here and there, for it was a long letter, but its presence in her bag had seemed to be a living thing all through the difficult day.

So full was her mind of the coming pleasure of re-reading it that she stumbled when getting on her car, and might have slipped badly, had not someone steadied her from behind. "Allow me," said an agreeable voice, and turning with brief thanks, she found herself looking into the handsome eyes of Gilbert Van Slyke! Yesterday she would have seen nothing strange in the incident, nor would she have thought of it again, but to-day she blushed hotly, and her ride home was made uncomfortable by the knowledge that Mr. Van Slyke, whom she had never met, and who was nothing to her, was seated, abstractedly, in the seat opposite.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOT until supper was over, and Christine was sitting alone by the sleeping Celia did the coveted opportunity come. Ada was knitting in the outer room, and even if Celia woke she would not notice.

My dear Miss Brown (the letter began), Do you know I am beginning to believe with those metaphysical fellows, that space is only an idea after all! I have shot across three-fourths of a continent since I saw you; through a mining country which is a world in itself, across prairies which one day will give space for millions of little people like you and me, over some of the most magnificent mountains on earth—yet I do not seem to be far away. The simplest solution seems to be that I have taken you with me. I am sure that I have never seen anything wonderful or beautiful in all this journey that I have not pointed it out to you and enjoyed your pleasure in it. You will be glad to know that you grew rather weary of the prairie and that the sight which you enjoyed most of all was the first glimpse of the mountains—far off, ethereal, rising, mirage-like, out of the blue distance, like white summits of eternity. You were quite silent when you saw them, and would not let me look into your eyes. When you did speak, all that you said was that you "had never seen mountains before," but that commonplace remark meant more than all the volleys of Ohs and Ahs, and picturesque choruses of admiration with which the party of amiable tourists behind us made the air thick.

How we longed, you and I, to commit assault and battery upon the bodies of those tourists! If an amiable tourist is a brother, and if to look upon a brother with a wish to kill is as bad as murder, then you and I are twin homicides! Do you remember, how, in going through Roger's Pass, we were forced to hear the very best recipe for doing down (or up) apple butter? Have you managed to forget about the new waffle mixture which, in spite of cotton in our ears, we could not help but assimilate at the Great Divide? Do you still dream at night of a shrill scream, "Oh, Ma, come here, you're missin' somethin' sweet!" For my own part I shall never forget the still sweet peace which descended upon space when our brothers and sisters (saved from sudden death by the bonds of an over-merciful civilization) alighted at Mission Junction!

Well, I have come to one conclusion anyway, and that is that a man ought to know his own country. They say that St. Peter always asks a few geographical questions before opening a certain gate. Now, as a piano man travels a lot, I should be quite safe if he asked me about remote parts of China, and even of Africa. I am not altogether ignorant of Europe and India, and I know quite enough of Russia and Norway (to say nothing of the usual routes of foreign travel) to pass me up head; but if St. Peter were to ask me if I had visited Niagara Falls, I can see my finish!

Say, but we've got a great country, you and I. A colony, are we? It makes one rather laugh—and, mind you, I'm a loyal Britisher. But after what

I have seen upon this journey the attitude of the average Englishman to "our Canadian colony" seems truly funny. It isn't the bigness altogether, although that is stupendous, it is the atmosphere, the sense of beginnings, of boundlessness, of dormant power—whew! it's great. It has given an entirely new sense to the line, "What do they know of England who only England know?" For this is as much England (or more properly Britain) as the Old Land, only over there they do not realize it yet. All the same, there is a sense of detachment which the average Englishman, wrapped up in his tight little isle, rather resents. There was a party of young Englishmen on the train. It was amusing to see their wonder grow. At the end of the fourth day one of them turned to me and said, "By Jove, this is rather a big thing, don't you know." I remarked that it was "so-so." "And everyone so darned independent," he went on. "One would think that they owned the earth, you know."

I looked out of the window.

"They do own a good slice of it."

"And this C.P.R.!" he went on. "It's an octopus, don't you know. We ride in C.P.R. trains, we put up at C.P.R. hotels, we are conveyed in C.P.R. busses, and this morning when I asked the time of the porter, he had the impudence to say, 'What time, sir, C.P.R. time?' That's going rather far, don't you know, eh?"

It is amusing to think of the suprises these young fellows must have got at Vancouver. One gathered from their talk that they were expecting the mos tastonishing things. One of them read aloud an article from a paper called "John Bull," which seriously stated that the towns and cities of the Canadian West were no places for decent women. That most of the women here were half castes, and that the few decent Englishwomen "led a life surrounded by temptation!" I wonder what those misguided youths thought of the writer of that article when they saw Vancouver's pretty girls, charming women, and beautiful homes!

You liked Vancouver. You did not say much; it is not your way; but you drew a deep breath as you drank in the beauty of cloud-draped mountain and shining water. We did not listen very carefully to the man who was telling us how many war vessels could ride in safety in that wonderful harbor. I am going to send some P. C.'s so that you may see some of the views which you admired most.

I am awfully comfortable here. Macgregor, the man I am to do business with, would not hear of me staying at the hotel. Nothing would do but that I must come right down to stay with him and become quite one of the family. Macgregor is the sort of man that one instinctively calls by his name, omitting the "Mister," not from any want of respect, but simply because any prefix seems trivial. He is a rich man, as rich men go out here, and all his money came to him, as he himself tells you in an aggrieved way, "without his lifting a hand." Having a passion for ownership he bought land when land was going begging, and the almost incredible rise in value did the rest. He told me his story the other night. In the old days he followed the railroad over the mountains, a mere day laborer, living from hand to mouth. Then he fell in love with, and married the daughter of the woman at whose house he was "putting up." She frowned upon his wandering tendencies, and would not marry him until he had a regular trade. He learned carpentering, and being really inventive and handy with tools, quickly had all he could do. Soon he became a small contractor, with a flourishing business. His surplus he invested in land. "Those were the good old days," he told me. "You think this place a good looker now, but it isn't in it with what it was then. We had a nice little four-roomed house cut right out of the woods and facing the water just about where the new esplanade is now." He sighed as he spoke of it, and I ventured to ask him what it was that he missed. "I suspect it's just youth, my lad," he said. "The country was young, and I was young. I've got most things a man sets out for, but there are some things every man is bound to lose on the way." He was thinking, I suppose, of his lost youth and of his wife who died soon after they moved into the big new house. But he is far from being an unhappy man. His latest interest is timber, and his home life is made pleasant by two of the finest girls I have ever met. When I look at them and think of the man who wrote the article in "John Bull" about Western women, I alternately laugh and grow hot. As a matter of fact, either Jane or Maria could wear a coronet with distinction. Jane is the older, and the taller, and the fairer. She is built on big lines, and has a head and face that could give a Greek statue points. She is a University graduate, a linguist, and a first-class musician. Her conversation (I use the word advisedly) is a joy. Marian is smaller and darker than her sister. Her hair is brown, and crinkles over her little ears. Her laugh is her great charm. I wonder and admire every time I hear it. She is not as clever as Jane, but she is charming. If you remember, you were inclined to like Marian the better!"

Christine laid down the letter here and sighed dolefully. It was only too easy to visualize the two girls—Jane so tall and fair, a linguist, a musician. Marian with the merry laugh and hair that crinkled.

For the first time since entering the Stores she thought of a possible loss of her own beauty with a sharp pang. What if he came back from these lovely Western girls to find her, Christine, faded, ill, perhaps, tired, dull and uninteresting. In panic she flew to her mirror, and sighed with relief—she had not changed much—yet! It was strange, she thought, that he said nothing about pianos—except that Jane was a good musician. Was he a musician himself, she wondered, and then flushed with vexation to know how much her want of knowledge pained her. So often little things like this reminded her that she knew really nothing of this man. That he knew nothing of her! He might care enough to write—but perhaps it was only a passing attraction that she had for him. When he saw her again, when he knew her better, he might not like her at all. When she spoke of this to Tommy he always wisely added, "Or you may not even like him." But somehow she did not quite agree with Tommy in this. "Women are better judges of character than men," she informed him sagely—at which Tommy only laughed.

She returned to the letter in a despondent mood. There was, she knew, another page of description of Jane and Marian, but this time she skipped it deliberately. She felt that she did not want to know anything more about them, and besides the remainder of the letter, although not daring to be too outspoken, was in some subtle way comforting.

You will wonder, the letter continued, why I am not at work, but this is really part of my work. I am getting to know what my uncle calls the "conditions." In another week or so Macgregor and I are going up the Coast in a tug. It ought to be a trip for your life! We hope to get back before the rains, and then—then I am coming home! You know you did not promise to write to me, but you did promise not to forget me. Do promises really hold good in a case like that? I am such an easily-forgotten fellow. I haven't even a big nose. I know that Miss Jane Macgregor thinks that this fact alone is damning. All great men, she says, have big noses. It's very discouraging. My only comfort was that Miss Marian, whose nose is sweetly small and tip-tilted, made a face and said that in that case she trembled to think of the coming greatness of the washwoman's baby , who was simply all nose!

One's notions of caste get a sharp knock out here. My uncle, you know, is by way of being a bit proud of his family and so forth, but he isn't a bit prouder than folk out here who haven't an ancestor to their names. These girls, for instance, whose mother waited on table, and whose father worked as a navvy, would be quite undismayed in shaking hands with a princess. It would not occur to them that there was any reason for undue diffidence. But this attitude, undoubtedly genuine, is marred by a curious inconsistency, for once yesterday I heard Miss Jane excuse herself from calling upon a lady, newly come to town, on the ground that she did not know anything about her, and that "One simply can't call on just everybody." This attitude was also quite genuine—funny old world, isn't it?

Are you going to write to me at all? I think that the fact of your not having written means that you do not intend to do so. I had no reason to hope that you would. The privilege of writing to you and the memory of your other promise is surely as much as any man (with less nose than a washwoman's baby) has any right to expect. But surely if you were ill, or in trouble, you would let me know? Surely I may take your silence as a sign that all is well and happy with you? If I did not believe that I would throw up this business in spite of fate and come home.

Macgregor is calling me for a game of billiards (they have an elegant table). Good-bye, then—why has our English undefiled no word less formal than good-bye? *Auf weidersehen,*

Your friend,

MARK WAREHAM.

CHAPTER XV.

MISS TORRANCE leaned back in her invalid's chair, tapping its polished arm impatiently while Martha, with deliberate movements, dusted the books upon the round table. Presently her big voice boomed out:

"That will do, Martha! You have gone over that Tennyson three times. He hasn't been dead long enough to need quite that much dusting. You may put on your bonnet and go for a walk. As you go down, tell Mary that when my brother, Mr. Torrance, calls, he is to come right up. Hand me my salts."

Martha fetched the salts sulkily. Her heavy face showed plainly that she had no desire to take a walk. Martha was a born spy, though rather a stupid one, and a visit from Mr. Torrance was an unusual happening.

"You're very kind, m'am," she said, "but having had a raging toothache all night—"

"Take a walk to the dentist," said the mistress promptly. "Go at once."

Martha, having placed the salts in the least accessible place, went out slowly.

"I declare her temper gets worse and worse," mused Miss Torrance. "What I stand it for heaven only knows. She was as curious as I am to know what Adam wants."

To conceal her impatience, she picked up the much-dusted Tennyson, and when later, Mr. Torrance was announced, she was still reading or thinking.

"Well, Adam," she remarked, austerely, "sit down. No, not there. Gracious! a man of your age ought to know enough not to sit in a strong light. You're not looking well. What's the matter?"

Mr. Torrance indeed was not looking well. His was one of those faces, more commonly seen in women than in men, which show unerringly a state of mental perturbation. Usually serene, the slightest break-up of fair weather conditions was especially noticeable; but with the usual instinctive revolt from too plain speaking he remarked that he had not said that anything was the matter.

His sister waved this feebleness away with a strong gesture. "Obvious," she declared, "or else why a tie which does not match and why a visit to me? It is Mark, I suppose. Has he come back from that Thingumey place? I told you—"

"It is not Mark. He is still in Vancouver, or thereabouts. I took your advice, as you know—wisely or unwisely. And now I want a little more definite information. This Miss Brown—"

The invalid waved her hand determinedly. "I have nothing whatever to tell you about Miss Brown."

"Now, Miriam, I know your stubbornness. In this case I appreciate its cause. Miss Brown's concerns are no affair of ours. This I admit. I am not prying. I wish merely to ask you a simple question."

"U-um!" said Miss Torrance. "What is the simple question?"

"Is this—er—Miss Brown a clerk in a store?"

Miss Torrance took a long whiff at her salts. She was enjoying herself immensely.

"A leading question," she decided, after a moment's pause. "But I don't say that I will not answer it, provided you, on your part, tell me why you want to know."

Mr Torrance permitted himself to smile.

"My dear Miriam," he said, "I fully intend to tell you—otherwise I should not have been so foolish as to come. Besides, I want to tell some one—a sign of old age, eh?"

"Undoubtedly," agreed the invalid promptly.

"Yet at forty-five one is not so very old."

Miss Torrance pursed her lips judicially. "It depends upon the person."

"Well, we won't quarrel. You know that for many years I have taken a great interest in the conduct of the Stores, an interest which I have not been able to render as—er—practical as I could wish. But lately, when I found myself at home again, and with no pressing business to distract me I decided to look into things practically, personally, you know."

The invalid closed her eyes and sniffed at her salts.

"Yesterday I went down to the Stores and had an extended interview with the manager."

"Really?" said Miss Torrance, opening her eyes.

"Naturally, it was the best way to begin."

"Naturally," agreed the other, "for of course if anything is wrong, the manager, who is responsible, would hasten at once to show you exactly where the trouble was and implore you to dismiss him and provide someone more competent."

"U-um—I had thought of that. But there seemed no other course to take. A person in my position could hardly act the spy among the subordinates."

Miss Torrance sighed and closed her eyes again.

"Of course I walked through the Stores, myself, first. I noted everything. The ventilation (which shall certainly be improved), the measures taken for the comfort of the clerks, stools, you know. I particularly noticed that all the counters have stools."

"How nice for the counters!" murmured the invalid.

"An eminent doctor once told me that it is nothing less than barbarous to expect a woman to stand on her feet all day. I am not a barbarian."

"Do you make 'em sit down?"

"I give them the opportunity."

"Oh!

"I wonder," went on her visitor, with apparent irrelevance, "if you can tell me why so many of the girls—"

"Lady clerks," murmured the invalid.

"Why so many of the girls dress their hair in such an elaborate manner?"

"I am not a psychologist, my dear Adam."

"And why they have such—er—haughty manners?"

"Haughty! Oh, dear! Where are my salts?"

"I suppose it is the correct thing. They are all the same, nearly all. I noted some exceptions."

"Really!"

"Yes. You see, I went into it thoroughly."

"You would, naturally. But you were going to tell me about Miss Brown."

"Yes. I didn't know she was Miss Brown at first. I saw her almost as soon as I entered the Stores. She was at the ribbon counter, which is just at the entrance."

"What made you notice her?"

"Her hair, I think. Her back was turned to me at first. And I noticed her hair—wonderful hair! It was not dressed like the other girls', but gathered low just at her neck. Its color was—er—remarkable. I don't know that I can say just what color it was—a peculiar gold—"

"Like honey, perhaps?" suggested the invalid.

A wave of color suffused the man's face, leaving it very pale. "That was unkind," he said, simply. "But, nevertheless, the epithet is not misplaced. This young girl's hair is indeed of that indefinable shade which made Mona's so lovely. Her face is beautiful also. I even fancied—well, it doesn't matter! After I had walked through the Stores and inspected everything I had my talk with the manager. Mr. Bunce seems an able man, but I am afraid, I'm afraid he was not quite frank."

"You surprise me!"

"For instance, I asked him whether that old rule which I had made was still carefully enforced. I refer to the employing of only such girls as have homes and other means of support, so that the rate of wages which we are compelled to pay shall be quite—er—sufficient."

"Is that a rule? Do you tell me that the only girls who receive employment in the Stores are

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THE COST OF A CRIME

A Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER I.

THE RENT VEIL.

THE two men eyed one another for a moment in a kind of dread silence. Up into the small, somewhat dingy room where they stood came the hum from the street below; London Wall at the busiest hour of the working day. A church clock in the near distance tolled the hour of three, and the languor and burden of a summer afternoon brooded over London, making labor a weariness and thought an exertion scarcely to be borne.

But strenuous thought, nay, a most unusual emotion, was written upon the faces of these two men; every faculty was alert; it was a moment of the most intense, almost unbearable strain.

"It's all up, John, you have said it!" said the one hoarsely, a slight, slim man with a keen clean-shaven face and dark penetrating eyes, "My God, that it should have come to this! Man alive, can't you speak and tell me what it means?"

Reedham did not speak for another moment, his face seemed to remain impassive, though a tremor just stirred his lips.

It was a good, attractive, handsome face; indeed, John Reedham was known familiarly in the city as Beau Reedham. He was of tall, fine figure, fair complexion, with an abundance of fair hair, and, contrary to the growing habit among city men, he wore a moustache and a short pointed beard. His eyes were blue and extraordinarily winning, though at the moment they were clouded by the passion and misery in his soul.

"Have you nothing to say for yourself, John?" asked his friend Lidgate desperately, the silence becoming momentarily more unendurable.

"Nothing whatever to say," Reedham answered at last in an even calm voice that had, however, a hollow ring.

"There must be some explanation," pursued the other as he ran his fingers through his grey hair. Lidgate had become early grey and he had that old-young look you see in men who have been cheated of the fulness of life. Reedham, on the other hand, looked like a man who had lived and loved, and tasted most of the good gifts of life.

"Thirteen thousand pounds cannot be disposed of in a day, and you can't lay it at the door of home extravagance. What in God's name have you done with it?"

Reedham shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't explain. I speculated foolishly, madly, if you like, and it's gone, that's the beginning, middle, and end."

"But gone where? Have you been living a double life, John?" ,

The question arose out of the desperate hour. It touched Reedham to the quick, and the color flushed his face. "In the sense in which you mean it, no. My life is as clean as yours, Lidgate, and you know it."

"But you'll have to own up. If anything is to be done to help you we must know what has actually been done with the money."

Once more Reedham shrugged his shoulders.

"I have nothing more to say. Now, what are you going to do?"

Lidgate regarded him wonderingly, unable to believe that this hunted, desperate man could be his partner and his friend, the sunny-hearted, lovable personality that had made his own business life not only tolerable, but more than usually pleasant. The pity and the horror of it seemed for the moment to lie more heavily on Lidgate than on the culprit himself.

"Will you wait till Sir Philip and James Currie come back?" he inquired dully, more to gain time perhaps than anything else.

"No, I am going now, that is if I am allowed by you. Sir Philip and James Currie! The first is getting into his dotage, the second would turn and rend me and be glad of the chance. I did not mean you to know, George. Bad luck has put me in your power. Am I to go or stay? You know without my telling what staying will mean, not only to me, but—but to Bessie and the boy."

"I am trying to think," said Lidgate, and his face grew even more ashen-hued. He was an upright man, and the pride of the old firm had been in its past record. Lowther, Currie and Co. were names synonymous with the best traditions of business life, but the Co. had failed. As one of the younger partners, he resented the fact that the first stain should have come from those who had been brought in from without. He could sympathise with the attitude James Currie would adopt, though personally he did not like the man. "What have you in your mind?" he asked after a futile attempt to follow the catastrophe to its probable conclusion.

"I must leave London to-night, I suppose, to-morrow it will be too late. But I can only go if you let me. I realize that. How long shall I have to wait for your decision?"

It was not one to be lightly taken, for Lidgate had a duty to others besides himself. But the memory of a woman's face rose up before him, and enabled him to speak immediately and in no uncertain terms.

"I will give you the remainder of the day, Reedham. You had better go now." Reedham bowed his head.

"It is not long, but the longest I can give. James Currie will be back to-morrow, and everything must come out. There will be no mercy shown, John. You can understand that. It is ten minutes past three now," he said, taking out his watch. "Twelve hours till three to-morrow morning, six more till nine, when he will be here. Eighteen hours! Well, many a man has saved his life in less. You had better go."

He slipped his watch into his pocket, and turned away, unable to contemplate longer the face of the man who had wrought such woe.

Reedham looked round the room, with which many years of business life had familiarized him, with a vague, unseeing stare. Each day for five and twenty years with very few breaks, for he had been, and was, a very strong man, he had spent so many hours within these walls, how strange to know them no more for ever!

"Eighteen hours! thank you, George," he said with a little start, becoming conscious of some impatience in his friend. "As you say, many a life has been saved in less. I don't exactly know how I am going to use them, but it is kindly done. I might have done as much for you, who knows, but you will never need it. Try not to think too hardly of me after I am gone. It is possible that one day the tale may be told, and that it may prove to be not altogether to my discredit. Will you—will you give an eye to them at home?"

His voice faltered, and Lidgate turned suddenly and let a heavy hand fall on his shoulder.

"John, I would give ten years of my life to have prevented this; nay, I believe I would have given my life itself. It's awful. Remember, I only allow you to go on the one condition, that you don't take your own life."

"I won't do that, I'll see the thing through," said the other quietly. "I don't care about that sort of thing. It has never interested me in the least."

The tone was slightly flippant, but Lidgate could read between the lines.

"I will say one thing before I avail myself of your kindness; it is this: I will go in a direction whence you will hear of me again, and not to my discredit."

"You will be careful to-day, John, for the sake of Bessie and the boy."

Reedham turned away suddenly, reached the door, and then looked back.

"Good-bye, I'm outside the pale. Look after them, Bessie trusts you; I have sometimes thought she would have been happier with you, George. I've been a bad card all through."

He went out suddenly as if he had reached the limit where endurance and outward courage could be maintained. Lidgate made as if to follow him, but drew back. He was suffering intensely, more intensely at the moment than the man who had wrought all the woe. That was simply because Reedham had not yet realized the extent of the consequences. Lidgate, a solitary man, and by nature thoughtful, seemed to have grasped them in a moment. He knew that in suffering Reedham to depart unscathed he had been guilty of treachery to a great body of persons, who would call for his just punishment. But he did not care. In this case, punishment, while it might meet and partly satisfy indignation, could not undo the misery and ruin that had been wrought. Lidgate loved John Reedham; for nearly twenty years they had been as brothers; they had loved the same woman, the woman who was now Reedham's wife, and for whose sake Lidgate had remained unmarried. There never had been a cloud between them, and this blow was wholly unexpected. It had wholly unmanned Lidgate. He locked the door after Reedham left the room, then, with a sudden impulse, he walked to the window where he stood until he had the poor satisfaction of seeing Reedham cross the street, making his way with quite a jaunty step through its throng and press. There was no slouch nor hesitation about his step or bearing; he certainly did not look like a man who was down.

The glossy silk hat caught the sun's sheen, and Lidgate saw that he had not even forgotten to put on his gloves. The very embodiment of success and prosperity did John Reedham look as he passed for the last time through the busy haunts of men in the market places of the world.

Lidgate carried that picture with him for many days, it unconsciously helped him through the trying and appalling hours to come.

He felt glad, yes, secretly and undeniably glad, that Reedham did not go forth like a beaten hound.

But these thoughts had to be put on one side. The day had to be faced. There was no particular matter pressing. Of the four partners concerned in the business, he was the sole representative left in London at the moment. Reedham did not now count. Probably in an hour's time he would be out of England. Lidgate casually remembered that the boat train for Calais left Charing Cross at five o'clock.

Lidgate lived in town, in a suite of bachelor chambers in the Albany. He was the only unmarried partner. Sir Philip Lowther, the head of the concern, lived on his estate in Herts, James Currie in a mansion almost equally valuable on Hampstead Heath, Reedham's home was at Norwood. It had been his custom to leave the city about six o'clock, getting to his home before seven Lidgate was haunted during the early hours of the evening by the vision of Reedham's wife waiting at home, her anxiety growing more keen every moment. At eight o'clock, just as he rose from his own dinner, he was not surprised when the telephone bell rang, and Mrs. Reedham asked for him. He went to it with great unwillingness, wondering what he should say.

Reedham was very exact and punctual in his habits, so seldom late that his non-appearance was certain to cause uneasiness at home.

In answer to her anxious inquiries he could only say that Reedham had left the office at three o'clock in the afternoon, and that he had heard nothing of him since. He had supposed, more than once, that he would go home then, perhaps to see his wife for the last time.

That he had not done so was evinced by the anxiety in her tone.

"Eat your own dinner," said Lidgate, " and I will come out to you. There is something to explain."

He realised that there was no escape, and that it would fall to his lot to tell Bessie Reedham what had occurred. For the first time his bitterness against Reedham became insistent, he even felt that he had behaved like a coward, leaving others to face the music.

The ordeal of the next hour would require all his powers of endurance and courage; he began insensibly to prepare himself for it. He had not dressed for dinner, partly because he felt himself so utterly out of sorts, and partly because at the back of his mind there had lurked the expectation that he would be summoned to Norwood. He took a hansom to Victoria, and a train which brought him very near Reedham's home about nine o'clock.

It was by no means a pretentious abode, the income he had drawn in the firm for the last ten years might easily have justified one more pretentious. But it was very beautiful and homelike, chiefly because its mistress belonged to the great body of homemakers who help to build the national life. Wherever Bessie Reedham dwelt there came that subtle aroma, that delightful atmosphere of home which cannot be bought or acquired. Like all the heavenly gifts it is inborn.

The modest garden before the door was wholly laid down in soft green turf, a marvel of softness and beauty, because it was continually cared for. The exterior of the house was dainty and inviting, the interior a harmony of soft colors and simple things chosen with an exquisite taste. Mrs. Reedham opened the door to Lidgate herself; as a matter of fact she had been waiting in the hall. She wore a white gown. Lidgate always remembered how she looked just then, where the soft light from the hall lamp fell upon her. She was ten years younger than Reedham, and was now in her thirty-fourth year. She had a graceful figure, about middle height, and a very sweet face, with a good deal of character in it. Her eyes were the most beautiful feature of her face, large, grey, expressive, with a singular clearness of depth and expression. Lidgate thought he had seldom seen her look more attractive, as she came forward, offering a frank hand of welcome.

"How good of you to come out all this way, George! but it is just like you. What on earth has happened to John?"

Lidgate hung up his hat without immediately answering.

"I suppose he has been called away on important business," she continued, suspecting nothing. "But it is so unlike him to treat me like this, and we had arranged to meet some friends at the Crystal Palace to-night. I have been obliged to telephone to them. What has happened, anyway?"

Lidgate turned to face her, rubbing his hands nervously together. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"Is Leslie quite well?" he asked vaguely.

"Leslie? Yes, quite, we had a letter from him this morning," she said in surprise. "Why, some-

thing has happened, George, I know it has. You are looking so ill."

"Where can we talk undisturbed?" he asked desperately. "Yes, something has happened. I don't like my errand, Bessie, but it has to be got through."

Her startled eyes seemed to leap upon his face. At sight of him the natural anxiety over her long waiting had flown. It sprang into new and painful being again at his words.

She opened the door of the little library they used as a breakfast-room and passed in, he following with his eyes fixed on the floor. When he had closed the door he faced her with a kind of borrowed courage.

"There is no use beating about the bush, Bessie, an awful thing has happened."

"To John!" she cried, and the anguish in her voice went to Lidgate's heart like a knife.

"Yes and no. Physically, John is all right, nothing has happened to him, but it is an awful thing all the same."

"Tell me quickly," she panted, "I am no fool, remember, who must have things glossed over. Tell me the worst."

"I will indeed. I have no choice. John has made away with thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, and and has had to run away."

The baldness of the words was more convincing than the most elaborate statement.

Her face became white as the lace at her throat, she clasped her nervous hands together, her voice sank almost to a whisper.

"It cannot be truth you are telling me. Thirteen thousand pounds! What has he done with it?"

"If anybody could tell me that," replied Lidgate gloomily, "I should feel a little better in my mind."

"Where is he? How was it discovered? Why has he not come home to explain and clear up matters? Is there nothing more behind?"

"Nothing, the bare fact is enough. To-morrow Sir Philip and James Currie will be back at business. You know that they are men of iron. It was a happy thing for him that I was the first to discover it."

Her eyes seemed to cleave to his face, and some comprehension of the truth dawned upon her.

"You have helped him to get away," she said brokenly.

He answered with a nod.

"He has eighteen hours' start, or will have before the others can or need know. It ought to be enough."

"For him to get out of the country?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's strained silence, then she spoke again.

"Perhaps he will not go out of the country. He may—he may seek another way out."

"I have his word that he will not attempt his own life, and I don't think he will. He does not lack courage."

"It will have to be made public, will it, in all the newspapers?"

"That will depend on Lowther and Currie, chiefly, I should say on Lowther. No, I don't think it will be made public. It would be too damaging to our business."

"And the poor people who have been robbed, robbed, my God, by my husband! What will become of them?"

"They will probably never know; we shall each bear our share. But I can say nothing until after the meeting to-morrow."

He spoke purposely in curt, brief sentences, restraining the intense sympathy he felt, because he feared the scene that might follow.

It was a mighty blow for any woman. On Bessie Reedham it seemed to fall with special keenness. He saw her sensitive face change from youth to middle age in that moment of supreme anguish, and realised that hope was quenched for ever in her heart. Her idol had been thrown down, and to some women that means the end of all things.

He spoke to her again, and very gently.

"You have taken it very bravely, but not more bravely than I, knowing what you are, expected. It is a mystery. Perhaps if we wait a little longer it will be solved."

She shook her head.

"Something tells me my life is over, that I shall never see my husband again. And we were so happy! I suppose that is it, we were too happy for this life. We are told so often that perfect happiness is not here, but I could wish mine had been marred in a different way. Dishonor, treachery, these are words I could never have associated with him! Can't you explain things to me, George, where the money has gone; what he wanted with such a large sum? I am filled with a thousand forebodings."

"You need not add to the burden my—my dear," he said with difficulty. "I do not think that so far as he was concerned there has been any mystery. Indeed, I put it to him. The money has been lost in idle and foolish speculation undertaken for some end we don't know. I suppose it was to benefit you and the boy."

The mention of the boy seemed to awaken a new chord of anguish in Bessie Reedham's heart.

"The boy! I have been so proud of him, George, and now he will have a heritage of shame. I have prayed that he might grow up good and kind and noble like his father. What must I pray now? How am I to explain it to the child when he never comes home! It is cruel; it is horrible! No woman ought to be called to such suffering. I have not deserved it."

"No, by Heaven you haven't. But that is the misery of the world," Lidgate reminded her. "It is the innocent who suffer most and longest. I am deeply sorry for you."

"And you think he has gone out of London like a thief in the night; that I shall never see him again, even to say good-bye."

"It would not be safe. To-morrow, perhaps, Currie will put the police on his track. One never knows what he will do, and his idol has been the integrity of his firm. Besides, Reedham and he have been antagonistic to one another for some time, which would make him less inclined to be lenient to him. I hope, for Reedham's sake, but still more for yours, that he has actually left London. I think he must have done, or he would have come home."

Bessie Reedham walked to and fro the narrow room wringing her hands. To Lidgate it was almost an intolerable sight, and he cursed the man who had wrought such woe.

"I fear I can do little good by staying, though I could wish you had someone with you. Is there no one for whom I could send before I leave you? I cannot bear the thought of leaving you alone in your present state of mind."

"There is no one. To whom could I tell this terrible thing? We have never had many intimate friends; somehow we have not seemed to feel the need for them. I shall be all right, I assure you. No, nothing will happen to me. By the morning I shall have become calmer and will know how to act."

"The greatest wrong of all is the position in which you will be left," said Lidgate hardly. "Of course, there will be, there can be nothing for you. But believe me, I will do my utmost to see that some provision is made for you; at least, until the boy is of age to help you—"

She held up a quick, deprecating finger.

"I beg—nay, I insist—that you will do nothing of the kind. How could I touch such money? No, no; my effort will be to do something that can help to wipe this terrible stain from my husband's memory and name. But I will try not to give up hope yet; I will keep on expecting that he will come back to explain everything. I believe he will."

The compassion deepened in Lidgate's eyes, but he could have ground his teeth. In what base coin had Reedham repaid the pure gold of this woman's love and faith!

"Promise me you will try to be brave, and to believe that I at least will do everything to shield you," he said, as he turned to go.

"Oh, yes, I can believe that. Do not I know it? Never, surely, had man or woman such a friend as you," she said, with all her heart in her eyes. "May God bless you; and I will teach my boy to reverence you as one of the very best of men."

Lidgate faintly smiled at the form of the words.

"I hate to leave you like this," he said, as he moved towards the door. "You ought to have someone with you."

She shook her head.

"No, no. Don't you see that there are sorrows with which no stranger may intermeddle? I am quite strong; you need not fear for me. The worst is over, and God will help me for the rest."

She held out her hand; he pressed it in both his own.

Their eyes met in a long, deep look, and a slow flush rose to Bessie Reedham's face and dyed it red; even her throat was tinged.

For the first time in her life she understood and knew what had been in this man's mind and heart concerning her all these years.

The veil was rent betwixt these two, and could never more be pieced together.

"I beg your pardon," he said thickly. "I did not mean—I hoped that you would never know. But there are things beyond a man's power to help or hide. Yes, I have always loved you; but, before God, that love will be devoted now to your service as a friend's love. You will try to believe that, so that we may sometimes meet? You will not banish me from your presence for this?"

"Oh, no," she said faintly. "How could I? There is nobody else, but go now—I—I cannot bear much more."

He went out softly, and closed the door. His heart was heavy as he turned away from the desolate house.

If only he could have remained under her roof, unseen and unobtruding, to comfort and protect her! But it was less than ever possible now.

He had no alternative but to go.

Meanwhile, he of whom they had talked was not so very far away, only separated from them by the breadth of London.

The offices of Lowther, Currie and Co., in London-wall, occupied the whole of one of the older houses, and were in charge of a caretaker, who lived in the basement, an old man, nicknamed Tony, but whose real name was Charles Barrett. He had been in the employment of the firm for the long period of forty years, and had so grown to the place that he was verily a part of it. He had very snug rooms in the basement, and was as handy and tidy as any woman in all his household ways. Many envied the firm the possession of Tony. About nine o'clock that evening he was smoking a pipe at the open door, when someone came along the deserted street, and paused in front of him. It seemed a tall figure in the distance, with a stoop in the shoulders, and a certain slouching gait. Tony did not like stragglers after dark. He was on the alert at once.

"Evening'," said the man as he came up under the gas lamp before the door; but he kept his back to it so that the light did not fall full upon his face. It was a clean-shaven face, somewhat heavily-featured. Tony decided that it was a suspicious face.

"Evenin' too, mister! Whatcher want?" he asked, in his gruffest voice.

"I suppose Mr. John Reedham, one of your partners has gone home?"

"I should 'ope 'e 'as, at this time o' nite. 'E wouldn't want to see the likes ov you, anyway."

"I mite have done a bit of profitable business with him, governor, for all that," replied the other. "What hours does he keep? When does he come to business in the morning?"

"When he's ready. P'raps you'd like to ask me anuvver one, afore I shoves yer on, matey," said Tony facetiously.

"You're not very free, certainly," returned his questioner. "Have a smoke, they're good.

He turned deliberately round as he opened his cigar case, and Tony saw his face in the full light. But it was still to him a strange face, in which there was not a suggestion of familiarity. A pair of blue spectacles hid the soul-revealing eyes.

"Drugged, may be; no thank you, sir. I'll be bidding yer good night," said Tony drily, and he went in banging the strong door behind him.

"Don't like the looks ov that bloke. 'e's flash," he muttered to himself as he proceeded along the passage to the basement stair.

The bloke in question, retracing his steps the way he had come, laughed silently to himself, and rubbed his hands together in supreme satisfaction. For the disguise which had taken in the astute and watchful Tony would surely pass muster in the hurrying world of men.

CHAPTER II.

THE AFTERMATH.

LESLIE REEDHAM, the defaulting speculator's only son, was at a preparatory school at Reigate, in Surrey, his name having been down for Winchester for two years. He was now fourteen and expected to pass on to the public school at the beginning of another term. It was a very good school, with a high reputation, and the wife of the principal had been a school friend of Bessie Reedham's in her girlhood. She had been very happy in sending him to the Luttrells, and the boy himself had been happy there.

A few days after the discovery of Reedham's defalcation Luttrell received a letter from Mrs. Reedham, asking if he could come up to Norwood at once and see her.

"Tell Evelyn I am in great trouble, about which I cannot write, and that for the moment there seems nothing before me but despair. Please say nothing to Leslie as yet. I will tell him myself a little later on. The end of the term will soon be here, and by that time, perhaps, things will seem less dreadful than they do now. Forgive me for writing so vaguely, and please come when you receive this if possible. It will be only another added to the long list of kindnesses I have received from you both."

The husband and his wife stared at one another blankly.

"She doesn't say one single word about John, dear," said Mrs. Luttrell, in a troubled voice. "Therefore it isn't illness, or sudden death. What can it be?"

"Financial, I should say," replied Luttrell, "I'll go up at twelve-forty."

"And I, too. If Bessie is in any trouble I must be near her; she has not a sister, and she isn't one of those women who have innumerable intimate friends."

Luttrell made no demur. His thoughts were naturally pre-occupied during the morning hours in school, and he could not help furtively watching the lad whose future life and career would probably be affected by what they had heard. His parents had built high hopes on him, and were ambitious for his future; he being intended for the bar. He was a handsome lad, very like his mother, and a general favorite, and in his fourteen years of life he had lived in an atmosphere of happiness and love.

The Luttrells arrived at Norwood early in the afternoon. Mrs. Reedham expected them, having been apprised by wire of their coming. They found her quite alone, apparently calm and self-possessed, though her pale face and heavy eyes spoke of troubled days and sleepless nights.

"It was very good of you both to come," she said, as she kissed her friend. "I would have come down, only I should have had to face Leslie, and I am not ready for that."

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Luttrell bluntly. It was hard to associate the idea of trouble with that beautiful and luxurious home where she had often spent restful days.

"Sit down and I will try to tell you as much as I know myself. It is not a thing one can easily realise or grasp."

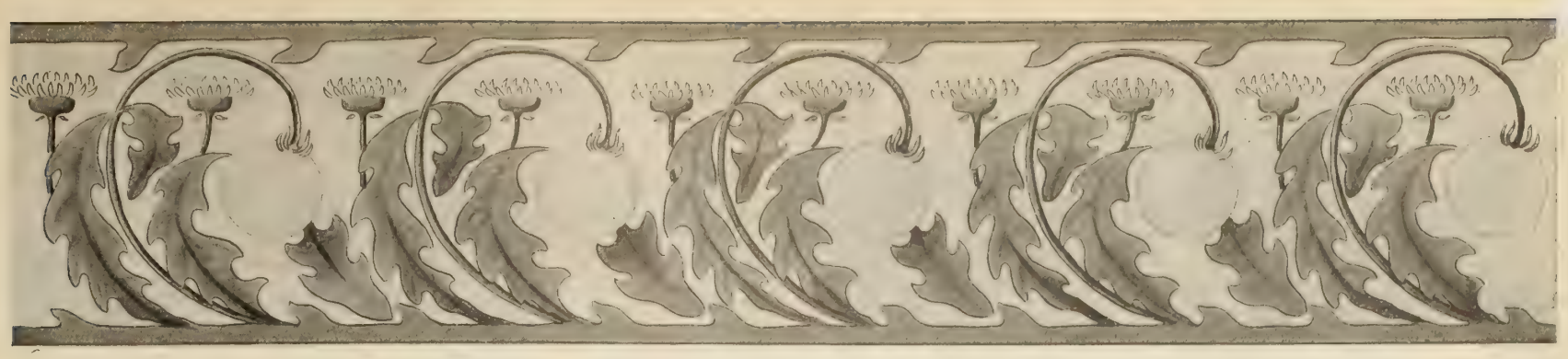
"John is quite well?" said Evelyn at hazard, and by the immediate contraction of Mrs. Reedham's brows she gathered where the trouble lay.

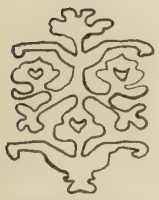
"John has gone away and left us."

"Impossible! Bessie! Why he loved you to distraction."

A melancholy smile flitted across Mrs. Reedham's face.

Continued on page 18





PERSIAN ROSE

THE MAKING OF ORIENTAL RUGS

An Account of How These Highly Valued Fabrics are Wrought

By DORA S. RIDOUT

THE growing appreciation of Oriental rugs seems to point to the fact that people are once more demanding handiwork in the decoration of their houses. Not only are rugs from Persia, Turkey and India infinitely more beautiful and durable than the factory-made articles of our own country, but there is mystery and romance about them that is irresistible to those who practice the delightful occupation of collecting.

The rug-making industry of the Orient is carried on almost entirely by the women of the community. At a very tender age the girls begin their instruction in the art, and this is frequently the only education they are given.

The looms are very simple in construction, and are generally found in groups, outside the rough village dwellings. Two perpendicular poles are driven into the ground; horizontal rollers are fixed at the top and bottom, and the threads of the warp are stretched between. Great tufts of the worsted hang over the workers, who tie knots of it onto the warp and clip them to the required length. The quality of the rug is determined by the number of knots to the square inch.

Children of six begin tying the knots where a field of one color is required, and when they become proficient in this, simple designs are given them. As they grow older the young girls' interest is stimulated by being allowed to begin their dower rugs, into which the more sentimental of them weave locks of their hair. These dower rugs seldom leave their native country, for when the young woman has thus shown herself thoroughly versed in her work, a prospective husband appears, pays a sum of money to her father, and carries off his bride, together with the proof of her usefulness.

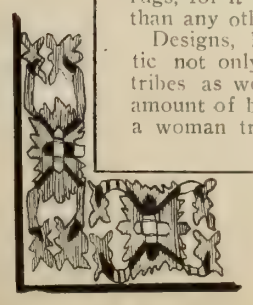
Infinite patience is required in the work, but this characteristic is very pronounced in the East. One square foot of the best rugs takes a woman twenty-three days to make, and for this she or her lord and master only receives ten dollars, out of which must come the wool and the cost of dyeing.

Meanwhile the men of the tribe take care of the sheep, camels and Angora goats from which the wool or hair for the rugs is obtained. If camel's hair is used, very great care must be taken in the feeding and daily washing of the animals to ensure the best results.

The dyeing of the wool is generally undertaken by one family in the village, and it is a most delicate operation. Recipes for vegetable dyes are handed down from father to son and guarded very jealously. The difference in the shading, so often seen in Oriental rugs, is due to the difficulty in dyeing the worsted always the exact shade.

It is interesting to note the various meanings attached to the colors by the Oriental. For instance, Babylon scarlet indicates fire; blue, air; purple, water; black, error; white, innocence of soul, and red, zeal of truth. Green is not used by the Mohammedans, as in their eyes it is a sacred color, and must not be trodden upon.

FORTUNATELY the Eastern mind has a great distrust of everything Western, or else the pernicious use of aniline dyes would be much more general than it is. The Shah, too, has helped greatly in this direction by forbidding the importation of chemical dyes. The great objection, of course, to its use is that the colors are not nearly so rich, and when they fade, which they do very quickly, they become dead-looking and ugly. Black is a color to be avoided in Oriental rugs, for it loses its beauty more quickly than any other, and rots the wool.



CRAB BORDER

Designs, like colors, are characteristic not only of countries, but also of tribes as well, though there is a certain amount of borrowing. In some districts a woman travels about from village to village teaching the young girls the tribal patterns. Sometimes she draws them upon the sand, but again she merely chants them in weird songs, and the workers make notes in the earth beside their looms. They are wonderfully quick to learn, and yet do not necessarily adhere strictly to the patterns with regard to color and minor details. Passing phaises in a girl's life may be depicted in the rug, by the introduction of a certain tree, a lock of hair, or a figure.

There is an immense amount of wear in Oriental rugs, especially when they are left in their native land; for the Persian or Turk never enters his dwelling without first removing his shoes or sandals. From this constant rubbing of bare feet upon them the rugs acquire that wonderful silkiness of sheen so much admired by connoisseurs. Age, too, tones down the colors, blending and harmonizing the various shades. It is generally admitted that no rug is at its best until it is at least ten years old.

Only study and observation can teach the would-be rug fancier the many varieties of Oriental rugs. But a few main characteristics of the principal makes may be a help to the beginner.

Roughly, they may be divided into Persian, Caucasian, Turkish and Indian.

The Persians are the finest in texture, having more knots to the square inch, and being of more conscientious workmanship than the others. Some of the more familiar devices used are the lion and sun, which are the national symbols; then the rose of Persia is much used; in the borders the crab, fish bone, palm leaf, and turtle patterns are often found. The palm leaf has many names; some call it the pear design, while others aver that it represents the loop made by the River Indus as seen from the mosque at Cashmere. This design is, of course, common to many makers of rugs.

It is well to remember in classifying rugs by their designs that those worshippers of Mohammet, who are known by the name of Lunna, and are really the orthodox sect, do not allow the likeness of any bird, animal or man to be made. These believers are usually in Turkey, while those in Persia are not so strict, and are known by the name of Shutes.

The centre, or field, of Persian rugs is often in the form of a diamond, with the tree of life, or a vase of flowers, in the middle.

A few well-known and representative Persian rugs are: Kermans, Fereghans and Kurdistans.

The first are very popular rugs, having a floriated panel and corners; sometimes the tree of life is used, with birds in its branches, and it may be with or without leaves. Its very popularity, however makes it more apt to be imitated.

Feraghans are smooth and firm, while their borders are not easily recognized, they have a very marked and distinctive pattern in the field. It has the appearance of a segment of a melon or a toothed crescent, but in reality it is taken from some thing much more poetic—a curled rose leaf.

The Kurdistan rugs are very handsome and durable. They are made by a nomadic tribe of by no means good repute, who are nevertheless endowed with much artistic talent. Their rugs follow the Persian patterns, only in a bolder treatment in form and coloring. They have been called "the best rugs of Persia, if not of the East."

Caucasian rugs are made in southern Russia, but their patterns show that at one period Persian influence was great in that region. They are noted for their exquisite borders, which resemble jeweled work or mosaic. Caucasians are very fond of geometrical designs, and prove in their rugs the possibilities of the use of stars, angles, squares and trellisings. The borders are usually made up of a number of narrow stripes of small figures. Daghestans belong to this country, as also do Kabistans. These are both true to their type, and present fine borders and bold geometrical designs in the fields. Their dyes are always bright and durable, and there is no shading from one color to another.

The Turks were quick and clever to take up the art of rug weaving, and they now stand very high in this industry. Turkish rugs are of a coarser weave than Persian, but their pile is deep and velvety. Another peculiarity of Turkish Mohammedan rug makers is that no rug is made without some defect, either in pattern or shape, because of the accepted faith that only Allah is perfect. No two rugs are made exactly after the same pattern.

TURKISH rugs are very rich in coloring, and as someone has said, are like the stained glass windows of some grand cathedral. Antique Ghcordez prayer rugs are very beautiful, being in the mosque design, and having panels on either side of a solid blue or red field.

Although there are numerous handsome Indian rugs, their appeal is not so universal as those of Persia and Turkey. The texture is generally coarse and color startling and not so broken as in the others. The designs are inclined to be crude. The Maharajah Goolab Singh sent a very elaborate silk carpet to the Exhibition of 1851. The pile was nearly an inch thick, and it was said there were 10,000 knots in every square foot of it.

The oldest and most beautiful Oriental rugs and carpets are to be found in the temples of the East. Very few indeed of these find their way westward.

In the sixteenth century what was known as Hunting Rugs were made for the Shahs. These were beautifully made, and depicted scenes of the chase, in which appeared elephants, lions, phoenix and other animals, real or imaginary. These are now exceedingly rare, indeed, and it is said there are only twelve in existence. One belongs to the Imperial House of Austria; one to Baron Adolphe Rothschild; a third is in the Berlin Museum, and a fourth may be seen in the Boston Museum.

The well-known Prayer Rug is, of course, made and used by the Mohammedan. It represents the triangular niche in the wall of the mosque, facing towards Mecca. Here the devout worshipper prostrates himself, his forehead on the apex of the triangle, and his hands upon the spaces on either side. In his own house the rug is placed over the spot where the piece of earth from Mecca is deposited A small embroidered bit in the triangle shows the exact spot. A rough representation of a comb is found very often in one corner, to remind the prayer that he must first comb his beard. These prayer rugs are usually very beautiful and come in many makes.

The long strips, or runners, as they are called commercially, are really used in Eastern houses on either side of the central rug or carpet. Another shorter one is placed at the end of the room, on which sits the head of the family.

It is acknowledged to be difficult at first to detect a cleverly made and touched-up imitation Oriental rug. However, a prospective buyer may always discover whether at least aniline dyes have been used by moistening a handkerchief with the tongue and applying it to the rug. If the color comes off, beware of chemical dyes!

There are a few very interesting books on the subject, although it is an acknowledged fact that the origin of many rugs will forever be wrapped in mystery. With china, silver and old furniture, some clue of their age and maker may be found, but the rug maker either sends his beautiful work of art into the world unsigned, or else his signature is lost in the innumerable emblematical devices which in the words of the poet "Doth tease us out of thought as doth eternity."

Art in the Home

THE subject of art in the house is worthy of attention, and we look to our artists to help us; but they seem too often inclined to treat the matter with indifference. The old masters, however, were truer to the spirit within them. As Woltman says, "These were not merely architects or sculptors or painters . . . . they were artists generally." Holbein in England and Jan Van Eyck at the Court of Burgundy worked at arts that were useful as well as decorative. They not only painted pictures, but designed dresses, title pages, furniture—even saddles and dagger sheaths. But it must be admitted that in recent years there have been a few bright exceptions. Fuseli worked with Wedgwood; Lord Leighton (Disraeli's "Mr. Phoebus") built himself a house beautiful; and such men as Whistler and Burne-Jones sometimes devoted their rare but eccentric genius to the subject of house decoration. A word of tribute should be paid to Whistler's Peacock Room, with it wondrous effects of black and gold, dark blue and bronzed leather, and the shutters painted with peacocks.

CAUCASIAN BORDER

Silverware of Unrivalled Reputation
The durability of 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware is beyond question. For 64 years it has been proving its wearing qualities. To-day it is the standard in silver plate.
1847
ROGERS BROS. XS TRIPLE
is guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware in the world. Local dealers everywhere sell this famous
"Silver Plate that Wears"
Send for catalogue "E 48" illustrating the most popular patterns.
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
(International Silver Co. Successor)
MERIDEN, CONN.
New York Chicago
San Francisco
Hamilton, Canada

ELECTRIFIED HOUSEKEEPING

Illustrations by courtesy of Canadian General Electric Company.

SOME years ago a novel was written describing an ideal community of about a century hence. In this book, "Looking Backward," we were given an alluring picture of a civilization where everyone was healthy and happy, and where labor was so simplified that no one suffered from over-exertion. Music and art were within the reach of the multitude, and there was no destitution, as there was no great wealth.

In this community electricity played a great part, and contributed materially to the industry and welfare of the people. Every mechanical household arrangement and contrivance seemed under the control of the electric force. Even the musical entertainment might be switched on or off at pleasure. We have not yet reached the Utopian ideal, or even the comfort of "Looking Backward." Yet, in the modern household, electricity is working wonders.

The electric iron, for instance, is a veritable boon to the modern housekeeper. The old-time ironing day, with its many trips to the stove, was a dreaded necessity, and meant at its conclusion tired feet and an aching back. Think of what it was on a July day, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade! The full clothes-horse, at the end of the day, meant a wearied woman. Now, by a moment of screwing and a turning of the electric button, we have an electric iron in full force, always heated, and always in good order, with no wearisome trips to the stove, to keep up the fire or to get another iron.

But, if the electric iron has meant much, the electric sewing machine means even more, in the simplifying of women's toil. The constant movement of the feet, in the manipulation of the old-fashioned sewing machine, disappears entirely, and a slight touch, which starts the machine, is all that is needed to set the electric apparatus in motion. Consequently, the energies of the operator can be concentrated on watching the material, as it is sewn, and guiding the construction. We no longer wonder at the cheapness of the modern blouse or shirt waist when we see the way in which a multitude of machines worked by electricity turn out a pile of garments.

In a recent article, Mr. H. W. Hillman tells of a residence without a kitchen chimney, cooking, lighting and heating being done by electricity.

Housekeeping has been a practical experience with me for nearly seventeen years. During the first half of the experience, coal, used in both furnace and kitchen stove, disclosed many of the disadvantages of the old system, while a gas range and a mantel log, during a couple of years' trial, showed a good many advantages which those devices afforded.

In the midst of these experiences, the introduction of electrical implements for cooking and baking, as well as many auxiliary heating devices, offered ample opportunity for making comparative tests of the three systems. Indeed it was an exceptional opportunity to make comparisons of the initial cost of the articles, the operating cost, their practical everyday value, appearance, convenience of handling, etc.

After two years' experience with the electrical devices, the cost of operation proved to be so reasonable, and the plan so satisfactory, that in building a new house no consideration was given to the use of a kitchen coal stove or a gas stove: and we were so bold as to make no preparations for a kitchen chimney. No room was required in the cellar for kitchen coal and kindling wood, and an economy in cellar space was therefore secured.

To such an extent was this idea of economy carried out that sufficient money was saved in house construction to pay for all the extra wiring expense for special lighting and heating devices.

An electrical table replaced the coal and gas stove. To one who has never used the electric range, the question would first arise regarding the size of it and the room available. While the argument might be admitted that it would be excellent for a small family, and just cosy for a newly-married couple, yet it might be altogether too small for regular everyday use, with occasional visitors enlarging the size of the family.

To meet such a question, the experience in connection with our Christmas dinner, a few mnoths after we moved into the new house, should be sufficient. Sixteen persons sat down to the table, and the dinner complete was cooked upon the electric range.

Another feature would quite naturally interest those who have used the older methods, namely: Does it require constant attention, and would it interfere with the retention of a kitchen servant? This question is one of great interest, and I've always been thankful that our experience covered so many years, because it offers opportunity for a more intelligent answer.

The girl in our kitchen who handled all the cooking and baking was a Polish girl, who came with us when about sixteen years of age. She could speak only a few words of English, and possessed the most ordinary intelligence. For four years she used the devices, and when she left us it was to visit her mother in the old country.

In connection with the wiring of the house, a switch was located in the girl's bedroom at the head of her bed. When she first awoke in the morning she could turn this switch and start the coffee and cereals before getting out of bed. As is often the case, she would get these dishes ready before retiring the night before, and then simply insert the plugs in the electric dishes ready for turning the switch the next morning.

In this respect she was always sure of avoiding delay, which is not always true in connection with a coal range. At the best, the fire in a coal stove would be just about "coming up" by the time the girl was dressed and in the kitchen. With the electric outfit, the coffee and the cereal were practically ready to serve.

Then, in the preparation of the balance of the breakfast, the utensils would please the most particular cook. If bacon and eggs were on the menu, the electric frying-pan was hot enough to use a half minute after the switch was turned.

But the housewife of long experience, who perhaps is reading this story, would take issue with the writer at this point and say, "But we most always have boiled eggs, and there's nothing quicker or nicer than to boil eggs upon a gas stove! Why make comparison with a coal range?"

It is a fair question. The gas stove is convenient and it is quick. Therefore, comparison will be made between the electric egg boiler and the gas stove for boiling eggs.

With the gas range you place your eggs in a pint of water. First, it takes two or three minutes for the water to come to a boil; then, three or three and a half minutes for the cooking operation.

With the electric egg boiler only a spoonful of water is required, and the first operation of heating the water is accomplished in forty seconds, about one quarter of the time required by the gas stove. At the end of forty seconds the three or three and a half minute operation commences, and is the same as with gas.

Thus the boiling of eggs by electricity is quicker and cheaper than by gas.

You ask, "Why not do the same thing with gas?"

Answer: Because the intense heat of the flame would burn out the ordinary cooking utensil used with a gas range if a spoonful of water only were used. On the contrary, the electric egg boiler is designed especially for such use.

The electric griddle cake cooker is quick and convenient. The meat broiler furnishes at the table the very best cooked steak. The large vegetable cookers, with their combination steaming compartments, are economical both in operation and in the initial cost of the devices.

The oven is large and roomy, accommodating as many dishes as the regular size of gas or coal stove. It is superior to both, however, because it can be regulated so nicely. It is connected with a three-heat switch, and, after being heated satisfactorily at the maximum temperature, the medium point can be used with only half the electricity consumed. At the medium point an excellent supply of heat is furnished because the oven retains the heat so capably. Where cooking operations are long, the lowest heat is often the most satisfactory as well as the most economical

Every woman requires the use of a flatiron, either for the hurried pressing of a bit of lingerie or the ironing of the wash. The electric flatiron appeals to all because of its remarkable convenience and cleanliness. It permits of rapid work for it heats quickly, stays hot and, therefore, requires no changing. Furthermore, the electric iron requires little strength to operate and may be used in any room in which there is a lighting outlet—boudoir, sewing room, kitchen or laundry.

The toaster is a culinary convenience, which every housewife appreciates.

A rack placed above the coils keeps the toasted slices warm and prevents them becoming cold and clammy while others are being prepared.

A BOON IN THE SICK ROOM

THE NECESSARY ELECTRIC IRON

MOTOR CONNECTED AND OPERATING

THE GIRL'S ROOM

By PAUL FITZPATRICK

I AM a mere man. Less mere than before I had a girl of my own—but still mere enough to approach this sacred subject of "The Girl's Room" with less intrepidity than hesitation.

But always as a mere man, remember, I find so much to criticize, so many opportunities lost or wasted in the girls' rooms I know, that perhaps a "rank outsider's" ideas may help the girls of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL to a better understanding of what their rooms may mean in pleasure and beauty.

Most girls are ambitious, and all are acquisitive. Their rooms prove it. For most of them show a Queen Anne intent at decoration, and a distinctly Mary Anne collection of useless and almost meaningless knick-knacks, clutterbucks, favors, photos, gew-gaws and gimcracks.

No doubt a very pretty sentiment attaches to some of the prized possessions—but assuredly far more dust. And dust is to decorations what weeds are to a garden.

The average picture of a girl's room is something like this: Right centre foreground, a bed of uncertain design and haphazard dress, covering and encircling a motley collection of boxes on the floor. Hat boxes full of heaven knows what—I never looked—suit boxes, band-boxes, boxes big and boxes small.

Upper left corner: Dresses, tasselated with age-yellowed dance cards, uncertain ribbons and hanging ornaments (?), mirror, fringed with curling kodak prints, calling cards of bygone loves, and "by George!" nearly everything else that the mind of man can compass.

Upper right corner: Hanging Japanese umbrella, from the rib ends of which pendulously dangle what of the dance cards are not fringing the mirror. Couch, with three times too many pillows, variously, if not artistically colored by hand or fabricated from silk cigar bands. Parenthesis—I believe this is usually a box-couch, probably because more boxes are secreted behind its sheltering cover.

Lower left corner: Work table, so called because of the work it would take to find the table under its burden of magazines, boxes, more boxes!—smaller boxes here! baskets, letters, darning accessories, and odds and ends into whose real nature no mere man may enquire too closely.

The walls are beyond my poor pen. Must needs there be, however, a fish or tennis net fantastically draped and embellished with more photographs and cigarette boxes.

The frieze will be Gibson prints (or mayhap near-Gibson renderings therefrom, perpetrated by the artist of her acquaintance) varied with posters and magazine covers that have caught her vagrant fancy and been impaled among the swan-necked "ladyes faire" and swallow-tailed knights that stretch their seven feet six of manly beauty toward the ceiling line.

Restless, cheap, dusty disturbers of anything like artistic unity—away with them all, girls! and let us look at your "palace of dreams" as it should be.

Let us find a set of bedroom furniture that is really meant for a girl. Oak won't do, as it's too heavy. White enamel is too glossy, and rather less exclusive than we will want. Pearwood is ideal, but expensive, so we'll compromise with a soft grey finished suite of simple design. The bed will be of wood also—the popularity of metal to the contrary, notwithstanding. We want your room to be a pleasant chamber with harmonious furniture—not a brass bedstead surrounded by articles that must apologize to the glories of burnished brightness.

Then we'll select a wall paper that provides the right background—a dove grey chambray with faint self-tone stripes, with a cut-out frieze of rose baskets and dainty ribbon design.

For curtains, couch cover and the bed's overdress, we'll find a cretonne with roses and ribbons that will harmonize with the wall paper frieze and lend the required color and brightness. Sash curtains of muslin or light net will be hung close to the window, and the cretonne will be cut out along the lines of the design rather than hemmed to a straight edge, and used as an overcurtain to the outside of the frame. A simple ruffled valance will span the window top. Covers for a couple of the couch pillows can be made of the cretonne, while tan crash or rep with old rose-colored stencil or embroidery will be just right for the other one or two, at most.

The dresser top cover will also be of the crash or rough embroidery linen, stenciled or worked with the pillow design.

If we can't have a couple of attractive little water colors or worthy prints—why, we won't have anything on the walls but the charmingly clean and artistic paper.

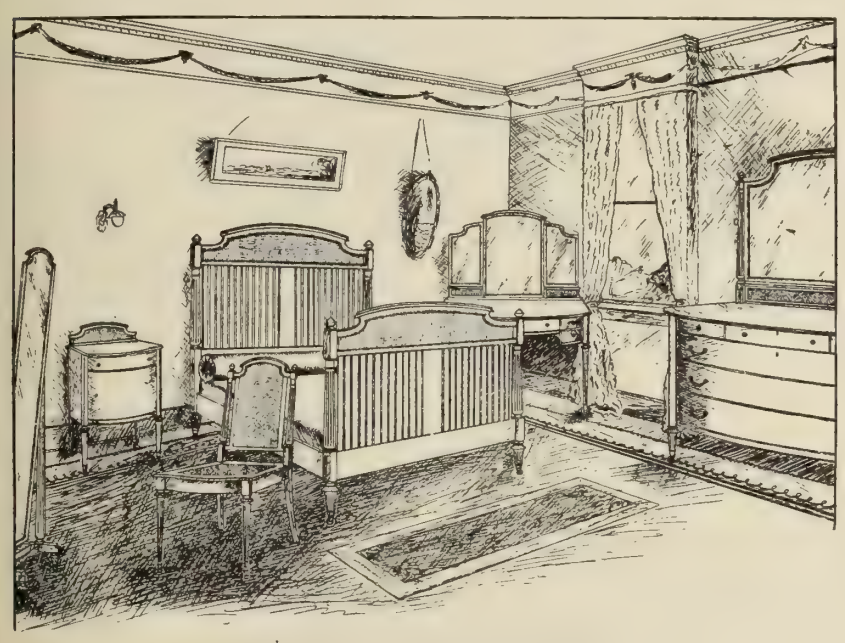
Now, I could write learnedly (or what would sound learned, at any rate) of the psychology or mental effect of living in such a room instead of the old dust-trap museum of domestic horrors we pictured a while back—but I'm not going to.

You'll find it all out for yourselves if you follow my advice and make the change—and if you won't do this, what is the use of preaching about something with which you have no sympathy?

Suffice it that if you do turn over a new leaf and make your sanctum into a room of beauty and peace and natural brightness—you will gain something more of each of these very qualities—beauty, poise and brightness.

* * *

The cut showing furnished girls' room is by courtesy of Toronto Furniture Company.



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Medical men and health authorities all agree that *pure, clean* wool is the most satisfactory and healthiest material, meeting all these requirements.

It is warmest in winter and coolest in summer, keeping the body at a more even temperature all the time.

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Every garment of **"CEETEE"** underclothing is fashioned to fit the form in the actual *process* of knitting.

It is all made with selvedge edges—the edges are all carefully knitted (not sewn) together.

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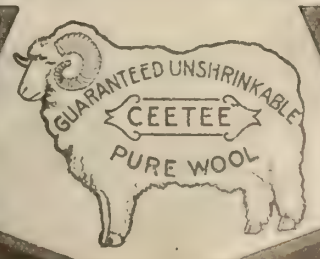

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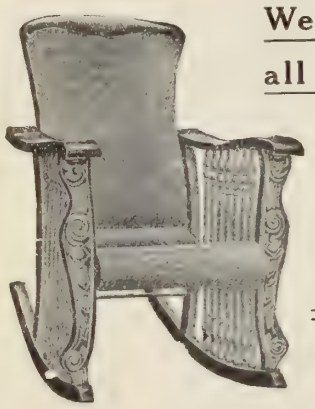

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A Treatise on Wall Paper

By PAUL FITZPATRICK

CHAPTER I.

THE HISTORY OF WALL PAPER

LIKE many of the Western world's most prized possessions, we owe wall paper to China, where it was in quite universal use almost as early as the discovery of America. And, like most decorative forms of Egyptian, Greek, Oriental, or Roman derivation, its first use was constructional. In other words, the Celestials built of paper, using strips of it on bamboo framework for walls and the partition-like screens that served to make their domestic architecture so fantastically interesting.

Then, one fine day, one of the famous designers of royal textile, with an idle hour on his yellow hands, amused himself by sketching dragons, parrots, and wondrous Chinese flowers on the tempting expanse of the nearest wall—and lo! decorative wall paper was born.

Spreading generally through many of the provinces of the empire, it was only a matter of time before some of the early French explorers discovered and brought it back as a curiosity from the far-off Orient. The French, however, found no practical use for similar decorative material, and while some of their tapestries of the time show evidence of the influence of Oriental design, it was left to the English and Germans of a later century to adopt the idea and develop a more modern method of manufacture and application.

When the French finally discovered the utility of wall paper as an inexpensive substitute for the silk and tapestry hangings of the wealthy, they made it their own, and with all the versatility and skill they possessed in decorative designs, soon became famed for the beauty of their product.

It is a matter of fact and a satisfaction to patriotism, however, to record that English goods of to-day are as pre-eminent as they were earlier in the history of wall paper, and that the papers that most seriously threaten that pre-eminence are made in Canada.

CHAPTER II.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WALL PAPER

THE making of wall paper is curious in manufacturing annals. A time ago, it was all hand work, laborious, exacting, and ofttimes crude, of course. Now it is almost all machine work. The curiosity lies here: That there was no gradual transition from one to the other. In most manufacturing, first one machine was invented and used to perform only one portion of the process; then another to eliminate a still further part of hand labor: and so on until the final development made men necessary practically only to tend the machines.

The wall paper printing machine was not invented until comparatively recently, but when it came, it came full-fledged—and revolutionized the trade at one blow.

Perhaps the most interesting way to become familiar with the evolution of a roll of wall paper is to follow it chronologically from the forest to your wall. For you know, of course, that all wall paper "stock," as the imprinted paper is called, is the product of our wonderful Canadian spruce. This is made in the great mills where newspaper stock is manufactured, and the process of making it is much the same.

The spruce logs are shredded, soaked in water until the consistency of a mushy pulp, treated with sulphide to bleach and disintegrate the fibres, then passed through a machine almost as long as a city block, where the water is pressed out, the fibre worked into a closer consistency, the remaining water evaporated, and the now dry and roughly calendared paper reeled into great spools weighing about 150 pounds each. One of these reels is known as an "elephant," and it is in this form that the wall paper printing factory first has anything to do with it.

But while all this has been going on in the pulp mills, the wall paper factory has been selecting designs and preparing the printing rolls. These rolls are a little over eighteen inches wide and from fifteen to twenty-one inches in circumference, which naturally controls the frequency of "repeat in a pattern." For instance, in a small tile pattern, often used in bath-room or kitchen, the rolls are made quite small, while in a big flowing design, they will measure the maximum.

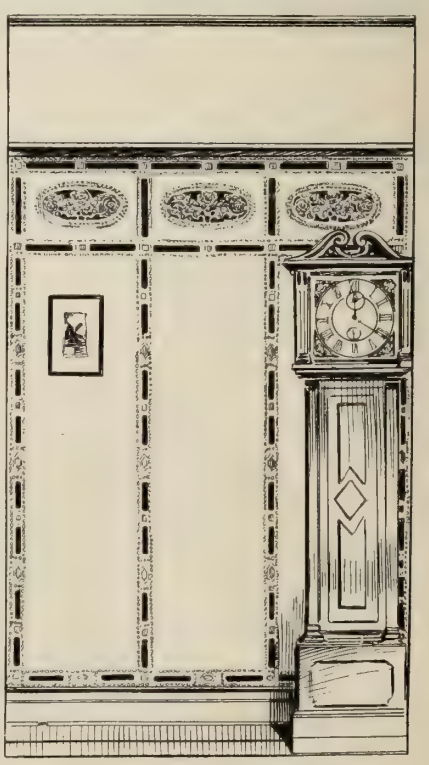
The "cutting" of the rolls is all done by hand, though "cutting" does not describe the actual process, the word being inherited from the time when the blocks used in hand-printing were actually cut, or carved. Now the rolls are made by inlaying brass tape, edgewise, along the lines of the design. Of course, there is a different roll for each color in a pattern, and as some patterns go through the machines twice, sometimes as many as twenty rolls are necessary for the wall and as many more for the border and ceiling.

While stock and rollers are being made, the wall paper manufacturer has been gathering printing materials from the four corners of the earth, pulp colors from South America and Europe, China clay from Cornwall, England, gums from Araby, dextrine (which is our old friend the Irish potato in still another form) moss from Iceland (which is used in making a certain glue), mica from Tennessee, gold and aluminum.

All these and more are rendered up to the making of a roll of wall paper—and must be on hand before the printer may turn a wheel.

The printing machine itself (a dozen of which, more or less, are to be found in a successful plant) is a large cylinder running vertically, as does a wheel suspended on a horizontal axle. At intervals of about a foot, around the base-supports of this great wheel, are contrivances for holding the printing rolls. There is a shallow box for the liquid color, a roller revolving therein, an endless felt belt which conveys the color from the box to the printing roller, and the printing roller itself. Minute adjustments make it possible to "register" these rollers, so that each color fits perfectly into its appointed place in the design, though in very cheap paper you will sometimes find one color overlapping another.

The samples one sees in the wall paper stores are not, by any means, the result of slapping the rolls into the ma-



RUSCORDO DECORATION FOR HALL

chine, filling the color boxes, and "letting her go, Gallagher." Far from it! For they represent much careful experiment, considerable genius in selection, and a skilled and scientific knowledge of the harmonic properties of color. It is quite usual for a manufacturer to make as many as thirty trials, combinations of different sets of colors, in order to secure five or six attrac-

tive arrangements that he is willing to offer the public.

However, when all these preliminary experiments have been completed, and stock, rollers, colors and machine made ready, we can see in wall paper printing one of the most interesting manufacturing processes there is. Interesting, not only because "watching the wheels go 'round" is always fascinating to a normal man or woman, but because all the colors are *printed at once*. In the color work you occasionally see in the HOME JOURNAL, for instance, the paper must go through the presses three and sometimes four or more times. While in the lithograph posters that are meant to decorate our rural scenery and vacant city lots, and that do advertise in a somewhat offensive manner the appetizing qualities of sauce and soup and the detergent and emollient qualities of So-and-So's soap, thirteen, fourteen, or even more impressions are required to give that startling effect, which is the "sine qua non" of poster pulchritude.

After going through the printing machines the paper is caught into great loops by an automatic machine and carried several hundred feet through a drying room, superheated by steam coils. At the far end of the drying room the paper is calendered, which really amounts to "ironing" it between smooth steel rollers arranged like a clothes wringer.

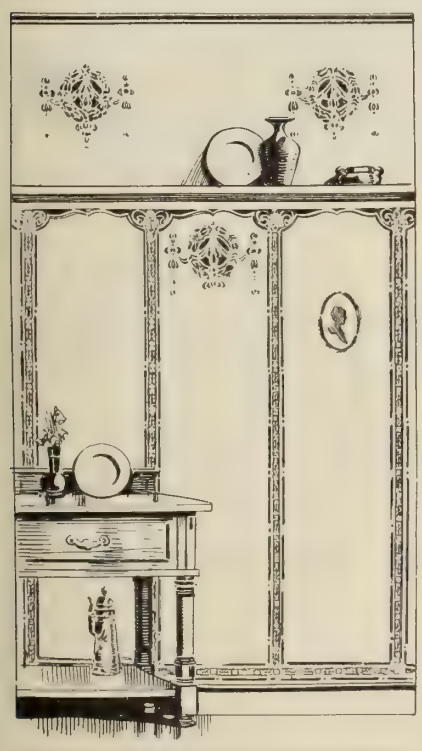
Then girls, operating a saw-tooth lever knife and power spindle, cut the paper into strips of sixteen yards, which, when rolled and marked, are ready for shipment to the dealer from whom you make your annual spring selections for your home's new dress.

CHAPTER III.

THE INFLUENCE OF DESIGN AND COLOR

WHY do you like or dislike a certain paper in a given room? Taste, of course. But what is taste? Why do you want a green for this room, and nothing but a green? How comes it that a stripe will do there, but a floral pattern, never! Taste again. But why does your taste search for a predetermined effect, and revolt against many designs admittedly beautiful in themselves, but, to your way of thinking, wholly unsuitable for the room you have in mind to redecorate?

Because Art is not a Thing, but a Way. Beauty is not a paper, but an effect. A beautiful paper in the wrong room is not artistic. A plain or even somewhat unattractive paper becomes almost beautiful when it "fits" as though it were one of the essentials of that



LORAINE DECORATION FOR DINING ROOM

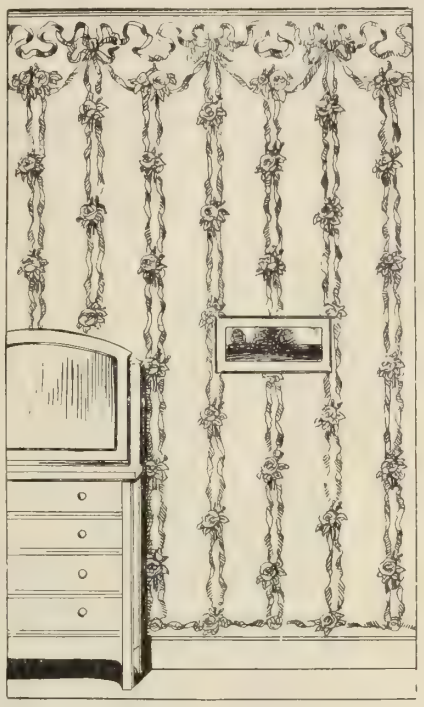
room's existence, like the floor, or window openings. In other words, the *right* paper is always beautiful, even though it suffers in comparison with others in the sample book.

This is the result of the influence of design and color—which is unconsciously felt by everyone, but understood by few. And it is because of this lack of understanding that we find so many rooms which jangle our nerves like a quarrelsome couple who advertise their mismating by public bickering.

With due warning to remember that no set rule can be laid down which will cover the variations that occur in every room, we may agree that the following are basic "Do's and Don't," which will help any woman to find the beautiful way in decorating her home's walls:—

Law I.—Treat no room as a separate entity. Remember that it is a part of a house, and keep it wholly in tune with the rest. In this day of broad arches and square plan construction many rooms are visible from one point, and their decoration must be harmonious if it is to be successful.

Law II.—Make no compromise with good taste for the sake of a few cents difference in cost. Even the best paper costs very little, considered by the room. And paper, not quite right, but on which you have saved a few cents per roll, is the most extravagant investment you can make in purchasing decorations.



BEAUCRON DECORATION FOR BEDROOM.

Law III.—Remember that color's influence is stronger than that of design and pattern. Test this by your memory. Isn't it easier to remember that Mrs. Brown's living-room is green than it is to recall the pattern?

Law IV.—Broad effects in design tend to bring the ceiling down, as does also "dropping" the ceiling paper for eighteen inches or more on the wall. Stripe effects, of whatsoever nature, whether vines, floral treatments, or plain everyday stripes, tend to elevate the ceiling.

Law V.—Strong colors and contrasts bring the walls forward, due to false foreshortening, and make a room seem smaller. Neutral shades and quiet patterns tend to set the walls back, increasing the apparent size of a room.

Law VI.—Color harmony is not a matter of chance or luck. It is the result of calculation, and the laws of color are as definite as the laws of algebra. Give a color expert a certain shade of blue, for instance, and he can tell you without hesitation just what other shades and colors will harmonize or contrast attractively.

Law VII.—Remember that to handle closely similar shades of one color, like peacock or turquoise blue, is more difficult than to manage the simpler contrasts, like red and green.

Law VIII.—Above all things consider the furniture and furnishings of a room in the selection of its wall paper. Many rooms, admirably decorated if they were to be empty, are abominable as living apartments, because the walls do not furnish the proper background for the appointments: for instance, the use of a floral design with heavy mission oak furniture, that requires broad, plain effects in a cork velour paper or conventional pattern.

Law IX.—The lighting of a room, both natural and artificial, should control the selection of paper. North light requires the counteracting effect of warm colors, like yellow and orange, while a room facing south may have walls of a cool or neutral color without becoming dull. Remember, also, that gaslight is red and yellow in its effect, that electricity is similar in a lesser degree, and that acetylene light has nearly the same white quality as sunlight

Law X.—Buy no paper by mail or from small samples. See at least a yard or so of sample, preferably a roll of the goods itself, before purchasing.

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A Touch of Paint

By H. E. MIHELL

COLOR, applied to both the interior and exterior architectural features of the home, assists in the development of their form, and gives emphasis to the beauty of the structure. Touches of color, executed judiciously, in wall treatment, fabric decoration and furniture finishing, add to the dignity, beauty and proportions of every room. Color can be regarded as an educative power and a necessity of cultured life. It can be so applied to the material home environment as to influence the mind and temperament for better and higher things.

A touch of paint, used in beautifying the home, has characterized every nation that has made any decided advance in civilization. The excellent decorative specimens taken from the ruins of villas and courts of ancient Egypt, Pompeii and Greece show very clearly that when correctly used it withstands the ravages of time and the elements. Probably no other covering medium has found more common use than paint.

Paint in all its forms is the most versatile covering medium; and at the same time the one which any housewife can apply with the greatest ease, and from which she may obtain the most pleasing, artistic results. The amateur home decorator in selecting a covering medium which she can apply, demands that it shall be easy and rapid in application. It must be durable, it must not require frequent renewal. It is required to be pleasing to the eye, and it must lend itself to use in any artistic effect. It must always be ready to suit itself to the prevailing fashion. Lastly, and of the greatest importance in this age of hygienic precautions, it must be perfectly sanitary. The embodiment of all these features is found only in oil or enamel paint. The use of paint in interior treatments is the ideal solution in the carrying out of every decorative problem.

The essential sanitary features of paint looms largest in its economic value as a wall covering. In this age when governments and medical associations are striving by legislation and education to promote ideal conditions of living, paint is rapidly taking its place as an agent for the promotion of these ideal conditions. Public buildings of all classes, as well as private homes, are overwhelming in their demand for sanitary and durable wall coverings. Paint is practically the only wall covering which forms a glaze impervious to dirt and germs, and yet does not have to be removed to be renewed.

Up-to-date paint and varnish manufacturers realize that their wares are

A DAINTY STENCIL

no longer at the service of the painter and decorator alone. Expert chemists and paint makers have brought paint and varnish to such perfection that when placed in the hands of the amateur, she can produce the most satisfactory results. Stencil designs, applied color schemes, and expert advice in their literature have been put before the public in such practical form that it enables any lady to decorate her home in a manner that will accord with the highest decorative standards.

Flat wall color paint treatment for walls and ceilings has recently grown very much in popular favor. The treatment is simple, and in its simplicity lies its richness and value. The massive plain flat areas bordered by well-chosen stencil designs enhance the dignity and richness of any interior wall. The novice who carefully follows instructions on the paint can, or in the numerous booklets of instruction, will find no difficulty in making successful application of these colors. They give to plain wall spaces a soft, velvet-like richness of color.

Stenciling as a method of ornamentation has developed rapidly along with the use of paint for wall treatment. It was used extensively by the ancient Egyptians and Japanese, and to-day is recognized by the best decorators as an important brand of decorative art.

Stencil designs should correspond or harmonize with the general design scheme which may prevail in carpets, furniture coverings, curtains, or other ornaments found in the architectural features of the room. When choosing wall or ceiling areas for decoration keep them in good relative proportion to the size and character of the room. A room with low ceiling should not take a wide frieze. If the room has wainscoting there should be no borders or frieze. Libraries, dens, studies or churches require a rather serious treatment in design, straight lines or rather severe design will be appopriate for these. Parlors, sitting-rooms, reception rooms and rooms for entertainment require a cheerful treatment in curves,

AN EFFECTIVE DESIGN

festoons, vines, collections of flowers and foliage to express joy and gladness.

The most refined and dignified effects are not always obtained by the most elaborate design. Single figures or groups in harmonizing color, placed at convenient intervals in panels, borders or bands with well-proportioned intervening space give an added degree of dignity to the room, and serves as good contrast to the wall color; continuous or repeat designs in borders, etc., are best when they have one-third to one-half of the area in plain surface.

Decorative design should follow, and be made to ornament the architectural features of the room. The lower portions should be of such a nature as to give the idea of a substantial supporting structure for the features above. The upper portions should be more delicate in form and color as in plant and tree forms. The frieze being the most distant portion of the side wall from the eye should have design giving a receding appearance. It should emphasize length, but not give the appearance of too great depth.

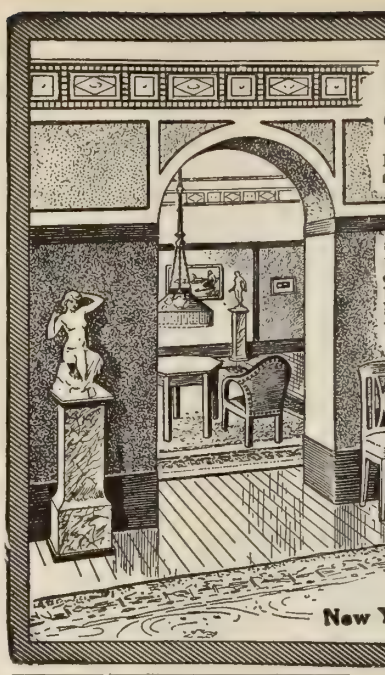
The amateur is specially advised to mix a very large degree of care and patience with taste and skill in applying paint and executing stencil design. Haste has spoiled many an otherwise beautiful effect. He should work always from left to right in every operation. Commence operations in the most obscure corner of the room so that any errors detected in the first application may be corrected and guarded against.

Stencil paint should be of a rather pasty nature, so that it will not flow freely, and can be applied through the perforations of the stencil plate with a stippling or hammer-like motion. Never brush paint on a stencil pattern, as it will run under the edges of the plate. Grasp the stencil brush firmly as you would a short pencil, allowing the end to rest firmly against the palm of the hand. Work the hand up and down entirely from the wrist, with a hammer-like motion. Always have a piece of board or cardboard convenient, on which to rub the brush, so as to insure an even distribution of the paint, and to flow out any superfluous oil or thinners. In large perforations begin at the edge and work towards the centre. Observe the same procedure in tinting or shading with one or more colors. A soft clean cloth, kept constantly at hand, will be found useful in cleaning off blurred spots or in removing errors in application.

When selecting the color scheme for any room study the arrangement of furniture, carpets and pictures, so as to give not only the best decorative effect, but also to enhance the proportions of the room, viz.:

(a) Smaller pictures and furniture

Continued on page 52



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TRADE MARK

WOMEN folks who do their own washing are foolish. Washday is only another name for drudgery day—the one day every week that makes women old before their time. A washwoman costs $1.50 per day. In other words you can save the price of a New Century Washing Machine in less than six months—besides saving your health.

Wuk less and enjoy life moah by lettin the "New Century" wash for you.

The New Century is the "Top Notcher" of all hand-washing machines. Its design assures efficiency, simplicity and durability. A child can work the New Century—it's easy to work and cannot harm the most delicate fabrics.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL LIMITED
HAMILTON — ONTARIO

YOU KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE

When you get back from that vacation or summer residence it takes just a little while to settle down again, and cooking becomes a trifle wearisome, doesn't it?

Of course a certain amount of light cooking has to be done, but CLARK'S PERFECTLY PREPARED FOODS DO AWAY WITH THE NECESSITY FOR THAT HEAVY DRUDGING WORK THAT TAKES AWAY YOUR APPETITE.

CLARK'S did your cooking in the summer and you felt better for it; make a test over the other seasons and YOU'LL FEEL BETTER STILL. CLARK'S DELICACIES are put up in such great variety that you can change every day.

INSIST ON CLARK'S AND NOTICE THE NAME ON ALL YOUR PURCHASES OF PREPARED MEATS.

W. Clark, Montreal

MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED "CHATEAU" BRAND CONCENTRATED SOUPS

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Holiday Letters

Owen Sound, Aug. 31, 1911.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Of all my summer holidays I enjoyed one day out at Matthew's Park best of all. A number of us girls walked about half a mile with mother and father. We all got in a boat. It wasn't long before we were at the park and had our shoes and stockings off, and into the water we went. Talk about pollywoggs, my, there were swarms of them. That tickled mother when we caught about twenty in a parasol. So we brought some home for our goldfish. We had eleven last year from Ohio, but they all died.

One girl had her bathing suit and was in swimming, so made a lot of fun for us the way she kicked and splashed. She had a life preserver on. Another girl gave me a ride on her bicycle; then we had supper—that meant everything good.

Another afternoon a number of us went down to Balmy Beach. It is a lovely spot for a picnic. There are

HANLAN'S SUCCESSOR.

tables and seats and a lot of swings. We had big fun throwing stones into the water.

We went down to one of my chums, who was staying at their cottage for the summer; but she had gone to town, so we came home and had supper, after which we came back by the steamer Emma.

I know you will have lots of little letters to read, so I will close.

Yours sincerely,

ANITA STEPHENS.

I hereby certify this is my daughter Anita's own work, and she was nine years of age last June.

W. L. STEPHENS.

* * *

Dear Anita:

Your letter tells of a very jolly kind of holiday. Catching pollywogs is an amusement worth while, and I dare say you had ever so much fun. You live in such a picturesque city. I think Owen Sound is one of our finest ports, and Georgian Bay is an ideal summer camping-place.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 19, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am going to write about a picnic to a park, "The Gorge Park." This park is just outside the city of Victoria, B. C.

We started at two o'clock and it took quite a while to get there. When we arrived, which was just half-past two, where the water was, we were all tired and sat still. After a little time we got restless, and my sisters went in the horrid salt water. I had forgotten my bathing suit, so I could not go in with them—of which I was glad. My father and mother took a book and I was left to my own devices. Soon my attention was drawn by a few men and boys in the water. Everything went along well enough till a boy came out of the water and began shoving everybody that was on the plank for diving. One of these was a big man, who was to dive next, and this boy did not want him to do it or something and he shoved him in, and the boy jumped or fell off at the side. My mother brought my sisters from the water and began wiping their feet and putting on shoes and stockings, as Father said he would take us out in a boat when we were ready. As soon as we were started we noticed some men playing water-polo, and it looked awfully funny. We went on and got to the boat houses and got a rowboat and went for about a mile on the water and back. We went to the Japanese tea gardens to get a pot of lovely tea, and as many cups and saucers, sugar and cream as we needed. The Japanese are very accommodating and will do almost anything for you. They run a great many things at the Gorge, which was so called because of a narrow passage through which the water rushes rapidly, and where many people have been drowned.

In the evening we stayed to see the moving pictures till we got sleepy and went home at about ten o'clock. So you see what a nice time you can have in just eight hours.

Well, I guess this is all of our picnic.

Your loving friend,

ELSIE MACGIBBON.

This is the letter of my daughter, aged thirteen, with no help from anyone.

GRACE MACGIBBON.

* * *

My Dear Elsie:

It is very good of you to send such a nice letter all the way from British Columbia. The Gorge must be an impressive spot—but you have so many wonders in your great Pacific Province! I should so much like to see the Japanese tea gardens, as we have nothing like them in Ontario. Perhaps you could send us a picture of them. Write to us again, Cousin Elsie.

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months except when stated otherwise.

The Original Guaranteed Hose

Look for This Trade-mark and Signature

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun-metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs $1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs $1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs $2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs $3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, 3 pairs (guaranteed *three* months) $2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs $3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun-metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, $3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed *three* months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00.

Hose That *Wear Six Months* at Common Cost

You get this guarantee if you buy six pairs of famous Holeproof Hose for men, women or children—"If these hose do not wear without holes, rips or any necessity of darning for six full months from the day you buy them we will replace them free."

That means six months that you don't have to think about darning.

It means six months of comfort, for "Holeproof" are soft and lightweight.

It means six months of style, for "Holeproof" hold their shape and their color. There are no other hose to compare with them.

We pay an average of seventy cents per pound for our yarn, yet yarn is sold for as low as 30 cents. We spend $55,000 a year merely for inspection. Yet with all these advantages "Holeproof" sell at the cost of common hose.

FAMOUS **Holeproof Hosiery** FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Try "Holeproof" today. But get the genuine. For the genuine only are soft and light. No common hose were ever more comfortable.

If your dealer hasn't them, send the money to us in any convenient way and we'll ship direct, charges prepaid.

Don't wait. Save the next six months of darning. Send in your order now while you think of it.

TO DEALERS: Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."

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A reputation that has been earned, not purchased.

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Sprains, Rheumatism, Curbs, Splints when forming, Spring Sinews, Capped Hocks, Overreaches, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds, Broken Knees, Sore Throat, Sore Shoulder, Sore Udders of Cows not in Milk, For Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs, For Foot Rot in Sheep, Sprains in Dogs, Cramp in Birds.

Elliman's Royal Embrocation.

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Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sore Throat from Cold, Cold at the Chest, Neuralgia from Cold, Chronic Bronchitis, Sprains, Backache, Bruises, Slight Cuts, Cramp, Soreness of the limbs after exercise. Elliman's added to the Bath is Beneficial

Elliman's Universal Embrocation.

ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT CANADA.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Household Decoration

Home Furnishing on a Moderate Income

By JESSIE E. RORKE

THE DRAWING-ROOM

THE first room to be considered in the furnishing of our homes is the drawing-room—a room planned and set apart for the more or less formal receiving of our guests. The designing of one particular room for this purpose dates from the Elizabethan period. It was known then as the "great chamber," and was always on the second floor, being reached by a stairway from the great hall below. These reception rooms were only in the homes of the large land-owners, but their successor, the drawing-room, is to be found in almost every modern home. However plain and unpretentious this drawing-room may be, it is usually our best room, if not always the cosiest and most attractive, but the room where we place our costliest furniture and daintiest ornament for the pleasure of our guest.

As there is always a certain amount of formality in the use for which the drawing-room is destined the furnishings should tend rather to dignity than to the cosy comfort of the living-room or library. Usually the cool light colors are to be preferred, as these give a room the effect of being large and airy. Color is one of the most important factors in making a room beautiful, and it is worth while to spend both time and thought in selecting a suitable color scheme. The proportions and lighting of the room itself, as well as the colors to be used, in the adjoining rooms, must all be factors that will influence our decision. The general tone should have an equally pleasing effect, both by daylight and when the room is artificially lighted. Tan, grey, a soft green, ivory, or a dull cream are all satisfactory colors for the walls. It is in the drawing-room that our choicest pictures will be hung and only colors that form a good background for these could be pleasing; but this limits the color that may be used in the other furnishings of the room to only a very limited extent, as a color sufficiently neutral to form a background for pictures will combine with almost any other shade. A harmonious arrangement of different colors is usually to be preferred in a drawing-room rather than the simple harmony of varying tints and shades of one color alone as the latter lacks character when chiefly confined to the lighter tones. The contrasting color may be used only in slight quantity and in that case may be quite bright. It is a mistake to suppose that the clear, strong colors are inartistic—they are decidedly beautiful when used in correct proportions and combinations. If a room is decorated in varying shades of green the use of a little gold may be sufficient to give the needed touch of character—a brass jardiniere, the use of gold among the cushions or yellow flowers in the room will be enough to break the monotony of slightly differing shades of green by giving the needed touch of contrast. A neutral cream with grey-green and violet, the first two being used in much larger proportions, makes a very attractive color scheme for a bright, cheerful drawing-room, though one must be guarded in the use of the violet as it fades so readily. Blues may only be used in a bright room or where their dull effect is counteracted by a plentiful use of yellow—the sunlight color. Just as a wash of grey or brown will draw together and soften the colors in a painting, and the haze of distance soften the incongruities in a landscape, the introduction of a neutral tint into contrasting colors will aid in securing harmony. A clear green and blue may give only a crude effect of color, but grey-greens and grey-blues against a grey background will be charming in a sunny room.

CURTAINS SHOULD NOT EXCLUDE VIEW

The best effect is always obtained by using the same wood for the trim of the room and in the furniture, but if this is not possible, it should harmonize in color at least. A wood that takes a dark finish has the richest appearance, but tends to make a room look smaller, so that in most small houses a medium or lighter tone is most satisfactory. The floor, if not finished in the same tone, should always be darker.

The question of whether we shall use a carpet or a rug must sometimes be decided by the condition of the floor, but the rugs are in much the greater favor, as they are more sanitary as well as more beautiful than the carpet, besides making less work. There are no rugs that compare with the Orientals in beauty, both of color and design, and in their unsurpassed durability, while

their colors only mellow and grow richer with wear. In every way they are the most desirable drawing-room rugs, but the price puts them beyond the reach of many of us, and we must turn to the Wiltons, Axminsters, Brussels, and Smyrnas. The Wilton and Axminster rugs are often disappointing in color, the combinations being crude and bright; but this is not so noticeable in the carpet of these makes that comes by the yard, and these, made up with the borders, will sometimes make very beautiful rugs. The Brussels rugs are much more satisfactory in color, but have not the depth of pile.

IN some rooms the plain rugs without any design are very pleasing. One of the first necessities of a satisfactory floor covering is that it should be quiet and unobtrusive—as the floor forms a part of the background for the furnishing and ornament. The weight of color in the room should be found here, not the brightest or even the darkest colors necessarily, but the greatest quantity of color in the low tones.

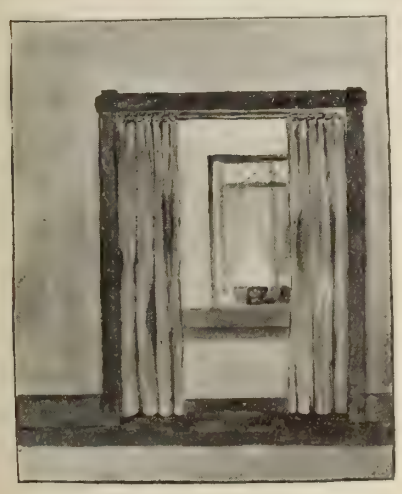
The walls, too, make up a part of this background, and plain or almost plain papers will be most pleasing where pictures are to be hung. Soft-toned papers with a small figure, quite inconspicuous in itself, but giving depth of color and texture to the paper, are very satisfactory and may be used in either large or small rooms. The ceiling color should be a lighter tint of that used on the side wall.

When it comes to selecting curtains, a love of color may quite safely be indulged; the brightest tints in your color scheme may be introduced here. Even the crude, bright colors grow soft and rich by the effect of the light falling through them. Curtains and portieres of the same color as the walls will make the room appear larger if this is desirable.

The simplest arrangement of the curtains is always the best. Either one set or two may be used. If the material of the curtains is transparent only one set is necessary, but if it is heavy and opaque, inconspicuous curtains or some sheer material may be hung next the glass. The best arrangement is to let the curtains fall straight from the rod to just below the sill, unless the casement extends to the floor when the curtain would be of the same length.

No curtains, however exquisite, will compensate for the exclusion of a good view. It is of more value in the decoration of a room than the costliest draperies could be, and the curtains should be so arranged that they can not only be drawn back, but that the view from the window may be seen at all times, and is as much a feature of the room as any of the pictures.

The lace curtains which have been so long in use are rapidly disappearing and are being replaced by the more simple plain nets, plain and figured muslins, or madras, if only one set of curtains are to be used. If casement hangings are used they are made of net or muslin, and the inner curtains of heavier materials. The reps and tapestries both hang in soft graceful folds. Velvets and silks, while very beautiful, are too expensive to be used in a home that must be furnished from a moderate income—with the exception of the liberty and raw silk. These are soft and transparent and will give some very charming effects.



SIMPLEST ARRANGEMENT THE BEST

It is not difficult to find furniture for the drawing-room that is both artistic and comfortable, at very reasonable prices, if we have learned that beauty depends much more upon simple, graceful outlines and harmonious coloring than on any carving or ornament. The best oak, mahogany or walnut is very desirable, but on account of their expense will probably have to be bought slowly—a piece at a time; however, with a little care and planning these may be made to harmonize with the poorer pieces, until others come to keep them company. An imitation is always to be avoided. Some of the furniture that is made up from birch is very pretty and attractive, but it loses all its charm when it begins to masquerade as mahogany.

Somewhat lighter pieces of furniture are usually selected for the drawing-room than for the living-room and library, the large easy chairs and couches being reserved for the easy indolence of the quiet home evenings. Upholstered furniture, though very pleasing when the color is quiet and in good taste, always proves expensive, as the cheaper grades usually have poorer workmanship and poorer materials in the springs and stuffing. Only one figured material should be used in a room; if the upholstery is figured the curtains and pictures should be plain. Such elaborate furniture as the Louis XV. and XVI. designs, and those of the Empire period, are out of place in the drawing-room of a small home, but many of the Sheraton and Heppelwhite models are very appropriate.

AN ATTRACTIVE FIREPLACE

A fireplace adds greatly to the attractiveness of a drawing-room.

Much of the attractiveness of a room depends upon its lighting. During the day this has been planned for by the architect, and the most we can do is to arrange the curtains in the best way to temper the light or to give it free access according to the number and position of the windows. But the artificial lights may be placed to suit our pleasure and a slight change in their position will often greatly improve the appearance of the room. A light placed directly above is never pleasing, though this deficiency is not felt in a room that is used for entertaining, but even then the room would be better with side lights that would attract the attention rather than direct it to the ceiling, which is usually the least interesting part of the room.

IT is something of a problem to achieve harmony between utility and beauty, and secure atmosphere and color without subduing the light to too great an extent. In the drawing-room a more or less even light is required, and the lights should be placed and shaded with this in view. Lights hung low from the ceiling or placed on very tall stands will give this effect. Shades may be tinted enough to soften the light, but never enough to give it an unnatural appearance.

In country homes the oil lamp is still in general use and it has a peculiarly beautiful radiance, which is more pleasing to some than any other light. Some of the lamps that are shown in the shops are very artistic, and certainly none of us need use the type familiar to us all with large floral designs in crude colorings, as a simple metal lamp with a base that is dark in color and absolutely without ornament, and a plain porcelain share are not more expensive. Among the most attractive designs shown are those with dull green bronze standards and leaded shades, but there are many pretty lamps with pottery bases, showing graceful lines, and subdued quiet colors.

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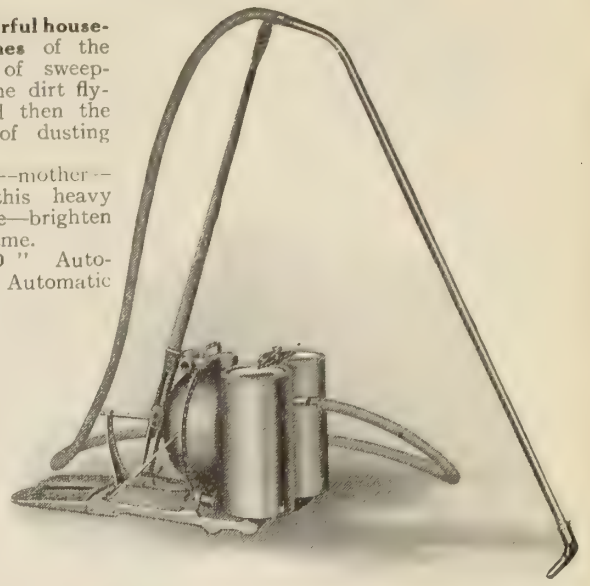

Even the most cheerful housewife wearies at times of the labor and drudge of sweep-sweep-sweep, with the dirt flying all around, and then the monotonous round of dusting to follow.

Save your wife—mother—sister or friend this heavy work and dull routine—brighten the house-keeping game.

The "ONWARD" Automatic is a real Automatic Cleaner at a price that brings it within the reach of every overworked housewife.

The One Hand-Power Cleaner that *blows* as well as *sucks*.

It sucks ***all*** the dust and grit out of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture, curtains, mattresses and clothes. Cleans fabrics through and through, inside and out, ***and holds all the dust in the tank.***

Easiest to empty, because our exclusive double tank device for separating the dust from the air catches 95 per cent. of the dust in the bottom of the tank, without screens or water. Only 5 per cent. is screened, and that on the outside of one canvas-covered cylinder. Other makes of Vacuum Cleaners have only one tank and screen 100 per cent. of the dust in complicated screens, bags, etc.

May be operated by one or two persons. Fully guaranteed or money refunded.
Freight prepaid to your nearest railroad station.

PRICE $25.00

Send for our Circular.—It's free.

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The first book issued which deals with Boys' Camp-Life. Intensely interesting. Every healthy boy will want a copy of this book and every Boy Scout will revel in it. It is a dandy. A great book for parents to read also, gives them some idea of the natural boy in natural surroundings

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The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe

Wife of the First Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada

With 236 illustrations, many of which are from original drawings by Mrs. Simcoe. With notes and a biography

BY

John Ross Roberston

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS
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TOTAL ASSETS
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The Traders Bank
of Canada
INCORPORATED 1885

113 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Good-Bye, Corns No Wait–No Pain

Just listen to this. There is a little plaster which holds a bit of soft wax—a wondrous invention called B & B wax. This little plaster is applied in a jiffy, and the pain of the corn stops instantly.

But that isn't all. That bit of soft B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the corn comes out. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience—no feeling whatever. The callous simply separates itself from the toe, and the trouble ends.

Five million corns annually are removed in this way—removed by Blue-jay plasters. Get a package—end yours, too. Don't temporize with corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

(8) Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them.

Sample Mailed Free
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Brigger's Orange Marmalade

There is no question about the superiority of this brand—contains only the highest grade ingredients procurable—made from specially selected, luscious Seville oranges, and pure granulated sugar.

Sold in vase-shaped 1 pound jars and five pound gold-lined pails.

Ask your grocer for Brigger's Brand. G68

—PERFECT— Willow Plumes

IN any color, from your old ostrich feathers. Money saved and more lasting than new "factory" plumes.

SPECIAL processes for cleaning and dyeing evening gowns and street dresses. The lustre and softness of new goods retained. Feathers, silks and laces given special attention.

EXPRESS paid both ways on orders amounting to $5.00. Ask for our advice and prices. Quarter century reputation.

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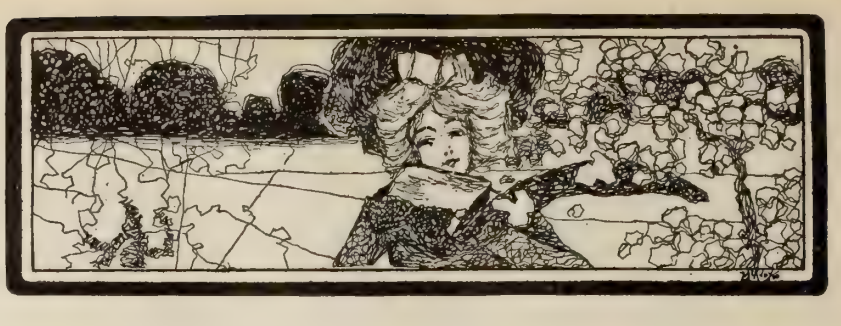

CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

FOR CHRISTMAS

"CHRISTMAS!! Why, it's ages to Christmas!" I can almost hear everyone of you saying. But just think back a bit Remember the last-minute hustle and bustle of other Christmases. Do you remember the presents you forgot to send and other presents that arrived late, and so missed some part of their value?

Then I am going to tell all our new readers and many of our old ones about a way to earn those clothes and presents and flowers and perhaps a trip home. Earning will take some time, and spending will take some, so there is need to start early. When you think of the things you must buy, and the very little money to stretch over them, don't you sometimes wish there was no Christmas? But last year, and the year before, the Girls' Club came to the rescue of all those who prepared to earn money rather than do without.

This year, with our old members busy getting renewals and adding to their lists, and many new members sending in their applications, we hope to pay out thousands of dollars as our share of the festivities of Canadian girls—girls in villages, towns and cities, girl of all ages, single girls and married girls, home girls and business girls.

What are the requirements? Just that you will use your spare time, however small it may be, in working for us. Of course, the more time, the more money you can earn, though many a girl's quick wits and enthusiasm have made up for the lack of time. Some are satisfied with five or ten dollars to buy some special thing, others are working every spare moment piling up the dollars for some special object. Wouldn't it surprise you busy housekeepers to earn $75.00 in a month without neglecting any of your household duties, or $250.00 in a few months, as another member has done?

Isn't the best proof of the possibility of your earning money, the fact that other people just like you have succeeded. I want to quote from letters from another Christmas season, and hope that I may have one from you this Christmas, telling of just as much good fortune.

Dear Secretary:

The club has certainly turned a very dismal looking Christmas time into a most festive one. It is amazing what a cheerful comfortable feeling is radiated from a little "filthy lucre" in one's purse. The $28 paid me by the Club during these last two months has been a perfect godsend. It was so easily earned, too, when once I really started, and it opens the door to a new field of work and interests, with half-dollars just hanging around ready to be plucked.

Very sincerely,
J. L. A.

I am glad to say that many more half dollars were paid to this enthusiastic member, and she has so well cultivated her field that it not only yields her excellent money returns, but a great deal of pleasure.

Dear Secretary:

This is only a small place, so I am very well satisfied to have earned so much ($16.00). You call it work, but really, there has been no real work. Of course, I know every one around here very well indeed, and that has probably made a lot of difference.

Yours,
GRACE ——.

This was a town so small that the only way we could make the Journal known was through some resident, with splendid results for both her and us. Do you wonder we want a Girls' Club member in every village?

Every once in a while we are delightfully surprised to hear from some member who had apparently resigned from the Club. Here's one that came in the other day:

Dear Miss E.:

Are you still the keeper of the Girls' Club? If so, I know you'd be glad to welcome a prodigal back to the fold. Last season I followed many wandering lights that promised well, but now you can count on my best endeavors. I must earn $50 by Xmas, and for a start, here's $5.50. This is just a peace offering I did not like to come back empty handed.

Sincerely,
Prodigal J. S.

This letter is typical of many members—we wish we had thousands more like them.

Dear Secretary:

Will you please send me supplies and tell me what your rates are this year. I haven't opportunity to get a large list, but I have a small circle of friends and relatives, and neighbors who renew each year. It saves them trouble to send through me. It has been very little work since the start, and means several dollars each year. It has been good experience, too, which I probably should not have obtained in any other way.

Wishing you and the Journal all success, I am,
Very sincerely,

And here is another from an intermittent member:

Secretary of the Club:

I need a sample copy, for I think I can add a few new people to my list while getting in my renewals. They often direct me to friends and neighbors. Of course, I do not earn a great deal by this little bit of work, but last year it bought me a new suit, and that's a lot to me. Best of all, it grows every year.

Wishing the Club and you, personally, every success,
HELEN R.

One, two, three, go! Isn't that the way you accomplished many a new feat when you were a kiddie? And if it hadn't been for that "Go," so closely associated in your mind with immediate action, how long might your hesitation not have lasted? Many letters come to me saying, "I have read about the Girls' Club, and been intending to write you for a long time." I know there must be hundreds of other girls who have been interested in the Club who haven't yet written. To all of you, will you let this be your "Go." Will you write to me, to-day, at once, that you want to know all about the Club?

Very sincerely,
SECRETARY, CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB, 59 John Street.

PRETTY GIRLISH GOWNS

No. 7089—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 44 Bust. No. 6989—Six-Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist. 2⅛ yds. of material 27 in wide 1⅛ yds. 36 or 44 with ⅞ yd. of all-over lace 18 in. wide for blouse; 6¾ yds. 27, 4½ yds. 36, 4¼ yds. 44 for skirt when material has figure or nap, 6 yds. 27, 4 yds. 36, 3½ yds. 44 when material has neither figure nor nap; 1 yd. of satin for trimming of gown, for medium size.

No. 7122—Fancy Peasant Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust. No. 7072—Six-Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist. 2¼ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 1⅝ yds. 36, 1¼ yds. 44, with 1 yd. of all-over lace 18 in. wide for blouse; 5 yds. 27, 3¾ yds. 36 or 44 for skirt; 2 yds. of satin 27 in. wide for trimming of gown, for medium size.

No. 7092—Peasant Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. No. 7058—Six-Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. 2⅛ yds. of material 27 or 36 in. wide, 1⅛ yds. 44 for blouse: with ¾ yd. of all-over lace 18 in. wide for chemisette and undersleeves: 4¼ yds. 27, 2⅝ yds. 36 or 44 for skirt for 16 year size.

HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at **12 cents each.** Send cash to **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. **PAPER PATTERNS TWELVE CENTS EACH POST PAID.**

Smart Suits and Coats

THE tailored suits of the season are showing every possible variety of short coat. In addition there will be worn a great many separate coats of three-quarter and of full length. For the tailored costumes is offered a really wonderful variety of materials, and for the coats will be used silk, satin, cloth, tweed, and indeed all similar fabrics; the silks and the like for dressy occasions, the more durable ones for every-day use.

The coat suit shown at the extreme left combines a striped wool novelty material with silk, and one of the latest features of fashion is found in the cloth for the tunic and silk for the under portion. The same model can be used for cloth and velvet, or for serge with trimmings of broadcloth, or for plain material combined with ratine, or, indeed, for any two fabrics that can be put together successfully, or the entire suit can be made of one fabric with the collar and sleeves trimmed with braid or with other banding. The tunic is made in two pieces, and the foundation is four-gored, being attached to the tunic on the line of stitching, for in spite of the double effect the skirt is all in one. It can be finished with a belt or cut to the high waist line, as liked. The coat is made with the big shawl collar that is such a favorite, and closed to the left of the front. It is half fitting, and the sleeves are trimmed to simulate cuffs. For the medium size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ⅞ yard of satin for collar and sleeve trimming; for the tunic will be needed 3⅜ yards 27, 2½ yard 36 or 44, and for the foundation of the skirt will be needed 1¾ yards 27 inches wide. The pattern of the coat, 7146, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure, of the skirt, 7153, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The young girl's suit is as smart as it is simple. It is made of wide wale diagonal cloth, and is finished with stitching only. The coat is half-fitting, with a big collar and is held by only three buttons. These buttons make a feature, and can well be made as handsome as circumstances allow. The skirt is cut in two pieces, but these pieces are lapped onto side panels, and there are separate panels at the front and back. These last can be cut on either a square or round outline at their lower edges. For the 16-year size the coat will require 3⅜ yards of material 27, 2⅛ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 5⅜ yards 27, 4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards. The pattern of the coat, 7100, and of the skirt, 7134, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and are well adapted to small women.

The long coat shown on the last figure is exceedingly handsome. It is shapely, it takes the long lines, and is perfectly simple withal. The sleeves can be made in three-quarter and bell shape, or long and plain, but in either case they are sewed to the armholes. The back can be made with or without the seam, and the collar can be square or round. The variations practically mean several coats, and one or the other is sure to meet every need. This coat is made of one of the new double-faced silk serges, and the under side makes the trimming, but for dressy coats are shown velvets, silks, satins and wool materials, while for the coat of every-day wear serge, broadcloth, cheviot and materials of the kind are appropriate. The coat can be made in the length illustrated, or it can be made to cover the gown. Made of long serge with collar and trimming of ratine, it would be quite as smart as is this one, yet absolutely different in effect and adapted to every usage. For the medium size will be required 8 yards of material 27, 4⅝ yards 44 or 52 inches wide for three-quarter length, 7¾ yards 27, 5 yards 44 or 52 for full length. The pattern, 7057, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

Coat Pattern No. 7146
Skirt Pattern No. 7153

Coat Pattern No. 7100
Skirt Pattern No. 7134

Coat Pattern No. 7057

Fashion Notes

THE small hat, known as the "Napoleon," is still a favorite, though large hats are necessary and becoming at times. Brims are nearly all turned up, preferably sweeping upwards much more at the back than the front. The "floppy" river hat has been to a large extent replaced by shapes covered with stretched tussore, linen, or broderie anglaise.

White flowers, especially wheat-ears and roses, are much used as a trimming.

Marquisette and net with darning and bead embroideries will be used for slips; and unlined corsages, and fabrics upon which bead effects are woven, are justifying the introduction made of them this season.

The beads are milk-white, black, steel, and of the Eastern orange and green shades, as a rule, and this coloring is intensified by a belt to match, rendered in satin dexterously folded.

A fichu made of filet lace, added to or taken away from a day dress gives it quite a different appearance for the evening. The new fichus are made of a broad, flat piece of lace, hemmed with brocade or ruched with silk to match the sash worn with the dress. There are no ends to it, but the crossover part is tucked into the waistbelt.

It is not considered quite correct now to have the cords of our bags slung over the shoulder; they should be held, by a shorter length, in the hand. A novel idea is to have a bag to match either the sunshade or the dress. Many smart women are wearing long chains set with jewels at intervals, and on these a little purse or a small watch is hung.

Dame Fashion has quite made up her mind that for the present our gowns are to boast an extreme simplicity of line, but they must be made of some beautiful material in an equally lovely shade.

Tunics in practically every shape and

style are to be seen on the smartest gowns, and the dainty little "apron" panels and smart coatees with tiny basque frills promise to be great favorites. The frilled frock is likely to come into its own again, and very pretty it looks carried out in muslin or in a shot silk, while other "old-world" styles to be introduced are quaint ruchings, fichus, and what are known as "crinoline" sleeves—that is, with a fulness at the elbow.

Foulard, taffetas, and poplin are all favorite materials of the moment, while wide-striped fabrics will be worn right on into the autumn. Some of the bows adorning the backs of gowns have attained very much larger proportions than was formerly the case. Russian

Pattern No. 7156

blouses are making an appearance again, and prove becoming to those who are tall and slim.

The Useful Tunic

FOR home dress the combination of cerise and violet is not only effective but becoming to most women. The cerise forms the underskirt in satin, veiled with violet mousseline de soie, edged with a fringe or a beaded galon in the same tone. The practical Parisian has imagined a scale of mousseline de soie tunics that she wears with the same skirt and bodice. I will try and explain this happy idea. Let us take a bright blue satin foundation that we nearly all have; the blue skirt just touches the ground or trails a little at the back, not at the sides. The bodice is attached to the skirt, the opening at the neck, cut round, is inserted with white Chantilly net plain or figured, as are the new nets with the design regular and close like a honeycomb. The sleeves are short in the same satin as that of the bodice and skirt, edged with a narrow fringe in silk or beads. The tunics are varied and made quite independently. One is in black mousseline de soie with a black silk fringe, the bodice cut round, showing the white net opening; another is in blue net with a beaded trimming instead of a fringe; a third is in blue and black foulard in the thin check lines that are so pretty, and a fourth is in grey and white striped mousseline de soie finished with a broad hem and a black tassel to weight it on one side. Around the waist is a cord with tassels that fall on the same side as the big tassel. In this way, with a little taste in the choice of color, an infinite variety can be made at small expense. For there is nothing simpler than a tunic with the low bodice and sleeves in one, and one pattern serves for all. The chief outlay is in the satin foundation, but one skirt in a good color makes a very pretty scale of shades under transparent tunics.

A Fashionable Street Gown

STREET gowns will be much worn throughout the autumn, and this one is exceptionally smart. In the illustration it is made of serge with trimming of broadcloth, and the color of the serge is a warm nut brown and the broadcloth is a deep cream in tone. The chemisette is of all-over lace, and, altogether, the costume is chic in the extreme.

Taffeta with trimming of broadcloth would be handsome and fashionable, serge could be trimmed with ratine to be most effective, or satin or silk could be trimmed with ratine to be really beautiful. Stripes and mixtures both are shown, as well as plain colors, and either one could be trimmed with silk or with cloth to be in every way attractive. The skirt is six gored and the box plaits at front and back can be stitched to any desired depth. The blouse is made all in one piece and the closing of the costume is made at the left of the front. This skirt is trimmed with rows of braid and small white pearl buttons, and these buttons are extremely new and smart.

For the medium size the dress will require 7½ yards of material 27, 6¾ yards 36, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of broadcloth for the collar and sleeve trimming, 1 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide for chemisette and under-sleeves.

The pattern, 7156, is in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

About Cloaks

THIS being an age when all sorts and descriptions of materials are being used, it is not so remarkable that what was once considered only suitable for furniture covering should be utilized. Long evening coats of brocade and tapestry, recalling priests' robes, are exhibited as among the very latest fashions, and there could not be anything more beautiful in coloring, design and texture. The great danger is in the choice of color and weight of material. If the too heavy and stiff is selected then the garment looks heavy and lacks the smart appearance demanded.

All white or all black evening cloaks are not so fashionable as the colored, and there is a wide range of choice, from the vivid shades to the soft pastel colorings. The latter are most charming and generally becoming, but the bright blue, yellow, cerise, green and mauve are extremely effective, while for those who prefer sharp contrasts in color the combining of two colors can be well worked out. One model, a black liberty satin, lined with an exquisite

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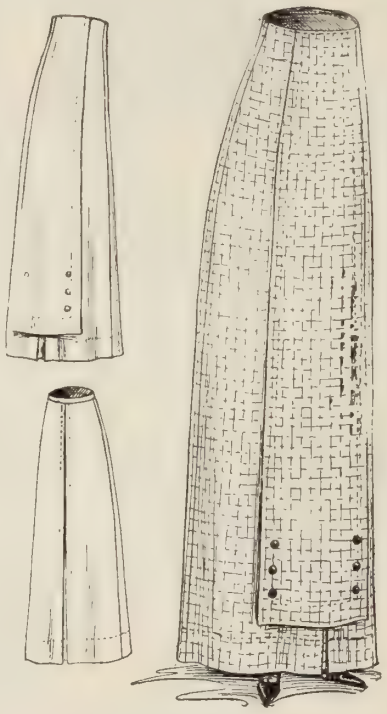
shade of cerise, is popular, while a pale blue with a pale yellow is also attractive. Grey with cerise is a dangerous combination unless just the right shades are selected, but none the less it is fashionable, while two shades of purple are most effectively combined. An em-

7141 Tucked Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

broidered crepe in dull yellow is lined throughout with yellow one tone lighter in color, and this latter is the smartest of all. Black and white are combined cleverly and effectively in a loose coat or mantle of black satin, trimmed with bands of black velvet ribbon. The velvet ribbon is put on in rows around the foot, while on the wide revers that cross in front there are two rows, the outer edged with a narrow white satin. This



7138 Four Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

one note of white against the black is almost too abrupt in contrast, but it is immensely becoming and very smart, and furthermore has the immense advantage of being appropriate both as an afternoon and an evening wrap, so that it will be copied in black velvet for the winter.

Fringes and Brocades

FRINGES, whether they be made of beads and bugles, or of chenille and silk, will be useful in any length. When the time has passed for edging scarves and trains with fringe it will be useful for the trimming of muffs and bags. It is scarcely necessary to mention that small pieces of brocade will make the smartest reticules it is possible to buy, especially if macarons of gold or silver are added—easily made, by the way, if bullion braid be brought into requisition. Tassels may trim the said reticules, and may also weigh the hem of a wisplike evening-dress train or the end of a cloak for gala wear.

Try the effect upon a linen dress of a collar-band edged with white satin ribbon. It is infinitely softening to the throat. And if for the early autumn there should be needed a general refreshing of neckwear, be sure to replace the white satin by a band of black tulle set on flat, or of black velvet ribbon. And should there be threadings required for the lingerie frock, try the effect of black velvet ribbon here too.

Many an autumn frock will owe its distinction to the buttons by which it is embellished, so by no means pass the button counters without a thought for the future. There are bargains frequently in that way, and the chance of securing even one or two really very

7137 Child's French Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.

splendid specimens should not be lost. One will centre a belt-bow with charming effect, and two will add splendor to a bolero.

The Popular Color

THE feature in the skirt situation is the increasing favor of grey, and black and white effects. Everything of this nature is selling exceptionally well, no doubt in sympathy with the general tendency towards this class of material in other garments.

Skirts are usually plain, though some

7143 Child's Apron, 2 to 8 years.

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are being shown with plain paneled front and back, with an inverted box pleat on each side gore. With these pleats the wearer is afforded more freedom of movement, and they will no doubt become popular in view of this fact. Skirts with the higher waistline

7140 Breakfast Jacket, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

and Empire effect are increasingly in demand. This is taken to mean that blouses will again come into their own, and that in the not distant future.

The panama is of course the utility skirt, still voiles are always selling well. There is a demand for greater variety of materials, following the increased call for separate skirts. This, of course, is the natural tendency in the development of trade in this garment. Whereas in the early stages of the separate skirt business, staple colors and fabrics have the call, novelties are now being introduced in great numbers, and the tendency will be in this direction.

So far as can be judged at present, there is every likelihood of tweeds and serges being particularly strong for fall. The tendency is towards a skirt, with back and front panels, and box pleats predominating.

Where trimmings are employed, these will be principally in braids of self colors.

Repp and duck are the favored fabrics in separate wash skirts, which are in excellent demand from all quarters. Linen has not yet replaced repp as the most called-for material for these garments. They are, generally speaking, quite plain, few having trimming of any kind.

Packing the Trunk

PACKING the trunk is an easy matter, provided one owns a wardrobe trunk or a bureau trunk. The wardrobe trunk is long and narrow, which answers every purpose of a wardrobe, and is fitted with one compartment which has a number of hangers for gowns with and without trains, and another place with hangers for waists. It has a tiny drawer for various articles, with one deep one at the bottom for shoes, and one for hats. There is also a linen bag arrangement with several pockets which hold soiled clothes.

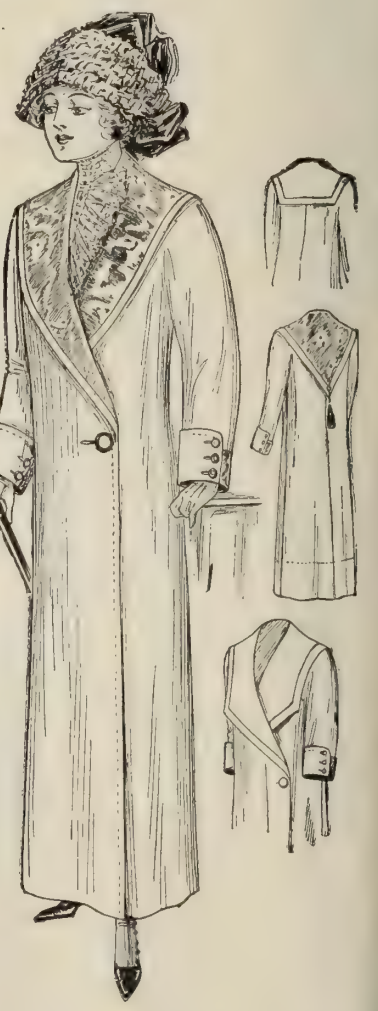
7136 Boy's Sailor Suit, 4, 6 and 8 years.

7133 Peasant Blouse, 34 to 44 bust.

The bureau trunk simply has different sized drawers and a deep one for hats. Both these trunks stand upright, so that you would not have to bend over when packing.

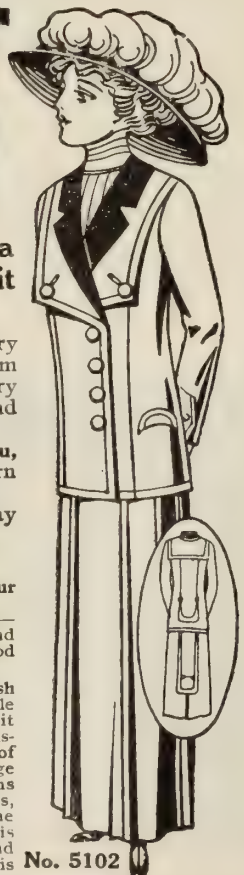
It is the ordinary trunk with trays that requires thought when packing. In the first place, be sure and have it placed on some elevation, so that you can stand up to do the work. Twice as much can be put in a trunk without crushing as most people put in. It is better for things to be tightly packed than to have them rattling round loose.

If going on a long journey, wrap each garment separately in white tissue paper after folding it along its natural creases or where folds will be least noticeable. Stuff the sleeves of waists, jackets, and gowns with tissue paper to hold them in shape.



7109 Long or Three-Quarter Length Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

BON-TON



The 1911-12 Bon-Ton Fall & Winter Catalogue is a Model for Style and a Revelation in Value—and it is your interest madam, to have a copy.

We manufacture all our output in a large, modern, hygienic factory in the most economical manner—buying our dress goods etc. direct from the mills in the world's best markets and avoiding all unnecessary expenses of high rents and so forth, and sell direct to you madam, and this is the secret of our excellent values.

Controlling every point of our product **we know we can please you,** so we renew our guarantee to cheerfully and unquestionably return the money for any article which does not please.

Though our prices are so low, we will continue this season to pay delivery on all orders large or small.

BON-TON STYLES ARE RIGHT.

Our designers are proud of their foresight in hitting off the change of style and our skirts are models of the latest fashion.

Every page of our catalogue is of interest. We illustrate two attractive models—but send for the book. In it you will find hundreds of real bargains in underwear and overwear—bargains which will make you friends of ours by their good style, good material, excellent value.

No. 592

592.—**Misses' Cloak,** in good quality iron grey cheviot,—fancy weaves, and in plain black, in navy blue, or bronze, in diagonal texture. 48 inches in length, this coat is semi-fitted. The collar is sailor fashion in the back, and with the velvet trimmings give it a very stylish finish; little buttons and silk soutache loops complete its appearance. The back opens into a pleat on either side, below the hips. The lining mid-back of same material, add still more to its value.... **$8.75**

No. 5102

5102.—**Tailored Suit** of good quality, English Cheviot in black or navy blue. The individual style of this model, which is not dear, assures us that it will be in great demand. The goods will give satisfaction and the workmanship is characteristic of "Bon-Ton". The **Coat,** 30 inches long has a large sailor collar, pretty black velvet trimming, buttons and little silk soutache loops; pockets on the sides, and buttons with soutache loops on the sleeves; the lining is of good diagonal mercerized. The **Skirt** is of the latest style with plain panel **in front,** and **trimmed panel in the back.** The panel in the back is cut several inches from the ground, and trimmed with buttons and soutache loops. This skirt will be appreciated by ladies seeking the very latest models. A really valuable suit at..... **$10.25**

Direct from the Factory.

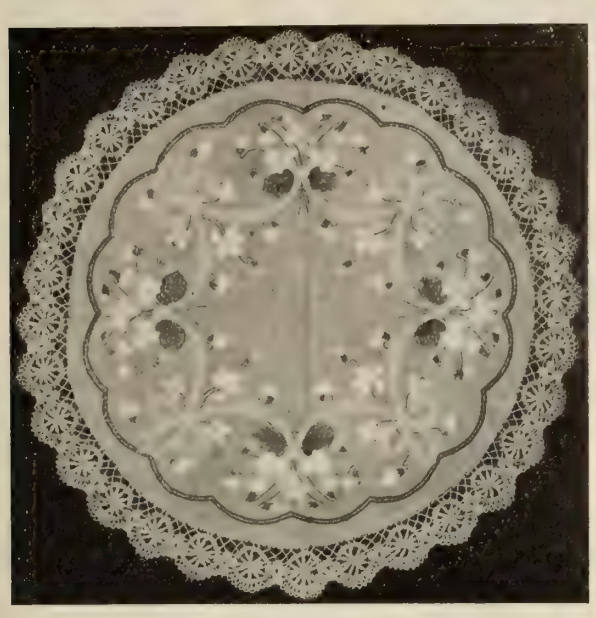
Saving intermediate profits.

THE BON-TON CO., 439 St. Joseph Street
QUEBEC.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

EMBROIDERED CENTREPIECES

LARGE centrepieces are capable of a variety of decoration, and beautiful effects have been obtained on the various centres pictured on this page which are all exquisite and yet very different in material, color and style of embroidery.



No. 2100—Tinted, 36-inch, $1 00

Any of these may be carried out by the woman who is interested in art needlework, and where is the one who does not find some time to devote to such charming work? Centrepieces are indispensable adjuncts to the furnishing of the home, and are often needed to give the necessary touch of color to the decorative scheme of a room as well as the "all white" centre, which adds to the handsome table linen which decks the attractive table over which every true home-maker loves to preside.

The first centre shown has a beautiful arrange

No. 5645—27-inch, 55 cents

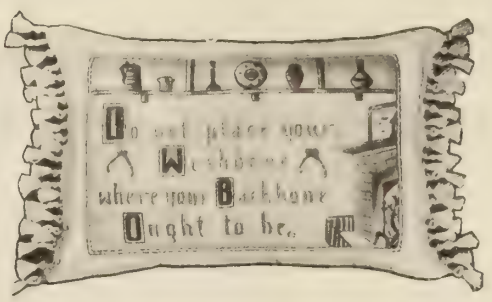
ments of violets, tinted on a dark linen background and embroidered with shades of violet and greens, and the wide ribbon is effectively treated by darning the centre space with rope silk and couching with three strands of the same silk, using a darker shade for the outer edges. The border of this centrepiece consists of rows of couching. Green rope silks with Japanese gold thread sewn between form an effective edge, and the centrepiece has a handsome Cluny lace finish.

The 2153 centrepiece has a handsomely tinted design of yellow tulips on a dark tan linen background. This centrepiece, which is gorgeous in coloring, is embroidered in shades of golden yellow, reddish browns and greens, and would look very handsome in a room where the color scheme is brown or green. This design may be embroidered either in solid padded satin stitch or heavily tipped long and short, and the border is finished as described above on the violet centrepiece.

A very beautiful centrepiece is No. 5345, which has a design for Hedebo embroidery which is always beautiful, and one of the embroideries never commonplace or overdone. Every portion of the design which holds the lace or filling stitches must be solidly and evenly button-holed, using letter D lustred cotton for this and the stitches, of which there are an endless variety known to workers who have been familiar with Battenberg or other lace work are woven into the spaces prepared by the buttonholed edges, the linen afterwards being carefully cut away with very sharp scissors. Other portions of the design are embroidered in padded satin stitch, and the finished result will repay any worker who will spend the time necessary to embroider this centrepiece.

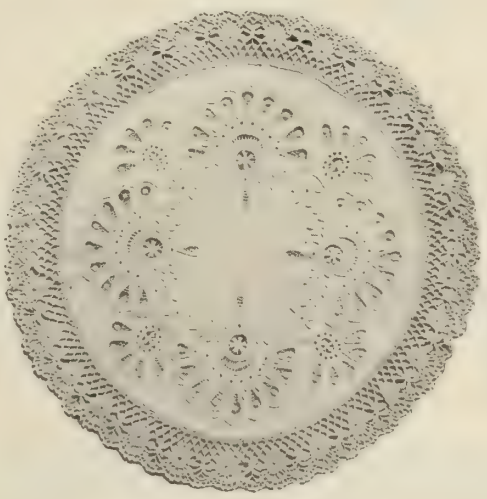
Two other varieties of centrepieces will appeal to those who wish to produce effective designs without expending very much time upon these, and the first, No. 5455, which has a graceful arrangement of daisies and bow knots is very handsome when completed. The daisies are formed from Coronation braid, the centres are filled with French knots and the dots and bow knots are embroidered in solid padded satin stitch. Plain buttonholed border finishes this design, which has an edge of handsome Cluny lace.

No. 5645 has a most unusual arrangement of Coronation braid or rat-tail cord. Before sewing on the Coronation cord which edges the clover leaves, the latter are tipped long and short with pale green silk, shading into white. The Coronation cord is sewn into place forming the edge of these, and the rat-tail cord is used for the background filling.



No. 5105—50 cents; fringe for edging, $1 50

No. 5455—27-inch, 55 cents



No. 5345—Complete Cluny, edged, 30-inch, $1 25

An effective cushion for a den is the motto, No. 5105, which is tinted on a greyish linen background embroidered in reds, browns, greens and black.

If these articles cannot be supplied from your dealer, write to Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L., Montreal, also for any other information you may require.

No. 2153—Tinted, 27-inch, 75 cents.

SEND AT ONCE

— 35 CENTS —

For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch CREAM LINEN CENTRE PIECE, stamped for the fashionable Mille Fleur or Thousand Flower Embroidery which we will give you FREE and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this beautiful Centre Piece; ALSO A DIAGRAM LESSON which will enable any woman to do this embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that BELDING'S ART EMBROIDERY SILKS are the best made.

Send 10c for a copy of Belding's Needle & Hook Book which contains all the latest suggestions for art embroidery.

Address

BELDING, PAUL, CORTICELLI CO'Y.
LIMITED

Dept. L **MONTREAL, P.Q.**

Pen Angle Hosiery

Only SEAMLESS Hosiery Fits Right!

You should wear Pen-Angle Hosiery, and no other kind. For this is the only Canadian-made hosiery that is seamless AND priced moderately AND guaranteed. All three merits ought to be in your hosiery. Because no hosiery that is not SEAMLESS can be comfortable—and Pen-Angle machines are the only ones in Canada able to knit such hosiery, form-shaped to the leg and foot, instead of merely water-shrunk into shape. Thus, though priced reasonably, Pen-Angle Hosiery holds its shape indefinitely. And it is reinforced wherever wear falls.

To these merits add the GUARANTEE you read here—two pairs for one if Pen-Angle Hosiery disappoints. Note next the modest price you need pay to get all this—and then remember name and trademark when next you need hosiery.

PEN-ANGLE HOSIERY

Pen Angle — WARRANTED HIGH PENMAN'S GRADE HOSIERY

FOR LADIES

No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090 — Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast' Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE. 57

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

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Dept. 39

PARIS, CANADA

WARRANTED HIGH PENMAN'S GRADE HOSIERY

For a Christmas Gift to a Girl Friend

nothing would be more acceptable than a year's subscription to the

Canadian Home Journal

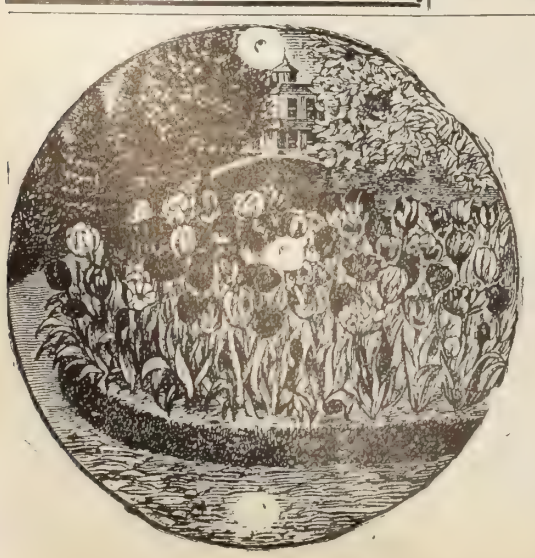
Write us for particulars

Stammerers and Stutterers

are cured at the Arnott Institute, to **stay cured.** We show you **why** you stammered, and **how to speak naturally,** without any marking time with hands or feet or head. Our methods are scientific, sensible, and therefore successful. Write for information and proofs of success to 8

ARNOTT INSTITUTE

Berlin, Ont., Canada.



PLANT NOW TULIPS For Next Spring's Flowering

There is nothing to equal a bed or border of Tulips in bloom in the spring. The colors are exquisite; they are hardy and inexpensive, besides being good for 3 or 4 years. Bulbs must be planted in October. We offer, prices postpaid:

	Doz.	100
Tulips, single, named, 6 colors	30c	$2.00
Tulips, single, best mixed, all colors	25c	1.50
Tulips, single, good mixed, all colors	20c	1.25
Tulips, double, named, 6 colors	35c	2.25
Tulips, double, best mixed, all colors	30c	1.75
Tulips, double, good mixed, all colors	25c	1.50
Tulips, Parrot, mixed, all colors, late	25c	1.50
Tulips, Darwin, mixed, all colors, late	30c	2.00

Also a full assortment of Bulbs for winter blooming in the house and spring blooming in the garden, such as Crocus, Freezias, Hyacinths, Lilies, Narcissus, Snowdrops, Scillas, etc.

Also Bird Seed and Supplies, Poultry Supplies, Flower Pots and Fancy Vases, Lawn Seed, Popcorn, Lawn Cleaners, Plants and Flower Seeds of all kinds.

Write for our 28-page Illustrated Fall Catalogue. Free.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO. Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

ALREADY the light and filmy summer goods have vanished from the scene, leaving in their place the sober colors and heavier weaves of autumn. Veranda rugs and porch curtains have been put away for the winter, and the prospect for winter furnishings is warm and inviting. Once more we turn where rugs are spread, to survey the floor coverings which invite the housewife to invest in that new rug for the dining-room or "a lovely square in browns" which she must have for one of the upstairs rooms.

There was a time when the wool carpet spoke only of cheapness, with the most "common" designs in flowers or blocks. However, a change has come over the designers and weavers of these floor coverings, and at Eaton's some of the wool rugs show a delicacy and softness of coloring which afford artistic delight. There is one design in a dull shade of green with old rose which is dainty enough for a boudoir and yet which is within the reach of a moderate purse. Then there are squares of brown and forest green—woodland shades which take one away in fancy to the depths of a northland grove, and are a cheering sight for the gaze of tired eyes. Whatever you do, refrain from buying an ugly carpet because it is cheap. However, it is not hard, in this enlightened age, to find either rug or carpet of which one will not tire, and which has all the "wearing" qualities which one might desire.

Linoleum, which is so often used for a border, comes in designs which sometimes make it very difficult to distinguish it from the actual hardwood finish. The styles in block, tile, matting and oak plank effects are all suitable for use in any room, and are well worth inspection.

Then there are the Wilton squares in patterns of small Persian, large blue Oriental, rich medallion and green chintz. Some of these, nine by ten and a-half feet, were sold as low as nineteen dollars. The hearth rugs present almost a bewildering variety, but most of us will prefer the Smyrna specimens, with their glowing and durable patterns.

The "real" Oriental rug is the desire of every feminine heart. Yet it is comforting to see how closely it is imitated by the modern manufacturer, who will persuade all but the initiated that the rug in question came from the bazaars of Teheran, or, like Thackeray's famous praying-rug, "came from a Turcoman's camp."

There are enamels and polishes in abundance—enough to put a shine on every Canadian household. It is curious to reflect that many women who would not allow the kitchen to be anything but immaculate, will let picture frames become dingy and soiled until they are an eyesore on the walls.

In wall-papering and decoration, as we may have remarked before, it is remarkable how French grey has become very fashionable. This is a tint, however, which is unsuited to the ordinary living room. For drawing-room or a dainty bedroom, it is entirely to be desired, and is exceedingly effective with mauve, shell pink or a rich crimson. There is a Toronto drawing-room paneled in pearl and French grey, with crimson brocaded satin, which is one of the most delightful and picturesque apartments imaginable.

The high-grade art stencil hand-colored designs on brown ground make a very attractive and serviceable paper for halls or dining-rooms. There is also a charming German hand-made wall paper, with moire background and primrose, blue and pink designs. In the Canadian products, there is a glimmer wall paper for attic rooms, halls and bedrooms. In buying for bedrooms, it is always well to bear in mind that light is the great consideration, and that a paper should be chosen which will give the most sunshiny effect.

For the bath room, the varnished tile paper is greatly preferred. A very pleasing effect has been obtained by having the Dutch effect in bath room decoration, with frieze of genuine Holland design of canals and windmills. A most artistic-looking bath room was "done" in white and pale green, with frieze of water lilies.

WRINKLES are among those attentions of Father Time which every woman dreads. Yet, one can do a great deal to ward off such attentions by avoiding forming the habit of scowling, which is largely nervous. Sometimes it is the consequence of defective eyesight, and, in such a case, attention to the eyes will do away with the settled frown. However, no one may hope to escape altogether the affliction of wrinkles.

The thin, dry skin is most prone to show these marks of time and worry. If any of the wrinkles are perchance due to a habit of drawing up the forehead, squinting, frowning, etc., it is well to look to the habit and, possibly even back of that, to the condition of the eyes and to the habits of the mind and disposition. The woman with a fretful, worried, disagreeable, or unhappy expression constantly on her face is never beautiful, and she will soon find, as she looks in the glass, that her features have "frozen in place," as we are told when we are children. The corners of the mouth will droop even when she is not consciously unhappy, the frown will grow into place, and she will find that her forehead runs up to her hair in horizontal wrinkles without evident effort. The conquest of self which she has before her if she is to save her beauty is even more difficult than that of the woman who must reduce or gain flesh. Wrinkles may be helped by feeding the skin with cold cream, by using massage of the proper kind, even by resorting to plasters, tight bands, etc., to counteract the tendencies of the relaxed skin.

AN Englishwoman, walking down a street in a Canadian city, suddenly paused, and, clutching her companion's arm, said: "Oh! Doesn't that smell like home?" A man was standing on the corner, holding a basket filled with envelopes of sweet lavender. It was a hot and dusty day, the passers-by looked tired and toilworn, but more than one turned at the exclamation and smiled in recognition of "a fragrance from home." The poignant perfume carried one away across the sea to acres and acres in English counties where sweet lavender is shedding its fragrance.

"I have a new idea for my clothes closet," said a girl, who is always on the alert for the latest fancies in setting or adornment. "You know I have been visiting Violet Gordon, and Vi always has such pretty things. Her room is white with violet, to match her name, she says. Her clothes closet is the daintiest you ever saw, and on each shelf is a sachet, which gives just a suggestion of perfume to the whole wardrobe. I have discovered an ancient recipe for a mixture which my grandmother used, and have used it for two 'shelf sachets.'"

WE are frequently told that the modern girl is not as careful about standing erect as were the women of the last generation. There is no beauty or grace of the body that an erect posture cannot heighten, nor is there a single bodily attraction that will not be marred or obscured by an ugly stoop. Yet thousands of boys and girls, especially those of rapid growth, are every year acquiring the disfiguring and pernicious habit of round shoulders.

The truth is, standing erect is not a matter of the shoulders alone, nor even of the trunk, but of the whole body, from the feet upward. An erect posture does not mean that a person standing back to a wall shall touch it all the way up and down. The lines of the body are curves. Some backs approximate a straight line more closely than others, but a really straight back would be a deformity. The set of the neck also varies.

If you would know your own natural posture when erect, stand up, and, without raising your heels from the floor, make the effort of rising to look over some obstacle, allowing the shoulders to droop naturally, and keeping the chin at an easy level. When you have risen to your full statue hold the position and notice what it is. You have not consciously posed the different parts of your body, yet your chest is finely rounded, your shoulders are thrown back, your abdomen is drawn in, and your back and neck are as straight as you can set them, all the parts of the body falling without effort into their proper positions now that the whole has been correctly poised. You have a strange feeling of separation in every joint, while an astonishing distance has sprung up between your breastbone and your hips. To the eye you are at least an inch taller. If you have any doubt on this last point stand before a mirror in your former posture, and note how high the reflection of your head comes on the wall behind you, or, if the mirror is low, at what point your image is cut off. Then take the upright position as before, and notice the difference in the mirror.

"But," you say, "this position tires me; I cannot hold it." Very likely; but you can maintain it much better than you can hold your chin drawn in, or your chest inflated, for your shoulders squared back, without a proper foundation for an erect posture in the altered carriage of your whole body.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

ELSIE M.—The bitter almond soap you inquire about is excellent. I shall send you directions as to where it may be obtained if you will send stamped and addressed envelope. The use of soap does no harm to a delicate skin, if the soap is of good quality, and if you are careful to rinse the face well after using it. A "cheap" soap is entirely false economy and means trouble with the skin. I do not mean to advise the most expensive French soap. By the way, I saw a three-dollar cake the other day in a wrapper of yellow satin. That is what our grandmothers might justly call "wicked extravagance." But, when I see women rushing for soap bargains—three cakes for ten cents—and then observe the quality of the scented pink and green cakes, I wonder at their folly in supposing such material can be healthfully cleansing.

MARGARET S.—I should not care to recommend the preparation you mention, as I have no personal knowledge of it. However, I know several authorities who speak well of it. I am forwarding a pamphlet which will give you some information on the subject. Certainly, I think it is every woman's duty to look as well as she can. You say that you have been ridiculed for taking care of your hands and for wearing gloves when sweeping. Only stupid or vulgar people would make fun of such sensible care. Look and dress as well as you can—and then forget all about yourself.

E. R. C.—The recipe for a good lotion for blackheads I am sending you by mail. It is also a good plan to wash the face thoroughly with liquid green soap and warm water, leaving the lather on the face for some time. It is well to be careful about not getting the soap into the eyes, but it is very good for the complexion. After allowing the lather to remain on for fifteen or twenty minutes, wash it off with warm water and apply the lotion I have given you.

If you have a rash it is really better to go to a physician concerning it. One should seek the cause of anything of that kind, and it is apt to be internal.

After you have disposed of the blackheads and got your skin in fairly good condition, it will undoubtedly be wise to use an astringent lotion as the pores of your skin are probably too large and should be contracted. A good astringent wash is made up of one and one-half ounces of cucumber juice placed in a half-pint bottle half filled with elder-flower water. To this should be added one ounce of eau-de-cologne and one-half ounce of tincture of benzoin. This should be shaken well, and the bottle filled with elder-flower water. The lotion should be applied with a sponge night and morning.

ROYAL VINOLIA

TOILET PREPARATIONS

TOOTH PASTE
TOOTH POWDER
VANISHING CREAM
TALCUM POWDER
FLUID DENTIFRICE
SHAVING STICK
SHAVING POWDER

25 CENTS EACH
At all Druggists.

THE ROYAL VINOLIA TOILET PREPARATIONS present a new and still higher standard of quality, the highest attainable standard of purity and the best resources in the world in the production of the Finest Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations that the world has known.

ROYAL VINOLIA SOAP
A Pure White Soap
120 15 cents a cake or 35 cents per box of 3 tablets

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION
BEETHAM'S
La-rola
Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, HEAT, IRRITATION. Etc., and renders THE SKIN DELICATELY SOFT and VELVETY

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and for the Toilet and Nursey is Invaluable. It is delightfully Refreshing and Soothing if applied after Motoring, Cycling, Tennis, Golfing, Boating, etc. It is neither sticky nor greasy, and can be used at any time during the day.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving. *Ask your Chemist for it.*

M. BEETHAM & SON - - - CHELTENHAM, Eng.

Baby's Own Soap

unequalled for toilet and nursery use.
"Best for baby—best for you."
Refuse all substitutes.

Albert Soaps Limited
Mfrs., Montreal.
E511

THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

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THE LUXURY OF A LAKE TRIP

Where will you spend your summer vacation? Why not enjoy the charms of our Inland Seas, the most pleasant and economical outing in America?

Where You Can Go

Daily service is operated between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo; four trips weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac Island and way ports; three trips weekly between Toledo, Cleveland and Put-in-Bay.

A Cleveland to Mackinac special steamer will be operated two trips weekly from June 15th to September 10th, stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip.

Special Day Trips Between Detroit and Cleveland, During July and August

Send 2 cent stamp for Illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map.

Address: L. G. Lewis, G. P. A.
Detroit, Michigan
Philip H. McMillan, President
A. A. Schantz, General Manager
Detroit & Cleveland Nav. Co.

HEADACHE?

Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

25c. a box, at all druggists'.

NATIONAL DRUG and CHEMICAL CO. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 27A

OUR PATTERNS are always the favorites.
TWELVE CENTS EACH

Don't Throw it Away

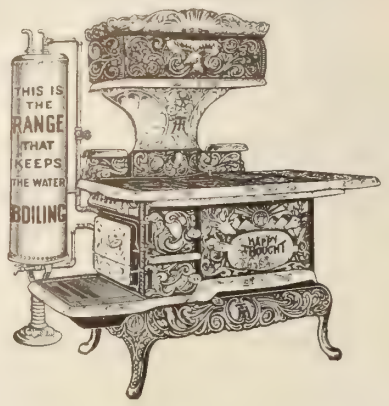
"Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?"

USE MENDETS
A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. D Collingwood, Ont.

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

The Least Fuel, The Most Satisfaction



Another Range May be Good—A "Happy Thought" is Good

When a range combines all the most modern conveniences and when the makers insist that only the best materials should be used, and that every range that leaves their factory should be perfect in every detail of workmanship—why, it stands to reason that the product, the

HAPPY THOUGHT

Range should be a good range, a perfectly reliable range.

Take your time in buying a new range. It is the most important of your household furnishings. On it depends whether your housework is going to be a drudgery or a pleasant task, with sure results.

When you have seen the many special features of the Happy Thought, have heard the enthusiastic praise of the thousands of Canadian housewives who use it and see what a strong, serviceable, fine-looking range it is, we have no doubt it will surely be your final selection for use in your home.

More than a quarter of a million "Happy Thoughts" are in daily use in Canada.

See the "Happy Thought" at your Local Dealers

The William Buck Stove Co. Limited
BRANTFORD, ONT.

MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

Is The Most Satisfactory Washer Ever Placed On The Canadian Market

Last year, Maxwell's "Champion" was the recognized leader of all high speed washing machines. This year, we have put the final touch to it, and offer you **the ideal machine,** that includes every important improvement known to modern washers.

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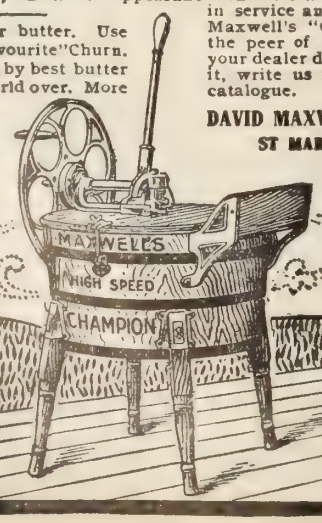

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95

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

SOME STENCILING

IN this interesting decorative art, one may find much that is pleasing in result and not too tedious in effort.

The materials necessary for stenciling are oil paints, bristle brushes (one brush for each color used), a large clean blotter thumb-tacks and gasoline, naphtha or turpentine. Gasoline and naphtha are a little easier to handle than turpentine, because they dry more quickly.

In the beginning always mix enough paint to stencil the entire design, because, if the color runs out, it is not always a simple matter to mix it again in exactly the same tone. It is also advisable to try out the design in the color chosen on a bit of the material left from cutting before proceeding to work on the pillow or runner. A little experimenting will soon enable you to tell just how much paint and how much gasoline will be required for the best work on the particular material used. Another thing that is essential to nice work is to measure the material, and either crease it or mark by a thread of contrasting color to indicate just where the design is to appear when finished. Do not trust to your eye, but take every care to have the divisions perfectly equal, as stenciling loses its real and lasting charm if the work is not accurately and very neatly done.

Having measured and marked the material, place a large blotter on the table, then over this stretch the material as smoothly as possible. On this material fasten the cut-out pattern with thumb-tacks in the place where it is to appear when finished. Next paint in the design, and it will be found a great help if, with the left hand, you press down that section of the cut-out pattern where you are now working. This will keep the paint from running under the pattern. Always finish each section of the design before proceeding to the next space, also finish with one color before starting the next. For instance, in these designs the flowers were scarlet, centres green, leaves green, stems brown, and the flowers were painted in each section before the leaves or stems were started. Rub the color in well, go right up to the edges, and be sure that the color is perfectly flat and even in tone. When the entire design is filled in, take out the thumb-tacks and lift up the pattern from the material. Then clean up the stencil-board pattern before placing it on the material again. The pattern is then tacked in the next position and the process repeated. When the whole design is completed, the paint should be allowed to dry, then the entire pillow-top dressed with a hot iron. This ironing will set the colors.

Russian crash meets all the requirements from the standpoint of utility, with the added advantage that it is soft in coloring, has a nice texture, and takes stenciling beautifully in almost any color. This crash is about sixteen inches wide, and may be purchased in most department stores at the towel counter. Burlap, monks' cloth, rough pongee, linen or unbleached sheeting, will answer the same needs.

The square pillows pictured here are made of the Russian crash, stenciled in bright red, dark brown and green. The design used is a conventionalized bunch of flowers. One pattern only is used, but by placing the design in various ways a variety of effects may be obtained.

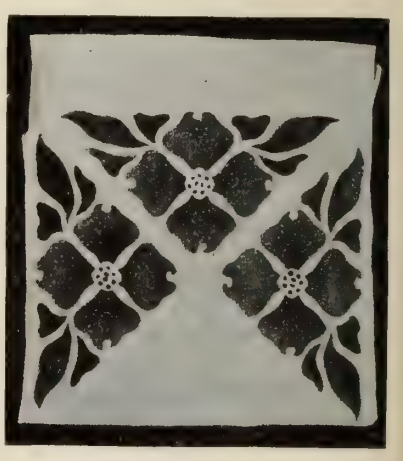
STENCILING ON SQUARE CUSHIONS

One square pillow has for decoration the design repeated at regular intervals, forming an all-over pattern. The other one has an attractive large ornament in the centre of the pillow, made by placing the pattern in opposite directions to each other and joining in the centre.

CONVENTIONAL DESIGN

THE curtain designs here shown were developed on the popular cotton crepe, which may be purchased from twelve and a-half cents a yard up to more expensive weave.

The material is particularly suitable for this purpose, as its soft wrinkled surface takes the paint beautifully; and as it requires no starch or ironing, it is only the work of a few minutes to rinse them out as often as is necessary, for perfect freshness is essential. They would be equally pleasing developed on scrim, cheese-cloth, or unbleached muslin—the last named is effective and hangs well, but is more difficult to launder.



DOGWOOD ON SCARF

The principle of the work is so simple that everyone knows it. Simply apply the color through the holes in the cardboard; but there are a few practical suggestions which will save the beginner some annoyance.

The principal dry goods stores are now selling charming stencil outfits in boxes containing all the paraphernalia—but if these are not obtainable, all that is essential is the oil paint—get the standard tube colors—a little turpentine, two or more brushes, the stencil pattern, and, if one wishes to learn to cut her own patterns, a sharp penknife. The cutting is a little difficult at first.

A BEGINNER naturally puts on about three times too much paint. A little color thoroughly rubbed in will do away with any danger from spreading and insure tidy

work, besides producing a result which will bear washing—not boiling—beautifully. Flat irons used as weights will be found very helpful to prevent the stencils from slipping while rubbing the paint through.

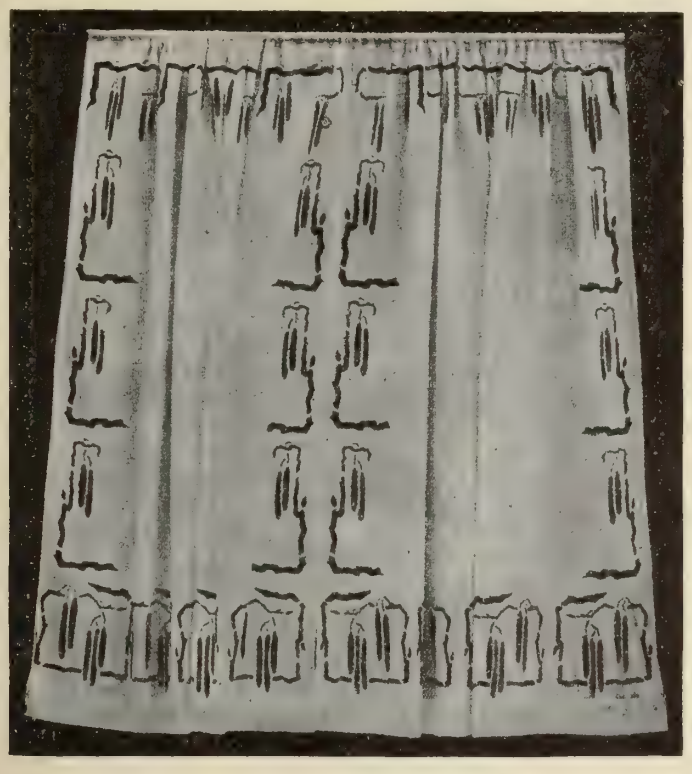
Two shades of blue are chosen for the pillow, the central fleur-de-lis form being tinted quite dark, the rest lighter. Shade the little spears with the dark blue. Fold the material in quarters and crease, stick a pin through the centre of the stencil marker into the centre of the goods, and repeat four times at right angles, as shown, arranging the border separately according to the size desired. Tint some bits of the same material in the prevailing color and cover four big button moulds as a finish for the corners. Arrange the back in two parts with buttons and buttonholes so that the pillow may readily be removed for laundering; sew up and turn; push the four corners in, draw the edges together, and sew the buttons in place.

The dogwood design is a very effective one, and extremely adaptable, as the triangular blocks may be fitted together in an infinite variety of ways.

The dogwood design is shown on a scarf, the ends finished with a wide hem instead of the fringe. In the example shown the flowers were tinted in a very dull light catawba and the leaves in olive green. Another pretty combination would be a more conventional one, dull yellow flowers and brown leaves, touched with green at the tips, if desired. The centre of the flower may be made a third color or the same tone as the leaves.

To avoid any danger of smearing one part of the design with the color of another, have several pieces of smooth cardboard on hand to lay over the unused openings, holding it in place with the irons or the fingers while tinting.

Always remember, in fitting up a porch with pillows, runners, and other accessories, that you can afford to use brighter, stronger colors than you would if you were furnishing a room indoors. Another thing to bear in mind is that no matter what material you select, it is best always to choose a light color (such as the natural linen color) as a background for your stenciling. If you wish a dark note, depend upon your paint for it, rather than on your material. The dark materials require a great deal of white paint to bring out the design, and much white paint is never attractive in stencil work.



DAINTY STENCILED CURTAINS

Entertaining Notes

TRUE hospitality is in the practice of receiving and entertaining guests with heartfelt kindness, not with the expectation of reward, but with the intention of giving pleasure and being sociable and neighborly.

A good hostess receives her guests with a cordial, welcoming manner, showing that she is truly glad to see them. A good hostess provides her best, but her best may be very simple. She does not make the mistake of striving to have novel entertainments, or something better than her neighbor, who entertained last week. She is content to do things moderately, and it is the manner rather than the matter that counts. If she is gracious, winning in manner, if she makes her friends feel that she is compensated for any trouble she has taken by the pleasure of having them under her roof, they will enter into her spirit of cheerfulness, and will be happy and at ease. She may give a simple luncheon, or a card party with inexpensive prizes, or she may invite friends to have a cup of tea in the afternoon, and brew and serve the tea herself. If she has any talent for being a hostess, or if she tries to cultivate what little talent she possesses, she will gradually make friends feel that nothing is more delightful than to be invited to her house. She will spare no effort to please, and she will please.

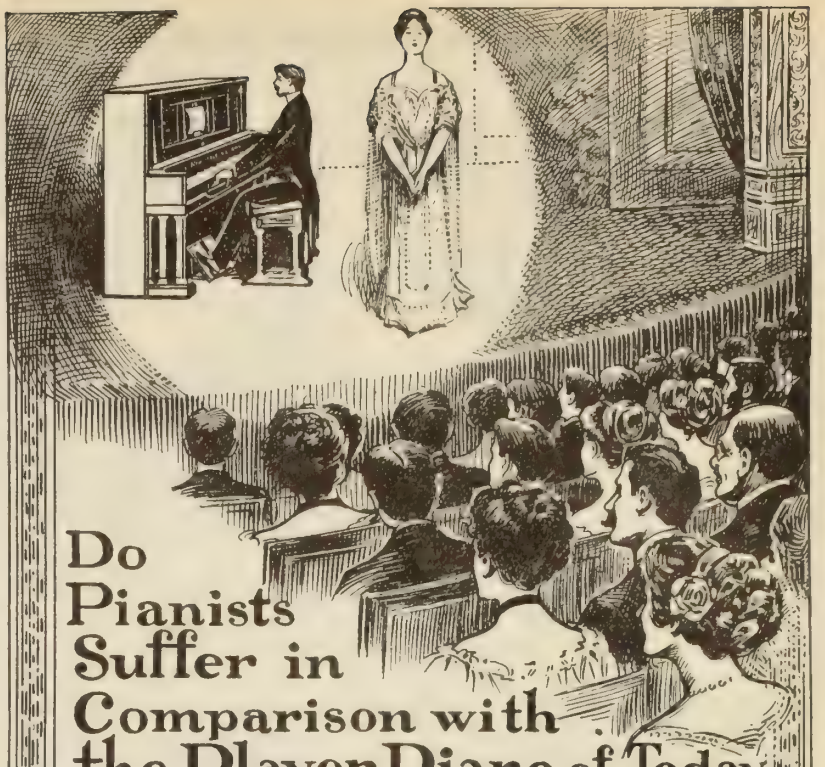
If inviting a friend for a visit, a hostess follows the accepted rule of mentioning the definite period for the visit, giving the exact date, from Saturday to Monday, or for the "week-end," as the phrase is, or from Saturday to Wednesday, or for a week, according to preference and convenience.

A guest should be met on the arrival of train or boat. All arrangements should be made for the conveyance of guests and luggage to the house.

A careful hostess sees that nothing is lacking by way of convenience and comfort in a guest's room. There should be plenty of towels and fresh water, new soap, a candlestick and matches. On a desk, or table, there should be writing materials. A few books and magazines add to a guest's pleasure. Fresh flowers in a vase offer an agreeable welcome. A lounge for resting, a light blanket or coverlet, an easy chair, a clock, should be in a guest's room.

A mistake made by some hostesses is to weary guests with attentions. A hostess should never give the impression that a guest is on her mind. She should arrange for her pleasure, secure invitations to any entertainments of a general nature in the neighborhood; she should mention to friends that she expects a guest, so that they may call, if they wish.

A thoughtful hostess remembers that a guest likes to have some time in the day to be alone, to go to her room, rest, write or read.

Amusements depend on local advantages. There may be tennis, croquet, driving, boating or walking. In the evening there may be cards, music or games. The hour for retiring is proposed by the hostess. Early hours are often the rule in quiet households. Moderate means and a simple home-life should never deter anyone from inviting a friend for a visit. Country diversions are frequently a great boon to one who is weary of life in a city. Very little effort in the right direction of hospitality is well worth while. It goes far toward strengthening the ties of friendship and making life more pleasurable to the one who opens her home and the one who partakes of the hospitality.

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Opinions differ on this subject, and many arguments both pro and con are thrashed out daily. We do know, however, that the old saying, "Oh, the Player Piano is purely mechanical," has been shelved, and exclamations of surprise greet the performer of the up-to-date instrument.

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The Guest Room

should be a "rest" room. Often it's quite the reverse. Memory recalls the old-fashioned room reserved for stay-over visitors, which was anything but restful. Cold, draughty, musty-smelling and cheerless, it was usually effective in putting a damper on the visitor's enjoyment. Nowadays in homes heated with a

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Autumn Thoughts

By MRS. REED, Grass Hill

AUTUMN is the third season in the year, generally thought to be the months of August, September and October. The word means to increase, to produce.

Our first thought is, Why is autumn so beautiful? It is not only because the woods take on their beautiful tints, but because the trees, grains and plants have fulfilled the purpose for which they were created. If the grain had failed to produce grain, the trees to bear fruit, and the plants to give us the beautiful flowers, then autumn, with its beautiful tints and hazy days would not satisfy us. And so with our lives. If they are to be beautiful, there must be fruit. Our next thought is, How were they able to produce this fruit? We must answer, By making use of the things God and man had provided—the rain, dew and sunshine, and the prepared soil. And we feel that we, too, have been provided with many things that will help to make the autumn of our lives beautiful.

Autumn is preceded by two seasons, spring and summer, and so we think that in our lives spring and summer represent childhood and youth. In childhood, life is given, and if the autumn is to be fruitful with us, as with plants, that life must be carefully guarded and nurtured, physically, intellectually and morally. As the strong plants bring forth the best grain and flowers, so we believe that a life well developed in those three ways will help to make the autumn beautiful.

What kind of fruit and grain does autumn bring? We answer, the kind we have sown. It is a law of nature that each grain produces its own kind, and each tree its own fruit, and every flower has its own form and beauty; and so with our lives. The Bible says, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." What a responsibility this places on us and how careful we should be what kind of seed we are sowing, and ask ourselves what kind of seed would I like to gather fruit from. God's Word says, "The fruits of the Spirit are these: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." And we believe these are the only kinds we would wish to gather when autumn comes to us.

What has God given us to make the autumn beautiful? Our first thought is homes. And what a possibility there is in home! If in that home we have been able to train boys and girls to be strong men and women, and as they have left that home and gone out into the world, if they have filled our places better than we have I feel that this will help to make autumn beautiful.

Then another thing that will make autumn beautiful will be friends. The wisest man who ever lived said that he who had friends must show himself friendly. If we hope to have friends we must be worthy of friendship, we must be true, unselfish, thoughtful, and kind. Then another thing will be to know all we can. Let us take advantage of everything that will make us strong intellectually. Then, as we find in the spring and summer, there are weeds to be rooted up, if we wish our plants to do their best, and branches to be pruned out if our trees are to produce perfect fruit; so in our lives there are many things that we will need to watch and cast out if our lives are to be what our Father planned.

Then we remember that, when the sun, rain and dew have done their work, there are times when we hear men say the grain is growing too rank, and often comes a time when the rain does not fall and the roots go deeper into the soil and the plants grow stronger, and so in our lives many times things come that we do not understand; but if they help us to understand our own weakness and wherein our strength lies, they, too, will help to make autumn beautiful. Spring comes to us full of promise, summer full of labor, and autumn should be beautiful because of days well spent and hopes realized.

Longfellow has beautifully expressed it in these words:

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent;
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear."

Recreation in the Home

By MRS. B. McDOUGALL, Woodville

WE women of to-day are so full of ambition and are so anxious to attain to something, that we are apt to overdo it, and forget that before we can have true success we must keep ourselves rested, refreshed, and prepared for work. The outside world is a busy one, and the woman in the home has caught the fever. But we must not let this fever make headway, for if we do, we are going to lose our health and beauty and rob our homes of their homeliness, and society of all that makes it a blessing. The majority of our ills can be traced to overwork, or, at least, work uninterrupted by some distracting pleasure or relaxation. We sometimes spend almost a small fortune on vainly trying to regain our health, when we might have prevented all this by daily making a practice of taking some form of recreation.

One woman, on going to her doctor for her nerves, was told that she did not need any medicine. His advice was: Don't hurry, don't worry—and take plenty of rest. Now, of course, there are some women to whom this would be comparatively easy. But for the most of us it is extremely hard to follow. It is much easier to take medicine—that requires no thought. But it does require thought and planning and determination for the woman with an ever-increasing amount of work to be done to arrange for a little while of relaxation each day. A great help in this direction is to plan as far as possible each morning for the day's work. We may not be able to carry out all our plans in detail, but they serve as a guide and stimulus. Another habit to form is that of saving steps. We will never regret it. It banks up time and strength for future use.

I wonder if we ever think how unhappy we make the whole atmosphere of the home when we are tired and exhausted, after a big day's work, and are consequently in not any too amiable a mood. It affects everything—even the cat and dog feel the depressing atmosphere. The older children, if there are any of them in the home, make some excuse to go out for the night, and the younger ones, who have to stay in, hurry off to bed, and thus it is that the home life is spoiled. The making or marring of the home lies almost wholly with us, and while it is certainly necessary to instil in children the value of labor, don't let us go so far as to make our homes factories for working to accumulate wealth. Let us rather do our utmost to make them places of joy, and pleasure. Don't look on the gloomy side of things and be continually worrying about some unfinished work, when we should be resting. Train ourselves to forget for the time being all about our work. Laugh and enjoy life and make it enjoyable for those about us—a real, hearty laugh; not that incessant giggle which is so annoying, but a laugh from the heart, overflowing with merriment and joy, does more than anything I know to rest one self and make life a pleasant thing for those about us. Don't let us get our minds so steeped in worry and work that this wholesome laugh is no more a possibility with us.

Besides seeking recreation and rest for ourselves, we should think of those working with and for us. We should enter sympathetically into the amusements of those younger than ourselves, and we too will begin to feel younger in heart. Let us not be like a father I heard of. The lad asked if he might go to the circus. Immediately the parent thought of the potatoes, but not wishing to be too unreasonable, told the boy to plant the potatoes then, and perhaps there would be a funeral the next week and he could go to that. Just imagine the damper this would put on the boy's spirit and energy. Some women have a mistaken idea of how to rest. They leave their regular work fatigued in body and mind, and think that while resting they will do some sewing, letter writing, or fancy work. I won't say that the change does no good at all, but certainly they are not gaining what they should from this period of rest. We neither rest right nor do the work right. Have some nook or corner as far removed as possible from your work, some place that soothes and quiets the nerves, and makes you feel for a time at least that to live is bliss. Some prettily written story which requires no effort to read will often help to draw one away from the hurry and rush of the world, and to relax the worked-up energy. In summer throw your hammock out among the trees and let the birds sing you to sleep. Music hath charms, let us not leave it out of our lives. Music in the home will make music in the heart. Let us have plenty of it. Every woman is supposed to have her hobby, and it is to be hoped the supposition is a fact. It is well for a woman to have something to take her thoughts away from the daily routine of work. Perhaps it is flowers, or sewing, or painting, or carving, or many of the other delightful arts. Let us have our hobbies and take pleasure in them, but let us be careful not to become selfish in them and bore our friends.

So far I have been referring entirely to the daily rest. We need more than that. Few women can stand the constant strain of housekeeping without occasional change or a little outing, for who has not felt:

"Oh for the gift of a pair of wings,
To bear me out of the reach of things;
Things to boil and things to bake,
Things to mend and things to make!"

Unless by habitually staying at home we have got ourselves into a rut, we all desire now and then to go away and see life as it is lived somewhere else. It is an unquestionable treat for a woman who prepares the meals all the year round to board for a week or so where she has nothing to do with the meals but to eat them. How delightful it is to have all the responsibility of planning and arranging for the household freed from our shoulders if it be only for one week! And then this mingling with strangers and new surroundings gives life a certain spice, creates in you new interests, broadens your ideas, and gives you food for thought, even after you have returned!

Let us then strive not to allow our work to overcome us, and prevent us from taking recreation and rest. But, instead, let us overcome it, and become mistress of the situation, or, rather, of our work. Habitually take some form of relaxation and rest. It is only then that we can do justice to our work or fill the place of home maker.

HOMESTEAD OF MR. CHARLES LOWE, KENVILLE, MANITOBA
Photograph by courtesy C.N.R.

Bee Keeping for Women

By MRS. ETHEL ROBSON, Ilderton

THE Women's Institute stands primarily for progress among women, and is making a definite effort to improve conditions in the country. One effectual way to do this is to increase the opportunities for the home-staying girl for making an independent livelihood. So long as she is denied the chance which the girl who leaves home enjoys, of making her own living, so long will there be more or less dissatisfaction and discontent, and it is because bee-keeping offers such promise for health and independence in the country, that it affords me great pleasure to tell the Women's Institute about it. For it is not theoretical bee-keeping that I am discussing. I have kept bees now for five years and have at present about eighty colonies, and know from experience most of the practical difficulties to be encountered, and am in a position to say with authority that bee-keeping does offer an excellent opening to the woman with small means who wishes to make a living in the country. The great wonder is that more have not taken advantage of it. But the difficulty seems to be the little general knowledge of bees and their ways; a menace of stings and swarms hangs like a cloud over the industry.

Some sort of necromancy is supposed to be necessary for success, whereas the chief requisites are common sense, perseverance, and a willingness to work, common enough qualifications and necessary for success along any line. Although the traditions of the old box hive still linger in many parts of the country, bee-keeping has, in the last

fifty years, been placed on as scientific a basis as any other rural occupation. We have now an apicultural branch in connection with the Department of Agriculture, lectures are given on the subject at the O. A. C., and this year a short course was held. Practical demonstration work is being done in various parts of the country, abundant literature is available, and in every way the path of the beginner is made easy to travel; the pioneer work has been well done, success is no longer problematical.

Now, just what are the advantages of bee-keeping for women? In the first place, unlike poultry raising, the work can all be done in the fine weather, indeed, it has to be done then; in all, save the busiest seasons, it leaves a fair margin of time for other pursuits, and all the winters are free. The work is sufficiently light for a woman in ordinary good health to be able to manage; it is healthful, taking her out into the open air, and keeping her in touch with the great world of nature; it is interesting, even to fascination, and it is remunerative. These last two factors are the most important, as far as women are concerned. First, as to interest. It is well known that anyone who has ever had anything to do with bees always retains his interest in them, in fact, is never quite satisfied without them; they have a holding power quite out of proportion to their size, and seem to cast a spell over all who come in contact with them.

Indeed, so great is this, that bee-keepers are inclined to become a little queer, not disagreeably so, but in a comfortable attractive way, life is just a little better for them than for other people. Now this matter of interest is of prime importance in a women's work. Her happiness in life is largely dependent on her having some occupation capable of absorbing her best energies; in fact, it is almost imperative that she have it, otherwise her powers will rust out in discontent or atrophy for want of use. As for the remunerative side of bee-keeping, that was pointed out in a paper in last year's report. There is no reason why, when a woman has gained the necessary experience, she should not be able to care for one hundred colonies for extracted honey, and it would be a poor neighborhood when these would not average her from four to five hundred dollars a year, and in many parts of the country they ought to do more. This is not opulence, but it is a very fair living, especially when you consider that not nearly all of her time will have to be devoted to it.

The greatest difficulty to my mind lies in the heavy lifting, and, unless a woman is fairly strong, she could hardly hope to go into bee-keeping on a large scale unless help was easily available. Our provincial apiarist suggests hiring for this, but in the present condition of the labor market, with help almost unobtainable, it is doubtful if many women would find this satisfactory. As far as possible, it would doubtless be better to utilize the various labor-saving devices, but here again we are met by the difficulty that many women are, like myself, somewhat lacking in mechanical skill. However, where there's a will there's a way. Where two girls are able to work together, the matter of the heavy lifting can be overcome very nicely.

Now, all this would seem to point to bee-keeping as a wonderful field of opportunity for women, yet, in spite of my own interest and some small measure of success, I am in nowise sanguine about many women taking it up for some time to come. The first introduction to the apiary usually overwhelms the inquirer with all that is to be learned. Then, if she should enter upon it, a long apprenticeship has to be served before she acquires an instinct for the work, and, until that is attained, the responsibility, the constant watchfulness and attention to details prove more or less irksome. Of course, if a girl simply has to make a living, she will likely have the necessary grit to overcome all this. However, most girls remaining at home expect to get their living from the family purse, and find it easier to work along lines already established, even if they are not so remunerative, than to strike out on their own initiative. The attitude of the majority of girls inquiring as to the possibilities of bee-keeping is not such as to inspire faith in their ultimate success. Yet there are scattered over the country many earnest girls who feel compelled to do something useful, and whose education has not fitted them for a professional career. I have no doubt that among these there are many who, like myself, would find bee-keeping a source both of satisfaction and profit.

The Murillo Programme

July—Warm Weather Dessert, Mrs. C. Gorton. Canadian Women of Note, Mrs. H. Moffat. Question drawer.

August—Methods of Canning and Preserving, Mrs. A. Reid. Ways of Cooking Poultry, Mrs. R. B. Martyn. Discussion of Saving Steps, members.

September—Pickling and Canning of Vegetables, Mrs. A. Gorton. Prevention and Cure of Colds, Mrs. R. Larabee. Music, Miss L. Smith.

October—The Value of Courtesy, Mrs. J. M. Sherk. Are Plants Injurious in the Sleeping Room, Mrs. A. McGillivray. Question drawer.

November—Dollars and Sense in the Household, Mrs. J. Hahn. Fall Work In and About the House, Mrs. G. Munroe. Song, Miss W. McKenzie.

December—The Value of Punctuality, Mrs. R. McKenzie. Our Year's Work, Miss S. J. McNally. What Christmas Means to Us, Mrs. J. McDonald.

January—Different Ways of Cooking Meats, Mrs. J. Stevenson. Value and Uses of Olive Oil, Mrs. E. Lynn. Selected readings, members.

February—Every Day Helps for the Housewife, Mrs. J. Oster. Question drawer. Music, Mrs. A. Felker.

March—What Benefit do We Derive by Meeting Together, Mrs. A. Boulter. Different Preparation of Eggs, Mrs. R. Nicholett. Essay on Easter, Mrs. Norman.

April—Compare Seed Sown in the Ground to Seed Sown in the Heart, Mrs Grant. Spring Flower Garden, Mrs. T. Downs. Music, Mrs. H. Yelland.

Hoodless Memorial Fund

IT was decided by the committee of the "Hoodless Memorial Fund," at a June meeting, to ask any of the Branches wishing to assist toward the fund to do so by September, as it was decided to close it in the fall. The committee are interviewing some of the best artists in the meantime. The amount up to April 1st for the memorial fund was $421.76.

The April, May, and June contributions were: Chesterville, $2.50; Thornhill, $5.00; Rodney, $1.45; Hannon, $1.30; Chatsworth, $2.00; Westneath, $1.00; Durham, $1.00; Paisley, 75c.; Warsaw, $1.30; Quaker Road, 38c.; Hampton, $2.00; Lobo, $2.00; Sandhurst, $1.00; Dundalk, $2.00; Parkhill, $2.00; Mrs. Boyle, Stony Creek, $2.00; Everton, 75c.; Lambton & Islington, $1.30; Tehkummah, 25c.; Essex, 50c.; Avening, 30c.; Silver Water, $1.00; St. George, $2.00; Wellesley, $1.25; Thorndale, 60c.; Tweed, $2.00; Ailsa Craig, 80c.; Laurel, $1.20; Grand Valley, $1.00; Clifford, $1.40 Clinton, $1.25; Caledon, $1.00; Goodwood, 75c.; Winona, $4.00; Newbro, $1.45; Moyles & Tranquility, $2.00; Springfield, $1.00; Orillia, $2.20; James Mills, 60c.; Beechwood, 70c.; West Lake, $1.70; Maple, $2.00; Queenston, $2.60; Woodbridge, $1.00; Cayuga, 70c.; Maxville, $1.50; Winterbourne, $1.00; Maple Leaf, 45c.; Ancaster, $1.40; Stittsville, $1.00; Embro, 50c.; Marsville, $1.00; Adolphustown, $1.00; Trafalgar, $2.00; Honeywood, $1.00; Molesworth, $1.00; Mt. Elgin, $1.70; Slate River, $1.00; Tilsonburg, $1.00; Oldcastle, $2.20; Wallbridge, $2.00. Total, $506.49. The following were sent but not received: Paris, $2.00; Barrie Island, $1.20; Brougham, 65c.

CLARA M. WALKER,
Stony Creek (Treas.).

A Pleasant Gathering

A VERY enjoyable social event was the gathering of the members of the Dryden Women's Institute, together with a number of invited guests, during the month of August. The ladies met on the spacious grounds of Mrs. Golden and, after enjoying a couple of hours of social intercourse, tables were spread on the lawn, when upwards of fifty women sat down to a sumptuous repast. After the tea Mrs. A. L. Orvis addressed the company, speaking on the work, aim and object of the Women's Institute, and gave all present an urgent and hearty invitation to become members, or visit the order at all or any of the monthly meetings. A hearty vote of thanks was then ten-

A Block Head

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"Good Cheer"
Circle Waterpan Furnace

have nature's moist balmy air warming—not parching—throughout the entire house. They have a healthy heat because of the construction of the big circle waterpan.

This encircles the furnace—it is big — commodious — sensible — it holds several times as much water as the makeshift pan in the average Furnace—it is placed just at the proper position to catch the incoming air, to give it extra moisture before it gets to the heating surface and thus the air supplied to every room is almost as humid as the outside atmosphere.

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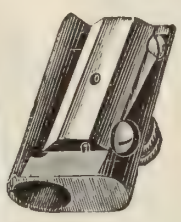

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dered to Mr. and Mrs. Golden for their kind hospitality and also to Mr. Hutchison for the use of tables and chairs from his hall.

Before dispersing all joined in singing "The Maple Leaf Forever" and the National Anthem.

Institute Convention

THE above convention will be held in Toronto on November 15th and 16th, the week of the Provincial Horticultural Exhibition. It is not expected that each of the six hundred and fifty-five branches, with a membership of over nineteen thousand, will be represented. We trust, however, that every district will see to it that representatives are in attendance. Where the individual branch cannot send delegates several can unite in sending a delegate who will undertake to give a report of the proceedings to the organizations interested.

Arrangements are being made for a session of special interest to Institute officers, when business methods, programmes and methods of extending the work will be considered. Among the topics to be dealt with are the following: The School Community Improvement; Young Women of the Twentieth Century; Reports from Institutes Which Have Been Markedly Successful During the Past Year; What We Can Do for the Boys and Girls; Moral Reform; Training of the Child; Women and Finances; Our Dumb Animals.

Arrangements have been made for speakers of well-known ability to address the convention, and it is confidently expected that the gathering of 1911 will be even more successful than that of last year. Some of the sessions will likely be held in the University Convocation Hall, and a smaller hall will be secured for the sessions at which discussions and addresses on the part of the delegates will form an important feature.

Other provinces of the Dominion are imitating Ontario in her Women's Institute work. During the past year, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia have emphasized this feature of work. Future Canada will owe much to Women's Institutes, which stand for efficiency in home-making and home-keeping, healthful and sound sociability, a stronger and purer community life, and all that tends to the uplift and happiness of the women and girls in the home. Such activity cannot but have a beneficial influence upon the life of the present as well as the coming generations.

Caricaturing the Farmer

A READER who is an Institute member, interested in the subject of why boys and girls leave the farm, has asked us to republish this letter, signed "Farmer's Boy," which originally appeared in the Toronto *Globe*. We do so gladly, as it protests in a manner of which every thinking citizen must approve. There is no human being who fulfills the appearance and language of the farmer, as depicted and represented in the comic sheets. In fact, so far as language is concerned, one seldom hears in the farm household such vulgar slang as is all too common on the city streets. The following is the communication, which protests most vigorously and conclusively against this aspect of caricature:

"Much is being written these days to explain why the boy leaves the farm.

I would like to draw your attention to one cause which as yet I have never known to be considered. Whenever a newspaper or magazine writer discusses this or any other subject relating to rural life, he invariably makes the farmer speak in the most vile English. This gives the impression to boys on the farm, and also in the town, that farmers are a distinct class by themselves, speaking a different language and having a different standard of living from their fellow-citizens.

Why this should be is hard to say. A farmer will sometimes speak a complete sentence without a grammatical error, while other people sometimes use carelessly-formed sentences.

Is it any wonder that the farmer's boy, who sees the members of his calling habitually caricatured as heathen, feels sensitive on the matter, and thinks that he will add to his dignity by moving to town, although it may be at the sacrifice of many real advantages? Mr. Bengough's cartoon of the 19th would be just as effective if the farmer were allowed to say that tariff relief was going to ruin him instead of "agoin' to." Mr. John Hamm's story of New Ontario in *The Globe* of the 10th would lose nothing of beauty or forcefulness if the settler were allowed to speak the language of his race.

There is a more serious side of this subject. All are agreed that the new blood from the country is essential to the professions and to city life in general. This drain on rural life must be compensated for by a return movement, rather than prevented. There is no doubt that any such return movement is discouraged by the habit of looking upon the farmer as a barbarian speaking a gibberish of his own.

I cannot remember when as a farmer's son I have not resented this habit. Even as a schoolboy I burned Sunday school papers which contained, as I thought, too much of it. The effect of seeing the farmer portrayed in this fashion year after year and generation after generation seems so obvious to me that when I read some of the philosophical treatises by the wise heads on "why the boy leaves the farm" I am simply amazed that they do not do a little thinking on this subject and write on some other, if it is impossible for them to combine thought and expression."

Invalid Diet

By MRS. F. R. EDWARDS

THE diet, as we all know, bears a very important relation to health. During the process of acute disease the appetite is generally much impaired, if not entirely absent. On this account we should study to plan such dishes as will be pleasing to the invalid and suitable to the condition, always remembering the food should be light, nutritious, and easy of digestion.

Study your invalid, for each ailment requires a specific diet; for instance, an inflammatory character of disease requires an unstimulating diet, as gruel, barley water, toast, etc. Diseases of a wasting nature call for beef, fatty materials, rich milk, cream, and other up-building articles of diet. But in all chronic ailments the diet, we may observe, varies according to the nature of the disease and the peculiarities of the patient. The appearance of food and the manner in which it is served have much to do with its acceptance or rejection by the sick person. It is needless to say all trays, china, silver and glassware, used in serving food for the capricious appetite, should be of the finest and best quality the housewife possesses, and should sparkle in their cleanliness and polish, and let us also bear in mind that cress, lettuce and parsley garnish go far toward redeeming an indifferent but nutritious dish.

Learn a patient's likes and dislikes, but never directly consult a sick person concerning the coming meal, but let each appear as a tempting surprise. In invalid diet the first article of diet one thinks of is milk, and it is one of the most important foods in fevers and many acute diseases in which the digestive powers are weakened. Milk contains within itself all the elements of nutrition and nothing is more easily digested. Eggs, fish and raw oysters also come under the same head; also soups. As Miss Campbell told us at our June meeting, there are but two ways necessary to prepare an egg. Other forms may entail more work but are no more beneficial.

To boil eggs—Have water at boiling point, drop in your eggs, remove dish from stove, allowing eggs to remain in the water for eight minutes. Done in this manner, an egg should be uniformly cooked from shell to centre.

For Egg Nog—Beat an egg until light, flavor with sugar and vanilla, fill up glass with rich milk and serve. Baked or boiled custard could also be served under milk and egg dishes.

Egg Gruel (corrective for nausea)—Boil eggs one hour, until right to grate up fine. Then boil new milk and thicken with the egg and add a little salt.

Toast is very familiar to all sick persons and should be served dry, for physicians tell us buttered toast is not so easily assimilated.

Toast Water—Slices of toast nicely browned; enough boiling water to cover them. Cover closely and let them steep until cold. Strain the water, sweeten to taste, and put a piece of ice in each glassful.

Beef Tea—There are many ways of

making this well known dish, but the consensus of opinion seems to favor the following: One pound of *lean* beef, cut into small pieces. Put into a jar without a drop of water, cover tightly and set in a pot of cold water. Heat gradually to a boil, and continue this steadily for three or four hours, until the meat is white and in strips and the juice extracted. Season with salt to taste, and when cold skim.

Arrowroot—This is very light and nourishing. Make it with milk or water. Put a pint of either into a stew pan, make it boiling hot, add a saltspoon of salt, put a heaped teaspoonful of ground Bermuda arrowroot into a cup, make it smooth with cold milk, stir into the stew pan, let simmer for two or three minutes, turn into a bowl, sweeten and, if liked, grate nutmeg or sprinkle cinnamon over it. Only prepare as much as is needed, since it becomes thin as water if re-heated.

Barley Water—Put a large tablespoonful of well washed pearl barley into a pitcher, pour over it boiling water, cover and let remain till cold, then drain off the water, sweeten to taste, add juice of a lemon and nutmeg if desired.

Chicken and Mutton Broth—Either of these is frequently ordered for patients and must be made as plainly as possible. If chicken, cut fowl at the joints (only the more inferior ones need to be used), and if mutton secure a couple of pounds of lean meat. Boil either slowly a couple of hours (use cold water), skim very carefully, and do not use much salt. When done, strain and put in a cool place till wanted. Then take off all the fat from top of dish, and warm up as much as may be required. For some broths a little fine barley or rice is added. Chicken prepared in many forms is relished by invalids, and the following recipe is only one of many ways. Jellied Chicken—Separate fowl at joints, cook in water until meat will part from bones easily. When cold enough to handle remove bones and skin, cut meat into small pieces, and place in a mold. Season water left in the kettle with salt, pepper, and bay leaf, add a dessert spoonful of gelatine (previously soaked in a little cold water). Boil all until the liquid is reduced to a sufficient quantity to pour over the chicken in the mold. When ready to serve, cut with a very sharp knife. If strong enough, beef may also be served, and the preferable form is the broiled tender steak, and with this one can serve a baked potato.

Fresh fruit is generally enjoyed and is of benefit, also baked apples and stewed prunes. As a light dessert here is an excellent way to serve the wholesome but despised prune. One pound prunes, boiled tender. Extract stones and chop fruit; beat the whites of four eggs and add gently; juice of one lemon; three-quarter cup of sugar (white) and one teaspoon of vanilla. Bake from twenty minutes to thirty minutes in a very moderate oven.

Serve white or whole wheat bread to sick persons, as graham or brown bread is not as nutritious, for it contains the hull of the wheat mixed with the kernel. For years brown bread has generally ranked first in many of our minds, but if we stop to think what nourishment does the husk or hull of the wheat contain? This bran acts as an irritant upon the bowels, and should not form an article of very steady diet.

In many cases of fevers and stomach disorders, doctors approve of frozen desserts as being light and nutritious and nearly always acceptable to the invalid. Ice cream and frozen sherbets are so easily prepared that it is to be regretted they are not more generally used where permissible.

Where a person is very ill with some form of disease it is often the case that a limited diet only is allowed, and in such cases we can only exercise our ingenuity to make what is allowed as palatable and varied as is possible, but for *one such person* we will find *ten others* often, the very young or elderly persons, or those who are not strong.

An Ideal Vacation

By "Institute."

WE had just said "Good-bye" to our last summer visitor, having entertained on an average of five or six a week since the first of May, when I had occasion to go to my cellar on an errand, and while down there I surveyed my winter stock of preserved fruit, jellies, and pickles, etc., done up between meals and under difficulties. The fact then and there was brought home to me that surely if anyone had earned a holiday I had. Many nights during the months gone by I hardly knew where I was to lay my head, our sleeping-rooms filled up and the tired housemother, who has to rise early (six a.m. being my usual hour), and many nights unable to retire till the wee sma' hours, it is to say the least very exhausting; and the strain had begun to tell on my general health. I was tired through and through. That day at dinner I mentioned the fact and my whole family saw the necessity of a vacation. I had "heaps" of invitations to friends' houses, but that would not be the rest I wanted. My husband planned a very pleasant outing, but it would cost in the neighborhood of fifty dollars. I had planned having a bathroom put in our house, and I felt I would rather spend money on that than on a trip, as we live in an inland town where there is no waterworks, and, although my home in every other particular was complete, that was a lack I wished to remedy, and I felt I'd rather utilize that money for that purpose.

My whole system clamored for rest. My hair, which I always take the greatest pride in, was neglected. It needed washing and singeing and treatment, which takes time. I never attempted to wash it unless I had a half-day at my disposal, for it was very heavy and took a long time to dry after being washed. My feet were so calloused that to see me walk you would think I was verging on seventy instead of forty-five, and my poor hands, with preserving, pickling, dish-washing, etc., were a fright, to say the least, and all just for a little time and attention.

After pondering the matter over, I bethought me of a scheme which has worked out so beautifully I thought I would give the Institute members the benefit of it, as I am sure there are many women just in the same position as I am. About forty miles from where I live is a city. I wrote there to the Y. W. C. A. and got them to engage me a room. The only stipulation I made was that it should be on a bathroom flat and that there should be hot and cold water. When I arrived in the city I went to the Y. W. C. A. They sent me to my room, which was all that was to be desired, large and airy, with every convenience, and for the small sum of $2.00 a week. I took a hot bath after lounging around a while and went to bed, slept soundly till six a.m., which was my usual hour for rising, and oh the luxury of knowing I could go to sleep again and get up when I liked, and to know no one was waiting breakfast for me. About eight o'clock I arose and took two hours and a half to make my toilet, dressed for the street, and went out to look for my breakfast. I forgot to mention that the one part of me that needed rest most was my stomach, and one thing I was determined that should be respected. I found a place where I got toasted corn flakes, toast and coffee or a fresh roll all for ten cents. It was all I needed. I had been eating at all hours and had got too fleshy. Ice cream every evening had been the usual thing and eating all hours of the day and night. Now I intended to have just two meals—breakfast about ten or eleven, dinner about four or half past. Then every day I planned for some visits about the city, ending up quite often with visiting the shops, where I picked up some splendid bargains. I got my hair back to its original state of cleanliness and health and my feet felt again as if they belonged to me, as also did my hands. My figure was improved, as every day I took long walks and saw everything of interest and took my time. My forenoons I devoted chiefly to my person, and my afternoons and evenings to sight-seeing. I came home looking and feeling like a new woman, and the cost—I am almost ashamed to tell the actual cost, it was so small: Seven breakfasts, seventy cents; seven dinners, one dollar and seventy-five cents; room, two dollars and a half; railway fare, two dollars. Total, six dollars and ninety-five cents. Now, is there any woman who could not spend that small sum for a vacation? Of course, a person could spend as much as she liked, but it was an experiment with me and one I thoroughly enjoyed. Let any tired mother try it.

Peep again in your oven.
See those loaves, those *pleasing* loaves you've made.
How *fat—rounded—substantial.*
No, they *wont* fall when colder.
Because the *Manitoba strength* that is in FIVE ROSES will hold them up till eaten.
This sturdy *elastic* gluten has kept them from dropping *flat* in the oven.
No unsightly holes 'twixt crust and crumb—*never.*
All risen *evenly*—to *stay* risen.
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Yours are the FIVE ROSES loaves—
Crinkly and *appetizing* of crust.
Golden brown and tender.
Snowy of crumb—*light* as thistledown.
FIVE ROSES helps a lot.
Try it *soon.*

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

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The "British Medical Journal" says: "Benger's Food has, *by its excellence*, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

B19

HOUSE OF WINDOWS

Continued from page 12

"Because long ago I investigated and found out that as a matter of fact a girl entirely alone and dependent upon herself would find it hard to get along comfortably upon her wage. This, in the cases of some girls more fond of display, etc., etc., lead to a—ah—deplorable state of things. Things which I need not discuss."

"Because long ago I investigated and found out that as a matter of fact a girl entirely alone and dependent upon herself would find it hard to get along comfortably upon her wage. This, in the cases of some girls more fond of display, etc., etc., led to a—ah—deplorable state of things. Things which I need not discuss."

Miss Torrance laughed.

"Oh, you need not spare my blushes," she remarked. "I understand what you mean quite well. But did it ever occur to you that if these girls (fond of display, I think you said, and dependent upon their own efforts) cannot get along with a certain sum a week they will be still less likely to get along upon nothing at all."

"I do not feel myself responsible for such as I do not employ," he replied with dignity. "But I felt that in my stores such a state of things could not be allowed to exist."

"It never occurred to you, I suppose, to raise the wages?"

"On the contrary. I went most carefully into it with Davies, our then manager, and he proved to me most conclusively that the rate of wage could not be raised without impairing the profits of the business."

"It never occurred to you to—impair the profits?"

Mr. Torrance flushed. "I trust I am sufficiently a man of business," he said stiffly, "to see how fatal that would be."

"Ah, well, give me my salts. And go on with your story."

Mr. Bunce informed me that the rule was most carefully enforced, and showed me a list of employes which seemed to give most satisfying details. I then spoke to him about the inaugurating of a Saturday half-holiday. He opposed the idea, but I was determined. I told him that it is getting to be the invariable custom in many large cities, and that the results were beneficial—most beneficial. Finally he came over to my point of view."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he said that if it was really going to be a fashionable fad it wouldn't do any harm to fall in line. Better to be the first to do it, than to be compelled to follow someone else's lead. In fact, everything was very satisfactory and my mind was becoming quite easy when an interruption occurred."

"Thank heaven!" said the invalid fervently.

"The interruption was unpleasant. A floor walker entered with a report. One of the clerks had fainted. Ordinary measures would not restore her. He wished to know what to do."

"How unfortunate for poor Mr. Bunce. What did the excellent man do?"

"I am sorry to say that he forgot himself. He swore. I do not permit such language from my managers. He told the clerk to call the am'bulance and intimated that he was several kinds of fool for not doing it without disturbing him. But I interfered. I requested that the clerk be brought into the room and laid upon the sofa, and that Dr. Carrington be sent for. I wished to know what had caused the faint. It did not look as if my rules in regard to the health of persons employed by me had been attended to. When the clerk was brought she proved to be—"

"Miss Brown, of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"You started out to say something about Miss Brown, didn't you? Don't be stupid, Adam. My nerves cannot stand a stupid man."

"As it happened, the clerk *was* Miss Brown. She was still unconscious when Dr. Carrington arrived. But he restored her immediately. Her distress upon recovering was—er—pathetic. She seemed afraid of being discharged at once—"

"In accordance with the rules—naturally."

"All rules have exceptions, Miriam. Would any employer discharge a girl, evidently in great need and sickness also, for no fault of her own—"

Miss Torrance's laughter interrupted him. She laughed until the tears came into her shrewd old eyes. "Spare me, my dear Adam!" she gasped. "Surely you see how enormously funny you are? You won't have a girl who is really needy in the Stores; you won't have a girl who is delicate on any account; both of these rules you have justified to yourself over and over and yet at the mere idea of discharging a girl who is both needy and ill you fly into an admirable rage. Admit that you are amusingly inconsistent?"

"Not at all. This girl—"

"Don't argue, Adam, you know my nerves! Tell me what you did. It will be instructive."

"I wished to send Miss Brown (I learned that her name was Christine Brown) to a private hospital, at my expense, of course. But she pleaded most pitifully against it. Said she had two sisters at home who would care for her. The record showed that she spoke the truth, so I sent her home in a cab."

"Good."

"Then I had a talk with Dr. Carrington. He said her collapse was the natural result of a delicate and growing girl standing on her feet too long. I mentioned the stools. The manager, Mr. Bunce, mentioned the stools, and the floorwalker was able to give us the exact number of stools per counter. But the doctor said he didn't care how many stools there were; it was certain that Miss Brown had not sat upon them. He said that dozens of shop-girls collapse in the same way. Mr. Bunce admitted that he had known it to happen, but that they always got used to it after a while. Dr. Carrington said that that did not affect the subject in the least. They had no business to get used to it. He said some very strong things."

"Carrington, did you say? I think I'll have him in to prescribe for me. The man I have now is a fool. Well, go on."

"That is really all. The girl went home. I ordered her to take a few days' holiday. I assured her that her position would be kept for her. She seemed grateful. Afterwards the similarity of her name and the name of the lady you mentioned in your letter occurred to me. I asked myself, 'Can it be the same'? Needless to say I am going to personally investigate this case. I shall find out about her home, and whether this young girl really has sisters and is in circumstances which render her eligible for employment in the Stores, or whether Mr. Bunce has misled me in saying that these things are always looked into. I confess that the young girl's fear of being discharged has filled me with grave doubts."

"I don't wonder," dryly.

"And now I ask you the question I came to ask. Was the lady mentioned in your letter employed in the Stores?"

Miss Torrance took a long whiff of her salts and closed her eyes. When she opened them they were bright with a resolution made.

"Adam," she said briskly, "I see no impropriety in answering your question. The Miss Brown I referred to in my letter was not employed in the Stores."

"You relieve me. You relieve me very much," said Mr. Torrance, rising to go. "I shall investigate this case without any leanings of—of any kind."

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"The only way," agreed his sister, "in which any case can be properly investigated."

CHAPTER XVI.

IT is perhaps hardly necessary to say that Christine did not go home in the cab so kindly provided by Mr. Torrance. The arrival of a cab at the House of Windows would have interfered with the legitimate occupation of its tenants to an alarming degree, besides conferring undesired fame upon the cab's occupant. So it was quite three blocks from home that Christine overcame the cabman's scruples and induced him to let her proceed on foot.

"I am feeling quite well now," she told him, "and the little walk will do me good; besides, my sister at home is ill and it would needlessly alarm her to have me brought home in a cab."

The man, who had been generously paid by Mr. Torrance, and who had of his own accord taken an interest in his pretty fare, was loath to depart from his original instructions, but it was a hard man who could resist Christine when she smiled.

With a sigh of relief she watched him drive away and turned, walking rather slowly, in the direction of home. She did not feel ill now, only dizzy—tired—unable to focus her thoughts. How would she explain to Ada? If she told the truth it would be one more burden for Ada, if she did not tell the truth, what story could she invent which would explain her early home-coming and the fact that she had a few days' holiday? How kind Mr. Torrance had been! She felt a great rush of gratitude to him for promising that her position should be kept for her. How handsome he was, she thought, how courteous! Beside him, the hitherto omnipotent Mr. Bunce had appeared small and insignificant. But in spite of all that kindness could do, the fact remained that she had fainted and had been sent home with orders to consider herself upon the sick list. How would she tell Ada?

So absorbed was she in this problem that she did not notice the old woman whose tottering steps followed her down the street. At the touch of a hand upon her arm she turned abstractedly, and started to find herself looking into a pair of very ugly red-rimmed eyes. It was the same old woman of whom she had spoken to Tommy on the night of Mark's departure. Seen closely, and in broad daylight, the creature was even more repulsive than she had thought. Red eyes, loose mouth, draggled grey hair, and a temporarily swollen nose made up an ensemble at which the girl shuddered involuntarily.

"You're Miss Brown, aren't you?" asked the woman in a whining voice. "Can't you help a poor widow that once had a darter as pretty as you?"

Christine flushed. "I am sorry," she said. "I would give you something if I had it. But I haven't a cent of money with me. Only some car tickets."

The old woman grinned maliciously, drawing still nearer to the tired and half-frightened girl. "Only car tickets is it," she began, but before she could finish her sentence someone jerked her, not too gently, away.

"Here—get out," said Mr. Gilbert Van Slyke. He could hardly believe his own good luck in stumbling upon such a good excuse for speaking to Christine, but fortune sometimes favors the indolent as well as the brave. "Shouldn't let these beggars annoy you," he said with an affable smile. "Here, you!" He flung the old woman a coin and with lordly gesture motioned her off the earth.

Christine, unprepared for this new annoyance, walked rapidly on. This, she thought with tingling cheeks, was what the dark girl had warned her of—how dared he! Oh, if she had only gone home in the cab.

"Awful rotters, these beggars!" said Mr. Van Slyke, nonchalantly. "Oughtn't to be allowed, don't you know."

Christine said nothing and walked faster.

"Lucky I happened to be passing," he began again, but the badgered girl, taking a sudden resolve, slackened her pace, and, turning, looked him straight in the face.

"I do not know you," she said quietly, "but if you are a gentleman you will annoy me no further. I do not wish to appeal to the police."

This was something of a facer.

"Oh—er, certainly, excuse me, a mistake," spluttered the amazed Van Slyke. He had expected coyness or perhaps an affectation of haughtiness, but this simple and quiet directness took him by surprise.

(To be continued)

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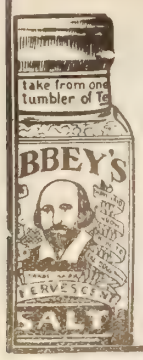

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THE COST OF A CRIME

Continued from page 11

"Oh, he has not gone away with anyone—simply alone. He has absconded."

"Business troubles," put in Luttrell quickly.

"He is a defaulter, and he had no other choice," she replied in a dry, tense voice. "I have never understood business much, he has kept it all from me. And all I understand is that he has made away with large sums of money not his own, and that unable to account for it or meet the investigation he has run away."

Mrs. Luttrell grew suddenly as pale as her friend. She had not anticipated disgrace, and she had been sincerely attached to John Reedham, and could hardly believe the story to be true.

"It sounds too dreadful!" she murmured. "Can you believe it, Teddy?"

Luttrell slightly shook his head. He could see the strain under which Mrs. Reedham was laboring, and his heart was full of compassion for her.

"It is not necessary to go into any painful details," he said gently. "What does Mr. Lidgate say. He would be the best judge I should say."

"Lidgate says it could not be worse, but he has been very kind," she said dully. "He—he gave him time to get away. To-morrow everything will be known. Some firms will be shaken by it, and the other partners are furious, Mr. Currie especially so. You have met him here, you know what a hard man he is, and he feels acutely the stigma which will attach to the firm over it."

"But what did he do with the money?" asked Mrs. Luttrell perplexedly.

Bessie shook her head.

"I don't understand it. Lidgate says it is very easy to squander large sums in a short time, but what perplexes me is that it should be possible for one member of a firm to do it unknown and unsuspected by his fellow partners. But, anyhow, it is done, and my husband has disappeared."

"Do you have any idea where he has gone?" asked Mrs. Luttrell. Bessie Reedham shook her head.

"None, and at the present moment I do not wish to know. Lidgate, however, assures me he is still in life."

There was a moment's silence, the trio regarding one another with expressions indicating unspeakable thoughts.

Commonplace sympathy seemed wholly out of place in face of such a tragedy, they did not attempt a single utterance of it. What amazed them was the calmness of the woman who sat in front of them telling them what had happened.

"About Leslie," she said, with a sudden break in her voice. "You know how fond he was of his father. Do you think it would be possible to keep the newspapers from him to-morrow?"

"Certainly, I shall make it my business. Fortunately, our boys don't take much interest in newspapers," replied Luttrell quickly.

"And don't say a word to him now, unless it becomes necessary. If he should hear anything, will you promise to wire to me, and I will come myself and tell him everything, or send him up to me."

"We will do everything to help and shield you," said Luttrell in a full voice, for indeed he was deeply moved. "And whatever happens, Leslie remains with us. He will come back after the holidays. Another year at Sunbury will not hurt him."

Bessie Reedham's eyes filled with sudden blistering tears.

They were brought partly by the offered kindness, partly by the quenching of the hope concerning her boy. For she had been proud of the fact that the autumn would see him started on the next stage of his career.

"Thank you! thank you! I can say no more. Everything must be left. Meanwhile Mr. Lidgate will advise me what is to be done about Leslie. But, I fear, it is certain that he will have to leave school."

"Not yet," said Luttrell firmly. "If I have any say in the matter. He is too young to turn to anything. In another year, perhaps, we could speak about it. And perhaps by that time things will have smoothed themselves out."

Bessie Reedham shook her head.

"He can never come back to the world of men," she said in a hollow voice. "Don't you see that the only thing that awaits him there would be a felon's cell?"

Evelyn Luttrell gave a little cry.

"Oh, Bessie, it is too dreadful! John Reedham, whom we all loved so much! I can't believe it. I will go on hoping that it will be proved to be some terrible mistake. He will—he must—come back to clear himself."

"If there were any hope of such a thing, Evelyn, Lidgate would have told me. He was most kind, but he has never buoyed me up with any false hopes. He simply says everything is over for my husband."

"And you will have to leave your beautiful home," said Mrs. Luttrell, with an involuntary glance round the dainty, home-like room. She had sometimes grown weary with the stress of her own cares at Sunbury, and envied the woman who lived a life of sheltered ease. Yet how terrible was the sequel to that ease now!

"At once—next week, probably. I have not seen Mr. Currie yet, but he is coming to-day at five o'clock."

"We will go before that, Teddy," said Mrs. Luttrell quickly. "Unless you will let me stay for a few days. I might be of some real use then, and they will be quite all right at the school."

(To be continued)

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Just go to your grocer and buy a bag of Cream of the West Flour. Take it home and bake it up.

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CREAM OF THE WEST

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Susan the Indispensable

Continued from page 9

—and you said it was impossible: I couldn't be spared; it was my plain duty to stay at home and help you. I thought you were right. I—I still think you were right, and I made the sacrifice willingly. But how can you say you would have been able to manage without me if I had gone away as —as Brian's wife?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilbraham, bewildered, not to say a little shocked. "My dear, going away to be married is not the same thing as going away to be a painter in London, just as if you were a man! What extraordinary things you do say! And I don't think it is quite nice of you to put it so plainly about Brian. It is not as though he had really asked you to be his wife. I only meant that we sometimes wondered, your father and I——"

"Yes, I understand," said Susan. She spread an embroidered wrap over her mother's knees and drew down the blind, shutting out both the picture and the sunlight. At the door she promised to order scones for tea, as well as cress sandwiches, and to put on her best frock, so that Brian should not think he was unwelcome after fifteen years.

Prue was waiting for her in the hall. Susan suppressed a sigh. She would have dearly liked to forget she was indispensable just then, to be able to go away and be alone for ten minutes, just to realize the existence of the letter in her pocket, that had turned an untidy garden into a picture, and made her late for early dinner. But she gathered from Prue's face that she was not going to be allowed her ten minutes, and she gave them up unresistingly, as she had once given up the man who wanted to marry her. It was part of the price she had paid, fifteen years ago, for being indispensable to her family to-day.

"Come and help me pick roses for the big bowl," she said, and pulled Prue out into the sunshine. Prue went unwillingly. Full of her own affairs, she saw no pictures anywhere, and roses bored her.

"Have you said anything to mother?" she burst out, as soon as they were at a safe distance from the open drawing-room window.

Susan shook her head. "There wasn't a chance," she answered. "After tea is the best time, as a rule. I'll try to do it after tea."

Prue plucked at a dead rose and pulled it to pieces. "I can't endure waiting," she grumbled. "I'd sooner have a row at once and get it over."

"Child! child!" said Susan, snipping off roses rapidly with her gardening scissors. "Can't you wait a few hours? Most of us have to wait years for anything that we want."

Prue turned scornful. "I don't mean to wait," she cried. "If mother won't let me take the chance of a lifetime when it's offered to me I shall—I shall run away."

Susan received this threat with great calmness. It was not the first time she had dealt with rebellion. "Of course you can do that," she agreed, still impassively cutting roses; "but Mrs. Rackstraw's offer only includes your training in medical gymnastics, not your board and lodging for the two years you will have to live in London. So I don't quite see how——"

"Suke!" interrupted a penitent voice. "You're not turning against me, are you? Yesterday, you were as keen as I was that I should go away and make something of my life. What's come over you to-day? I can't bear it if you turn against me!"

It was true, and Susan knew it. Until this afternoon she had been entirely on Prue's side. The letter that lay in her pocket was responsible in some subtle way for changing her point of view, even for making it approximate to that of her step-mother. And her step-mother's point of view regarding Prue was limited entirely to dreams of marriage and wealth. Prue was the beauty of the family; and seeing how exceedingly pretty she looked, as she stood there against the background of riotous color, Susan's courage failed her at the thought of suggesting to Mrs. Wilbraham that medical gymnastics (of which she would surely never have heard), and not marriage, were to fill the future of her brilliant daughter.

"Darling," she said persuasively, "don't be in too great a hurry to accept this offer. It is so easy to make a mistake at twenty. There are all sorts of things in life besides work and fame. Why shouldn't some of them be waiting for you? I'm not turning against you. Of course I'm not! But do think it over before I speak to mother."

She was prepared for disappointment, even for fury and contumely. She was not in the least prepared for mocking laughter.

"Dear old Suke, how delightfully funny you are!" cried Prue, bubbling over with amusement. "Saying all those stuffy, conventional things as if you really believed them—like mother! You know you don't believe them one bit. You know you would give anything to be twenty again yourself, so that you could make the very mistake you pretend you don't want me to make. And you know you're going to persuade mother to give in about me. Aren't you, dear, funny, old Suke?"

She gave her sister a hug and went off, impudently humming a tune. She did not know she had been cruel. She was all aglow with the modern spirit, and it tempered her natural discernment. The waste of Susan's existence was glaringly apparent to her; but she did not grasp that it was also apparent to Susan—Susan, whose relapse into her step-mother's attitude of mind was largely due to the brief and unemotional letter that lay in her pocket, announcing Brian Grierson's intention of coming up to see her after fifteen years.

Susan went on filling her basket with roses. Those fifteen years of renunciation were rolling by her in the sunshine. Her step-mother, in one careless sentence, had stripped her sacrifice of the seriousness that alone makes sacrifice worth while. At the age of forty-one, she thought she had made herself indispensable to a number of people, and now it appeared to be possible for

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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money, if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST
PETERBORO - ONTARIO

any one of them to turn round and tell her she need not have done it. She wondered if one had to go on paying a high price to the end of life for one's failures.

A step on the gravel path did not make her look round, though it came to a standstill close behind her. Prue had behaved abominably, and until she apologized Susan did not mean to meet her half-way.

"I suppose you've come back to ask me to reconsider what I said," observed Susan, when the silence began to be tiresome.

"Yes, I have," said a man's voice.

Susan dropped the scissors.

"I got your letter," she said.

She was finding it difficult to open a conversation with a complete stranger. She wished she had not turned round. Until she turned round and looked at him, the owner of the man's voice had not been a stranger to her.

"You didn't answer it," said Brian Grierson. He, too, rather wished she had not turned round. There had been something so familiar in the way she stood with her back to him, picking roses rapidly and methodically, as though the man who once wanted to marry her were not on his way to meet her after fifteen years. It was very like the old Susan, too, not to have bothered to tidy herself up in his honor. But there was nothing familiar about the woman, who turned round to look at him. She was a stranger to him, and a queer shyness seized them both.

"Mary brought a message from your mother to say you were coming; that's why I didn't answer it," said Susan. "You don't know Mary, do you? She was born the day you went away. There are Jack and Jenny, too—quite a lot of us for you to learn up!"

She was glad to have something definite to say. He seemed to feel the same need of conversational bridges; for he told her, with great solemnity, how many passengers had been on board the boat, and the exact hour at which he reached Plymouth and despatched his letter to her. The absurdity of this sort of intercourse struck them both after a moment or two.

"We never used to talk like this," he said, smiling through the beard that helped to disguise the old Brian. "Do you remember how angry you used to be with me if I said conventional things for the sake of saying something? 'Be rude, if you like; but do be a real person,' you once said. Do you remember?"

"We're not being real now," she answered abruptly. She hated him for sending that letter from Plymouth, as though he were the same old Brian as of old. He must have known he was no longer the man who had asked her to marry him.

"It's because you never wrote to me all those years," he said. "We should have kept in touch if you had written to me." He would have given worlds to recall the letter he had written from Plymouth. It was not written to her at all. It was meant for the old Susan, who was gone. She had no business to open it.

"That isn't the reason," answered Susan. "We've both grown fifteen years older—and we've done it in different places. If we had done it in the same place we should not have noticed we were doing it."

It was an intimate remark to make to one who was a complete stranger. She felt sure, however, that she would not have made it had she not realized that they were going to be strangers for the rest of their lives. He realized the same thing at the same moment, and the strain produced by their former intimacy was slightly relieved. Chatting almost as easily as any two chance acquaintances might have done, they went indoors, and Susan left him with Mrs. Wilbraham while she went upstairs to take off her gardening pinafore. Before she came down again, she tore up the letter that had come by the second post and made her late for lunch.

The young Wilbrahams insisted on walking home with Brian in the cool of the evening. He was no stranger to them, though two of them had only a hazy recollection of what he was like before he left England, and the other three had never seen him at all. Within five minutes of their meeting over scones and cress sandwiches they knew that he belonged to the minority of great people who can be made friends with at sight; and they straightway made friends with him. Only Susan held aloof. She did remember what he was like before he left England; and the man with a beard, who called himself Brian Grierson, was a stranger whose acquaintance required to be made afresh. Susan was never quick at making acquaintances.

Her isolation in the middle of the noisy tea party attracted no attention. It was always Susan's business to preside over the distribution of food, and that never left her any leisure for the more human amenities of meal time. Prue was probably the only one who noticed that, when Brian departed with his chattering escort, Susan stayed behind with their mother; and Prue knew, or thought she did, why Susan chose to do this. Prue, indeed, being far more interested at the moment in her own destines than in the adventures of the fascinating stranger from South Africa, soon detached herself from the others and returned home again. She found Susan in the garden, once more shrouded in her pinafore, busily weeding the perennial beds.

"Suke!!" she began anxiously. "Have you——? Did she——?"

"Oh, I've made it all right for you," answered Susan, tugging away at groundsel and nettles. The sting of the nettles gave her a vicious pleasure. "She was dreadfully upset at first, and declared she could not do without you. I pointed out that, if you wanted to leave home in order to be married, she would have no diffiuclty in sparing you."

"You dear!" exclaimed Prue, rapturously. "No wonder that clinched her. What made you think of saying that, Suke?"

Susan, wondering bitterly why no one had said it on her behalf fifteen years ago, did not explain. "Well, I did think of it," she answered; "and it clinched her, as you say, though I don't think that is the proper way for a daughter to speak of her mother. You'd better come and help with this weeding, instead of standing there idle."

Prue showed no inclination to adopt this suggestion. "What made you change about me, Suke?" she asked, curiously. "This afternoon you talked all kinds of stuff about there being other things in life besides work and——"

"So there are—for some people," answered Susan. She stood up to stretch her back, and Prue wondered at the sternness that came into her face as she said this. "I hoped, as mother hoped, that perhaps the other things would be there for you, instead of the harder life you have chosen. Yes, child, I agree that you are right to do what you've decided to do, and that it may be necessary for the sake of future women that the women of this generation should be sacrificed; but it's no use pretending that there is no greater happiness for any woman than to scrape a bare living in a labor market where everything is against her from the start."

"I don't pretend anything so absurd!" cried Prue indignantly. Susan swept aside her protest and went on:

"It is only natural," she continued, "that we should prefer to see you a happy wife and mother than——"

Prue declined to be swept aside when it came to this. "Who says I'm not going to be a happy wife some day?" she demanded.

"I beg your pardon?" said Susan, looking at her. To her suprise, Prue blushed.

"There's one thing I didn't tell you," she confessed.

"Oh!" said Susan.

"I don't know whether you and mother assume that I am never going to marry just because I mean to enter a profession. Why should marriage be out of the question for a woman because she can earn an income of her own? It ought to make her more eligible, if anything!"

She thought she was suceeeding magnificently in conducting the discussion on general lines. Susan's next remark, therefore, disconcerted her considerably.

"Who is he, Prue?" she asked. "And why wasn't I told?"

"There you go!" cried Prue, hotly. "You sentimentalize no end about love and marriage and all the rest of it; and directly you suspect that I'm going to take you at your word you look as though I'd done something underhand and wrong. I'm engaged to Bobby Rackstraw, if you want to know; and I didn't tell you or anyone, because of the horrible way love and marriage are vulgarized in this family. Oh, Suke, Suke!"

Susan's arms were round her. " Yes, darling, I know," she said. "I beg your pardon. I've lived in the atmosphere so long that I'm beginning to vulgarize these things too. But I thought of them, just as you do, when I was fifteen years younger; and when they tried to cure me by vulgarizing them, and I wanted to escape from the atmosphere and make

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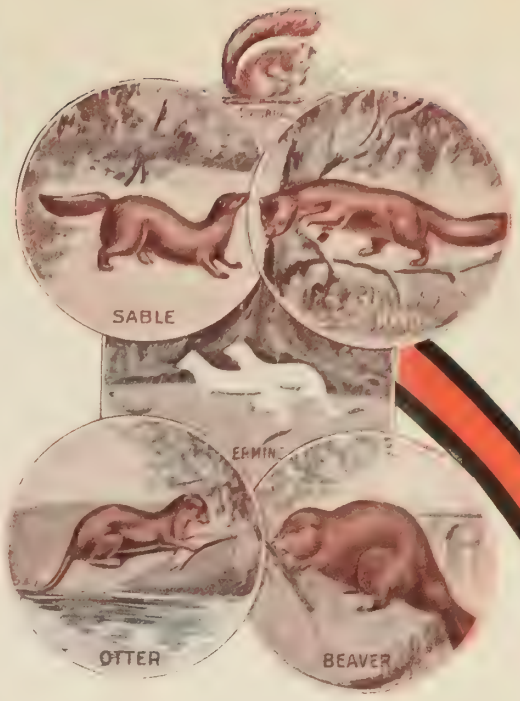

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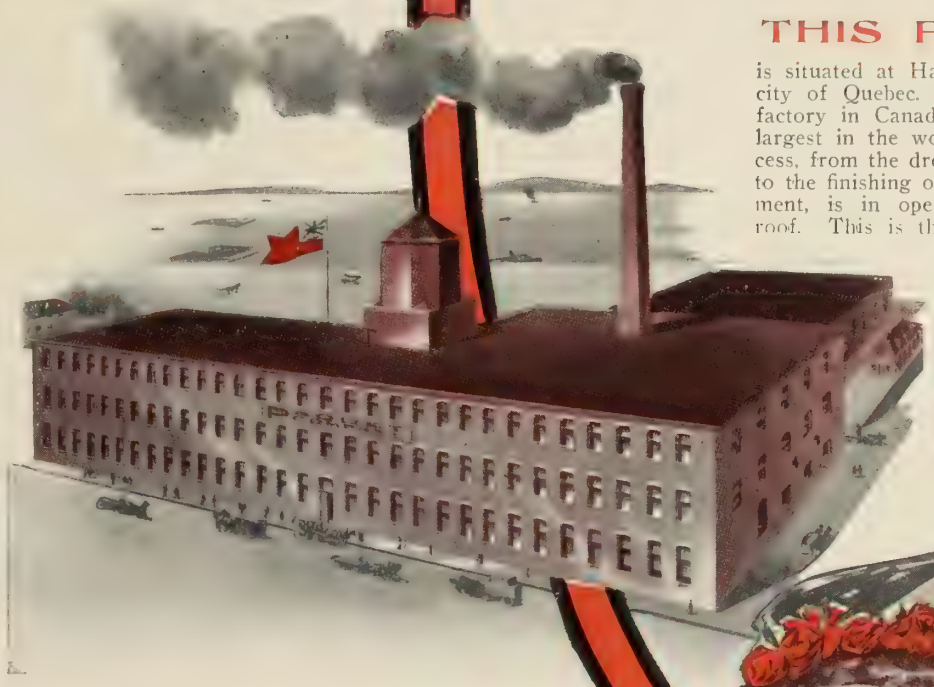

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November

1911

THANKSGIVING NUMBER

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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE SUBJECT of Mormon settlement is by no means insignificant in this country. Thousands of these people are already settled in the Canadian West and their missionaries are slowly but surely working eastward. In the course of a recent lecture in Toronto, Mr. H. T. Freece declared: "Christianity and Mormonism cannot exist in the same place, because they are opposed to each other. Two thousand young men are scouring this world to-day for converts to Mormonism. They have to go or they would be kicked out of their church. Some of them are here in Toronto, carrying around their literature. They don't admit they are Mormons until they are taxed with it, and then they deny that polygamy is now practised. I say that is an untruth, and that it is still practised by the leaders of the church themselves."

Mr. Freece said he was prepared to prove that thousands of Mormon converts, principally young unmarried women, were being brought into Canada and into the United States by way of Canada, and that they were being conveyed by a steamship line at special cut rates. He referred to the growth of Mormonism in Alberta, and said the propagandists would soon have their representatives at Ottawa, as they had in Congress, and would use their power politically to prevent legislation against their religion.

THE ARTICLE in this month's issue, "Children of the Mormons, by One Who Has Taught Them," is contributed, not as an attack upon those people, but as a statement by a teacher, of the general aspect and influence of a Mormon community in Canada. The system, as promulgated from Salt Lake City, appears to be entirely antagonistic to Canadian ideals of home life and civic progress. "For Home and Country" is the motto of our Women's Institutes, and the members of that organization will hardly fail to recognize the nature of the Mormon peril.

THE AMUSING or unusual incidents associated with the wedding ceremony as solemnized in the home of the pastor are dealt with in the article, "Produce the Ring," a contribution from a Western reader. Our fiction this month, "The Touchstone," and "Miss Marion's

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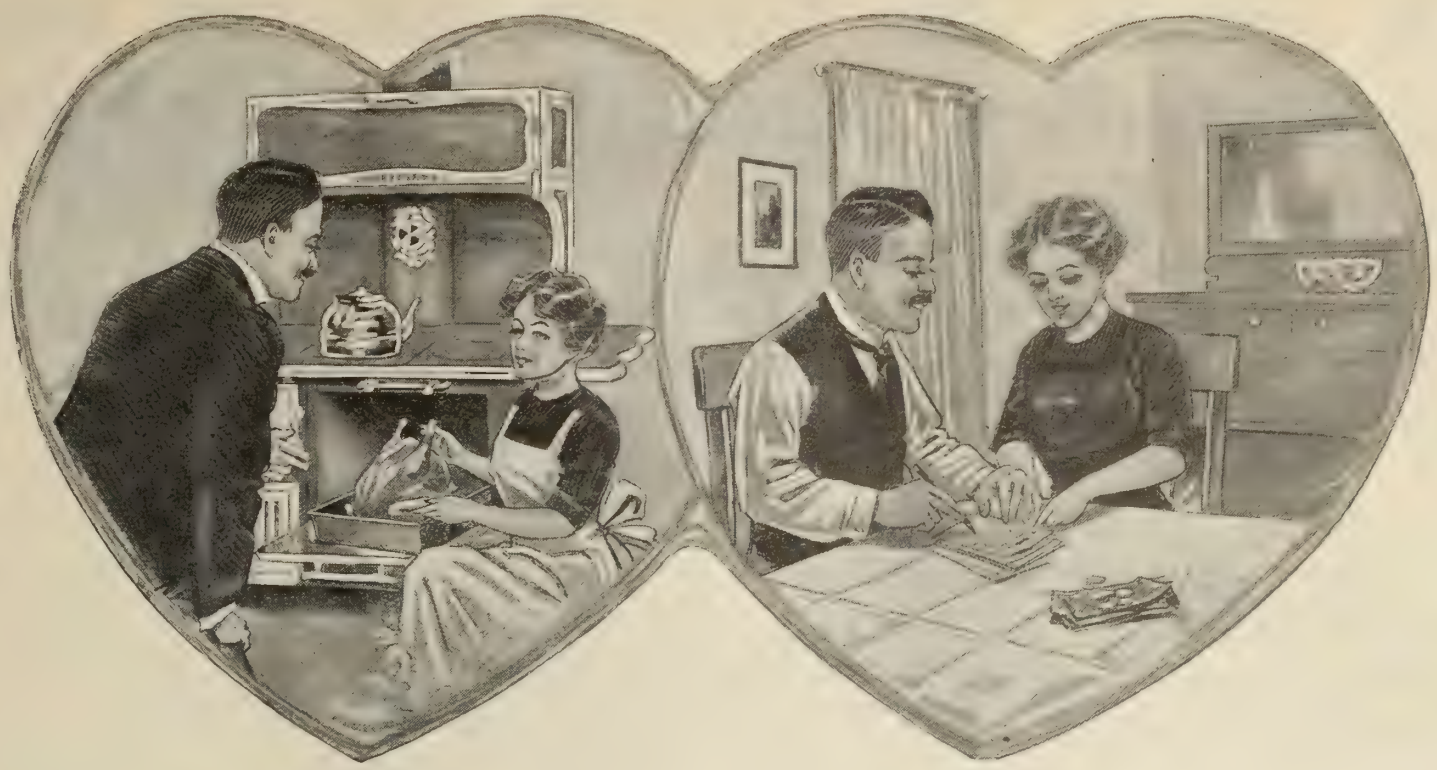
EDITORIAL CHAT

Thanksgiving Pies," are quite worth while, as bright and wholesome stories. The former is an English tale of hospital life, with a revelation of that sympathy which makes the whole world kin. The latter is a Canadian contribution, introducing a scene which you will all recognize as typical and seasonable.

THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS is heralded already in our shops, and a few hints as to Christmas gifts will not be out of place to those industrious and far-sighted beings who are thinking of what will be suitable for their circle of friends.

FOR OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER, the stories and articles will have the genuine Santa Claus flavor, with a brightness which belongs to the twenty-fifth of December and the season of good-will. Our small friends will be especially remembered, and we are sure that their interest in puzzle and story will be as keen as ever. Their attention is drawn to the new competition announced in this number. We have received many interesting letters during our holiday competition, and hope to have all of our young friends writing about the Winter Adventure. Christmas belongs especially to the children, and the spirit of that happy season ought to be abroad in the magazine world. So, you may look for a very "Christmassy" number next month.

Our correspondents frequently give us suggestions of ready and practical value. We published last month an article sent by one of them on "Public School Teachers versus Mothers," which has attracted general attention. Our teachers have been made the subject of much criticism during the last year and many authorities have taken the ground that teachers are ethical guardians, as well as instructors of the children in our public schools. The writer of the JOURNAL contribution considers that there is a lack of parental sympathy with the teachers. The subject is one of interest in nearly every home of the land, and we should be glad to hear from others in connection with this phase of our educational problems.



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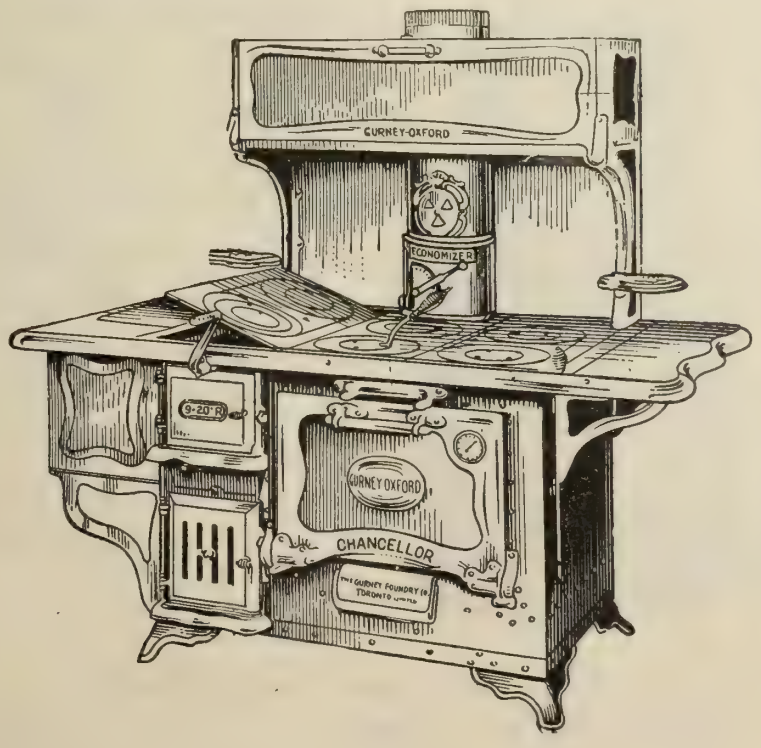

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59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

Women at the Ecumenical

ONE of the greatest conferences ever assembled in Toronto was the "Ecumenical" of the Methodist Church, which foregathered in Ontario's capital during the first fortnight of October. It was remarkable for its scope and enthusiasm, and one of its interesting features was the delegation of women. For the first time in its history, women were elected as representatives. A public meeting for women was addressed by speakers who told of the work done by women's organizations of the Methodist Church throughout the world. In honor of the official and visiting women delegates, the feminine societies of the Methodist Church in Toronto united to give a luncheon, at which distinguished delegates gave addresses. The luncheon was served in the new Deaconess Home, and was a revelation, both in the number of guests and the quality of the speakers of what the women of modern Methodism are accomplishing.

These occasions, on which the social and ethical purposes are happily united, cannot fail to be productive of the best results, as suggestions for the best methods of work and reform are given and taken under the happiest auspices. If one may judge from the success of this Conference, there is nothing to be feared and much to be gained from the admission of women as delegates to such assemblies. They are a material help in giving information and inspiration as to the most advanced work in feminine fields, and the best means of extending such endeavor.

* * *

The Premier's Wife

IT was a distinguished writer who declared that Canada has more politics to the square inch than any other civilized country. In spite of this fact, the Canadian woman is not nearly so well informed on political questions as her English sister, nor can she be said to take an active part in the sphere of politics. Wherefore, we can hardly be said to possess the political hostess, as the English public interprets that type. The wife of the Canadian public man, however, has a highly important part to play, and lends a social grace to scenes in which political strife is forgotten for the lighter gayeties of the Capital. An ungracious or stupid wife might easily mar the career of a prominent politician, and it says much for the tact and good sense of the Canadian woman that social life in Ottawa's political circles is seldom ruffled by blunder or discourtesy. The man who is at the head of national affairs has a great burden of care and responsibility, and his wife stands between him and the many petty trials which would prove too much for masculine patience and strength.

The sympathy and gentleness of the woman who understands are invaluable to the man who has to bear heavy public burdens, and who is necessarily exposed to constant criticism. Lady Macdonald's loyal help to her husband was appreciated by all. Lady Laurier's gracious tact has made the hospitality of the Premier's household delightful. A new hostess now assumes those onerous social responsibilities which are the lot of the wife of the First Minister. Mrs. R. L. Borden is not a stranger in Ottawa. She has been for some years a charming hostess in political circles, and everyone who knows her is convinced that she will prove in every quality a valuable helpmeet to the man who now stands at the head of the Government.

MRS. R. L. BORDEN
Photograph by Pittaway

* * *

More About Manners

DURING the last few months, there has been a great deal said about the "bad manners" of Canadians by the editors of the land. Perhaps it was the elections which set us reflecting on our occasional lack of politeness. On his departure from the Dominion, His Excellency, Earl Grey, congratulated the people of Canada on having so much of Gallic courtesy through the French strain in the nation. It is to be feared that the Anglo-Saxons of Ontario are not affected greatly by this French touch of gentler ways, and are too much given to bluntness and candid-speaking. A writer of plain tales has referred in admiration to "the pretty public and private lies that make life a little less nasty than it is." It is not necessary to tell lies in order to be decently agreeable, although some good people imagine that there is an essential relationship between courtesy and insincerity, and accordingly speak and act as if a hurtful bluntness were a virtue.

Effusiveness is offensive to persons of good taste, and we shrink instinctively from those who wish to become friends in a hurry. But courtesy is as far removed from undue familiarity as it is from boorishness and is one of the essentials to happy living or a refined social circle. It has little to do with rank or position, but is the natural outcome of a simple and unselfish attitude.

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

* * *

A Valuable Diary

A BOOK which it would be well for our Women's Institutes and other clubs to consider at their meetings is "The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe," which has been compiled by Mr. John Ross Robertson of Toronto. The husband of this notable lady was the first Governor of Upper Canada, and every Ontario woman should be interested in the story of the beginnings of the province. The diary of the years 1792-1796 gives one a glimpse of the early life of those days which is decidedly instructive. Mrs. Simcoe, herself, appears to have been a notable example of what we are too likely to call a "lady of the old school." She seems to have been a housewife of most practical order, rising at six o'clock every morning and looking after the affairs of the primitive vice-regal home.

The women's clubs of the United States have shown far more enterprise than those of Canada, in their study of local history and traditions. Such a book as this, which gives so intimate an account of the Ontario of long ago, should be welcomed and read by all who take a pride in "Home and Country."

Children of the Mormons

BY ONE WHO HAS TAUGHT THEM

THAT the child is father to the man is a favorite axiom of the educationist; but when the Mormon Church is stepmother to the child, the educationist may expect the man to resemble his stepmother rather than his childhood.

Mormon children are much like other children of poor and illiterate parents, living in semi-rural districts. They are easily controlled, being affectionate, amenable to kindness, and easily intimidated; they possess average intelligence, are very happy amongst themselves, and, usually, we found they increased in an inverse ratio to their fathers' incomes.

As the most of the fathers met with in six months had no income to speak of, it required comparatively few families to fill a school with three hundred pupils.

Whether this was due to the (in)dispensations of Providence concerning rain, or to the teachings of Joseph Smith concerning the Incarnation of Spirits, it is as well to leave to speculation.

Meanwhile, let us leave our prejudices in Lethbridge this New Year's Day and bump across the old sea-floor of a prairie through the most sparkling and alluring of atmospheres, into the Mormon district of Southern Alberta. The western horizon is banked with the snow-peaked Rockies, and ever and anon the cubical colossus known as Big Chief recalls scraps of bibliophile as to "the last local battle-stand of the Red Man."

When a half-dozen lady teachers of varying ages and temperaments, and from as many towns or cities of good old Ontario, meet and dwell together for six months in a foreign community of Western Canada, it is a foregone conclusion that at the end of that time their average estimation of the class and character of its people will be as suggestive as the whirling of a weather cock.

We lived under one roof, sharing the same sitting-room, receiving the same guests, and exchanging views on the same situations.

The town contained about four families of "Gentiles," mostly of American, and one man of French, descent, so that practically everything except the irrigation system, was controlled by Mormons.

The town was laid out in about one-eighth-mile-square blocks, and each block was sub-divided into four town lots, which, naturally spread the dwellings over a great area, not one foot of which boasted municipal sidewalks, lighting system, nor waterworks.

Thus the distance from place to place, the absence of walks, and the extremely sticky nature of the soil made regular attendance at school impossible during wet weather; but even in a year of prolonged drought the attendance was always deplorably irregular, a class of sixty-five averaging about forty, and dropping to twenty or twenty-five after the opening of labor in beet fields.

Now, why should a Mormon town be spread out in this way?

On the surface, it is an obvious benefit for a family to enjoy the comforts of a garden, a cow, a few chickens, and a sugar-beet patch; and, also, at the same time, the social and intellectual amenities of town life. Would that such benefits accrued to more townspeople!

Therefore the Mormon Church is very benign and provident of its people's well-being, and they smile happily when a stranger remarks it.

But, looking deeper, we learned that most of the townspeople worked farms in the outlying districts, to which they went as the season required, returning home nightly, or, at most, weekly.

We soon learned, also, that "one" for the people, means from "two" to "forty-eleven" for the hierarchy.

HOWEVER, should an exceptionally able man show a tendency to read at large, an ability to penetrate the teachings of the Church, and a desire to strike off into the world outside, he quickly is received within the higher Church circles, is given a substantial post, and can afford to bury his doubts beneath the foundations of a handsome home.

The amusements with which everybody is provided, take place in the church. Dances occur fortnightly, concerts, plays (presented by home talent), anniversary suppers, children's dances, patriotic concerts, and so forth, all occur at intervals in the large building which represents the heart of the community.

The Mormon is essentially a "social animal," open doors and equal rights being the Church's appeal to the proselyte.

We see the wholesomeness of such teaching among the children, (where, after all, it is unnecessary, being a normal instinct) in a form of beauty; the children seem the only phase of Mormon life possessing qualities kin to our own standards or ideals. They possess the free, open-eyed trustfulness of any other normal, contented animal cub, which is ever a thing of beauty. So they trip together to each other's "parties" (everybody has one), or to "Prim-ary" on Saturday afternoons (where they learn the most and the prettiest songs imaginable); or to their own dances (where the habit of sweethearting is early inculcated).

And between the regular habit of sweethearting and the irregular habit of schooling, Madame the Church, rears her loafing, flat-faced, polygamous youth, and his partner, the thriftless, empty-eyed, emotional maiden, the utter familiarity of whose manners and conversation could be neither looked upon nor listened to with impunity.

Where, when, and how the Church effects her most telling strokes, is not apparent to the passing observer; but to the dwellers in Gath it is known. The scene is the inmost sanctity of the home, the time is ever and always, the manner is through the district visitors, the representatives of Mother Church, who possess unlimited rights to question, influence, and dictate.

One needs to witness but once the mental anguish of a proselytized woman, weeping bitterly, and wringing her hands, "I can't do it! My God, I'm not good enough!" and to realize that this is Wife No. 1, struggling for the spiritual power to present her husband with Wife No. 2, that she may vindicate her own saintship and devotion to the will of Heaven. I say such revolting and unnatural torture need be witnessed but once to throw a flood of light on the sinister background, where the incubus of Mormorism, spinning its ever-strengthening and far-reaching web, crouches darkly, its tentacles alert, and its insatiate maw athirst for all that is sweetest and holiest in the life-blood of its victims.

But to return to the dancing. A Mormon dance is opened and closed with prayer, pronounced in tones of cheerfulest comradeship, somewhat as follows: "O Lord, we present ourselves before Thee this evening in the capacity of a dance. We trust that nothing may occur which will be displeasing in Thy sight, and that all may be to Thy glory forever. Amen." (The capitals may not be authentic.)

On several occasions the music was stopped, and a couple sent off the floor for unseemly conduct. We witnessed, moreover, the attendance at the dances of a young woman whose reputation and condition rendered her presence an outrage; but she seemed popular, and caused the Bishop no apparent anxiety.

When approached on the subject by one of the Gentiles, the reply was, "We care for our girls; you send them adrift."

Such lofty sentiment in such sordid conditions seemed ludicrous, until one remembers these people call themselves "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," and in the stern white light of the Character that Name suggests, such a scene grows blasphemous.

WE hear of the numberless army of missionaries always at work in every country, to gain converts for the Mormon Church, and, naturally, we feel curious as to the stamp of man these would-be gospel spreaders are.

A great many of the townsmen had been away on mission excursions, the Church holding every male liable for two years of work in the mission fields, and that at the expense of himself or his relatives.

Among those we met oftenest, the character we knew best is somewhat suggestive.

A certain household sent several children of two different surnames to school. One day we enjoyed a lengthy drive with the man of the family, and found him sociable and amusing.

He had spent some time in the mission field, had enjoyed it greatly, and hoped to go again. As a young man, he had begun a course in law, but, like many foolish youths, had wearied of the exacting study and had drifted here and there in business ever since.

A Mormon (in Canada) who has had any intellectual associations, is noteworthy, and later, when he remarked boldly that he had never done anything he was ashamed of, our sense of humor awoke, and we determined to find out why.

Here is his history as it was "town-talk."

In Utah he married a wife. His father, a man of some means, disliked her, and refused to give him the deed of a piece of property unless he divorced her. This was slightly provoking, but he persuaded her to consent to a divorce until such time as "the old man" should hand over the deed and his blessing; then they would be joyfully rewed, and spend the balance of their days in conjugal comfort. Needless to say, the divorce and the deed were a matter of course.

When, however, the accommodating wife began to lift up her eyes for the joy, she discovered that her conscientious consort had repented him of such a Jacob's trick, and had taken to his bosom the wife of his father's choice (a divorcee, too). Moreover, he had taken also, and by stealth, her own two children, whom she loved devotedly, and with the lot was hastening away to greener fields and pastures new in the sunny plains of Alberta.

As soon as the first wife's finances permitted, she visited the new home in quest of her children. She obtained the little girl, after a great deal of commotion, and graciously withdrew, leaving her quondam spouse with nothing he was ashamed of.

Respecting the converts of these missionaries, they are generally Europeans of the immigrant type, with whom the social glad-hand quickly reaches the heart. There are Scandinavians, Danish especially, some low-class English, and a very few Scotch.

That the "glad-hand" is strictly non-financial is evident from the fact that during our stay, when the sower sowed, but the reaper reaped not even his seed-grain, the people petitioned the Church to loan them their own tithing wheat to seed the fields. They were practically bankrupt and destitute.

The Church called a meeting of her choicest saints (the property-holders) and finally proclaimed their invitation that whomsoever would might come and buy, yea, buy seed-wheat without limit—at eight per cent.

Even the Mormons rebelled abainst this injustice, and clamored for an account of their tithings, but so far without avail.

The vine of missionary enterprise towards ourselves put forth only a few tendrils, when one short-sighted zealot forgot the foreignness of the field, and, after a cosy evening in our sitting room, exposed his tender plant to a killing frost by saying:

"But, really, now, wouldn't you girls be far better living in polygamy than the way you do here?"

LONG but narrow were our conversations with the French Gentile. He had lived about twenty years amongst them, and they were his hobby. He was an irreligious man himself, which, we thought, might have discolored his views.

"Tell us what they are like—really," we would ask.

"Dees Mormon? Bah!"

"They are very kind to us. They give us drives, lend us their horses, and do far more for our pleasure than other townspeople."

He palmed out a shrug, eloquent to the eyebrows.

"Now, see here, these people are the bankrupts and ne'er-do-wells of Utah. They've had no crops for three years. They live from six to sixteen in a one-roomed house. I admit they are often dirty, lazy, and extravagant, but I've seen people on the prairies like that, often."

His beady eyes sparkled.

"It is you ladie', you t'ink you know dese peop'; I tole you you don't know nutting."

"We've lived here some time."

"No lady what is lady like you dey can't never know. Me, I can't tole you much 'bout some ting'. But I tole you dis. De Mormon she was train' up to act. Nobody ever know what de Mormon was t'ink' about. He swear on de Bible, on hees soul, on le Bon Dieu, all same. He lie like Diable."

"I'm sure they aren't all like that."

"Maybe—now—in Canadaw. Dey scared de police. Bimebye dey get reech. Dey get strong. Dey buy out all de Gentile'. Dey snap de finger—so—to Canadaw. Dey sing hurraw de Mormon Church, same like Utah."

"But if these people were trained to be decent, they would be all right, wouldn't they?"

"Course dey be—maybe—in hunderd year'. But de Mormon Church, she can't never make nudder t'ing—only Mormon."

* * *

And now, when Time has mellowed all the scene, fond Memory roves again those thousand rolling leagues of cattled hills; anon the vernal sunshine sparkles golden through the limpid-crystal air; anon the thousand glacier peaks hold high above the plains, their gem-bedizened coronets of purest, whitest snow. And in the towns and on the plains the laborers toil once more. The men have hoes, the wives have hoes, the maidens, too, have hoes; and there the little children come, and they are given hoes.

But they rake! they rake! they rake!

Miss Marion's Thanksgiving Pies

The Story of a Happy Meeting by Way of a Pumpkin Pie

By JEAN MURRAY

MISS MARION BARCLAY looked worried and somewhat out of sorts as she sat at breakfast in her pretty dining-room just one week before Thanksgiving.

She had been thinking of the Thanksgiving days long ago when she was a young girl—of the extensive preparations her Mother always made—and of how much she enjoyed the festivities of those happy days. She had just made up her mind not to celebrate Thanksgiving this year. What was the use, she thought, when she had not a relative in all the world whom she could invite to dinner? Of course, there were friends, but at Thanksgiving when other people were having family reunions, it seemed so lonely to have none of one's own kindred with whom to spend the holiday.

As she finished her coffee her faithful housekeeper, Martha Craig, came in to remove the breakfast things.

"This is a fine morning, Miss Marion," she remarked, "hope the weather keeps like this until Thanksgiving. I s'pose next time I go down street I'd better order our turkey. The grocer's boy wanted me to give him the order for the Thanksgiving groceries, but I told him you always 'tended to that yourself. Hadn't you better see about it right away, Miss Marion? We don't want to git behind with the work, and there's just one week left."

"I hope you won't be very disappointed, Martha," replied Miss Marion, "but I have decided not to keep Thanksgiving this year. I don't feel that I have anything particular to be thankful for. I'm fifty dollars short in my rent, and that is quite a loss. I think people make too much fuss about Thanksgiving, anyway, and I'm not going to celebrate this year."

Martha surveyed her mistress in amazement. "Not going to keep Thanksgiving!" she exclaimed. "Surely, Miss Marion, you don't mean what you're saying. Have you forgotten how your mother used to keep it? Have you forgotten how she used to take you to church when you were little, and what fine dinners you always had? Seems to me there's few that have more cause to keep it than you have. You'd ort to be thankful to think what a good mother you had; and you ort to be thankful for this comfortable home and good food every day, and all the clothes you need. Well, I 'spose you'll make the pumpkin pies for the church supper Thanksgiving night, anyway? I met the minister's wife at the store the other day, and she said she hadn't had time yet to call to see you about it, but she hoped it would be convenient for you to contribute pumpkin pies as usual. I told her she needn't have no fear about that, for your pies would be there all right."

"I'm afraid, Martha," replied Miss Marion, "that you took too much on yourself that time. I have no intention of making those pies. I'm not under any obligation to do it. I pay my subscription to the minister's salary regularly, and my pew rent, and five dollars a year to missions. I think that's enough, especially when I'm fifty dollars short in my income."

"It's too bad," said Martha, "for you to lose that fifty dollars, but if *you* feel the hard times, you may be sure there's lots o' people that feels 'em a good deal worse. The money they make at the church supper goes to help the poor. I ain't studied the Bible as much as I should, but there's something in it about considering the poor, and it seems to me this is the time o' year they'd ort to be considered. I know you'll think I'm a cross, meddlesome old woman, and it really ain't any of my business, but I do hate to see you going so contrary to the way you was brung up. I think it's downright sinful, and unchristian not to keep Thanksgiving, and if I could make pumpkin pies like yours I'd be ashamed not to make 'em for the church."

With this parting thrust Martha took up the breakfast tray and retired to the kitchen.

There she found the big grey cat impatiently waiting for her breakfast.

"Well, Tabby, I never did think you had much sense in your old head, but I believe you know enough to mind your own business, and I'm afraid I don't, so I guess you're wiser than I be." Then she continued, half aloud, "I meant it for the best, but I'm afraid I've just offended Miss Marion, after all. Poor girl, I can see she is lonesome. I'm not much company for her—wish I'd had more schoolin' when I was a girl; she might a' married three or four times since we came here to live. I 'most wish she would marry."

Miss Marion's childhood had been spent on a farm. Her father had been prosperous and well-to-do, and she, his only child, had been well brought up and well educated. At the age of eighteen she became engaged to young Robert Grantley, owner of the farm adjoining her father's. Her parents approved of the match, but being anxious to keep their daughter with them a few years longer, they advised her not to marry until she was at least twenty-two. In less than a year after this she lost both father and mother. The blow was a crushing one—it seemed as if all the brightness went out of her hitherto happy life.

Robert Grantley urged an immediate marriage, but Marion would not listen to him. She said she should act on the advice of her father and mother, and not marry for at least three years. Robert thought this most unreasonable, and doubted her love for him. The truth was, she really did love him, but his insistent way seemed to her like domineering. It irritated her, and finally led to a quarrel. Marion declared she would rather live single anyway and be her own mistress. Robert took her at her word—sold his farm and went to the far West. Marion rented her farm and moved into the little village of D——, taking with her Martha Craig, who for some years had been her mother's capable housekeeper.

"Not going to keep Thanksgiving!" she exclaimed.

Here the two women had lived for fifteen years, the elder woman being the almost devoted slave of the younger. If Miss Marion ever regretted the hasty step she had taken, no one was any the wiser. She was always well and becomingly dressed, and one would scarcely guess that she was nearing her thirty-fifth birthday, so young and even girlish did she appear.

But to return to the day on which our story opens. Miss Marion spent the morning tidying and rearranging her storeroom. Coming into the dining-room a little before noon, she found her morning paper, and sat down to look over it. Presently she heard voices in the kitchen, the door being ajar. A child was saying, "Mother didn't know where else to send for milk; there ain't anybody round here 'cept Miss Marion that keeps a cow. The baby's sick and the milkman says we'll get no more milk from him until we pay for the last."

"Of course Miss Marion will let you have it," said Martha, "I'll get it right away." When Martha returned from the cellar the child continued: "It must be nice to be rich like Miss Marion, and have three meals every day and plenty o' milk. It's awful expensive bringing up babies when you have to buy milk for 'em. Say, are youse keepin' Thanksgiving to-day?"

"Why, no," said Martha, "Thanksgiving won't be here for a week yet."

"I know, but it smells so good here I thought you must be keeping it ahead of time."

"Well, we're not," returned Martha, "I'm only broiling a bit of steak for Miss Marion's dinner. You'd better run along home, child."

"Yes, I must go; mother says we'll have a rice pudding Thanksgiving Day if she can afford it, but I don't s'pose there'll be milk enough. The baby takes all the milk we can get. When he gets a little bigger he can eat anything at all, or go without sometimes, the same as the rest of us do."

Mistress and maid always had the noonday meal together. After the conversation of the morning Miss Marion expected at least one of her favorite dishes for dinner, and in this she was not disappointed. Whenever Martha said anything that might give offence, she always tried to atone for it by preparing something particularly appetizing for the very next meal. To-day she had cream of tomato soup, baked potatoes, broiled steak, cabbage salad, and for dessert, apple pie with Devonshire cream. Nothing more was said about Thanksgiving, but Miss Marion found out from Martha that the child who came for the milk belonged to a family by the name of Slater—that they had recently moved into the village, and that they were extremely poor.

That night, when Miss Marion was preparing for bed, she was also doing some serious thinking. "What was it?" she asked herself, "that Martha said about considering the poor? There is something in the Bible about it," she said, half aloud. "Yes. I remember now—'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.' I'm afraid I've grown hard and selfish, but oh, I've been so lonely. It's true that I've tried to help the church along a little, but it's only been from a sense of duty—I've had no interest in it. I've been considering myself first and always. But it's not too late to change my mind about making those pies, and I could give that Slater family a good dinner. It's dreadful to think of little children not having enough to eat." The next morning Miss Marion and Martha held a short consultation, the result of which was that the latter had the pleasure of taking to the grocer that very day an order that indicated that whatever other people meant to do, Miss Barclay certainly meant to keep Thanksgiving in the good old-fashioned way.

The day before Thanksgiving found everything in readiness that could be prepared beforehand, except the twelve pumpkin pies that were to be made for the church supper, and the afternoon of that day was given up to the making of them. Miss Marion was a sort of specialist in the art of making pumpkin pie. She always followed closely an old recipe of her mother's, and on this occasion the pies were even more tempting to look at than usual. When cold, each pie received its finishing touch—a generous covering of whipped cream.

On the morning of Thanksgiving Day the two eldest Slater children came, according to instructions, for their turkey. Martha had it all ready for the oven. There was also a basket of potatoes and other vegetables, a basket of rosy-cheeked apples, and another large basket containing pound cake, nut cookies, mince pie, doughnuts, cranberry sauce, and two tumblers of apple jelly, also a large bottle of milk for the baby.

That evening when Miss Marion dressed for the church supper she put on a pretty foulard silk—Martha had always admired her in it. It was six o'clock, and she was just going to pin on her hat when she heard the door bell ring sharply, and Martha was asking some one to step into the parlor. She ran lightly down the stairs, and as she entered the room a tall, handsome man came forward with outstretched hand to meet her. "Marion, Marion!" he exclaimed, and she recognized at once her old friend, Robert Grantley.

"Why, Robert, when did you come back? How did you find me? I—I'm so surprised—I thought—"

"Forgive me," said Mr. Grantley, "I have appear-

Continued on page 10

"PRODUCE THE RING"

An Interesting Sketch of Some Eccentric Episodes During the Marriage Ceremony

By MURDOCH MacKINNON

THE marriage ceremony is one of the most interesting that a minister is called upon to perform. The institution itself is at the very basis of the home, which, in turn, is the foundation of organized and civilized human society. The character of the average home is the determining factor in our freedom, the mark of our moral progress and the test of our civilization. Anything that cheapens the marriage state or weakens the bonds by which two lives are bound together is a menace to the whole social fabric.

To say this in seriousness is not to close our eyes to some of the amusing incidents in connection with the ceremony, and those who have themselves gone through the ordeal are not averse to hearing the experiences of others.

Here, for example, is a young couple to whom every second seems like an hour in what taken altogether is a short service. At the close of the first prayer they half-thought the whole service was over. They found, however, that the most of it was still before them. They answered their "I will's," promptly joined hands, produced the ring, and gave their responses quite patiently, after which they surely thought the ceremony was at an end. A brief prayer followed, and then the proclamation of marriage was to be made. But the "Amen" at the close of the prayer was taken by the bride in this case as a signal to begin celebrating. She stood on tip-toes, took her husband-to-be by the neck and kissed him soundly there and then. There was nothing for me to do but to mark time. After the rather sudden manifestation of human nature I proceeded with the service as if nothing at all had happened. When the Benediction was pronounced they both seemed rather subdued. She was a stenographer.

It takes a marriage ceremony to show how many people there are outside the walls of ancient Nineveh who know not the right hand from the left. I have seen a man reach out his left hand to the bride standing beside him in the face of a definite request to join right hands. Recently the bride was kindly asked to remove the glove and then to join right hands. With great effort, tugging, pulling and unbuttoning, she removed the glove from her left, and then, feeling, I imagine, that things were curiously turned round, she reached out a gloved hand to her about-to-be husband.

Last winter I married a couple who did not seem to take the service seriously. They gave their responses, but they gave them too readily, they joined hands, but as if they didn't mean it; they produced the ring, but as if it were a part of a game. I hardly knew what to make of them until the marriage register was filled. "What is your occupation?" I asked. They were members of a theatrical *troupe,* filling a week's engagement in the city.

Members of every persuasion have come to me, and the *ne temere* decree has brought a larger number than usual of those who are both Roman Catholic. I asked a man recently, who had just been married, what his denomination was. "No denomination at present," he drawled. He was brought up in one of the Western States.

Much has been said of the marriage fee. For the most part young men are generous, and the surprises on the agreeable side are as numerous as those on the other side. A few years ago a man came to me who wanted to be married in the church. I admired his religious propensities. It was winter, and compliance with his request meant five or ten dollars' worth of coal to heat the place. He would like to have the organist and choir there and wished me to arrange with them, for they were unknown to him. He appeared on the stroke of the clock, frock coat, striped trousers and all, and he had a number of friends with him. We sang "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" with all our hearts; with sacred song vibrating in our ears we withdrew to the vestry to fill out the legal document, and when I handed a beautifully gotten up marriage certificate to his beautifully gotten up wife he whispered reverently (as was becoming in a church) that he would see me later about my fee. I saw him—but not the fee—and the janitor and organist saw the last of him that day as he and his bride walked down the aisle to the strains of the Wedding March, and passed out into the most expensive bridal carriage in town.

A NUMBER of instances like this leads me to the conclusion that the minister's fee is sometimes made to do service in paying for the cab or in decorating the church or drawing-room. These make a bigger impression upon the neighbors than would an honest fee to the one man in the community whose moral character and legal status alone give them public sanction to live together, and the blessing of religion in their new life. Some of these people would be more appropriately married by the florist or liveryman. It would be less trouble and more in keeping with their dimensions.

Here is another type. A man wrote me last December that he wanted to be married. He and she arrived. The latter wished to trim herself up a bit, and the freedom of the second storey was conferred upon her. She took general possession, and had more than one member of the house waiting on her. When she descended she wished to see "the ritual," as she termed it, and she scanned it with care. (Privately, I think she was on the war-path for the word "obey," which word, for the sake of consistency, should be put to the husband or not at all.) They were duly married, though she looked over my shoulder while I made out the certificate. He handed me a fat envelope as they left, and, as is the custom, I handed it to my wife, feeling that we had really earned the contents in this case. "Reverend and Dear Sir:" the letter began, "Please accept for your own personal use the enclosed amount." (Two one-dollar bills.) Elaborate statements followed, closing with the hope that they "would both be very happy." We all hope so! A well-worded announcement of the marriage appeared in the Saturday morning papers; Sunday night, after the service, they came to wish me goodbye, and on Monday I received from the bride's parents a printed announcement of the marriage, followed a few days later by a Christmas card from the same much be-married couple, with the following poetic gem upon it:

> I do not wish you pleasures,
> Nor yet a store of wealth;
> I wish you richer treasures,
> Contentment, peace, and health.

Mesmerism never appealed to me. The idea of one getting possession of another's will seems to rob man of his individuality and to degrade personality into a mere toy. But is there anything in this? In marrying people you ask: "Wilt thou have this woman," and with alacrity he answers, "I will." You ask them to join hands, which they gladly do. They willingly repeat, "I, John, take thee, Mary," or *vice versa.* You call for the ring and it is extricated with avidity. You request that it be placed on the third finger of the left hand. No sooner said than done. Until, by the time the service is through, you have those two people practically at your mercy and waiting your next move. What happens? In half a dozen instances lately, when I raised my hand to proclaim them husband and wife, up went two, four, and in one instance eight, obedient hands in harmony with my movement and in passive obedience to my volition.

The most sensational near-marriage that I ever bargained for was last year. Eight o'clock in the evening was the hour arranged for. A brother of the bride objected to the match, and, having got wind of what was about to take place, he came and lodged complaint. Two minutes after the party arrived he was on hand with a younger brother, and they both had fire in their eyes. They spoke little, but their attitude spelled "Ha, ha, we've got you now." The best man asked for my 'phone. The protesting brother did the same, and in five minutes a couple of much be-whiskered men walked in through the kitchen without a word, and at the same time two policemen stood at the front of the manse wondering what the urgent call was for, and there I was with ten of the maddest and most excited lot of people I ever laid eyes on. The conversation was getting louder and louder, until I reminded some of them that they were in my house and to speak quietly. What was a man to do? To begin the service meant to have objection made in the middle of it, and perhaps be unable to finish. I urged them to come to some understanding. The brother made the charge and the groom as flatly denied it. "If you can prove your innocence, she's yours," both brothers announced. "That's a fair proposition," I interjected, anxious to escape through the first door that opened. "You had better settle this matter between you peaceably and then be married with the good will of all." After considerable parleying they agreed and off they went to the bride's home. In the course of a week the groom proved his innocence, apparently, for I read of their marriage by a Methodist minister.

THE ring is the cause of much trouble. When it falls and rolls under the piano it is so awkward to search for it in the middle of the service. When two large the bride clinches her fist to keep it on. When too small, well, she puts her finger in her mouth and applies the necessary lubricant. Once the seriousness of the service was interfered with by a call from one of the witnesses on the side, "Do you want some soap?"

One young man suddenly bolted into the hall, while being married, and beckoned me to follow. He looked excited, and the bride almost wilted, finding herself left at such a time. What was the trouble? Had he changed his mind? Something very serious must have forced him even at the latest possible moment to take his stand. It was simply to say he had no ring, and he wondered if we could get on without it.

Perhaps the most amusing case of all was that of two young Germans, who wanted to become Herr and Frau. Their knowledge of English was limited. When we came to that part of the service where he was called upon to give his beloved the token of his constant faith, I said, "Produce the ring." They looked inquiringly. "Ring," I repeated. They faced each other, joined hands right and left, and for the next minute or so went through the most tortuous movement, rhythmical gymnastics and hand-wringing performance of anything I ever heard of in a marriage ceremony. They were school children again, and the only "ring" they could think of was the jolly old game of "Wring the Dishcloth," and they wrung it dry.

These are but incidents in what is in itself a beautiful service. For the most part, to officiate at a marriage is to have one's faith in humanity strengthened. In a world where there is much of suspicion it is reassuring to see two young lives absolutely trusting themselves the one to the other. They resolve to share life's joys and sorrows and the love light in the eye and the look of achievement when the service is over, all tell of a love which is human and a confidence which is not misplaced. The tens of thousands of happy homes all over this broad land speak of a faith that has stood the test and of a companionship which in its essential elements is divine. It was, therefore, no accident that the Blessed Nazarene should have made His first public appearance at a wedding. Even there one of those embarrassing situations arose which gave Him the opportunity to teach the world that every social function places upon each one the obligation to contribute his share toward the success of the occasion. And where His forbearance and charity and consideration for others is not found, there may be costly robes and outward display, but there is no marriage.

> "I lived with Love; all she possessed
> Was but a tent beside a stream.
> She warmed her cold hands in my breast;
> She wove around my sleep a dream.
> And One there was with face divine,
> Who softly came when day was spent
> And turned our water into wine,
> And made our life a sacrament."

THE TOUCHSTONE

The Story of a Sympathy Which Understood

By KATE SEATON

SISTER CLARE came briskly out of the matron's room, and crossing the wide hall, was turning along the silent corridor on the left, when the sound of voices reached her. Men's voices, one quietly reasoning, conciliation in its tones; the other rising from eager pleading to angry menace.

Swinging quickly round, she walked swifty towards the entrance, and as she did so, a door opened behind her, and Dr. Glynne, the chief surgeon, also attracted by the unusual sounds, stepped hurriedly out, but paused as he caught sight of the Sister.

"What is the matter, Evans?" she asked in a clear, imperious voice.

The porter gave a sigh of relief and answered jerkily:

"I told him, Sister; he was told before. He wants to see his wife."

Sister Clare turned her steady grey eyes on the pallid face of the intruder, who, now that someone in authority had appeared, had grown nervously silent; only his twitching face and wistful eyes voicing, in dumb agony, the anxiety which was well-nigh driving him frantic.

"Your wife?" questioned the Sister coldly.

"Yes—yes; Mary Boyers. She's been operated on to-day. I want to see 'er," pleaded the man hoarsely.

"Your wife is going on all right, but you can't see her to-night," replied the nurse firmly.

"They told me that three hours agone, as soon as it was over; but 'ow do I know yer ain't keeping somethin' back?" cried the man wildly. "'Ow do I know she's all right? She may be dyin', an yer a-keepin' of me from 'er!"

"We are not in the habit of deceiving the relatives of our patients," broke in the Sister angrily. "If she continues to do well, you may be allowed to see her to-morrow—as you were told before." And with an impatient frown she turned to go.

But the man clutched desperately at her stiff blue gown.

"Nurse, for the love of Heaven, 'ave pity. Let me see 'er just a minute. If I can only just see 'er, I'll promise not to speak. I'll ——"

"Certainly not! It's quite out of the question," interrupted the Sister sternly. "Release my dress; you are only hindering me from my duties."

With a despairing gesture, the man released his hold.

"My God!" he gasped; "a woman without pity! A mere machine!"

Sister Clare turned away, a slightly contemptuous expression in her eyes, and almost collided with Dr. Glynne, who, having been a silent spectator of the scene, was now coming forward, his strong face full of a great sympathy.

"Perhaps I can comfort him," he said quietly.

The Sister deigned him no reply, but, with an impatient ejaculation, jerked aside, and hastening across the hall, disappeared down a long corridor.

The man was now on the outer steps, his haggard face gleaming whitely in the glare of the electric light, as he turned for a last despairing glance behind him.

In a moment the young surgeon was at his side, his hand—the light, steady hand which wielded the surgical knife with a deftness and skill that won him the admiration of his colleagues—stretched out to touch the man's shoulder.

"My man," he said gently, "I think I can set your mind at rest. It was I who operated on your wife."

The man turned with a low, inarticulate cry, and passed his hand slowly across his eyes.

"She went through it splendidly," continued the surgeon cheerily. "She is a brave little woman—a wife to be proud of. She never flinched when the time came."

A sudden gleam lit up the man's troubled eyes, and a faint smile stole across the twitching lips.

"She were always that, were Mary," he said proudly. "But, eh, sir, to think of sich a bit of a girl 'avin' to go through that, and a big, strong chap like me, as 'ud gladly a died to save 'er, just 'ayin' to stand by 'elpless. An' now they'll not even let me see 'er!"

His voice broke pitifully, and the doctor's grip tightened on his shoulder svmpathetically.

"I know it seems hard to have to wait so long," he said; "but you are not going to prove yourself less brave and patient than your wife? It is quite against the rules to admit relatives so soon after an operation—both for their sake and the patients'. But I assure you she went through it well, and is going on all right."

The man's eager eyes devoured the surgeon's face; then, as if satisfied with what he saw, he drew a sharp breath of relief.

"Thank yer, sir. I believes yer. But that woman was 'ard—'ard an' pitiless. I couldn't trust 'er."

The surgeon winced, and his eyes suddenly clouded.

"Well, you may trust me," he said, a little wearily. "I'll go up and see your wife again before I leave, and make sure all is right."

The man nodded his thanks, and silently wringing the surgeon's hand, dropped down the steps.

For a moment Dr. Glynne watched the drooping figure looming darkly in the middle of the wide path; then, as the murk swallowed him up, turned with a tired gesture to fulfil his promise.

He had not gone many yards before he was accosted by one of his colleagues.

"That you, Glynne?" exclaimed the fresh young voice. "I thought you had gone some time since."

"No, I'm still here, Macdonald. I've just one more case to see; then I'm off."

"Lucky man!" returned Macdonald enviously. "I'd gladly forego a week of my leave to be free at this moment; but I've number five ward to do yet."

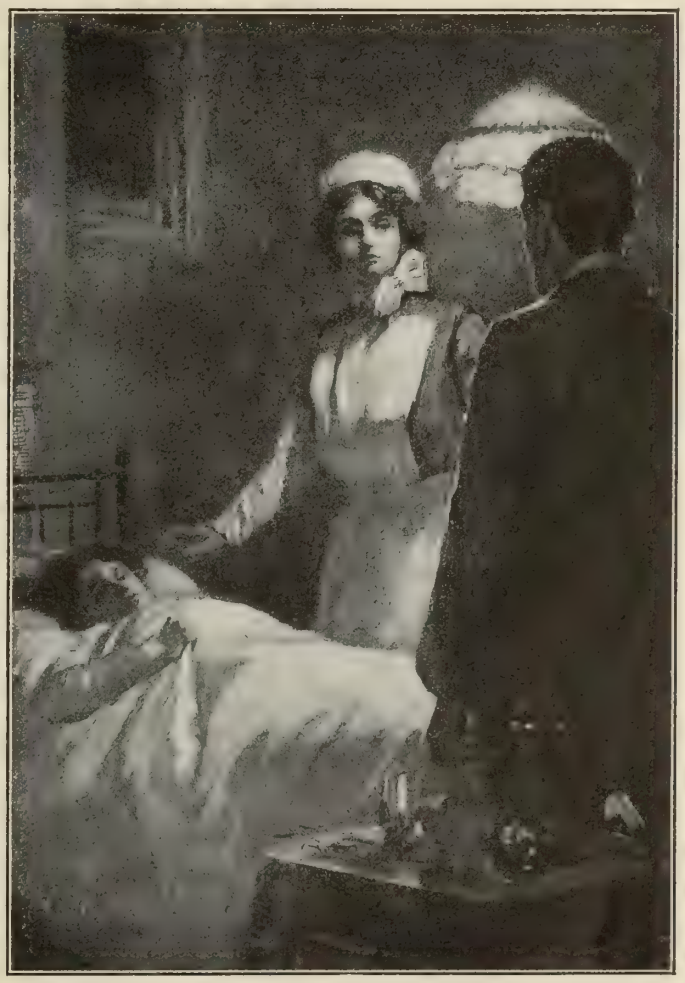
"That so, Mac? Something very special on?" asked Glynne, a kindly twinkle in his eyes.

"Rather!" Macdonald hesitated; then, after another glance into the face of the man who always inspired confidences, he added shamefacedly: "I'd an invite to the Forresters to-night; Evelyn was to be there, and—she's going away to-morrow for some months."

Glynne laughed understandingly, and took out his watch.

"Look alive, Mac; you'll just catch the six-thirty, if you do a sprint. I'll do number five for you."

"Glynne, you mean it?" cried Macdonald delightedly. "You're a trump!"



"With an effort, he pulled himself together."

"All right, old man. But you've no time to lose; off you go, and—good luck to your wooing!"

Macdonald needed no second bidding, and Glynne smiled involuntarily as his eager footsteps died quickly away.

As he approached ward five—the ward of which Sister Clare was in charge—Glynne's steps grew slower, and the smile died out of his eyes, leaving his face tired and sad.

Already most of the patients had been settled for the night, but Sister Clare still lingered with a few of the more serious cases.

Glynne paused by the open doorway, and watched her at her task—gently smoothing the pillow of one restless patient, deftly raising another into a more comfortable position, and all with the quietness and skill of the born nurse.

With his mind still lingering with Macdonald, Glynne suddenly frowned and uttered a short, impatient sigh. What a contrast Sister Clare was to the sweet, winsome girl Macdonald had gone to woo—a girl full of warm, generous impulses and tender womanhood.

What was it poor Boyers had called Sister Clare?—a hard woman, hard and pitiless?

The words echoed painfully in his ears—the more painfully in that he believed them to be true.

This splendid woman, with her wonderful genius for nursing, and her strenuous devotion to duty—never hesitating to spend her royal strength prodigally in the fight with fell disease or grim death—was yet somehow cold and aloof, as if her real nature were untouched by the suffering to which she so skilfully ministered.

Though nominally in charge of number five ward, she was often told off to attend special cases, where her cool nerve and steady hand proved of invaluable assistance. And so it came about that Dr. Glynne had seen more of Sister Clare than of any other nurse upon the staff.

At first his professional eyes had simply admired her unusual skill; it was only later that he had become conscious of the fact that this clever and reliable nurse was also a beautiful woman.

He began to watch eagerly for her coming, and was conscious of a keen sense of disappointment if some other nurse took her place.

But to-night, as he watched her moving noiselessly about the ward, he became possessed by a growing irritation against her. It was as if she both attracted and repelled him, fascinated and chilled him, at one and the same time.

With his mind full of these conflicting emotions, he drew back into the quiet corridor unperceived.

Simultaneously with the realization that he loved this woman, there flashed upon him a vivid recollection of the past, of his early boyhood's home. Memory conjured up, with unerring fidelity, the image of the father whom he worshipped—a man of large sympathies and tender heart. With cruel distinctness he saw also the cold, heartless woman towards whom, even as a boy, he had been conscious of strong antagonism and bitter anger, because of her hardness and coldness towards the man who had loved her so truly, and who had ever given her of his best.

With that keen, clear insight which had helped to raise him to his present responsible position, Glynne knew that if Sister Clare were persuaded to accept his love and unite her life with his own, it would be but to repeat once again the same heartbreaking tragedy which had crushed his father's life, and brought about the complete failure in which it had ended.

Sister Clare moved suddenly towards the doorway, and caught sight of him. There was something in his face that arrested her—the determined set of his firm jaws, such as she had seen when he had been fighting a more than usually hard case, and was determined not to be beaten.

She came towards him with a questioning air.

"Well," she asked lightly; "did you get rid of that tiresome man?"

"He has gone—yes," he responded gravely. Then, with a futile attempt to appeal to her sympathies: "Poor fellow, he was almost wild with anxiety for his wife."

"Um—yes; consumed with anxiety to know how soon she would be up, and able to attend to his wants again!" she said shortly, her full, red lips curling in a scornful little smile. "You see, when a man's wife is laid up his meals are apt to suffer," she added scathingly. "But—did you want me for something?"

"No, thank you. I've only come to do the ward for Macdonald, who has been called away," he explained coldly.

So coldly that Sister Clare looked at him with slightly raised brows; then, calling a nurse to accompany him round the ward, she abruptly left him.

When Glynne had finished his tour of inspection, he went slowly down a short corridor, and paused outside the door of a small, darkened room, from which could be heard the low, pitiful moans of someone in pain—moans which, as the doctor listened, broke into speech as pitiful and full of pain as the sobbing breath which a moment before had arrested his footsteps.

"Oh, the pain, the pain! . . . How it hurts!" the voice moaned feebly. Then, in the same breath, but clearer and more articulate: "No, no . . . it's not so bad. . . . Tell him the pain's not so bad. He's coming soon . . . he said he'd come soon. . . . Nurse, you'll tell him I'm doin' fine . . . that the pain isn't much. . . . That it's just nothin' at all."

Again the breath caught sobbingly, and in unconscious contradiction of her cheering assurance, the distressing wail began once more.

Softly Glynne pushed open the door and entered the darkened room, and as he did so was surprised when Sister Clare moved out from the shadows and stood on the other side of the bed, where the light from the shaded lamp fell full upon her face.

"I promised her husband I would look in on her again before I went," he explained.

He stood a moment looking down at the small, flushed face upon the pillow; then, as the pitiful babble of the poor woman just emerging from the effects of the anaesthetic began once again, he flashed a searching glance into the strong, beautiful face opposite him.

Was it only the effect of the subdued light that

had produced that softened gleam in the usually cold grey eyes? he asked himself wonderingly; or was it——? With an effort he pulled himself together, the physician foremost once more.

"Ah—h!" Another moan broke from the helpless woman on the bed; then her eyes, dark with pain, suddenly opened wide.

"Tell—him—I'm—just—splendid," she whispered slowly, a gleam of consciousness once more shining in her eyes. "He—mustn't—know—it—hurts so. Ah!"

Again the weary eyes closed, as the pain grew more insistent.

The surgeon turned abruptly aside, and taking up the record sheet, made a pretence of examining it. Then, as the woman showed signs of returning consciousness, he strode back to the bed.

"The pain will be better soon,' he said soothingly.

The dark eyes opened at the sound of his voice and met his intelligently.

"Your husband has just been," he went on smilingly.

"And—you told him——?" She broke off, her eyes questioning his anxiously.

"I told him you were getting on fine, and what a brave little wife he had got."

A faint smile crossed the flushed face.

"I'm glad. I—don't—want—him—to—know—how—bad—it—is."

"Poor little woman!" he murmured, a world of sympathy in his tone.

Again that faint, fleeting smile crossed the woman's lips, and she lay still a moment, her eyes fixed wistfully on the surgeon's face.

"It's not the pain—I mind," she began slowly. "It's because it's so hard for Jim. It's worse for him, 'cause, you see"—a glow crept into the pain-darkened eyes—"you see, he loves me so much, an' we've never been separated before since we were married. If I could only ha' made it easier for him!" she finished longingly.

Again her eyes grew dim and wandering for a moment, lingering finally on the face of Sister Clare.

"I wish she could sleep," said the nurse, in a low voice. "She has talked on incessantly the last few hours."

"Nurse," the voice broke in with a new pleading note, "would you do something for me?"

"I will do anything I can, if you will only try and sleep," rejoined Sister Clare quickly, laying her cool hand gently on the hot forehead.

"Ah! I can ask *you*. You are so kind and—and good."

Sister Clare's face flushed, and her eyes flashed a sudden defiance into the keen ones opposite, as if resenting the expression she caught in them.

"You see, the childer will be in bed now, an' Jim—he'll just be sittin' alone, worritin' an' thinkin' about me."

A hot hand, roughened by toil, stole out to clasp the cool, shapely hand of Sister Clare, and the sick woman's voice sank to a coaxing whisper.

"Ah, nurse, if you only knew my Jim—how tenderly he's allus loved me, you'd know what a lot it 'ud mean to him if he could just have a message from me now."

Glynne waited in tense silence, certain of the curt refusal which would follow the pathetic request. But to his surprise, the straight figure opposite suddenly bent in a gracious curve over the bed.

"And—what message would you like to send?" asked Sister Clare softly.

"Just my love—and—not to worry." A spasm of pain checked her utterance for a moment. "Tell him," she resumed faintly, "I'll soon be sittin' again in the big chair he made fer me—and—a good-night kiss to him and—my babies."

The voice trailed off to the feeblest whisper, but her eyes still held the Sister's with a pleading insistence—held them until the heart of the Sister was drawn out, and bending tenderly over the bed, she gently stroked the flushed face, and, with an unsteady little laugh, said soothingly:

"Then you may rest happy, little woman—I'll take your message myself. I am just off duty."

Satisfied with her promise, the sick woman closed her eyes, and, as if by magic, the restless tossing of the brown head ceased.

As the nurse in charge of the case came in, Sister Clare slipped quietly from the room, leaving Dr. Glynne giving final instructions; and with a new warm glow at her heart, she set off a few minutes later for the dingy tenement where Jim Boyers lived—not, it must be confessed, without some secret misgivings as to the kind of reception she would meet with there.

But she need not have feared. For when, after some little difficulty, she at last discovered the right door, and in response to her knock, received a gloomy invitation to enter, she found Jim Boyers—as his wife had predicted—alone and in grief.

He looked up with a sudden anxiety at her entrance—all his late anger forgotten in the fear that she had brought him bad news.

"Don't be afraid," she said quickly. "All is going on well with your wife." And in a few simple words she hastened to give him his wife's tender message.

Then, to give the man time to recover from his emotion, she quietly crossed the room to where a small, low bedstead lay in one corner, and stood looking down at the two baby faces, rosy in sleep, nestling so closely together that the flaxen curls of the baby girl twined themselves lovingly about the boy's dark, tousled head.

When Sister Clare once more retraced her steps down the rickety stairs, there was a tender smile on her lips, and a softened, wistful look in her deep grey eyes. She had left Jim Boyers heartened and comforted by his wife's message, but also deeply ashamed of the hasty judgment he had pronounced on the woman who had now shown him such a depth of womanly tenderness and sympathy.

As she stepped out into the roadway, a man came hastily across to meet her, and she gave a sudden start at the sight of him.

"Dr. Glynne!" she exclaimed, her face flushing in surprise.

"You didn't think I should allow you to be in this district alone, did you?" he asked. "I meant to accompany you, but you had gone before I knew."

She smiled her thanks, and for a time they continued their walk in silence.

As they neared a better-lighted thoroughfare, Glynne glanced curiously at the face of the silent woman beside him, and what he saw there set his pulses suddenly throbbing with a new joy. Surely, the days of miracles were not past! It was as if an icebound but beautiful scene in raw December had suddenly thawed and blossomed out into the rosy, sun-kissed beauty of fragrant June!

He drew in his breath sharply, and as they turned into one of those quiet squares for which London is so famous, he paused and laid a restraining hand upon his companion's arm.

"Clare," he said simply, his voice trembling with the strength of his emotion. "Clare, I love you, and want you for my wife."

"You love *me?*" she asked slowly. Then, with a sudden passion: "Ah! how can you? I—I have been so hateful, hard, unwomanly."

"What about to-night?" he asked gently. "Do you think any other nurse on the staff—tired out as you were after a long, trying day—would have set off across the city on such an errand?"

He held out his hand to take hers, but she waved it off.

"Wait!" she whispered. "Let me first tell you something—something of my past life. Dr. Glynne, you think of me as an unmarried woman. I am——" She paused, and his face suddenly whitened as he waited for her next low words. "I am a widow. No, let me tell you all!" she entreated, as he would have interrupted her. "I was rich, full of warm, generous impulses, and possessed of an earnest desire to use my wealth in a right way—just a simple, trusting girl of twenty-one, when I met—him. He made passionate love to me; I believed him——" Again she paused, and the quivering, passionate voice grew weary. "I had only been married to him a few weeks when he told me—brutally—that he had no love for me, that my money was all that he had wanted. When he found that it was tied up in such a way as to be beyond his power, he made my life one long burden with his tyranny. Of his life—I cannot speak. For five, long weary years I bore it, then—I fled, took up the nursing profession and—a new name. Soon after, he was killed by a fall on the Alps." She paused a moment and caught her breath sobbingly.

"Don't tell me any more now, dearest," he said tenderly.

"Yes, yes; I must—you do not know me as I really am. My whole nature became hard and bitter; I lost all faith in human nature. I believe only the strenuousness of my nursing duties saved my reason, so possessed did I become with hatred of the man who had done me this wrong. Of God, and all I had believed in the happy past, I would not—dared not think. I thought I had ceased to believe in love, that I had schooled myself to indifference, to the denial of emotion and of all the best impulses of my nature." Again she paused, and raised her eyes, now wells of womanly sweetness beneath the mist of tears. "I thought I had succeeded—till to-night."

He looked at the softened, beautiful face pityingly.

"Poor child," he said gently. "But tell me, Clare; had you no suspicion of my love for you?"

"Ah, I dare not let myself believe it true. I told myself fiercely that all men's love was but selfishness, and defied my heart to respond. But—I have learned the truth to-night. A couple of poor, uneducated souls have taught me the error of my sweeping judgment; have shown me the reality and sacredness of human love."

With a sudden, swift movement and a boyish laugh, Glynne drew into the seclusion of a small opening, and, gathering her into his arms, kissed the proud, beautiful face, now lovelier than ever in its sweet yielding and new-found humility.

Sister Clare—now Sister Clare no longer, but the happy wife of the clever surgeon—was not quite lost to the nursing profession; for even after her marriage she would often accompany her husband on his errands of healing. Especially where poverty forbade the necessary help and comforts to a sick one was Clare Glynne to be found, pouring out generously both her skill and her money on behalf of the needy patient.

She never knew how near she had been to missing the crowning joy of her life; for her husband never told her of the vow he had registered in the doorway of number five ward that night—never to ask a woman to be his wife whose nature was so hard and cold as he believed hers to be!

Neither did Jim Boyers, now Dr. Glynne's right hand man, nor his wife Mary, installed in a cosy home of her own near by, ever understand that it was a deep and undying gratitude that prompted the generous treatment which had been meted out to them by the now famous surgeon and his beautiful wife.

MISS MARION'S THANKSGIVING PIES

Continued from page 7

ed too suddenly. I should have sent you word, but there's one thing I want to hear you say, and that is that you're glad to see me. Tell me, Marion, *are* you glad?"

And Marion answered simply, "Yes, Robert, very glad, indeed,"

Her answer seemed to satisfy him, for as he took one of her hands in his, he said, "This is more than I deserve." Then he went on, "Marion, dear, I shall never be able to tell you of the loneliness of my life in the West. I was farming in Saskatchewan, also buying and selling land. I have made money—plenty of it—but I have not been happy. How could I be, when I left the only girl I ever loved behind me? Hundreds of times have I blamed myself for the hasty words that parted us. But how about you, Marion? Have you missed me?"

"Yes," she answered, "I have missed you all the time. At first I rather enjoyed my independence, but the years have been lonely. During the last few months I have grown selfish and almost wicked. I didn't mean to keep Thanksgiving this year, and I was not even willing to contribute my share of the baking for the church supper. But Martha talked me out of my foolish notions. I don't know what I should have done all these years without her."

"She's a faithful soul," said Robert. "Wherever our future home may be, she must live with us, and we'll try to make her happy. I believe I'm the happiest man in Ontario to-night. To think that I've returned to find the woman I love grown sweeter and more beautiful than when I left her."

"Hush," interrupted Marion, "don't flatter me, but tell me how you found your way here to-night."

"Well, dear, I was on my way to Montreal; I expected to sail from there in a few days for Liverpool. I was seeking change, for I felt that I could not stand the monotony of another winter alone in the West. Just as our train reached your little town, something went wrong with the engine. The conductor said there would be a delay of an hour and a half. I got off, and was walking up street, not even dreaming of seeing you, for I heard t.. years ago that you were married, and living in New York. I noticed in a store window an announcement of your church tea, which was to be served from five to eight. I went into the hall, thinking I might enjoy an old-fashioned church supper. I was eating a piece of pumpkin pie that somehow or other carried my thoughts back to the old days. I wondered where I had eaten such pie before. Then I remembered—it was just like your mother's pie, Marion; no wonder it made me think of you, and of the old days. The plate was passed to me the second time, and I ventured to ask who made the pie.

"'There's only one person around here that can make such good pie,' said the girl who held the plate, 'and that's Miss Marion Barclay.'

"So I easily found out where you lived, and I lost no time in getting here. It's fortunate, dear, that you did make those pies; they helped me to find you. And it's lucky the engine broke down just when it did, instead of an hour later."

"I don't think we should say lucky," said Marion, "I call it providential."

"Yes, you're right," said Robert, "there's no luck about it. Trivial, commonplace events are often used by Providence to change the whole current of one's life. You and I were meant for each other, dear, things don't happen by chance. How true it is that 'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may.'"

THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM

TO-DAY one of the most beautiful of the younger European Queens is the royal mistress of the Belgians, who before her marriage ten years ago to the present King Albert, was known as Elizabeth of Bavaria, daughter of the late Duke Charles Karl Theodore.

Queen Elizabeth is thirty-four years old. She is the mother of two sons and a daughter, her eldest boy, heir to the throne, being nine years old.

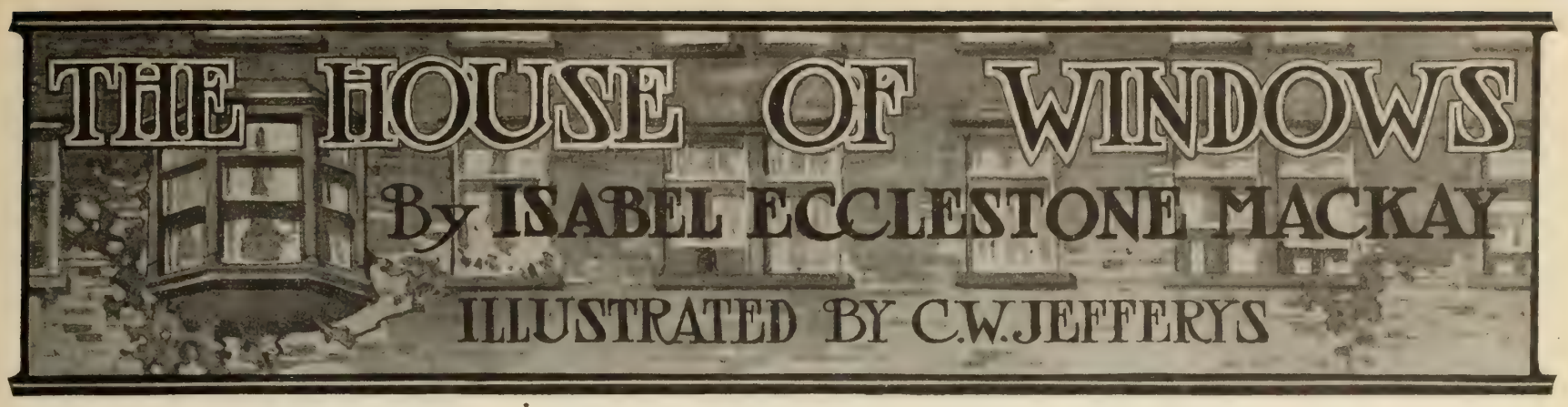
Moreover, there is a most interesting romance connected with the marriage of the King and Queen. The match was a true love affair. Princess Elizabeth had already been married when she met Prince Albert.

Some time previous to her marriage she scandalized Austrian and Belgian society by making a runaway match with a young, penniless officer in the Austrian army named Von Seefried.

Her royal parents declined to have anything to do with her, the offence being aggravated by the fact that her husband was a Lutheran, while she belonged to the most Catholic of all the sovereign families in Europe.

Her husband soon began to neglect her in a most shameful manner and then disappeared. He afterwards died abroad.

The present Queen was born at Possenhofen, July 25th, 1876. She is very pretty. Her features are regular, her nose is aquiline and her expression one of great sweetness.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attentions of Gilbert Van Slyke.

HE felt, as he explained afterwards to a select few, as if he had been insulting a lady, don't you know! And before he had recovered sufficiently to make any further advances Christine was far ahead. It was a defeat as complete and unexpected as Waterloo!

The discomfitted young man gazed after her in angry amazement. Nor was his humiliation lessened by the old woman, who now sidled up with an evil smile.

"Wouldn't the pretty lady listen?" she whined.

"Get out," said Van Slyke savagely.

The old creature tittered. "Fit for a king, she is," she insinuated, "and poor! Only car tickets, as I can swear. What would you give a poor widow if she knew a way to make the pretty lady listen?"

Van Slyke looked at the repulsive face with wonder merging into disgust. "What are you talking about?" he said. "What do you take me for? You old hag, if you don't get out I'll give you in charge." Unmistakeable sincerity spoke in the young fellow's tone, he half-raised his hand to summon a policeman, but the old woman, seeing that she had mistaken her man, scuttled away.

"Wonder what she meant and why she was annoying the girl?" mused Van Slyke. "Well, it looks as if it were no go in that direction! At present, anyway. Don't believe I was ever so hard hit, either. Beastly luck. By gad, I believe she meant just what she said. Sounded like the real thing. If so, it's all over with Bertie—it might as well be Europe for mine. I'll never get her hair out of my head if I stay here. Wonder why the girls in our set don't grow hair like that—"

Musingly bitterly upon this curious partiality of fate, Mr. Van Slyke retraced his steps. Spoiled child of fortune as he was and utterly immoral, he was not dishonorable according to his lights, and, convinced that the object of his ardent but temporary affections was really unresponsive, he would not persist in persecution. Yet never until the present had he been quite so "hard hit."

From the dusy entrance of a neighboring lane the old woman watched him go. She was trembling all over with some suppressed emotion; fear, perhaps or more likely rage, for she shook a skinny fist after the retreating figure, and, muttering inarticulately, made off herself in the opposite direction. She could move quickly in spite of her ancient limbs, and she must have known plenty of short-cuts, for, avoiding the main streets and keeping as much as possible to lanes and alleys, she came in a marvellously short time to Hill Street, and here it needed no special perspicacity to tell that she was at home. Hill Street does not need the presence of the burliest policeman on the force to betray its character. In the day time it is a quiet street, but even then there is a "something" which causes the unwary intruder to hurry out of it with a cautious hand tight upon his pocket-book. Only the dwellers in Hill Street do not fear it, and, slipping past the blue-coated guardian at the corner, the old woman hurried on, greeting no one, and finally disappearing within the door of its most disreputable hovel; a residence justly celebrated in Hill Street as "Granny Bates'," and shunned accordingly.

Once within this refuge she gave vent to her feelings in so vehement a manner as to rouse to protest its only other occupant, a dark-browed man of forty.

"Here, cut it out!" he growled, raising a coarsely handsome face from the paper he was reading. "Stow it, d'ye hear! What's come to you, you old harridan?"

At this the old woman's mood changed suddenly, and, throwing herself upon one of the rickety chairs, she burst into wailing and tears, more disconcerting and if possible more disgusting than the violence had been.

The man rose calmly and shook her; not savagely but as if it were a necessary matter of routine. "That's enough!" he commanded peremptorily, "you'll go off in one of these here fits if you don't look out! Been following the girl again, have you? Now, look here, I've told you it isn't safe. Do you want to give the show away?"

Under his drastic treatment the old woman's wailing had subsided. "No, not yet; it ain't time yet. I can wait. I've waited so long. I wouldn't care how long I had to wait if I could only see it coming."

"Well, you told me last week that you did see it coming."

The old woman began the wail again. "That's it," she whimpered, "I've been disappointed—so disappointed, and I've waited so long. I thought I saw it coming when she went into the Stores, and then when that fine young spark Van Slyke began to notice her I felt sure. But she won't listen to him. She and her fine lady airs! Better than my Agnes, is she? Blast her! And him such a fine-looking spark—blast his coward's heart! Turn tail and off the minute she up and sauced him—oh—oh!" She pounded her skinny fists upon the table in an ecstasy of disappointed rage.

The man, after a parting shake, filled a dirty pipe and began to smoke philosophically. "Go it," he said, "Go it! Some day you'll go off altogether and nobody sorry!"

With another change of mood the woman ceased her raving and looked up with a curious grin. "And who'll get my bit of money, Billy? Who but you if you help me like you swore to."

"Who's saying I'm not goin' to help you? Ain't I helped you. Ain't I played spy on them Browns for years until you know more about their business than they do themselves? Ain't I held my tongue? Don't I know that Christine ain't no more Brown than you are—"

"Yes, but you don't know who she is, do you, Billy? Oh, if you guess, you ain't got no proofs, have you, my lad? Trust your Granny for that!" The old hag laughed evilly.

"Well," changing the subject, "what's the trouble now? Given Van Slyke the strong eye, has she? I thought she would."

"He's a fool!" shortly and suddenly dropping her whine, "He'll never get her. Spoke to her in the street to-night and made off like a whipped cur when she faced him. Told me to get out when I offered to help him."

"Did, did he?" the man chuckled. "Well, see here, you know what I always said, that girl's straight, and you can't get her to go crooked. If you want to get back at her dad that way, you'll get left."

"I won't get left. I'll have her yet. I'll see her in the gutter where my poor Agnes went—she is poor already and getting poorer. Wait till she's hungry. Wait till she's a skeleton like Agnes with want and sickness, wait till she sees her sisters dying for want of medicine, then she'll give in, like Agnes did—as good a girl as ever lived."

"I ain't sayin' anything agin' Agnes. She's been dead long enough to be a saint by now. But you'll never get this girl like Agnes. For one thing she'll never be really hungry. She's got friends, hasn't she? D'ye think that Burns man would ever let them girls want? Proud, are they? But they'd take help from him if they were hungry enough. She'd go to him for help before she'd look at any of your fancy men. I tell you you'll never get revenge that way. Why don't you just let him believe she's dead—ain't that enough?"

"Enough! To let him live thinking his darter's in a nice clean grave? Did I steal her for that? Did I keep my fingers off her baby throat for that? How did my Agnes die, as good a girl as ever was? *You* know, and he did it. Him with his Stores and his wages that drive a girl to ruin! D'ye think Agnes would ever have listened to that traveler chap if she'd had good food to eat and medicine for her old mother! As good a girl as ever lived! And pretty, as pretty as *his* girl! No, I can't die till I tell him that his darter's where mine was. I'll drag her down. I'll—"

"Chuck it!" commanded the man again. Yet this time there was an oddly sympathetic note in his rough voice. Perhaps the old woman felt it, for she ceased her threatening and subsided into a broken muttering about "As good a girl as ever was!"

"I ain't sayin' that you've no reason," began the man. "I'm just sayin' that it can't be done. That girl's born good and trained good. You can go agin nature sometimes and agin training most any time, but you can't buck up agin both, ever. That Christine won't look at your Van Slyke or anyone else. So, if you're bound to get back at her dad that way, what you'll have to do is to make it *seem* like she did—see?"

The old woman was listening eagerly. He dropped his voice. "Your plan didn't work, that's all. You had her brought up by shop girls, and now she's a shop girl herself, and she's pretty enough to set every man in town on her track. But that's all. She'll never listen to any of 'em. She'll marry respectable yet and settle down. So that plan's a deader! Now, what you want is to get back at the dad. I may guess who he is, and I may not, but I ain't got any proofs, and he thinks his darter's dead. Besides, I don't blame you for wanting to get back. I'm a Socialist, I am. Now, the only thing you can do is to get hold of the girl and make believe she's gone off herself. There's a chance for that. I've been spyin' as per usual, and I know that Van Slyke is goin' to Europe. He's been putting it off on account of her, but as soon as he finds she's turned him down he'll up and scoot. S'posing she went at the same time—leavin' no address, so to speak—eh?"

The old woman watched him with shining eyes. "That's it!" she croaked. "That's it! and the little bit of money, Billy, it's all for you, if you'll help."

"Oh, I'll help. But you've got no call to harm the girl—savey?"

For an instant murder looked out of his companion's fierce old eyes. Then she dropped them meekly. "Sure not," she said. "It ain't the girl I want to harm. She'll be alright, trust your Granny."

A look of what almost seemed relief spread itself over the man's face.

"That's settled then. When we let her go she can say what she likes. No one will believe her. She won't be any too clear as to what's happened herself. We'll take her West. By the time she gets back here, or gets a letter through, her hash will be cooked alright. Her father wouldn't want to have her then! But, mind, you, she's not to be really harmed or I'm out of it. Now, you leave me to arrange details. Only tell me where'd be the safest place to put her before we can get her away. It may be a month before it'll be safe to try."

"That's easy. You know the inn on the Dalby Road—Haffey's? It's changed hands. Sal Hornby's got it. She owes me one. That's the place. Respectable and all! The police ain't on to it yet. It's a place for your life, and Sal won't mind."

"Sal is hell! I don't like taking the girl there. I told you—"

"I know, Billy. But I'll see to her. Sal won't go near her. It's just to keep her safe, that's all. You know what kidnapping is if we're caught."

The man laughed. "*If* we're caught," he sneered. "I ain't been caught yet, have I? Go and get some supper and get it quick!"

CHAPTER XVII.

HAPPILY unconscious of the evil which had come so close to her, Christine hurried home. Her most prominent feeling was one of anger and disgust at the thought of Mr. Van Slyke and his presumptions. She was not at all afraid of him, for that girlish instinct which is almost infallible had told her that in his case no fear was justified. Van Slyke's attentions might be impertinent, but they would never become formidable. Besides, there was always Tommy. In spite of her weariness and anxiety, Christine smiled as she thought of the exquisite Van Slyke in Tommy's avenging hands. The incident of the ugly old woman she dismissed without a second thought, simply because she could conceive of no possible connection between herself and her. To Christine the old hag was but a street beggar, to be rather shudderingly pitied, to be helped if possible, but under no possible circumstances to be feared. No, the problem of real interest was how to break the fact of her holidays to Ada! This was still in a state of miserable indecision when she mounted the stairs in the House of Windows. She even opened the door with no

definite plan in mind; but when she entered the room it was to find that fate had settled her question for her.

"Oh, Christine," exclaimed Ada, in a voice which fairly trembled with relief, and which was at the same time much louder than usual. "I am so glad that you have got back from your *walk*. Celia is better—she has asked to see you!" Then, as she helped the astonished girl to remove her hat, she whispered hurriedly:

"She asked for you. I said you were out walking. Oh, how fortunate you are early to-night! If you had not come till the usual time she would have suspected. Every hour of peace of mind that we can give her will count so much. Go in to her now, and—don't tell her if you can help it!"

Christine nodded and went quietly into the inner room. Celia lay there, weak still, but no longer uncaring, and with an eager question in her blue eyes. When she saw Christine the questioning look faded, a satisfied smile stole over her white lips.

"You are better, dear?" asked the girl, bending down to kiss her.

"Yes, what time is it?"

"Nearly half-past five, dear."

"Ah!" The invalid's weak voice held relief. Never as long as she could remember had Angers & Son closed at half-past five! She asked no more questions. Enough to know that her darling had not become a shop-girl—yet!

When she had sunk into sleep again Christine came noiselessly into the outer room. "It is all right," she whispered. "She is asleep."

Ada, who was spreading the cloth on the little round table for supper ,gave way to the relief of tears, and the two girls kissed each other in silent thankfulness.

"She is sure to get well, now," said Ada, wiping her eyes. "It seemed like Providence that you should be early to-night. I saw her longing to ask and yet afraid. Now she will have a good night's rest and will not need to be told until to-morrow."

"Not even then," said Christine. "I am not going to work to-morrow. I have some holidays. Mr. Torrance inspected the Stores to-day, and as a consequence some of us have a few days off."

"Christine! Do you mean—"

"No, I am not discharged! Amazing as it may seem, the holidays are genuine. And Mr. Torrance was so kind. I think he is the very nicest man I ever saw—I mean the nicest middle-aged man. But, of course, he isn't young. His hair is quite grey at the temples. But he has a face one might dream about, dark and clear, with such kind, brave eyes. The Store girls are quite foolish about him, not that it does them any harm. I expect a little hero-worship doesn't hurt anybody."

"No," agreed Ada, and then, for no obvious reason, she sighed. Christine did not know and Ada herself was hardly conscious of the reason for that sigh; but it just happened that Christine's description had come very near to a secret place in the blind girl's heart. Every girl has a secret place, the home of an ideal, a prince, a glorious being never quite incarnate in this world; and Ada's prince, whom she would never see, had a face that was dark and clear, with kind, brave eyes. Poor Tommy!

He, Tommy, was coming up the stairs at that very moment. In one hand he carried a new magazine, in the other a jar of a new and highly-recommended beef juice, and under his arm was carefully tucked a bunch of late asters in crinkly paper. A cheery visitor to be coming up one's stairs! But not a visitor to inspire day-dreams. Not a visitor whose face was dark and clear, and over whose eyes a girl might ponder timidly. Tommy was eternally and hopelessly short, broad-shouldered, round-faced, and sandy-haired; and his eyes (however brave and kind the soul behind) persisted in being china blue.

Unable to open the door on account of the beef juice, Tommy kicked it gently with his foot. He entered in silence and upon tiptoe, and indeed the only thing that marred the effect of his gallant carefulness was the dropping of the beef juice exactly upon the spot where it would make the most noise.

"Oh, Tommy!" said Christine, starting up.

The blind girl ran anxiously to listen at the invalid's door.

"Hang the thing," said Tommy. "Isn't that just my luck? All the way up the stairs I expected it to fall any minute and was quite prepared for it. Then the minute I think I'm safe it does its worst."

"It was very careless," said Ada severely. "But, thank goodness, it did not waken her. What was it—a bomb?"

"Beef juice!" said Christine, picking it up. "Beaton's Bountiful Beef Juice for Poorly People."

"It's something new," said Tommy, recovering. "Cracking good thing, they tell me, simply full of nourishment. It isn't broken, is it?" anxiously.

"No, it's safe, and oh, Tommy, Celia is better! She has spoken. She asked for me, and now she is sleeping—real sleep. How nice that you have brought some flowers. They will be the first thing she'll see when she wakes up."

Tommy, who had brought the flowers for Ada, was too genuinely glad of Celia's improvement to object to this disposal of his gift.

"Sure!" he said heartily. Then, in a piercing whisper, "How did she take it about the Stores?"

"Hush, she doesn't know yet, and won't for a day or so. Christine has got holidays, Tommy. Mr. Torrance inspected the store to-day and gave some of the clerks a few days off."

"Holidays?" Tommy's blue eyes widened wonderingly. "Whatever for? As a kind of celebration? How many did he let off?"

"How many did you say, dear?"

"I didn't just say."

"But you must know." There was an edge of suspicion in Tommy's voice.

"I don't suppose the child counted, Tommy."

"No, of course I did not count," with an aggrieved air.

"U-um!" said Tommy.

"These flowers are really lovely," went on Christine, hastily. "Will you take them in, Ada. You are lighter-footed than I. Put them on the dresser, where she will see them first thing."

Ada went unsuspectingly upon the mission and as she disappeared with the vase Christine turned to meet the other's accusing glance.

"How stupid you are, Tommy. Of course, it was only me. I was silly enough to faint and Mr. Torrance saw me. Ada doesn't need to know that. I'm alright now. But I'll admit I felt dreadfully this afternoon. I don't know how I happened to faint, and it's quite true about the holidays. I am to get full pay and have my same place when I go back."

"Oh—indeed!" There was a volume of comment in Tommy's voice. Christine dimpled.

"He didn't do it on account of my good looks, either," she said mischievously. "He did it to save himself the pangs of a disturbed conscience. I assure you that he looked upon me with something like horror. I was a 'orrid proof of something rotten in the state of Denmark. Young ladies may faint, but not in Mr. Torrance's Stores, and above all not in Mr. Torrance's sacred presence. I could see that the poor man felt quite upset."

"Pity he didn't feel upset some years ago," commented the grim Tommy.

"Yes, but better late than never. You see, he's just getting around to it. If he really takes things in hand I can hear things falling in the future."

"So!"

"Well, I think he will. He's so nice looking. People don't look nice in that way unless they are really nice. Even Ada said he "sounded nice."

"Did she? What is he like?" Tommy's voice was eager. But as item by item, Christine set forth the details of Mr. Torrance's appearance, Tommy's face grew woebegone.

"He does not look at all like me, I suppose?" he remarked casually.

"Oh, not at all." Christine's laugh tinkled musically. She did not mean to be unkind, for Tommy's broadness and shortness had always been a privileged joke; but this time, as she was quick to detect, the light words carried a sting. Was Tommy becoming vain?

"Tommy," she announced dramatically, "guess what happened to-day? A man spoke to me *without being introduced!*"

Immediately all Tommy's selfish yearnings were forgotten., "Where?" he demanded briefly.

"On the street."

"What was his name?"

Christine's pretty eyebrows rose in innocent surprise. "Now, Tommy, didn't I tell you he had not been introduced?"

"Well, what was he like?"

"Oh, just a man. Rather tall, rather fair, nicely dressed."

"Lots of men are that."

"Yes. He was like lots of men. But I don't think he'll annoy me again. He looked so ashamed when I spoke to him."

"When you spoke to him!"

"Yes, I had to, you know. I said, "Young man, I know thee not. Let a humble maiden go her way in peace."

"Christine!"

"Well—I did—or words to that effect. You didn't think I could, did you, Tommy?"

"No, I didn't. I don't think it now. It's a shame and a disgrace that a young girl cannot walk on a public street without being exposed to—to—that kind of thing." Tommy's anger spluttered fiercely. "And how about that piano chap—any more letters from him?"

Christine cast down meek eyes.

"One more," she admitted softly.

"Christine, dear, I wish you wouldn't. I don't like it."

Christine's eyes flashed up, sparkling.

"How can you say so? You didn't read it. It was a very nice letter. *I* liked it."

But Tommy was not to be side-tracked. "I don't mean that letter, that particular letter," he said. "I mean the whole thing. You know so little of him—"

"Yes. It would be nice if I knew more," cheerfully. "But when he comes back I shall."

"You will have to tell Ada and Celia then," said Tommy, grimly.

"Yes, and I have thought of a way—a lovely way. You see, you know him now. I introduced you. Well, you can just bring him to call—"

"Never."

"Oh, Tommy."

"I tell you I will not."

"And then you could introduce all of us and everything would be all right."

"Would it?"

"And Ada would be spared such-er-anxiety."

"It will be you who will have caused it, Christine."

"Yes, but it would be your fault, really. Because if you refuse—"

"I do refuse."

"—to introduce him, I shall have to say: 'Ada, here is Mr. Wareham, a young man whom I have met in clandestine fashion and with whom I have corresponded in defiance of Mrs. Grundy. Tommy knew all about it—"

"Christine!"

"Well, you did, you know. Didn't you?"

"If I did, it—"

"Still asleep," said Ada, coming back softly. But feeling with that wonderful sixth sense of the blind that the atmosphere of the room was charged with feeling, she added quickly, "What is the matter?"

"I was telling Tommy my adventures and he did not like them," pouted Christine. "And, oh, Tommy, there is still another. You know that ugly old woman I told you about? Well, she came right up to me and spoke."

"What ugly old woman?" The blind girl's voice was sharp. Both Tommy and Christine turned to her in surprise.

"It's nothing, Ada. Just an old beggar. She seems to haunt these streets, and I have often noticed her watching me—"

"Watching you. Did you say 'watching'?"

"Dear, what is the matter? She was only making up her mind to beg. To-day she screwed up her courage and did it."

"What did she say?" Ada's face was so white that Christine was frightened.

"She only asked for money, dear. She is quite a harmless old thing. I never would have told you if I thought you would have worried. No doubt the poor woman was hungry—and I had nothing but car tickets."

Ada's color came slowly back into her pale face. "I am foolish," she murmured. "But I have a horror of beggars. Christine, will you run down to the store for some butter. There is none for breakfast."

Christine jumped up with alacrity, and for once Tommy did not interpose with his ready, "Let me go instead."

She was hardly out of hearing when the blind girl turned to him in a passion of nervous anger. "How long have you known this?" she demanded imperiously. "Why did you not warn us?"

"Warn you? What do you mean?"

"This old woman—Christine says you saw her—watching—"

"What of it? I did see her once, or thought I did. She is only an old beggar. The watching is all in Christine's imagination—anything out of the ordinary, I mean. Everyone watches Christine. She told you herself that she attempted to beg from her. It is quite an ordinary occurrence."

"Do you think so—really? It frightened me so. I suppose I am foolish. But it has always been like a nightmare to me." She dropped her voice to a nervous whisper. "What if that creature who deserted her is alive? Watching?"

"Nonsense!"

"How do you know? Or what if she left a sister or a cousin or someone who knows the story? What if one of them should come forward now? She is so sweet, so pretty. It terrifies me to think of that black shadow behind her!"

"Don't, Ada. Even if one of these improbable fears proved true, no one could take Christine from you—not even her own mother."

"It isn't that. But think of what it would mean to her. The whole shameful story. To find out that instead of being one of a family, loved and cherished from her birth, and with a mother and father whom she can honor and love, she was that most pitiful of all things—a deserted child—left like a stray cat to live or die. Haven't you any imagination? Don't you see that it would darken all her life? Is it any wonder that I am terrified?""

Tommy turned away that he might not see the rare tears which filled the blind girl's eyes.

"Yes, Ada, I see. And I have guarded her as well as I could. And you two girls have been wonderful. But, really, I do not think that you need worry. That woman who left her is dead, depend upon it. And if anyone had been left who knew the story, you would have heard of her before this. Besides, the only possible motive for anyone speaking now would be blackmail, and the demand would come to us, not to the girl. Then," Tommy's broad shoulders squared themselves, "we would know how to deal with it."

It was too bad that the blind girl could not have seen Tommy's blue eyes then—kind and brave. Yes, they were indeed kind and brave and full of the love of a brave, kind heart. Some sense of it did reach her, perhaps, for she leaned over and took his short, square hand in her long white one.

"Not many girls have a friend like you, Tommy," she said gently.

There was no one to see, so for once he looked at her as a man looks at the woman he loves; but the blind girl only knew that his hands grew cold under hers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADAM TORRANCE had never been a hard man. Save where pride was concerned he had been considered, by others more callous than himself, to be quite inconveniently sentimental. It was known that no appeal from one in trouble ever reached Mr. Torrance in vain; the difficulty was to reach him. Like most rich men, he was

Continued on page 42

THE COST OF A CRIME

A Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey.

CHAPTER II. (Continued).

THE AFTERMATH.

MRS. REEDHAM shook her head.

"Thank you, dear, but—but don't you see I must go this road alone?—that while I am, and will always be, grateful for your love, it cannot shield me from all the blows that must come? But it will be quickly over, and soon I shall get away to some little house where I can be at peace."

"How could John Reedham do it?" cried Evelyn rebelliously. "Oh, it was wicked and cruel; and to leave you to bear it all alone is the worst of all. I shall never forgive him."

"He cannot be happy where he is," said Bessie steadily; and her wide, sad eyes seemed to be gazing into impossible depths. "Let us try to think that, and not be too hard on him."

The maid brought in the tea tray at the moment, and somewhat relieved the strain. They did not linger very long; the object of their visit—to hear some particulars and assure her of their sympathy—had been accomplished. They felt that even she did not desire them to prolong their visit then. They were very silent as they walked through the leafy garden to the beautiful sheltered road leading to the station.

"I don't realize it even yet, Teddy," said Mrs. Luttrell at length. "And I can't believe it of John Reedham. I have heard of people living a double life. Do you think it could have been anything of that kind?"

"I don't know; I hardly think he was that kind of man. But the motive does not matter so much as the consequences, and they are disastrous enough."

They returned saddened and perplexed to their cheerful household, and Evelyn felt that she could not see Leslie Reedham that night, or she must betray something of her inward thought.

They reached Reigate, however, only to find that someone had been before them.

Comforted and strengthened by the sympathy and practical assurance of her friends, and reassured concerning the immediate future of her boy, Bessie Reedham was the better prepared for the visit of the stern old Scotchman, whose condemnation of Reedham had been without stint.

From an upper window she could see his tall, spare figure turn the end of the road and come towards the house. She even fancied that his face, with its grey whiskers and straggling beard, was sterner than usual, and that the long line of his clean-shaven lip was without mercy.

He was shown to her presence without delay, and she, not certain whether to offer her hand in the usual greeting, stood a little proudly in the middle of the room waiting for some advance on his part.

He put down his hat and gloves, which he had carried with him into the room, and approached her with a sort of dry compassion.

"I am very sorry for you," he said sincerely, if a trifle harshly. "Please sit down; this is a monstrous business. Lidgate says you can throw no light on it, but I have come to see for myself."

"Mr. Lidgate is right; I know nothing, Mr. Currie," she said quietly. "No woman has ever understood business less than I have done, and I—I have nothing to say."

The senior partner glanced enquiringly round the room, as if seeking to appraise its value. But there was nothing to help him there. The home was luxurious, but in no way beyond the position of the man who had lived in it. His own house on Hampstead Heath had cost much more. And he had never heard Mrs. Reedham's name coupled with extravagance. As families they were not intimate, having little in common, a formal dinner once or twice a year, and the subsequent calls comprised the sum of their intercourse. He ran his fingers perplexedly through his thin grey hair.

"I simply can't understand it. He was earning a good income from the business, he had a home like this, what more could a man want? It forces one to the conclusion that there was a mystery somewhere. It may seem harsh to put certain questions to you, but this is a time when private feelings must be relegated to the background. If you know of anything in your husband's private life to account for this, it is your duty to tell us, even at the cost of pain to yourself."

"I know nothing, Mr. Currie," she repeated, and her bosom rebelliously heaved.

He shook his head.

"I would not shirk that duty, believe me, Mr. Currie; but I can throw no light upon it," she repeated, controling herself with an effort. "So far as I know my husband had no secrets from me. He did not talk business with me, certainly. He was fond of saying a man ought to leave it behind him when he came home. I am simply left in the dark as much as any of you."

The old man gave a kind of snort and shrugged his shoulders.

"And you have not heard from him of course?"

"I have not."

"Well, it's a desperate business. It is very hard on honorable men like myself and Sir Philip Lowther. Lidgate is younger, and, in a sense, has his record still to make. I am so ashamed, I have not been the same man at home, and I am afraid to tell my wife. She will see it in the papers herself tomorrow, and it will be a crushing blow to her."

"But you have done nothing wrong," she suggested, with a curious inflection in her voice.

"Of course not," he said with an aggressive squaring of the shoulders. That makes it all the harder. The innocent suffer with the guilty. My daughters will feel it acutely also, and perhaps we shall have to leave Hampstead. I am an elder in St. Stephens. It will be my duty to withdraw from that office and give up much that is precious to a man of my character and standing."

There was a querulous note in his voice which easily indicated that selfish considerations were uppermost in his mind. Bessie Reedham remained silent. She was humiliated and ashamed beyond all telling, but she was not moved to sympathy. The self-righteous old Scotchman repelled her, that was all. She thought of his fussy, ambitious wife, so houseproud over her mansion on the Heath, of the angular, prim, complacent daughters, and gave a little sigh. Currie, though not a sensitive man, suddenly became aware that her interest and sympathy for him were of the most lukewarm order. He looked at her rather severely from under his beetling brows.

"You will have to leave this house and sell your furniture, of course."

"Yes, I shall have to do that."

"There might be a few things Mrs. Currie could make room for at Fair Lawn. There is not much got for second-hand furniture in the auction rooms. Private sale is generally best. I will send her up when she is able to face everything. That will probably be next week. I shall have to tell her to-night before the newspaper announcement to-morrow. And the boy? He will have to turn out and earn for you and himself."

"His teacher has been here to-day, and in the meantime he will keep him at Reigate," she said, bravely, remembering as a precious thing the warm and tender sympathy that had come to her from the Luttrells.

Currie shook his head.

"A mistake, indeed, even if they are willing to keep him for nothing. It will do the boy good to understand that he has to be a prop to you, and that as far as he can, he must atone for his father's sin. The consequences of it may be further reaching than any of us can grasp now. There must have been a serious lack of moral responsibility about Reedham. I was opposed to the partnership. As I reminded both Sir Philip and Lidgate, we had not proved him, and there was a certain flippancy of character I never liked. Of course, he was popular. That class of man generally is, until he is found out."

"Mr. Currie!" cried Bessie, in tones of acute distress. "Need we prolong this conversation? It is most painful to me. You forget you are speaking of my husband. Whatever may have been his faults outside, he was a good husband to me, and I loved him dearly."

"It is to your credit that you can speak like that considering the awful position in which you are left through his wickedness," was the unpromising reply. "Of course the greatest kindness he could have shown at the last was to disappear as he has done. The consequences would have been even more painful if he had remained. But at the same time he will not altogether escape punishment, nor is it desirable that he should. The Book says, 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.'"

Bessie Reedham looked round desperately, wondering just how much more she could stand. At that moment the door was suddenly pushed wide open and a boy dashed in, having heard the last words uttered with the righteous solemnity of the conventionally religious man.

His young, eager face was flushed, his eyes were rebelliously bright, his whole attitude betokened a fine spirit strung to the highest pitch. He was quick enough to grasp the fact that in some way this man was inflicting suffering on his mother. He ran to her and threw his young arm about her and turned his brave face to the grim old man.

"If you have anything more to say, sir, say it to me," he cried rebelliously. "Don't you see that my mother is not fit to be tormented like this? It is cruel of you. She cannot help what has happened. Pray go."

Bessie Reedham bowed her head a moment on her boy's slim shoulder, and a sudden sweetness welled in her heart. After all, she was not alone, there was something strong and precious between her and the buffets of the world!

Currie looked considerably put out, his face flushed slowly, and he frowned upon the lad's eager face.

"Come, come, young sir, that is not a becoming way to speak to your elders and betters," he said reprovingly. "A very different spirit should animate you at the present time, I assure you."

"I don't care! You should not be unkind to my mother, and I will protect her," was the undaunted reply. "She is not responsible for anything that has happened, and anyhow no gentleman makes war on a woman."

Bessie Reedham put her hand over the boy's eager mouth.

"Hush, hush, darling. Mr. Currie is doubtless within his rights. Pray forgive him, sir. It is his love for me that guides his tongue. I am proud of it. God help me, it is all I have left."

Mr. Currie took up his hat and began to draw on his left hand glove.

"A futile interview," he muttered. "I am sorry not to see a more chastened spirit, but still I will ask my wife to call upon you when she is able for the ordeal. Good day, Mrs. Reedham, I would advise you to curb that young son of yours, to bring a little discipline to bear on him, or you may have trouble of another kind in the near future." He went out as he had come, leaving a cloud behind him. Leslie shook his clenched hand after the retreating figure, and once more assured his mother of his courage and ability to fight for her.

"But, darling, how are you here?" she faltered. "Mr. and Mrs. Luttrell have not long gone. How did you know that trouble had come? I had planned to keep it from you for a few more days at least."

The color receded from the lad's face as he put his hand slowly in his pocket, drawing from it a plain, common envelope, evidently addressed in a disguised hand.

"This came by the noon post. I was just in time to get the two o'clock train. I got permission from Mr. Greville. I showed it to him and he seemed to grasp it at once. He even came to the station with me, and was so very kind."

Bessie Reedham took the slip of paper from its covering and devoured it with desperate eyes. It was very short and began without heading or prefix of any kind.

"My boy, whenever you receive this go to your mother, she will need you. Try to forget your old dad, except that he loves you. God! How he loves both you and your mother, neither you nor she will ever know."

"Mother, give it to me, it is mine," he said, when she would have put it in the bosom of her dress. "What has daddy done? It is something in business, of course. I knew when I saw that old bounder here."

"Hush, dear; Mr. Currie is a very worthy man; he cannot help the way he is made. Yes, it is business. Your father has made some disastrous speculation. I am unable to explain what, nobody can explain it, but it amounts to defalcation."

The lad's face blanched.

"Does that mean that the police would have had him, will have him now, like they had Mr. Wallis, who lived in Grove Road, last year?"

She nodded.

"But it will be cleared up some day. Father will pay back the money, I know he will," he cried proudly. "Father would never really rob anybody, or be guilty in that way. Why, mother, don't you know it is impossible?"

The high clear note in the lad's voice fell like music of the spheres on Bessie Reedham's rent

heart. The boy's faith in his father was absolutely the first and only ray of light that had been shed on her desolate heart.

"You make me live again, dearest," she whispered brokenly. "Leslie, promise me that whatever happens, you will stick to that, and keep on telling me about it."

"But, mother, you ought to believe it too, of dad!" said the boy in tones of pain and surprise. "Why, don't we know what he was, the very best dad in the whole wide world?"

His voice broke, and with an effort he choked back the tears which he felt must now be unmanly. "I wish that he could hear you, that all the world could hear!" she cried. "Surely God sent you to me to-day, Leslie, for indeed I felt I could not bear any more. But now let us talk of other things. You have no idea how kind the Luttrells have been. You will be able to stay on at Reigate perhaps, for another year, through their great kindness."

The lad shook his head.

"No, mother, I shall never go back. What I have to do now is to stop by you and work for you till father comes back?"

She was unable to reply, and was casting about for some suitable word, when the doorbell rang, and in a minute Lidgate was shown in. He looked the surprise he felt at sight of the boy.

"You here, Leslie? How does it come about? When I saw you yesterday, Mrs. Reedham, you did not expect him?"

"No, he heard accidentally of what had happened, and came off at once. He has just this moment said he will not go back, that his future duty must be to care for me."

She shook hands with Lidgate as she spoke these words, and the pride of a fond mother shone in her eyes. Lidgate smiled a trifle ruefully at the boy.

"A very natural and right resolve," he said heartily. "But how old are you, Leslie?"

"Nearly fourteen. I was going to Winchester in the autumn. I am quite big enough to work."

He drew himself up as he spoke and threw back his finely-shaped head. It was a gesture so like John Reedham's own that both started, and Bessie grew a shade paler.

"Well, it is never too young to make a beginning," said Lidgate, trying to speak naturally. Somehow, the pleasure he had anticipated in another confidential talk with Bessie Reedham was marred by the youngster, and he realized, what he had not as yet done, that he was a force to be reckoned with. He was astonished to find him so well-grown and so manly; he had not happened to see him for a whole year.

"Did you meet Mr. Currie as you came up the Grove Road?" Bessie asked. She was very quick in intuition, and immediately felt that sympathy was lacking between Lidgate and her son.

"No, I came by the Lane. I knew he intended to call to-day, and I hoped that I might be in time to meet him here. I am afraid that he was very disagreeable. He was not in a good humor to-day, you may imagine."

"He was rude to my mother, Uncle George," cried Leslie hotly, "and I resented it. I just came in time to tell him to shut up. I think him a horrid man."

"Hush, dear, Mr. Currie has had provocation," his mother reminded him. Even at cost to herself she would be just. But the hot spirit of the boy, detecting in these words disloyalty to his father he passionately adored, burst forth again. He turned his flashing eyes on Lidgate's face.

"Look here, Uncle George, surely you believe that father will come back yet to explain everything —that if things don't seem quite straight, there has been a mistake somewhere? You can't believe—nobody could—that he would take money that did not belong to him?"

"We hope it may be cleared up some day, dear lad," said Lidgate softly. We must all live in that hope."

But though the words were uttered sincerely enough, they rang false in Leslie Reedham's ears. He had inherited from his mother an astonishing quickness of intuition, almost amounting to inspiration, and in his mind from that moment he wrote Lidgate down as the enemy of his father.

He could not have explained just then why he believed it. Certainly he had no real grounds, but his eyes filled with a dull suspicion, and jealousy consumed his heart.

Bessie Reedham saw the boy's lowering brows, and looked rather anxiously at Lidgate when the boy suddenly dashed out of the room.

"I don't seem to know this Leslie," she said, perplexedly. "Can you explain him to me?"

CHAPTER III.

SANCTUARY.

MRS. MARY ANNE WEBBER had put her numerous brood to bed, and heard her last lodger go upstairs, and had just settled herself for a mouthful of bread and cheese and a glass of stout, when the front door bell rang.

She grunted, and looked enquiringly at the clock, as much as to enquire whether its honest face could throw any light upon the untimely ring.

It was now twenty minutes to eleven o'clock.

"The Bobby, maybe that tiresome Tommy's left the area window open, as like as not."

She pushed back her chair, and wiping her mouth, proceeded in leisurely fashion out to the hall, where she produced a box of matches from her pocket and lit the gas. All her movements were leisurely. Yet it was astonishing what an amount of actual bodily exertion she managed to get through in a day; the immaculate state of the house proclaimed that someone toiled early and late for the comfort or the household. That somebody was Mary Anne herself. Her face was very comely and placid, and betrayed no signs of perturbation as she undid the bolt of the front door.

She kept up the chain, however, and peered through the narrow opening with a caution befitting a widow woman who had learned to take care of herself.

"Who is it at this time o' nite?" she enquired, not querulously, but rather with a kind of patient forbearance. "Everybody's gone to bed, and nobody's goin' to be took up in this house to-night, no, not for Halbert Hedward hisself, so there!"

"Have you a room to let, Mrs. Webber," a low voice enquired, "I want a bed for the night, perhaps longer. Open the door."

"Not ef I knows it," replied Mrs. Webber firmly. "Respectable folks don't come to respectable houses at sech a time o' nite. There's a common lodging house down to College Street; that'll just suit yer, I guess.' "

Mrs. Webber seldom minced her words, and had a habit of saying precisely what she meant. The lodger who disliked plain speech was at liberty to shift his camp. She could afford to be independent, for her house had a high reputation for cleanliness and honesty, and first-rate cooking. Mary Anne had found that independence pays.

The stranger without the gates cleared his throat a little for another attempt.

"I'll pay you well," he said desperately. "I—I have reasons for wishing to come here. If you open the door I'll be more explicit."

"Maybe they're after yer, eh?" she asked facetiously. "You'd better be going quietly, mister. I keeps a policeman's whistle handy to my pocket, and the beat ain't far off."

She would have closed the door, but the suppliant's desperate voice once more intervened.

"Mary Anne, don't you know me, you must let me in. It's an old friend of yours in trouble."

Something came to Mary Anne, a kind of intuition, though it could not be said to be absolute recognition. She undid the chain, and bade him enter. She eyed him keenly as he steeped across the threshold, but still failed to recognize him. A tall, thin, clean-shaven man, though with a sort of stoop in his shoulders, and a furtive look in the eyes behind the blue goggles; he was unlike any man of her acquaintance. Yet there seemed something hauntingly familiar about these eyes.

"Don't know yer, mister," she said suspiciously. "But, maybe, now ye've wormed yourself in, you'll say yer nime and whatcher wants. I am a lone widder, and though I ain't afraid of the likes of you, I don't want no truck wiv folks that ain't honest and sober, and hardworkin', see, them's the werry foundations of forty-siving St. Paul's Crescent."

The stranger faintly, ironically smiled, and it seemed as if some vague fear fell away from him. For this woman had known him on terms of intimacy for five years, had been a servant in his house, carrying his meals and opening his door, and though he stood of a set purpose directly under the light of the hall lamp, she failed to recognize him.

"Can I come in anywhere, Mary Anne?" he enquired; then some familiar inflection of his voice went home and she gave a little cry as she walked before him to the sitting-room door.

"Lor-a-mighty, tain't Mister Reed'am," she said, beginning to tremble, though why she could not have told.

"You have said it, Mary Anne," he replied, "I am your old master in need of help and shelter, and—and I had better say it out frankly, hiding."

"Lor-a-mighty!" she repeated, and her placid face grew pale, and her hand trembled as she steadied herself by the end of the table to take a better look at him.

"Lor-a-mighty," she repeated, I shouldn't a knowed yer. Wotever is it? Wotever 'as happened, and where is the Missus and Marster Leslie?"

He shook his head, and there was such anguish in his eyes that her kind heart smote her almost to tears.

"Don't go fer to tell me anythink I ain't needin' to know," she said quickly. "I never wus one to ast questions or pry inter nobody's business. Them as goes pokin' their noses into that fire gits burnt hoftener then they like. You looks desprit. Hexcuse me, sir, but—but are they hafter yer?"

She made mysterious signs with her eyes and her fingers, and Reedham merely nodded in response.

"Listen, Mary Anne, and I will tell you all you need to know. It is business trouble, which I cannot explain to you; you would not understand it. I have spent money that did not belong to me, always hoping to get it back, and be able to repay, you can follow that?"

"I kin. It's a bad wy, Mister Reedham, fer rich or fer pore, it don't matter. It leads 'em all the sime wy."

"Yes, but one does not always stop to think of that. There were other reasons why I wanted to get rich quick, reasons I have never breathed to a soul. One day, perhaps I may tell you. The hue and cry will die down soon, I expect. Every day I have expected to read an account of myself in the newspapers, and the general idea will be, that I have committed suicide as they generally do."

"I see."

Mary Anne began to grasp the situation, and she never took her eyes from the white, desperate face of the man standing by her table pleading for shelter and help. She knew that she would give him both. She had no code of ethics as taught by the schools, but she had a grateful heart, and the years of her service at Norwood had been rendered pleasant and easy by the unfailing kindness and consideration of this man, who had been her master.

"You kin stop, of course. I don't want to know any more, please, nor tell me another think. I honly want to ast one question. Is it safe, for yerself, I means?"

"I think it will be safe. You have known me well, you did not recognize me, Mary Anne, you look at me now as if I were a stranger."

"Yer own wife wouldn't know yer, sir, I never seed such a chinge. But fer how long? What'll be the hend of it, sir?"

"The end will justify the means, Mary Anne. I have been cast outside the pale; I will find my way back again. And that money will be honestly earned and refunded, do you understand? If I live, I will do that."

She regarded him doubtfully, yet with a certain admiration. She was only an ignorant woman, but she knew that the task of which he spoke with such a desperate confidence was a superhuman one. In her reminiscent moments she was fond of railing against the inexorableness of London life, and of alluding to the city itself as a huge monster without bowels of compassion.

She knew little about business, but her eyes filled with an immense compassion as she looked and listened to Reedham in that desperate hour of his downfall and disgrace. Help him she would, however, to the very best of her ability, and he read it in her eyes.

"I don't want much, and for that little I can pay," he said feverishly. "Some small back room which would serve as a respectable address; silence and peace to go in and out, but above all the feeling that you are in the background, a friend to whom I may speak when life becomes unendurable, these are the things I have come to ask, Mary Anne. It is a great deal, but—but by granting them you may save a soul."

"Yer kin 'ave the room, an' has fer pay we shan't quarrel abart thet. Many's the sovring hover an' above I got at Norwood from yerself, an' from the Missus. Is she ter know you are 'ere?"

"No, no; nobody must know," he answered feverishly. "Henceforth I am dead, do you understand, dead to the old life and the old name; I shall be Thomas Charlton, of St. Paul's Crescent, Camden Town. That is all you need to know concerning me."

"But the missus"; faltered Mary Anne, going back in memory to the love which had been the mainspring of the Norwood home, illumining life for all its inmates.

"If my wife believes me dead, it is the best that can happen," he said gloomily.

Mary Anne shook her head.

"It'll break her heart, sir, maybe hafter things 'as bin forgot a while you or I could let her know, quiet like, that you're 'ere."

"No, no, that could never happen. I must work out my own salvation alone. If it so be that fortune attends me, and I am able to reinstate myself before it is too late, so be it. But I understand that I have to pay the price."

"But, sir, they're mighty clever, them 'tecs now. Supposin' they tracks you 'ere?"

"They'll not take me alive, but I think my disguise is complete. I have been back to our very own premises and spoken to the porter who has seen me every day of his life for the last twenty years, and he did not recognize me. If my wife should communicate with you in any way you will promise to hold your tongue?"

"I will, but I ain't 'eard from the missus for over a year," she said regretfully. "I've been allus goin' to run over to Norwood ov a Sunday, but it ain't never come hoff, so much the better as it turns out. Well, will yer 'ave a bit of bread an' cheese, sir? It's werry 'umble fare, an' the honly bite I gits in peace an' quiet, hafter they're all a-bed."

"I am afraid I have disturbed you wofully. No, I will not eat anything. If you can show me to the room, a back room for preference, I'll go to bed. I've slept on some strange beds the last week, I tell you. It will seem like a paradise to-night."

"There's the room back o' this, an' yer'll want the sittin' room as well. Party only lef' it on Monday, goin' back to Ameriky."

Reedham shook his head.

"I could not pay for this meanwhile, Mary Anne, and I don't care how small the room may be. I know it will be clean and sweet, and will savor of home."

He spoke as he felt. The hunted experience of the past few days had changed his whole outlook on life, and he naturally idealized the homely woman whom in the whole hostile wilderness of London was the only one he thought he might trust. She, no less than he, knew how great was the debt under which he was laid by her readiness to help.

"The room's jes' 'ere," she said, stepping back to the communicating door. "It's the honly one I've got. I'm full hup now, cep fer this. And I carn't let 'em seperit. I kin afford it, sir, to let yer 'ave 'em cheap, as cheap as nuthin' maybe, till yer gits round the corner. Yer see me worst battle's over. Teddy he's earning his sixteen shillin' a week now in Goodall's down to College Street, an' likely to go hon gittin' better, for 'e's a clever chap wiv 'is 'ands and 'is 'ead. An' even little Tommy 'as his 'arf crown o week fer goin' hafter a milk pram, and Tilda's to the dressmakin', an' little Annie gits that 'andy abart the 'ouse, yer can't think. Oh, me battle's hover, an' I kin eve a bite to spare for a

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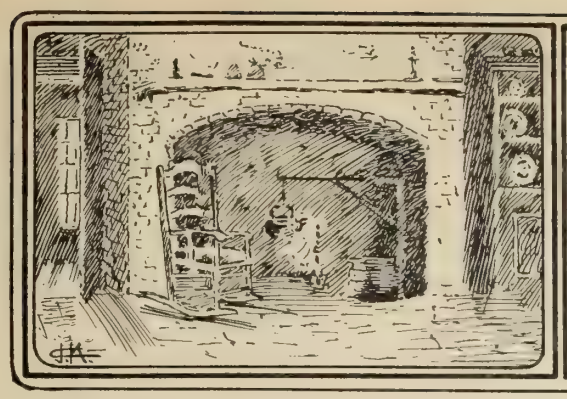

AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

THE SERVANT QUESTION

TO give a whole page of my ideas on the servant question is something I promised, and therefore shall fulfil, although it seems to be a subject worn threadbare, one that has always been, and always will exist, as broad as the world, that cannot be explained, and is apparently unsolvable. It has been presented to us from every standpoint, has been reasoned out, and viewed from every possible position. Each phase of the question has received its quota of attention; it has been scoffed at, wrangled over, and debated upon, until there would seem to be nothing more to say, and when all is said and written, it remains at the starting point.

We cannot get past the fact that domestic service is so objectionable that girls will enter any other employment in preference, and in consequence, are growing less in numbers; that they are asking more money for less service, and demanding greater privileges continually. Also, that housekeepers are finding it more and more difficult to secure and retain the services of a maid, that there is a lack of interest in their work, and an independence of spirit among them that is unendurable. This is what I understand the so-called servant question to embody, with its branches and spur lines of discontent and dissatisfaction, reaching the lives and homes of all who are obliged to perform and accept such necessary service.

The whole system seems to be unsettled, and needs readjustment. Of all the present-day problems women have to deal with, it is the most vexed. There are wrongs to be set right on both sides, there are underlying principles to be regulated, a solid foundation to be laid. Everything seems to be too haphazard in relation to the question. It lacks the business basis upon which men engage their employes, they demand qualification for the position, discharge them as often as their inability is discovered, treat them as being responsible for their side of the bargain, and failing to meet requirements, pay and dismiss them. They do not batter each other with a fusilade of questions regarding character and privileges, nor waste time discussing a contract that may only last a day. They are told to "Come on in the morning, and we'll give you a trial," and if at night they are paid off, no one accuses the employer of being a hard man. This is where women should take a leaf out of man's book, not fearing the verdict of being considered "a dreadful woman to please," because she is trying to select what answers the demand in her case.

THERE is a root to the matter, deep-seated and well-grounded, and it sprang up generations ago when all labor was considered menial, and slaves were compelled to work for tyrannical masters, and all down through the centuries that inherent sentiment has lived, bearing its fruits of opposition to tyranny on the one hand, and an overbearing attitude of superiority on the other, a downtrodden race looked down upon by an aristocratic class. The labor question and laws are endeavoring to uproot this long-fostered idea that work is ignoble. They are preaching a new gospel of dignity of labor, and proving the truth of "The mind's the standard of the man."

Let us go back in Canadian history to the root of the matter, when all were on equal footing, and the daughter of one respectable settler helped the wife of another in times of sickness, and in busy seasons. Jack was as good as his master; there were no fine distinctions; all sat together, and ate at the same table. As the country grew and the Old Land customs crept in, there was resentment about people being so much better and grander than their servants, and when maids arrived who had spent years in service, and perfected themselves for their positions, who were not averse to wearing the badge of servant, nor ashamed of the name, young Canada awakened to the fact that they must fall in line. But they never did it with a good grace, and this feeling of equality was largely responsible. The very air and swing of the new country breathed freedom, the maid of one year was the mistress of next, and the Old Country girls caught the infection, and threw aside much of the restraint which had always surrounded them, and, behold! we have an independent class of workers to deal with, who demand their rights, and largely make their own laws.

Right here a great mistake has been made, and both sides have blundered. There has been a tendency to keep down this self-reliant spirit among servants, to make them feel subordinate, and they have been subjected to indignities, their demands have not been met. Then they, themselves, do not seem to realize that while the earth lasts there will always be servants and masters, and that their master is servant to some one above him, that we are all servants in a way. They have not learned to understand how dignified they could be in performing their tasks, nor how much power they have to elevate their own work to the measure of their minds. "I have never been asked to do such a thing," a maid demurred, when asked to do a certain piece of work. I took the pail and brush, and did the work myself. "Now," I said, as I finished, "I do not feel that I have lowered myself in doing that, because I never stoop to the level of my work, I raise it to the level of my mind." In my experience with servants I constantly try to impress that all work should be characterized by the best that is in us of mind and effort, that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

WOMEN complain of the incompetence of the average maid. They are not qualified to fill the place, but are willing to learn at her expense. She undertakes to teach, to train, to reason with, the results varying according to the material she has to work upon, and there may be patient instruction and honest endeavor, or it may be scoldings and dismissal. Often when they have done their best, even teaching them to speak our language, overlooking mistakes and condoning faults, they meet with downright ingratitude, inasmuch as some slight provocation, or more money will lead them to desert a woman who has been faithful and kind, and strike out for fresh pasture, no matter what the predicament the sudden departure may mean to the one who has sacrificed so much time and nerve force to help her attain to a standard of usefulness which will benefit her for all time.

On the other hand, servants accuse women of being unreasonable, of keeping them occupied too long hours, and allowing them no time they can call their own while in the house, thrusting upon them in their leisure, work they are not supposed to do, and expecting them to understand the care of children as well. Let me give you the verdict of one who believes she knows: "If women would show some consideration for the comforts of their maids, treat them as though they were human beings; let them get out of the kitchen occasionally, and try and elevate them by example and good treatment, there would be less trouble in keeping help in the home."

A diversity of mistress and of maid, the different ways of dealing with them, and the various demands of our homes, has raised a barrier of distrust and suspicion. This can often be broken down by timely explanations. For instance, a maid broke out with, "A woman told me to-night that she wouldn't work for people if she wasn't good enough to go in and out of the same door the family did." I explained that it was not a question of *good enough*, but a matter of convenience. "You know," I said, "how often after office hours, my husband has little business talks in the front hall; you would not wish to disturb that by passing through, and you also see how the children use the side door." She was perfectly satisfied. No two homes are conducted on the same principle, and are as widely diverse as it is possible to be, and should afford an opening for every style and disposition of maid. There are qualities common to all our necessities, such as honesty, truthfulness and faithful service. Beyond that, one should decide the attribute desirable in a domestic for her particular needs, then kindly overlook what is not up to the standard in other matters. (I would ask "thoroughness" as a chief quality).

"WHEN you women treat your helpers as we men do ours, you will be able to keep them," said a man to me. "We are not ashamed to be seen speaking to them on the street, or walking with them, or even driving with them, but you women would not be seen doing that." I did not try to argue the point with him, because I knew there were grains of truth in his sweeping assertion, but I resolved to think it over, and get at the reason why women do not make "jolly good fellows" of themselves, as this man seemed to feel he was prepared to do. Now, I swallowed his speech with a pinch of salt, because I think he would do all he said, in a business way, but I doubt whether he would give him an invitation for a pleasure trip on his yacht, or to a dinner in his home. And why not? The man would not want it nine times out of ten; he would prefer his own chums.

Just so with maids. Their friendships are formed before they enter our homes, their enjoyments and diversions lie in an entirely different direction. They have individual tastes, and do not want to be interfered with. I admit there are women who seem to fear they will lose prestige should they notice their servants on the street, but they are in the minority, and most girls are recognized by a nod and a smile from their mistress. As to driving out together, why, if they both go, who is to mind the baby, answer the door, the telephone, take in the meat, the ice, and most important proposition, dear man, get the dinner?

The chefs in your clubs or bachelor apartments are not interested in your pleasures, they are interested in doing what you are paying them big wages to do—serving your meals, and doing it well. Our maids ought to have the same interest in the meals dished up to the family, and be perfectly disinterested as to our recreations. There is no reason why we should be confidential friends any more than men should. Ours is a business deal, too; we engage them to do certain parts of our work, and in most cases they would repel any advance towards comradeship, and give us to understand they were capable of managing themselves. I am positive that if I filled the position of servant, helper, hired girl, in any person's house, I would keenly resent anything that prevented me from living my own life as I chose to live it. I will relate a case of mistaken kindness to prove my contention, A friend of mine asked her maid to join the family on their Christmas sleigh ride. She went, giving evidence of her unwillingness by a very sullen demeanor. During the drive she confided to the oldest child that she had given up her own plans with her girl friend, and came along, because she thought she was wanted to help mind the children, while the motive had been to give her pleasure, which was misunderstood.

SO after nearly a quarter of a century of housekeeping, and dealing with the servant question, I have come to the conclusion that the rock of offence that prevents many excellent girls, who love housework above all else, from entering, is not the lack of the bond of sympathy that many people believe should exist between mistress and maid, nor the absence of creature comforts, but because of the social ostracism. A girl may be pretty, neat, competent, educated, but because she is Mrs. So-and-So's maid, she is debarred from association with her equals. As if there is any degradation in one good woman working for another, whether she trims her hat, makes her gowns, or dusts her parlor! The secret lies here—the social status—and girls turn to other occupations, to office work, to clerking, anything, so long as they are admitted within the circle of society, and homes are deprived of smart, clever housekeepers just because women refuse to allow a good, pure girl to enter the ranks and mingle with her "set," because she has not specified hours to work in some public office, but prefers the privacy and protection of a home, and is willing to bear with the diversity of labor a household represents.

The remedy lies largely in the hands of the servants themselves, and the Domestic Science Training Schools hold the key of the solution. Of course, every girl cannot come in touch with that, but it *is* within the reach of all to raise the standard of their profession. Housekeeping is an art, and it requires an artistic eye and an expert brain to make it a success. When a girl can produce a certificate of efficiency, and can enter a home with the self-assurance that she knows her business, and elevates her calling by bringing to bear upon it scientific knowledge, dons a uniform that will distinguish her as a graduate of a certain institute, she will meet with the same respect that our graduate nurses exact from the people who employ them. Her deportment will coincide with her ability, carrying with it the dignity that will remove all barriers of social standing, her "wages" will be called a salary, she can have her own apartments and appointed hours, and command the best patronage from regular customers, whose homes will open welcome doors, and accord the same courtesy as that which the seamstress and music teacher receive.

If the fact that a woman doing her own work is not lowered in the eyes of her friends, why should the individual who performs the same tasks be demeaned? That brings me back to where I started, viz., that "The mind's the standard of the man." The whole question, therefore, resolves itself into that of a mental attitude. How this will right itself remains to be seen. My prophetic vision fails me here. The Chinaman, the Jap, and other foreign element may assist in solving the matter, but of them I know nothing by experience, only by hearsay. It is with British and Canadian girls my article deals, and the sooner women adopt the business basis, and are broad-minded enough to remove the society ban, the quicker will the servant difficulty disappear. We will have to be educated up to it, and there is no doubt we will rise equal to the circumstances which alter cases in this progressive age, and in this broad and prosperous land of liberty.

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With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

A New Competition

AT the time when this page goes to press it is impossible to say what letters about the holidays have secured the prizes offered. The cousins have written most interesting letters, and we hope to hear from all again.

We are offering two prizes for Juniors under fifteen years of age for the best articles—not exceeding five hundred words—on "A Winter Adventure." The competition will close February 1st, 1912, and the prizes will be three dollars and two dollars. Now, let us have "lots and lots" of letters.

Our Holiday Letters

A DAY IN VACATION

Dear Cousin Clover:

My father has a meadow about three miles from home. While he was cutting his hay we all went, three of my aunts and four of my cousins and two of my sisters and my mother and father and our hired man, and we went canoeing and fishing, and in the woods after birch bark. My two cousins, Thornton and Harry Thornton could not paddle, but Harry and I paddled. We went in bathing. Our hired man came out that night and he asked us if we wanted anything and we said "No." We ate so much the next day, we ate all the food and was very hungry before we reached home. Will close; hope there is room for me. Good-bye.

PHYLLIS MALLETTE.

Aged 9. South Range, Digby Co., N.S.

This is to certify this is Phyllis' own work.

MRS. W. A. MALLETTE.

* * *

Dear Phyllis:

Such a nice little story by a nine-year-old, from far-off Digby County. You must be a strong little girl to be able to paddle at your age. I hope you will have a happy Thanksgiving.

Birds' Hill P. O.
Manitoba.

Dear Cousin Clover:

Here comes a new cousin to join the "Summer Holidays" competition. I couldn't try in "Maple Sugar," as I never so much as saw a sugar maple.

I spent my holidays quietly at home. They were far from dull, though. We live nine miles north of hustling, bustling Winnipeg, but haven't a neighbor within a mile. We can cross Red River, take a trolley, and be in the city within half an hour of leaving home.

A great deal of my time was spent in picking wild berries of all kinds. Wild fruit is so abundant this year. I love to go off alone for rambles in the "bush," which extends for a mile back of the river, and the berries gave me many an excuse. I usually took the dog for company, also because his presence gave me a feeling of security, which, I fear, was unwarranted. I love everything about Nature, and often, when on these solitary expeditions, I have found flowers and fruit whose existence were unknown to my long-resident schoolmates.

Several things happened this vacation which will make me remember 1911. One is that I saw aeroplane flights. At the "Canadian Industrial Exposition" there were many wonderful, beautiful things which delighted me, but this most modern wonder pleased me most. The aviator flew right above me, and the whirring of the planes was too audible for comfort.

Another milestone was that I was first initiated into the delights and mysteries of rowing. The Red River is here about a thousand feet wide. My chief difficulty was that I could not follow a straight and narrow path. By the bubbles in the wake of the "Dipper" I know that mine was serpentine. I have a certain dread of the water, for we hear so much of drowning accidents to Winnipeg pleasure-seekers on the same treacherous river.

Still another event—I saw my first circus. The greatest part of the performance was by trained animals, and they did some truly wonderful things. Then there were contortionists, acrobats, clowns, and a kicking mule. The charm of novelty added to my enjoyment.

Added to these were little jaunts to the city and quiet picnics with my chums, all contributing to the round of quiet pleasures which characterized my summer holidays, and helped me gather energy to carry me through another long school term. I will give you an instance:

A party of intimates gathered at one of our local beauty spots, where giant elms shade the lawn-like river bank. We played some favorite games, ate a lovely supper, and then took to the water like young ducks. Even a sedate miss of nineteen years, gathered up her skirts and romped with the least of us. After we were shod again we went to a chokecherry patch. The fruit was still hard, and "puckery" to taste, but we ate lots. None of us were sick. You see, we are very healthy "out West."

Yours truly,
ISABEL TURNBULL.

Aged 13.

Isabel wrote this without assistance.

MRS. L. TURNBULL.

* * *

Dear Isabel:

It is a pleasure to hear from such a cheery Red River lassie as you. I have not yet visited your province, but am "just longing" to go out West and see how all my cousins are growing. I think you are a fortunate girl to live in such a land. Your letter is very well written.

Owen Sound, Sept. 19th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and like reading it very much. I especially take an interest in the Juniors' Page. I did not know it was so interesting before.

I will now try and write as good a story as I can on "Our Summer Holiday."

"One day last autumn five of my friends and I went out getting butternuts. It was quite a way out to where we wanted to go, so we started off at half-past seven in the morning. The three boys carried our lunch for us and we carried the empty baskets that we were to bring our butternuts home in, if we got any at all, and, of course, we expected to get them or we would not have come at all.

HAPPY HOURS BY THE CREEK

Photograph by Ruby Williamson

We had to climb barb-wire fences and every kind of fence, and we jumped over ditches, and very often got our feet wet in them. We next crossed an orchard, and we all filled ourselves with the delicious red apples that were on the trees. Then, just as we were climbing over the fence a big-nosed bulldog popped out of the barn, and as Robert was getting over the fence, after he had helped us all over, the bulldog came tearing over to him and tore his stockings all to bits. Robert then ran after us and told us we were going in the wrong direction. Well, at last we got in the right tracks, and walked along as fast as we could till we came upon a large tree that had been knocked down by a storm. The girls said they couldn't walk a step further and I was good and tired, too, so we all sat down upon the old tree.

The boys said they would walk on and when they found a tree loaded with butternuts they would call us, or whistle. We waited a long time, but no sound did we hear. We grew rather impatient and were going to walk on by ourselves when we heard a loud, shill whistle, which echoed through the trees like the wind. We listened from where the whistle had come from and then struck for the place as fast as we could. We heard rustling in the trees above us, and who did we see but three boys, each up a tree. The trees were in a row, and so we named them "The Triplets." The boys had their baskets full, and we set to work to fill ours. The boys shook the trees and we picked them up as fast as we could get them, but, however, we soon had our baskets full.

I then suggested that we have something to eat, so the three of us girls set to work to fix the lunch up, while the boys busied themselves by catching minnows in the stream nearby. We then all sat down and ate a hearty luncheon of ham and egg sandwiches, cake and salads and fruit and such things. We then cracked jokes with each other and asked riddles, and said other funny things. It was starting to get late, so we thought we had better make for home before it got too dark. We started to find our way out of that place, but found that it was no easy matter. We tried one way after another, but none of them seemed to lead the way out. We called and whistled, but nobody seemed to hear, and if they did they never took no heed.

"This is just like the "Babes in the Wood," said Ada.

"Gee whizz," spoke up Robert, "I'm mighty glad I'm not a baby. Of course, you girls may be, but I'll tell you right now, we're not babies."

"Well, I think the best thing to do just now is to find our way out of this hole," said sleepy-looking Florence.

Continued on page 47

MATTERS MUSICAL

IT is hard to realize that this is the fifteenth season of active work for the Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto. It will probably be considered one of the most notable in its annals, when one considers the programme which Dr. A. S. Vogt has undertaken to present. The Toronto concerts have been arranged for the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th of February, and it may be necessary to increase the number in order to meet the demands of the constantly-growing number of subscribers. In the last week of February the members of the Choir will take a trip across the border, giving a concert in Buffalo, on February 26th, two concerts in New York, the 27th and 28th, and in Boston on February 29th. Many times has the Choir appeared in Buffalo; four years ago it captured New York, and it remains to be seen how Boston, which retains much of its ancient literary and musical prestige, will regard this organization, of which Canadians are justly proud.

The music selected for study by Dr. Vogt for the Toronto concerts includes two important works, Wolf-Ferrari's "The New Life," for adult and auxiliary chorus, soprano and baritone solos, full orchestra, organ and piano, almost every known device having been employed by the composer to create the desired effects. Berlioz' "Te Deum," for orchestra and chorus, including an auxiliary chorus of children and an augmented orchestra will also be given. Following the insistent requests from many sources, Dr. Vogt will repeat this year Verdi's "Requiem," in which the Choir achieved such a triumph at the concerts of last season. The Theodore Thomas Orchestra has again been engaged for both the Toronto and out-of-town concerts, and the soloists who will take part are among the front rank of continental vocalists. Mr. Stock will again present an orchestral matinee programme on the afternoon of February 8th.

WAGNER, the German dramatic composer, poet, and essay writer, was born at Leipzig, 1813. His musical career began when about seven years of age, when he composed an overture, which was performed at Leipzig theatre ten years later. In that year he matriculated at the university, and took lessons in composition from Theodore Weinlig. A symphony was produced in 1833, and the following year he was appointed conductor of the Magdeburg opera. This position did not prove satisfactory, and he became somewhat unsettled for a time. During the next two years he composed several other operas, but only one was given, in 1836.

In that year he married an actress of a theatre at Konigsberg. He accepted an appointment there, but the lessee became bankrupt, and Wagner accepted another appointment at Riga. He remained here till 1839, making his first visit to Paris. He took with him an unfinished opera, based on Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi*, and on his own libretto, as usual. This proved a complete failure, and *Rienzi* was rejected. He completed it, however, in 1842, and produced it at Dresden.

Though great energy and ambition were shown in *Rienzi*, it was far from representing his ideal. This he now endeavored to embody in the composition *Der fliegende Hollander*, for which he designed a libretto quite independent of any other treatment of the legend. This was well received at Dresden in 1843, and in February of that year he was formally installed at Hofkapellmeister at the Dresden theatre, and he soon began work on a new opera. He chose the legend of Tannhauser, collecting his material from such works as the ancient *Tannhauser-Lied*, Hoffman's story of *Der Sangerkrieg*, and the medieval poem on *Der Wartburgkrieg*. This last legend introduces the incidental poem of *Loherangrin*, and led Wagner to the study of Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parsifal* and *Titurel*, with great results later on. But for the present he confined himself to the work in hand, and on Oct. 19th, 1845, he produced the great *Tannhauser*, with Schroeder Devrient, Johanna, Wagner, Tichatschek and Mitterwurzer in the principal parts. The success was not very brilliant, but Wagner fought boldly for his rights, and might have prevailed earlier had he not taken part in the political agitations in 1849, after which his position in Dresden became untenable. In fact, after the flight of the king and the subsequent suppression of the riots, a warrant was issued for his arrest, and he had only time to escape to Weimar, where Liszt was engaged in preparing *Tannhauser* for performance. Liszt at once procured a passport and escorted his guest to Eisenach. Wagner fled from there to Paris, and afterwards to Zurich, where he lived quietly till the year 1859. During his retirement most of his prose works were given to the world.

The medieval studies which Wagner had begun for his work at the libretto of *Tannhauser*, bore rich fruit in his next opera, *Lohengrin*, in which he developed his principles on a larger scale, and with a riper technique than before. He had completed the work before he left Dresden, but did not succeed in its production; but he took the score to Paris with him, and, as he himself tells us, "When ill, miserable, and in despair, I sat brooding over my fate, my eyes fell on the score of *Lohengrin*. Suddenly I felt something like compassion that the music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt, and the answer came back that preparations were being made at Weimar for the performance of the work on the grandest scale that means would permit." In 1850 *Lohengrin* was produced under Liszt's direction at Weimar. It was a severe trial to Wagner not to hear his own work, but it was in good hands, and success was the reward.

During his exile he matured his plans and perfected his musical style, but it was some time after his return before any of his works then meditated were placed upon the stage. In 1855 he went to London, where he conducted the concerts of the Philharmonic Society with great success. In 1857 he completed the libretto of *Tristan und Isolde*, at Venice, but the music, for some reason, was delayed till 1859. In that year he again visited Paris, where *Tannhauser* was accepted at the Grand Opera. Great preparations were made, many rehearsals took place, and much money was expended, but, for political reasons, a riot took place, and after the third representation the opera was withdrawn. He then settled in Vienna, composing many other good works, and in 1861 producing *Lohengrin;* but he again found trouble and had to retire to Triebschen for six years. During his trouble King Ludwig of Bavaria was very kind to him and granted him an allowance, but scandalmongers made his friendship with the king a danger to both, and Wagner had to retire.

We might mention many more of his compositions and his performances during the next few years, but we will pass on to his last, and great work, *Parsifal*, based upon the legend of the Holy Grail. The libretto was complete before his visit to London, in 1877, but the music was not completed till 1882, at Palermo. The first sixteen performances took place at Bayreuth, where he now resided, under his own direction, and fully realized all expectations. Unfortunately, the exertion of directing so many consecutive performances was too much for the veteran master's strength, and his health failed rapidly. He spent the autumn at Venice, and was well enough to conduct his early symphony of 1833, on Christmas eve, at a private performance. But a few weeks after his friends were shocked by his sudden death from heart failure.

He was buried at Walmfried in the tomb he had himself prepared.

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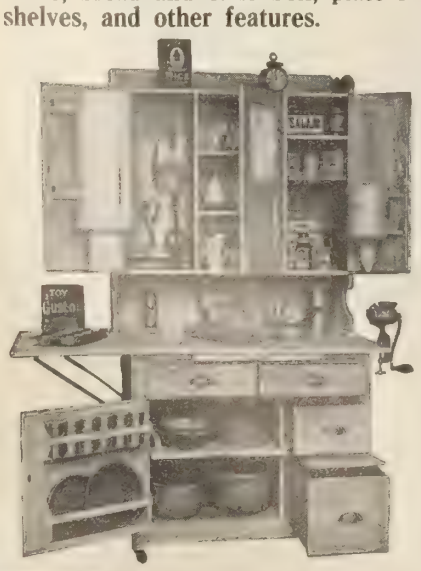

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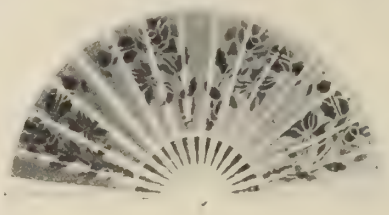
CHRISTMAS STENCILING

WHEN well done, stenciling is one of the most effective and beautiful methods of ornamenting fabrics. By means of our carefully designed stencils and especially prepared colors, which can now be procured, this occupation is within the reach of all. In addition to the wall decoration it is now possible for the worker to produce the most attractive effects in curtains, portieres, table covers, pillows, etc., which harmonize with the wall and form a most pleasing ensemble.

Whether for a curtain portiere or pillow cover, the operation is practically the same. The fabric is first stretched very smoothly over white blotting



A DAINTY FAN

paper or pieces of newspaper, and fastened firmly to a drawing-board or table top with thumb tacks or large pins. The stencil should be fastened firmly in like manner. The paper underneath absorbs all extra color and prevents its creeping under the stencil. After selecting an appropriate design it is necessary to make careful measurement in order that the repeat of the stencil will meet properly at the corners or fit the piece to good advantage. The proper guides for repeat patterns are always cut on our stencils. A soft pencil line or basting thread will serve as a guide line on border patterns. Tube colors are prepared ready for use; they are of the exact consistency for stenciling, and only require the addition of one-tenth part medium in order that the completed work may be "fast" and withstand soap and water washing. White can be added in reducing any of the colors or combination of colors, thus making possible an unlimited number of effects.

A smaller stencil brush (about one inch wide) is used for fabric decoration than for that of the wall. Dip the stencil brush into the colors, which have first been thoroughly mixed with the medium by means of a spatula or small knife, get the brush thoroughly filled and scrape off all superfluous color, then proceed to stencil. Better results are obtained by tapping or pouncing than by brushing on the color, and it is usually best to try out the stencil and the color on a waste piece of the fabric in order to ascertain the exact consistency of the color before proceeding with the actual work. Watch the work carefully and clean the back of the stencil occasionally so that the color may not run under it. Sometimes a reverse pattern is desired, and in such a case it is absolutely necessary to have the stencil clean on both sides. On all designs where two colors are required two stencils are provided. Either separate brushes should be used or the one brush cleaned very carefully. Turpentine or benzine should be used for cleaning both stencils and brushes. Stencil colors can be thinned with turpentine if desired.

At first an equal application of color may be easiest, but later if you desire to shade, simply bear on a given portion which you want darker a little longer and a little harder than on the part which you wish to shade off. If there are a number of small parts to the design in close conjunction it is often of advantage to use a small brush for these parts, thus avoiding running over the edges into other parts of the design. Use a separate brush for each color.

The ties or connecting parts of a stencil are very important, and on some designs are rather fine, and, therefore, require careful handling. Should the ties break they can be repaired by pasting small pieces of the same paper over the broken parts with glue or shellac. For applique work, place the stencil on the ground material and trace with soft pencil or tailor's chalk. Then place the stencil on the fabric to be appliqued, and, after tracing in similar manner, cut out design forms, allowing one-eighth inch for turning in, unless a fancy stitch is to be used.

Such fabrics as Russian crash, denim, burlap, linens of all kinds, canvas, muslin, cheesecloth, madras, poplin, bobbinette, silk, etc., are suitable for work with stencils and can be used with tube colors whether previously washed or not. Many beautiful Christmas gifts can be stenciled, the following descriptions being found helpful:

A Party Fan

IF you do not wish to go to the expense of buying a decorated fan, and if you do not care to design and decorate one yourself, the wisest course is to procure a plain or spangled gauze fan and stencil it. In this way you are adding the finishing touch yourself and the fan will be more than appreciated as a gift if it is intended for such a purpose. A gauze fan may be purchased for a reasonable sum (while the only other expense, if you do not own a Sherwin-Williams stencil outfit, will be the stencil materials. The flowers are made a delicate pink, having the color deepest in the centre, and the leaves and stems a nice shade of green obtained by using a little of the crimson lake mixed with the green. Of course, any other delicate shade could be used for the flowers with a pleasing result. This fan suggested would be a welcome Christmas gift.

DECORATED LAMP SHADE

A Lamp Shade

A FASCINATING lamp shade may be made at home at about one-half the cost at which one could be bought in the shops, and can be made much more attractive by the use of a stencil as a decoration.

The shade in question is planned especially for the living-room, in blue and brown mentioned before. The following materials are required in order to make it: One wire frame, which, for a large shade, costs 85 cents, ⅝ yards golden tan Rajah silk, at 85 cents per yard, and 1½ yards silk fringe to match at $1.00 a yard. For stenciling, two medium-sized brushes, one small tube Indian yellow, one small tube Vandyke brown, and a stencil, size 1½ inches high.

First cut a paper pattern the size of a panel of the frame, and with this as a guide cut six panels from the silk, allowing for seams. Baste these carefully together and stitch. Then pin around the frame in order to be sure that your covering will exactly fit the frame. When assured that the panels will fit in place properly, take off and stencil. Use the Vandyke brown for the leaves and yellow for the berries. The bands used as a finish about the top and bottom are also of brown. The bands may be cut in any desired width from stencil paper or from light card-

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

board. The silk now may be applied to the frame, care being exercised to have it fit snugly.

Lastly, add the fringe and the shade is finished. You will find that the brown and yellow and the golden tan of the silk forms quite a nice harmony of color.

A Decorated Ribbon Belt

PRINTED beltings can be purchased in a variety of colors and designs from $1.00 to $1.50 per yard, but the belt shown in our illustration can be made for less than 50 cents. By stenciling the plain white belting a desired shade can be secured. A simple conventional flower treatment that could

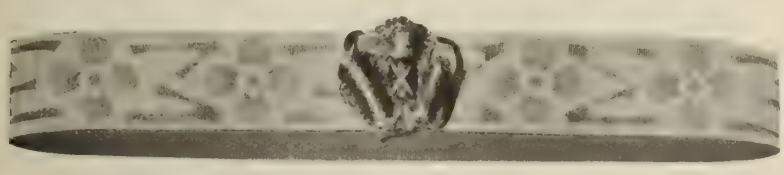
A PRETTY APRON

be used in several color combinations has been applied to white belting 1⅞ inches wide. The design itself is only 1½ inches wide, thus giving the proper margin.

Lavender and green were used on this belting. The plain white belting can be secured at 50 cents per yard, and ¾ of a yard will be required for one belt. Stencil No. 116 is 1½ inches wide, and can be secured for 15 cents. Although the design is in one part, two colors can be easily applied by using small brushes.

Stencil colors, olive lake, permanent crimson lake, and cobalt, will be necessary for the green and lavender decorations. As very little color is used on this article, small tubes of each of the colors will be sufficient. Two small brushes, one tube of medium, a pallet knife, a pallet or piece of glass, a clean rag and a small quantity of benzine will be required in addition to the stencil colors.

Determine the centre of the belt and place the flower portion of the design here. Mix the permanent crimson lake with one-fifth part cobalt and one-tenth part of stencil medium. This will give a deep purple. The lavender is secured on the white ground by filling the brush with this color and wiping off almost dry with a cloth. The little color that remains in the brush will give the light tint to the belting. The stem portion



AN ATTRACTIVE BELT DESIGN

of the design is handled in the same way and the olive lake reduced with one-tenth part of the permanent crimson lake will give the proper tint of green.

A craftsman buckle in dull brass and green will be pleasing and appropriate with this belt. As a further suggestion in connection with the dress, the decoration just described can be used on the trimmings most effectively. This belt would certainly make an attractive Christmas gift.

An Attractive Tea Apron

CROSS-bar muslin, lace and stenciling are so combined that individuality is suggested, and the ordinary apron far outclassed. Muslin can be obtained for 18 or 25 cents per yard, and as only ¾ of a yard of material is required, with 3 yards of lace, the made apron is most inexpensive.

As shown by the illustration, the stencil has been repeated to form the solid border. This can be applied in any color, is attractive and dainty, and has been used in the apron illustrated. Cobalt 1 part, olive lake 1-20th part, and permanent crimson lake 1-20th part, mixed with 1-20th part stencil medium, will produce a rich, pure delft shade. The color, however, should be thinly applied to the white to produce the proper effect. The interesting shaped bib and pockets are attractive features of the apron, while the lace frill produces the dainty effect. Cut the body of the apron 18 inches wide and 22 inches long, scalloping at the bottom, as shown in the finished apron. The bib is cut off a 9-inch square and the pocket of 4½ inches. The ties are cut 4 x 2¼ inches, and the belt 10 x 2 inches. Stencil the various parts, placing the design 1¼ inches from edge, reversing at center to make border symmetrical, and shifting the pattern in such a way as to embrace the outline of the apron.

Fall Bulbs

BULBS in the house. Most bulbs are very easily grown in pots, and if given plenty of time in a cool, dark cellar, in which to make a good supply of roots, they will give an immense amount of pleasure and satisfaction for the trouble bestowed upon them. From the time they are planted until they begin to show above ground should be about twelve weeks, if the temperature of the cellar has been right, i.e., just above freezing point, the greater part of the time. A cellar where potatoes keep without sprouting and apples without shriveling or decaying, is just right.

Potting bulbs.—The soil that is most congenial to bulbs is a mixture of two-thirds good fibrous loam, to one-third leaf mould, then add a good sprinkling of sharp sand, enough to keep it porous. Put some bits of broken pot over the hole in the bottom for drainage, next put in an inch or two (according to the size of the pot) of thoroughly well-decayed manure, then soil, on which place your bulbs and cover with soil, leaving space enough, after they are covered with soil, to allow of watering, say from half to three-quarters of an inch. If you have difficulty in getting well-decayed manure, it must be practically turned into soil before it is in a condition to use in pots, then use bone meal instead, in the proportion of a pound and a-half to a bushel of soil.

Supplying moisture.—To keep potted bulbs sufficiently moist, so that there is no chance of them shriveling is one of the main secrets of success with them. As they are almost out of sight in a dimly-lighted cellar, they are very apt to be out of mind also; now a bare, earthenware pot dries out in a very few days, even when it stands in a saucer, so the best thing to do is to place the pots containing the bulbs in boxes. Place first a good thick layer of newspaper on the bottom of the box, an inch or two of earth, on which stand one of your pots, and work the soil well into the corner and round about it, then place another pot in position and pack in the earth again, and so on until the box is full; the earth must be so thoroughly packed in that there are absolutely no spaces. The box should be deep enough to allow the earth to come right up to the top of the pot and allow an inch between the earth and the top of the box, to allow of thorough watering. A box that will hold from four to six pots of the six-inch size, is the most convenient, larger ones are too heavy to lift comfortably. The earth for packing round the pots does not need to be a good quality.

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The Under-wear That Makes You Feel Well-Dressed

The basis of all good dressing is in the underclothing worn.

"CEETEE" Underwear is made specially for those who appreciate and can afford "quality" and taste in their clothing.

You cannot either look or feel well-dressed if your underwear is ill-fitting and uncomfortable. Your outer clothing will not sit well nor hang properly unless your underclothing "fits" properly.

People who recognize the value of being properly dressed appreciate the necessity of "CEETEE" Underclothing.

The success of "CEETEE" Underclothing is chiefly the result of the great care taken in its making, and that is the kind of underwear the people want.

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We guarantee every "CEETEE" garment to be **absolutely unshrinkable.**

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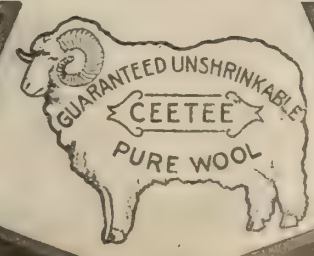

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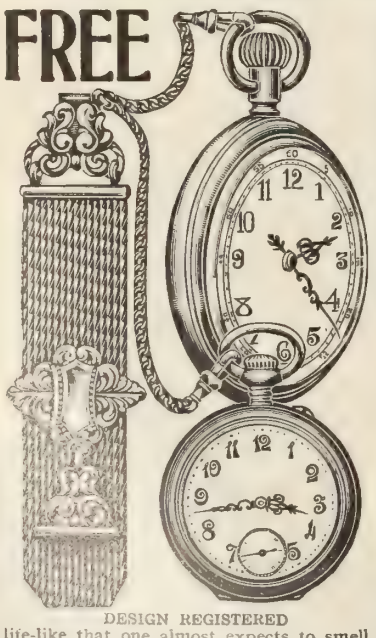

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FLOWERS AT CHRISTMAS

By JESSIE E. RORKE

A LITTLE care and forethought at the close of the summer will make it quite possible to have the house beautiful with home-grown flowers when the Christmas season comes. Both bulbs and house plants may be coaxed into bloom then quite as readily as later in the winter if they are potted at the right time and given the moisture and light which they require.

Bulbs are probably the easiest to manage, and will give the most certain success. A window full of yellow daffodils or snowy white narcissus is abundant reward for the little time and work that is neiessary for their care. Hyacinths, narcissi, tulips and daffodils require much the same treatment and soil, and for Christmas blooming should be potted in late September or the first week of October. It is wisest to purchase new bulbs each year, selecting only those that are firm and healthy-looking. Pot them as soon as possible after purchasing, as exposure to the air will have a tendency to make them dry and shriveled and retard their growth. A rich loamy soil with sand added in the proportion of one to three is good. Use pots that have been previously soaked in water, to prevent their absorbing the moisture, and water the bulbs well before putting them away in the dark—a cellar that is not too damp is usually the best place for this purpose.

THE CALLA LILY

The bulbs should not be brought to the light again until they have ample time to develop good strong roots, and the tops have begun to push their way through the soil—six weeks or two months will not be too long. During this time water should be given sparingly and is not necessary at all if the cellar is damp. When they are ready it is better to bring them to the light by degrees than to place them immediately in a sunny position. Indeed at any time they like a north window better than a more sunny exposure, and a temperature of about sixty degrees will give the best results. The pots should have a good drainage, and water be given frequently unless they show signs of blooming earlier than you desire; then they may be set away in a more shady position and given less water for a few days.

Any of these flowers may be forced in shorter time by bringing them sooner to the light, and giving more water and sunshine, but the bloom will rarely be as large and perfect.

Bulbs grown in water are sometimes very satisfactory, but they are much more uncertain, and even hyacinths and Chinese lilies will usually do better in soil.

If they are to be grown in water, select a dish with plenty of room for root development; fill this to the top with large pebbles and bits of charcoal, and set the bulb on firmly with its base about even with the bottom of the dish, after removing the brown outer covering and old fibrous roots. Fill the dish with lukewarm water and set away in a darkish place until the green shoots appear. At least once a week draw off the old water and replenish with new. Chinese lilies may sometimes be forced in four weeks, but it is better to allow six, and set them back a little from the light if they show signs of blooming too soon.

When Chinese lilies are grown in soil the treatment is much the same as for hyacinths, but they need not be potted until early November, and may be brought to the light as soon as the green shoots appear. While the roots are forming they are better in a place that is only moderately dark, and the soil should contain a larger proportion of sand.

IF fresias are to bloom for Christmas they should be potted in August or early September at the latest. To secure fine large flowers a very rich soil must be used; a compost of good light turfy loam and a little leaf soil is most suitable. Place the bulbs about two inches apart and cover fully an inch with soil. Set them away in any cool shady place, and water sparingly until the shoots appear, then bring gradually into full sunlight and give more water. Though success is not as assured as with the other bulbs, the fresias are so beautiful that they are well worth trying.

The big white blossoms of the calla lily are exceedingly decorative, and may easily be induced to open for the Christmas season, but it is better to give the plant plenty of time, and do little forcing, or the flowers will not be healthy and vigorous. After the summer rest the old foliage will have fallen away, and there is only the root left when the time for repotting comes. This

THE ORIENTAL LILY

should be done in early September. Select a moderate sized pot, as this will give the best flowering results, and use a good rich soil, watering the plant well as soon as it is repotted. When the leaves begin to show move it into the house, at once giving it a light, rather sunny window, and watering daily. The foliage should be showered frequently, every other day at least, as this will serve the double purpose of aiding growth and keeping the little red spider from attacking it. In October enrich the soil about the plant with some good fertilizer, to ensure large, healthy bloom.

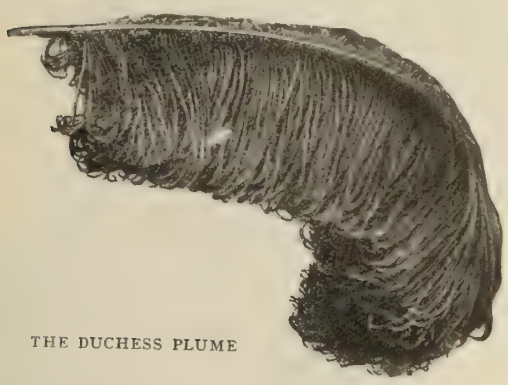
Geraniums for Christmas blooming should be kept in some shady place during the summer where they get only

Feather Fabrication

MAUD APPLETON

CERTAINLY no part of a woman's wardrobe is such an important item as the hat. No matter how becoming and beautiful the gown or suit may be, the entire ensemble is often ruined if the hat does not harmonize.

That this season's millinery will be and is particularly conspicuous with ostrich plumes, there is no question; Parisian, London and New York styles have left little choice outside of the beautiful ostrich feather trimming. The variety of styles, colors and combinations shown, from the inexpensive mount for the tailored hat, costing from seventy-five cents to three dollars, to the wonderful two and three-color duchess and willow plumes, costing from five to fifty dollars each, makes choosing simple and easy for any occasion. The durable and lasting qualities of plume. The smaller illustration is the duchess plume, and is not, as many imagine, a natural feather as it comes from the ostrich. A single ostrich feather is very poor and thin looking, and before it becomes a plume, two and often three are added to it, while an extra feather is always put in at the head. This makes the full, fluffy and rich plume. Great care is needed in the sewing together of these feathers, and only after careful examination will one notice the fine silk thread which fastens the three or four feathers together to make the plume.



THE DUCHESS PLUME

The greatest care is needed in the dyeing of the ostrich feather, which often means its making or its unmaking, as a feather properly dyed increases its value fifty per cent., while, if it is poorly dyed, it lacks life and is often brittle and easily broken. This is particularly so in black feathers. Black ostrich feathers are peculiarly affected by the weather. Damp weather will close the little flues, while dry, warm heat will open and fluff out the fibres.

The larger illustration is of the willow plume. This plume is originally the same as the upper illustration, but the fibres of other feathers have been cut off at the quill and tied on by hand, to the ends of the original plume. This makes the fibres double the length, and often two, three and sometimes four

THE WILLOW PLUME

ostrich feather trimmings over other trimmings is a most important factor. Many expensive trimmings do not retain their shape and beauty half the season, while almost any ostrich feather trimming will retain its beauty, color and softness throughout the entire season, and is often called into service for several succeeding seasons. Like all fibres or ties are added all the way around the plume, thus making the long, graceful, flowing willow plume. This work of hand knotting is always done by girls, and when one examines a willow plume and notes the thousands of tiny knots, one wonders how any person could accomplish such a task. Two to four days is required for the knotting

MAKING THE WILLOW PLUME

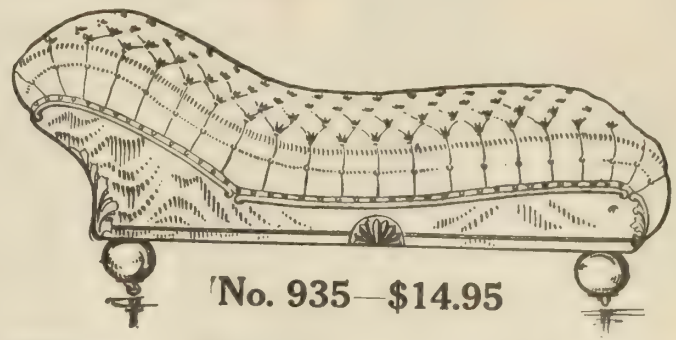
really beautiful things, neither time nor continued usage has ever effaced their beauty, but rather enhanced it as each season appears.

In the accompanying illustrations we show the contrast between the duchess, or ordinary plume, and the willow alone. Then the feather is passed on to an expert curler, who gives the plume the finishing touches.

Illustrations and information supplied by courtesy of the London Feather Company, Limited, largest exclusive manufacturers of ostrich feathers in Canada.

Remarkable Values in Furniture

Just look at these three pieces of furniture—have you ever seen such wonderful value? We are offering these pieces at these very low prices to introduce our large illustrated "Catalogue H." 500 photographic illustrations of the newest furniture are shown in this catalogue. It's a big book full of big bargains. You ought to have it.



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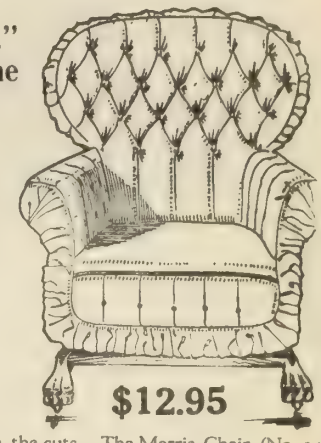

$12.95

These pieces are in design exactly as shown in the cuts. The Morris Chair (No. 2420) has solid quarter-cut oak frame, upholstered spring seat and adjustable back. Couch (No. 935) has quarter-cut oak show-wood frame, neatly carved, heavy ball feet, full spring edge and deep spring construction, button tufted—a luxurious piece of furniture. The large Turkish Rocker is all-over upholstered with buttoned back, ruffled border and spring seat, mounted on spring platform rocker, base of solid oak.

Each of these pieces is covered in best quality moroccoline—an imitation leather that will wear like iron, and can only be told from the genuine leather by an expert.

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YOU have all read of the so-called "cutting the melon," when some company which has made a lot of money divides it up among its stockholders. It is a feast to make anyone's mouth water. Now, the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL expects this season to divide a splendid big melon among members of the Girls' Club in the way of commissions, salaries, and prizes. It will mostly be divided up between now and next April, and the largest slices will be given out before Christmas, because that's when the members are hungriest. I know of one member who will get a big slice, at least $400, I presume. Others will get smaller slices. Others will get $40 or $50, while many will be satisfied with $15, or $20, or $25.

Heaps and Heaps of Melons

BUT the best part of this melon feast is that it is always as large as the demand. It doesn't matter how many club members gather around the festive board or how large each one's appetite may be, there is always a piece waiting to be handed out. And this is quite different, isn't it, from our allowances, or salaries, or incomes, which are always just so much and no more to be had in any way. And shall I tell you how this is possible—and now I think I will surprise you—because the members help grow the melons. So, naturally, the more members and the harder they hoe and water, the more and larger the crop of melons.

Size of the Melon Patch

ALL over Canada, in cities and towns and villages, there are hundreds of girls, club members, earning money. Some are satisfied with a few dollars to buy a new dress or some other special thing, others want just heaps of things, and a bank account into the bargain, so they keep on working every opportunity. Now, in your case, you can write down in ten minutes dozens of people, friends and neighbors, who should be subscribing to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. Lots of them, probably most of them, never heard of it. Now, will you tell them about it and ask them to subscribe? Will you try to make your town the best HOME JOURNAL town in Canada, with a larger number of subscriptions in proportion to the number of people than any other. If we only had one enthusiastic girls' club member in every neighborhood, the JOURNAL would soon be as well known as it desires to be.

Who Shares the Melons

YOU would be very greatly surprised if you could see all the members of the club gathered together. And what you would wonder at most is how many of them can possibly find time to do any outside work. There's a busy married woman with a house and husband to look after. She heads the list—at present. It is her energy and determination and ability that not only makes her the most successful club member, but has made her leader of many social organizations to which she belongs. Many business girls, working every day, in offices, have used their evenings and holidays to earn extra money. Nurses, between cases, have happily used this method of combining change of atmosphere, getting exercise, making new friends and earning money. School teachers have earned lots of money in their holidays. Hundreds and hundreds of girls who are helping in the home work are earning the things which their allowances will not buy, and for which they have to burden father.

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IF you are really enthusiastic about the JOURNAL, anxious to see it the foremost magazine in Canada, to have it displace all foreign magazines, and believe it should be in every home, you will find your enthusiasm quickly convinces your hearers, and secures an order. "I think the JOURNAL is splendid, a great help to every home," writes one worker, "and I know people are glad to learn of a Canadian magazine like this, for I have scarcely had a refusal." "I tell everyone they simply must give a Canadian journal a trial, and if they aren't satisfied after a few months I'll give them their money back. I've never had to refund yet, and that makes a good argument, too," writes another. "Finding that people like it and subscribe again has been the greatest encouragement. I used to be pretty timid, but now I urge like everything, since I find that the very people who at first said 'I never read,' 'I have too much reading matter,' and 'I like something else better,' are the first to renew," writes a third.

Finis

WILL you, too, join our club? There are no regulations as to how long to work, when to work, how to work—just work. And no age limit or matrimonial restriction—just women. Write me that you, too want to earn money and would like to know all about our organization.

Very sincerely,
Secretary C. G. C.

Office of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

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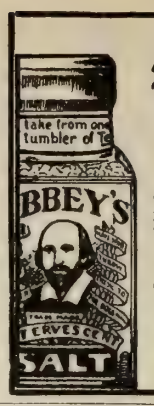

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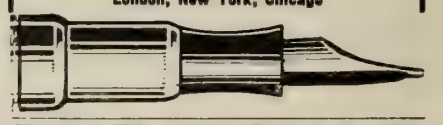

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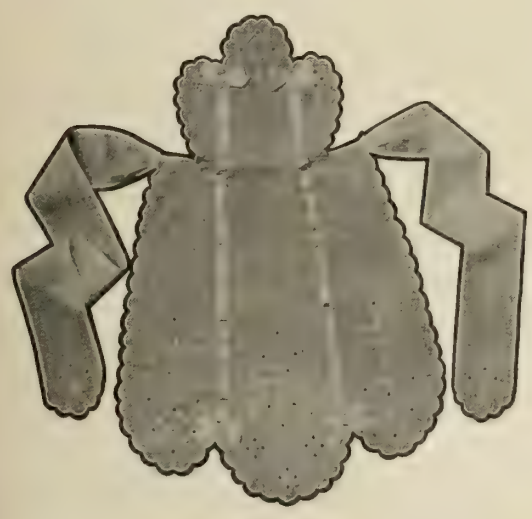
MARMALADE H S

DAINTY EMBROIDERED APRONS

THIS is the season of the year when the cool days (which always seem to come upon us suddenly) bring with them the thought that Christmas gifts will be the next problem to vex the busy brain which every year has to find "something new," so we have planned to show in this column some suggestions which are attractive and yet will not take too much time to evolve. We are sure our readers will be interested in the pretty aprons illustrated on this page, and it will be seen that they have been selected to show some novel ideas, and are quite different in design and finish. Fine sheer lawn is the material upon which the first three have been embroidered.

No. 1426—Stamped on Lawn, 40 cents

and the Butterfly design, No. 1426, is extremely dainty, the same idea being carried out in the bib. The sample illustrated is embroidered in dainty shadow colorings of pale pinks, blues, mauves and green, the scalloped border being white. The wings are worked in long and short or tipping stitch, and the



No. 1428—Stamped on Lawn, 40 cents

dots in solid padded embroidery. The dainty strings and loops finishing this apron are of soft pink ribbon, and it would be hard to imagine a more novel apron than this.

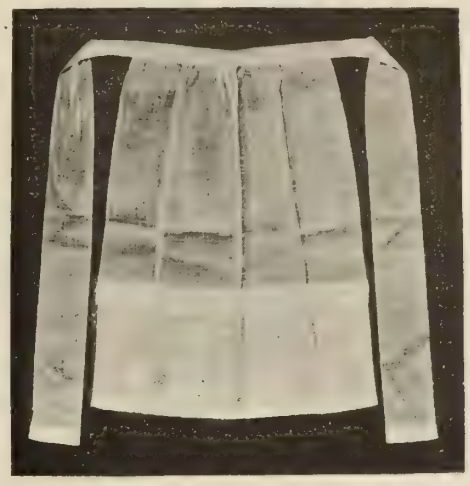
No. 1428 has a very pretty design of fine French embroidery, which has been carried out in white and shows an effective combination of eyeleting and solid work. Long eyelets form an insertion effect which run right up to the bib and through which

No. 1427—Stamped on Lawn, 40 cents

pretty blue satin ribbons are laced. Dainty bows complete this pretty apron.

No. 1427 shows yet another idea which has been carried out in colored embroidery, for the dainty polka dot design has been embroidered in pinks with the white button-holed edges. Ribbon bows complete this charming little apron, and strings are embroidered to match. Any of the three aprons illustrated above may be finished with a soft frilled lace edge underneath the button-holing, and makes a very dressy finish. These aprons are suitable to wear at the afternoon tea table and on many occasions upon which the woman of dainty tastes loves to wear these attractive little womanly touches.

Another apron which is one of the more useful variety, is widely known as the "work bag pattern,"



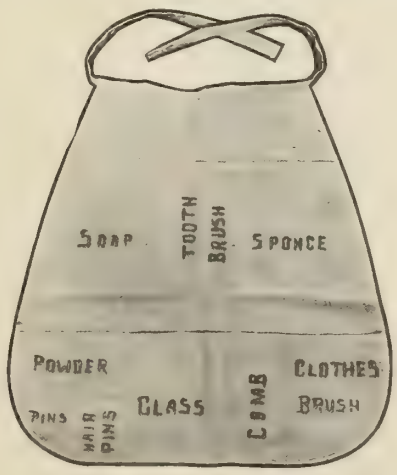
No. 1324—40 cents

and has a deep hemstitched pocket which forms the lower edge, and soft ribbons are run twice through the hem; the upper portion of the apron when not in use folds back into this, and the ribbons draw up the article into a deep work bag. One of the advantages of this apron is that it launders easily, and

No. 1425—$1.00

the eyeleting pattern (which is the only work needed on this apron, comes already hemstitched and made up), is very easily embroidered.

One of the most useful varieties of aprons is what is known as a "traveling apron," and anyone who has tried to dress in a crowded wash room,



No 1424—75 cents

where one cannot find a place to lay down many articles which are indispensable to one's comfort will appreciate the fact of being able to keep the needed articles each in its own pocket. The 1425 apron is made up from brown linen bound with brown ribbon, and has the pockets to contain the soap, etc., rubber lined. The second apron, No. 1424, is bound with pale blue lawn, and has not the rubber-lined pockets. Some people prefer this one, as the pockets to contain the soap, etc., may be ripped, and lined with a thin oiled silk. This apron folds up into a smaller compass than the larger one, but both are of a convenient size, and take up but a very little room in the traveling bag.

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Oriental Embroidery

THE Oriental feeling pervading recent fashions makes itself felt among the blouses in the embroideries, sometimes lovely, sometimes more weird than beautiful. Embroideries of Oriental design, and coloring more or less barbaric, are executed in wool crewels on chiffon, net, silk, etc., and wonderful color schemes are obtained by embroideries, in rich, jewel-like tones on heavy metallic nets and laces of dull gold or silver. Even white blouses are built up of these materials, and if artistically and cleverly accomplished are curiously rich and effective without being garish or spectacular.

Pretty Frocks for Winter Wear

PLAIN, striped and fancy materials are all in vogue this season, and girls' dresses are unusually pretty and attractive. In the illustration is shown one frock of rose-colored broadcloth, and one of striped challis. They are both charming.

The older girl's dress is made on quite new lines. The blouse is cut in one piece, but is arranged over a centre portion. In this case the centre portion is of allover lace, and the blouse is braided with soutache, but it will be seen that any two materials can be used and the blouse can be made of one throughout, just as may be liked. It can be trimmed with banding, or embroidered, or braided or treated in any such way. The skirt is six-gored, with front and back gores forming box plaits and with inverted plaits at the sides. It can be made with either a high or natural waist line. The broadcloth illustrated is in every way charming, very girlish and very attractive, but this model suits small women as well as young girls, and it can be made from velvet to be very handsome. It can be made from poplin or silk serge, indeed, from any seasonable material. For the 16-year size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27, 1½ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yards of allover lace; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 27 or 36, 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is 2½ yards, 2 yards when the plaits are laid. The pattern of the blouse, 7178, and of the skirt, 7154, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The younger girl's dress is a very pretty one, and it also is made with the favorite six-gored skirt that forms a box plait at front and back. The blouse is in peasant style, but it is tucked and finished with a trimming portion that renders it quite novel and distinctive. It can be worn over any guimpe. Challis is one of the best-liked materials for younger girls, and the striped is very pretty, but the dress could be made from simple silk, voile, cashmere, or any similar material with trimming of silk, velvet, or satin, as liked. For the 12-year size, will be required 4¼ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36, 3⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards of satin for the trimming. The pattern, 7179, is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

No. 7178 No. 7154 No. 7179

Long Sleeves Coming In

THERE are many signs to indicate that long sleeves, at least, on afternoon costumes, will be fashionable again. This is clearly shown in some of the most exquisite models by several of the most famous Paris designers. The long sleeves, fitted quite closely over the wrist, and ending in a frill of lace over the hand, is the *dernier cri*, and especially welcome to the woman who does not rejoice in plump forearms. The lace over the hand is frequently continued on the outer sleeve line four or five inches, and on some models almost to the elbows.

This outer line of the long sleeve is also defined and emphasized by rows of tiny buttons, or by braid in border designs. Sometimes the slashed lines will be held together by buttons and loops, with fine net or lace undersleeves showing through the openings. Pipings of satin or velvet are used on the edges of the long cuffs. Wonderful handwork is seen on long lace sleeves. This takes the form of embroidered flowers, ribbon work, narrow quillings of frayed silk, and narrow soutache effects worked over the design of lace.

The Home Dressmaker

When putting in sleeves, put the under arm sleeve just the length of your second finger ahead of the under arm seam of the waist. This is an easy way, and they are always sure to be in correctly.

A neat finish for the armhole seams of a fine lingerie waist is made by buttonholing the edges with loosely twisted embroidery cotton. If done rather closely this will conceal the raw edges and will be invisible from the right side, and is lighter than binding the seams.

When making any kind of wash dresses, those for children especially, it is a good plan to baste a piece of the material on the inside of the dress and let it be washed with it. Then when the patch has to be put on it will be the very same shade as the dress.

Mourning Accessories

SEVERE mourning is so trying to most women that the addition of white accessories is very welcome, and is a feature of the present fashions. For everyday mourning wear cuffs and collars of white organdie with hems turned back and doubled to depth of half an inch are satisfactorily and quickly made. These last longer if worn on stiffened black silk bands. Organdie creases easily, and many persons do not put stitches on these collars. For these collars and cuffs there is a hemstitched banding of sheer muslin to be found in the shops. As it is hemstitched on both edges it is used in full width for the cuffs and cut lengthwise down the middle for the collar, the corners being mitred. White net yokes and undersleeves are worn in deep black and are universally becoming. Plain silk or crepe blouses have different kinds of neck and sleeve accessories to be attached for variety.

The Rough Weave

FOR the long coat or the coat and skirt for fall and winter wear, the rough woven material is the favorite. These fabrics, though of heavy appearance, are soft in finish, and come in rich warm colorings, as well as in the standard greys and drabs of cheviots and tweeds.

Among the long coats shown in the shops, the favorite novelty appears to be the "plaid-back" material, a reversible fabric, showing the plaid on revers and cuffs, and on the inner side. Some, of a greenish twill, show a green plaid on the reverse side, and as trimmings. Other popular coats, in Scotch tweed, have a lining of silk or satin.

Vogue of Velvet

THERE has never in the history of fashion been so much velvet used as noted on gowns and wearing apparel this summer. Practically everybody has some model trimmed with it. Lingerie gowns have lower flounces of velvet and trimmings on the bodice of same. Velvet ribbons ornament many handsome gowns and waists.

Handkerchiefs

A HANDKERCHIEF that has little body and much embroidery is not used by the woman of good taste. A plain linen hemstitched article pleases her much better, and the tendency in this year's styles is to gratify this taste. The very newest thing shown is of fine muslin or linen, with a narrow hem and a single flower or spray in one corner. This has captured the patronage to the partial exclusion of its more elaborate and embroidered edged rival. Handkerchiefs with lace edges are very dainty this year, the lace being very narrow, and has the appearance of having been crocheted right on the edge of the linen.

Gowns for Afternoon Wear

GOWNS for afternoon occasions are being made from many different materials. Chiffon broadcloth in lighter colors is much liked, striped satins are many, poplin is a pronounced favorite, henrietta cloth is exceedingly smart, and a great many silks are used. Here are two models that can be utilized from any one of the fabrics mentioned, and, indeed, from many others.

The dress to the right is designed for small women and for young girls. In the illustration it is made of blue broadcloth, and it is braided with black soutache braid combined with a chemisette and undersleeves of white lace, but it would be very handsome made from velvet or from chiffon velveteen, and it would be charming made from poplin or any similar material. The collar and cuffs can be of the same or contrasting material, as preferred. The dress is made with a blouse and skirt that are joined on a slightly raised waist line, and it is closed at the left of the front. The collar can be made as illustrated, or round, as indicated in the small view, and the six-gored skirt can be with or without the revers. The neck can be finished as illustrated, or with a standing collar. For the 16-year size will be required 6 yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards 18 inches wide for chemisette and undersleeves. Th

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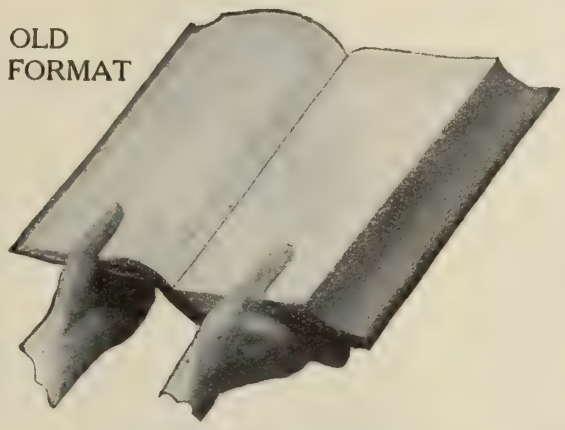

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tern, 7169, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The second costume also is closed at the left of the front. In this case the skirt is made with a front panel, and this panel is cut on the cross of striped material. The effect is an excellent one, and it harmonizes to a nicety with the collar and cuffs on the blouse, but there are a great many different ways in which the same design can be varied. The panel on the skirt and the collar and cuffs on the blouse could be of contrasting material, or the entire gown could be of plain material, with blouse, collar and panel embroidered or braided. The long list of materials utilized for indoor gowns are appropriate for this model. Corduroy is being used in this way, as well as more familiar materials, and corduroy with the panel, collar and cuffs of broadcloth would be exceedingly smart. The blouse is made in two pieces, there being only underarm and back seams. The chemisette is separate and closed at the back. The undersleeves are attached beneath the cuffs. The skirt is made in two pieces that overlap the panel. It can be finished with inverted plaits or habit back, and made with high or natural waist line. For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27, 1¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of allover lace, 18 inches wide, for the chemisette and undersleeves; for the skirt will be needed 6 yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 3 yards with inverted plaits, 2⅝ yards with habit back. The pattern of the blouse, 7177, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7199, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Graceful Gown and Frock

NOVEMBER means the opening of the holiday season, and is sure to bring the demand for pretty dressy costumes. Illustrated is a charming frock for a young girl or for a small woman.

The young girl's dress combines a three-piece skirt that is tucked with a blouse that is distinctly novel. This blouse is made in peasant style, but with a yoke portion, and with separate pieces over the shoulders, and these pieces are tucked. In this case the material is flowered chiffon, combined with lace, and it has been used for the entire gown, but the tucked portions of the blouse could be of a contrasting material to make a very pretty effect. Again, if a high neck is wanted, the blouse can be made as shown in the back view. The skirt is gathered at the upper edge and finished with a wide hem and tucks. It can be made with either a high or natural waist line. The model will be found an excellent one for all the pretty materials that are thin enough to be made full, crepe de chine, crepe meteor, chiffon, voile and many others. For the trimming can be used any banding or contrasting material. For the 16-year size the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¼ yard of banding 4¾ inches wide, 2¾ yards of banding 2½ inches wide, ½ yard of allover lace for the undersleeves, ⅜ yard for yoke, when used; for the skirt will be required 4½ yards 27, 3 yards 36 or 44, the width at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards. The pattern

No. 7169 No. 7177 No. 7199

of the blouse, 7186, and of the skirt, 7184, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The gown shown to the right includes a very new and graceful skirt. It is made in three pieces, and is slightly gathered at the upper edge. In this case the trimming is applied over the lower edge on an indicated line, but two materials could be used, and joined on this line if preferred, or the skirt could be made plain in either round or walking length, and with either high or natural waist line. The blouse is most charming. It is made in peasant style, yet it is in sections, and the outer section, or yoke, is cut with deep points that harmonize to perfection with the points on the skirt. In this instance chiffon cloth is combined with satin, and with lace, and the lace is applied over the skirt in the point at the front formed by the combination of material. If liked the blouse can be made with high neck and standing collar. For the medium size the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 1¾ yards 36, 1⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of allover lace 27 or 36 inches wide, and ⅜ yard 18 inches wide for the undersleeves; for the skirt will be needed 6½ yards 27, 4¼ yards 36, 3 yard 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of satin 27 inches wide, ⅜ yard of allover lace to trim as illustrated, 4 yards 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 for the upper portion, 2¾ yards 27 or 36, 1¾ yards 44 for the lower portion when two materials are used. The pattern of the blouse, 7202, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7171, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

No. 7186 No. 7184 No. 7202 No. 7171

Scrap Bags

EVERY well-ordered house has at least one bag for the reception of odds and ends. The stores are now full of beautiful remnants of all sorts and lengths of lace and many dainty and useful articles may be made from them. It takes only a little thought and ingenuity to see what the newest touches are in neckwear and fancy articles to be able to concoct many pretty things from odds and ends of lace and embroidery. If you happen to have some bits of real or good imitation lace in your possession every scrap, however much it may be torn, may be used to good advantage if mended first by being transferred neatly on to the finest net and sewn to this through paper, afterward tearing the paper away. Any pieces, however small, can, by skilful fingers, be turned into articles of beauty.

Delightful caps for babies may be fashioned from unprized trifles in the way of muslin and lace scraps. No one looking at them when completed could believe they were ever anything but one uniform whole. Also the little fanciful theatre and boudoir caps and other head-dresses.

In the Mode

THE leading materials to be used will be rich velvet, with costly embroidery embellishments and fur trimmings. Fashionable dresses will be in every way the most expensive ever yet devised.

Complete banishment has been declared against the vogue of black, but black and white will hold its own, especially later in the season. Some modistes are producing exquisite models of this style.

Autumn hats are to be smothered with feathers. Flowers are not to be

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ARE MORE THAN EVER IN FASHION THIS FALL

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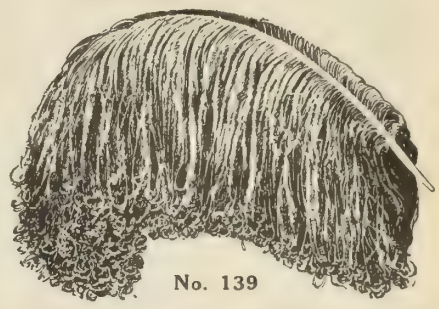

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suffered on headwear this season. Many hats will be trimmed with fur to match the trimming of the dress. The most fashionable fur trimming will be the once despised moleskin, and after that fox.

Smart and Practical Gowns

THERE are a great many very attractive gowns being shown this season that are practical at the same time. Here are two that can be utilized for numberless occasions. They can be made from wool material or from silk or from velvet or velveteen, and they can be made elaborate or simple, as they are trimmed and treated in one way or another.

The gown to the left is made in semi-princess style with a panel at front and one at back. It is closed invisibly at the left of the front. It is altogether new and smart. In this case it is made of wool poplin, with trimming of satin and fringe, while the chemisette is of dotted net. Fringe makes a notable

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BUST AND HIPS

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feature of the season, and this treatment is an especially good one, but, nevertheless, the skirt can be left plain or trimmed with bands only, or treated in any way to suit the fancy. For a handsome gown chiffon velvet would be lovely, with a plain skirt, and with collar and cuffs of heavy lace. For simple occasions the poplin is in every way correct, and this same treatment could be applied on colored broadcloth with trimming of velvet to produce a really chic result. The skirt is four-gored, the front and back gores forming the panels. The blouse is cut in one piece, with the sleeves, but is seamed at the back. The chemisette is separate, and attached beneath the collar. For the medium size the gown will require 7 yards of material 27, 4¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 2 yards of fringe, 2 yards of satin for collar, cuffs and band, ⅜ yard 44 inches wide for chemisette, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards. The pattern, 7198, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

The second gown is made with one of the new coatee blouses, and the peplum can be cut on either the diagonal or straight line, and the blouse can be finished with revers or with banding. The collar can be made round or square at the back. The skirt is circular, and can be made in one or two pieces as best adapted to the material. It is fitted with darts and can be made with high or natural waist line. For such a model the list of available materials is long and interesting. The striped novelty illustrated is charming, velvet would be beautiful so made, broadcloth would make a most attractive costume of the kind, and the model is equally well adapted to the favorite poplin, henrietta cloth and the like. For the medium size the blouse will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 2⅛ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with 1⅛ yards of allover lace 18 inches wide for chemisette and undersleeves, and ⅝ yard 27 inches wide for collar and cuffs; for the skirt will be needed 4 yards 27, 3 yards 44, 2¾ yards 52 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is 2⅜ yards. The pattern of the blouse, 7196, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 6906, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

New York Notes

This season much of the success of the gowns and wraps depends upon the mode of trimming and the patterns thus employed. In order to carry out the East India ideas which are so prevalent just now, much trimming is used. The latest note in this endeavor is the trimming called East Indian, which supplies novelty and elaboration to the garment.

The new sleeve idea indent preserves the flat contour of the shoulder, but widens out below the elbow. There is a tendency in some models to gather it here into a huge puff, which is held in place by featherboning. This latter effect is known as the "balloon" sleeve. It is a modified copy of a style worn in one of the early centuries when puffs and hoop skirts were in high style. About two years ago this same idea was introduced, but without the featherboning, and its durability was of a very short duration. The puff was not quite so full or large, and lower down, but it was on the same principle, and was called a "wrist puff." Just how the new idea will take remains to be seen, however.

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G86

THE TRUTH ABOUT HER APPEARANCE

When a woman realizes to the fullest extent, her natural advantages, she has attained real and lasting beauty.

The difference between well-groomed and unkempt nails is just that between good breeding and slovenliness. With the

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Nothing responds so quickly to care, or so quickly deteriorates from lack of it, as the hair. The scalp must be properly nourished and kept free from dandruff.

PALMER'S Hair Tonic

cleanses and refreshes the scalp, and gives the soft, lustrous quality, that belongs to perfectly healthy hair. Those who are troubled with dandruff, falling-out of the hair, or a dry burning sensation in the scalp, will find in Palmer's Hair Tonic (50c. and $1.00 bottles) the means of promoting a vigorous healthy condition of the hair.

Wrinkles, a sallow, muddy complexion, and roughness of the skin, indicate a neglected, ill-nourished condition of the skin tissues.

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is a skin food, made from the purest and finest ingredients.

A Massage and "clean up" with it, works wonders in restoring the natural oils of the skin, building up and rounding out the contour of the face, arms and bust, and restoring the flesh tissues to their normal, healthy condition.

All of the above can be obtained at most up-to-date dealers in Toilet Requisites, or for six cents (6c.) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of D & R Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations together with booklets of much interest to you.

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EXTREME styles in hairdressing are unpopular for the time, and the huge mounds of hair which have projected ungracefully from the back of the head have disappeared in favor of more becoming fashions. The middle parting, when all is said and done, is a style which always keeps its place, as it usually imparts to the feminine countenance that mildness and demureness of expression which has been considered essentially womanly.

When we think some of the coiffures of the present century are most ungraceful and extravagant, it is reassuring to turn to old pictures and discover that the women of long ago were also offenders in grotesque hairdressing.

In the hairdressings of the moment, says a New York authority, soft, fluffy effects prevail, and pads are, from a modish point of view, things of the past. There is a tendency to part the hair either upon the side or in the middle of the head, although flat pompadour effects are being worn also, but naturally require a soft waving of the hair, which generally proves becoming. With this arrangement a soft, fluffy fringe is worn, about an inch and a half long. It is predicted that there will be much bang-cutting.

With constant training straight hair may be made to curl if the following hints are observed:

First of all, the front of the hair is parted off from ear to ear and combed down over the face; then it is divided into three parts.

The middle portion is combed back, and wet slightly with a small brush dipped in some good tonic; then it is ready for the waving.

The tonic not only makes the hair easier to handle while getting it ready to wave, but is what its name implies.

With this part of the hair held back in one hand, the comb is run slowly through the hair and a "combful" is pulled loose and allowed to fall in a wave to whichever side it seems to show a natural inclination. This tendency should always be remembered and the procedure never reversed. With the forefinger of the other hand hold the wave flat against the forehead, releasing the comb, and with the latter bring forward another wave, turning in the opposite direction.

The second finger should be slipped down over the second wave to hold it in place, and the process continued until three or four waves have been formed; then each row should be pinned down flat against the head, using a great number of very small hairpins.

If desired, one or two more waves may be added to the top, though usually four are sufficient to make a wavy pompadour. Next, the side hair is taken up and first the right and then the left treated in the same manner, each wave held carefully in place and then pinned flat. Tie a soft old veil over the pinned down hair and keep it on until the hair is thoroughly dried; an hour usually suffices, though sometimes it is advisable to leave pins in longer when possible.

The trick is all in handling the comb and in getting the hair to fall in even waves, but with patient practice you can attain the desired effect.

Another way of making the hair dry and fluffy and keeping it in curl during damp weather is to do the hair up in a particular manner after first moistening well with the white of an egg. The white of one egg is stirred slightly, but not beaten or separated in any way. This liquid is then diluted with a little water, or rose water. One-third as much water as white of egg are the proportions, and this should be kept in a small, wide-mouthed jar upon ice, if possible, where it will keep for a week, or until it is all used.

At night the hair that is to be waved is parted from the back hair, and the latter rolled up out of the way. Moisten a comb repeatedly in the egg preparation and draw it through the hair to be curled until it is thoroughly damp, then divide the hair into strands, and before winding each strand around the curler, twist it round and round tightly, then roll it round and round the curler. It is the first twisting before wrapping it around the curler that is so much desired. The wrapping it around the curler makes it wave, and the egg wash causes it to retain the fluffiness. The curl given by this method is most natural, but if the fluffiness is not desired, a plain wave may be made by merely wrapping the hair about the curler, omitting the twisting described. This wave ought to last for two or three weeks.

Another and most unusual method of waving hair is to braid as tightly as a strong man's fingers can draw it, a thick cord being plaited in with each strand to keep it immovably in place. The braid should then be dropped into boiling water, allowed to dry in its braided form, and then thoroughly pressed with an iron as hot as can be without scorching. The result is a wave that will remain until placed in water.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. O. D.—Truly, yours is a pathetic letter, and yet I cannot help rather envying you, as rosy cheeks are usually desired by women, whether old or young. I have often wished that I could blush becomingly, as, when at all confused, I merely present a mottled face—which is not to be considered charming by the most friendly critic. Perhaps some readers of this department, who have known this affliction and have recovered, will be able to help you. Self-consciousness is frequently the cause, and for the cure of this there is nothing but persistent and unwearied interest in other things and persons. If you can really concentrate your thoughts on a subject wider than personal concerns, you will find this embarrassing trouble lessening. I would not take for it the drug which you mention. It may be that your nerves (the most tiresome things in the world) are out of order. In that case, you had better consult a physician. Get as much exercise in the fresh air as possible, and be careful in the matter of diet. I am afraid this is very unsatisfactory advice, but yours is a trouble arising from the mental state of timidity or distrust, rather than from any specific disorder. Your letter shows that you have a sense of humor, and that possession should be a great help.

MRS. A. G. C.—I am sorry that we cannot purchase for you the article referred to in this column some months ago. I am sending you, however, the address of a firm to which your local druggist may apply. I cannot speak personally of its benefits, although it comes highly recommended. If the trouble is so serious as your letter would indicate, medical advice would not be out of place. You are quite right to seek relief from such an affliction, and I trust the trouble will soon be removed.

MABEL S——.—We cannot recommend a style of hairdressing, without further particulars, as to your height and figure, as much depends on such circumstances. Study the illustrations of the various modes now worn, until you find one suitable and pleasing to yourself. Do not adopt a style which is said to be fashionable unless it is personally becoming. It is much better to be known for a somewhat distinctive individuality in matters of this kind than to be too anxious to be "in the style." This autumn, the various coiffures are unusually attractive, and you ought to be able to make a selection. If there is a good hairdresser in your town, money would not be wasted in consultation regarding a becoming coiffure.

EDITH—A girl should use the same care in choosing a husband that she does in selecting a piece of beef. Both should be tender.

Maud—And after marriage she should treat them the same. Both should be well roasted.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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is the only furnace in which really satisfactory provision is made for supplying enough moisture to make the air as humid as it is on a perfect summer day.

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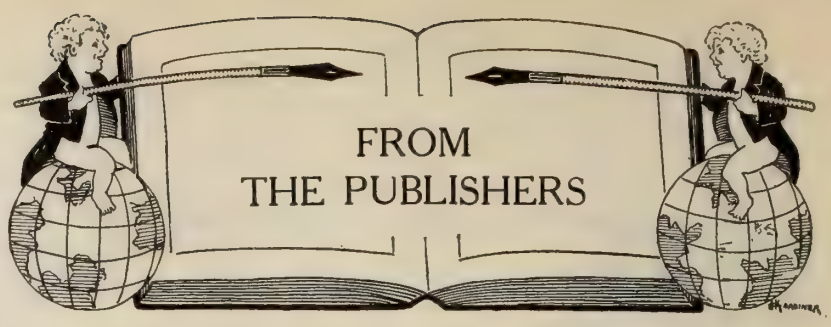

IN the summer of 1909, the International Council of Women met at Toronto for the Quinquennial Congress. The deliberations of that assembly and the papers read thereat are published in two substantial volumes by George Parker & Sons of Toronto. There is a wealth of information on philanthropy, sociology, literature, art and domestic science in this report. From a paper by Mrs. Agnes Knox Black, Professor of Elocution in Boston University, on "Women's Influence in Poetry, Fiction, the Drama, History," we may quote the following:

When one considers the intellectual and emotional qualities which make women successful in the field of the modern novel, even the modern historical novel, the wonder grows why she has not accomplished more in strictly historical research and reconstruction. Such powers of description, narration and exposition of things of the real world, as are shown in the letters of Madame de Sevigne, Lady Mary Montague, and Jane Welsh Carlyle, or in the essays of Madame de Stael, are an earnest of what yet may be achieved by women in this department of literature. But if women have not written history in the grand style, they have made it.

SKIRT OF BROCADE SILK

The influence of woman in history is the history of the world. Every crisis in history, political, ecclesiastical, domestic, has been controlled by a woman. Upon her the social structure rests, and when she sinks ruin is imminent. The corruption of woman is a sure sign of a nation's downfall. Messalina was more ominous than Nero. On the other hand, many a nation has received everlasting uplift from a noble woman. Reference has been made to the Abbess Hilda in the seventh century. Of similar significance is the story of Queen Margaret of Scotland at the close of the eleventh century. The high-souled, sensitive Saxon princess who wedded the swarthy Malcolm gave to Scotland those elements of imaginative vision and religious zeal which have characterized the nation ever since.

That woman has won her pre-eminent success in literature in the novel is a fact of peculiar moment. The modern novel dates only from the middle of the eighteenth century, when, stimulated by the efforts of the four sturdy writers of the time of Queen Anne, the higher education of women began to take shape and form. There never was a time when there was in England a lower estimate of women than at the close of the seventeenth century. After the Restoration we have the decay of the Feudal ideal. "The passionate adoration with which woman was regarded in the Age of Chivalry had degenerated into a habit of insipid gallantry or of brutal license, contempt veiled under a show of deference, a mockery of chivalry, its form without its spirit. This was the attitude towards women in the years succeeding the Restoration." It was this that made Defoe propose as one of his projects a college for the higher education of women. Swift, too, the black-browed, the terrible Dean, saw that only by such opportunities as a college could afford could woman be given her due and rightful place. And you all know what was accomplished in this direction by the essays of Steele and Addison in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. They showed to the world what it had lost sight of—the true feminine ideal. When in the 49th *Tatler* Steele said of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, "to love her is a liberal education," he not only paid the most magnificent compliment on record, but he gave external expression to the dignity and benign power of woman in her several relations and true sphere.

Now that everywhere women are admitted to the higher institutions of learning on equal terms with men and have full opportunities for undergoing that elaborate discipline which is the basis of all true originality in speculation and productive scholarship, we may reasonably expect worthy results in other departments of thought and expression. More than this, may we not dream that as a result of this educational activity these native qualities of woman, trained and disciplined to new powers, may give the world literary forms hitherto unthought of. We see indications of this around us. Woman's attempts at social reconstruction and reorganization in the form of problem-drama and sex-romances, blundering and ludicrous, and worse as many of them are, make us dare to hope that a woman will give the world a work of art, that, like a mirror, will reflect the complex and multitudinous life of modern society, with its hungry materialism shot through by the aspiration of the human soul, and its grief and sorrow illuminated by the "light that never was on sea or land."

FROM William Briggs, Toronto, come four volumes which may well occupy the hours of a summer afternoon. The best of these is "A Blossom of the Sea," a collection of poems, by Lyman C. Smith. The author has a pleasing and melodious gift, which is exercised on such themes as "Our City Cousin," "A Pioneer Farmer," and "Builders of the Broad Dominion." There is a gentle music in his lines which makes them a grateful accompaniment to the ripple of Canadian streams or the murmur of the wind among the grain. "Ulysses" shows a classic taste and influence, and, altogether, the volume is the expression of a refined and thoughtful nature, aspiring to "the things which are more excellent." The verses, "To Miriam," enshrine an ancient sorrow, the grief of a parent, and have a tender grace which makes an immediate appeal. There is an intense love of Nature, that glimpse of something immortal beyond the passing gleam of wave or glory of sunset, which is the true poet's heritage.

"Day Dreams of a Pioneer," by John Mortimer, is a slender book of verse, which is somewhat commonplace in treatment of various well-known themes, such as "A Woodland Vision," and "In Childhood's Clime." There is a fond tribute to the "honest worth" of Robert Burns, so extolled by Scottish-Canadians, and there is also a tribute to the young Canadian poet, Eric Mackay Yeoman, whose early death was deeply regretted. The work of Mr. Mortimer is far from remarkable, but will doubtless give pleasure to readers who find a gentle relaxation in the fiction of Rosa Nouchette Carey.

"East and West" is a collection of sketches by Adelaide P. Fitch that in the course of fifteen chapters, deal with a wide variety of themes, from Cleopatra to Luther Burbank, and from St. Columba to the Guardian Spirits of Nippon. The sketch, "Martha of Bethany," is unusually discriminating, and the concluding paragraph is worth remembering:

"Mary's influence still lingers in the

world, and Martha is ever with us. We need both sisters: they are indispensable. It is not altogether beside the mark to assert that the leading personal characteristics of Martha and Mary are, and ever will be, constituent elements of womanhood."

"Seeing Canada and the South," by H. Percy Scott, M.A., is a book of travel concerned chiefly with Western Canada. San Francisco and Texas have a chapter or two, and the book concludes with a short description of the "sugar-cane and cotton" country, with a final return to the Land of the Maple. The author has a pleasing style, in description of the varying scenes he visits. In his comments on trade relations between Canada and the United States, he shows himself to be an out-and-out supporter of that much-discussed measure—reciprocity.

"To-day," says the writer, "we may fairly be said to be living in the age of corporations. These concerns control the parliaments of England, the United States, France, and Canada. In the best days of the Nineteenth Century, say from 1830 to 1880, it was quite possible for any man of clearly marked thought and forcefulness to get a seat in parliament. That day has gone by."

What about Mr. David Lloyd-George?

MRS. SIMCOE IN WELSH DRESS

MR. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON, of Toronto, is a gentleman of varied activities. He is known in journalistic circles as the proprietor of *The Evening Telegram*, he is known among philanthropists as a citizen most keenly interested in the Hospital for Sick Children, and he is known among the Masonic fraternity as one of the noblest brethren of them all. Not the least useful of Mr. Robertson's gifts is that of local historian. His "Landmarks of Toronto" is a book of great value to all who regard the making of a city as the finest municipal art.

The latest publication for which we have to thank this many-sided journalist is "The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe, wife of the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, 1792-6, with Notes and a Biography." The original manuscript of the diary, of which this volume embodies the only copy, has been carefully transcribed by the permission of Mrs. Simcoe, of Wolford, the Simcoe estate, near the old town of Honiton in Devon, so well known to womankind for its manufacture of exquisite lace. "As a general rule, entries were made in this record day by day, and the writings mailed every week to Mrs. Hunt, a lady who had undertaken the charge of Mrs. Simcoe's four daughters, Eliza, Charlotte, Henrietta and Caroline, all under seven years of age, who remained at Wolford. Sophia, born in 1789, and Francis Gwillim, born in 1791, accompanied the Governor and his wife to Canada.

"The diary was commenced on the 17th September, 1791, nine days prior to Mrs. Simcoe's departure from Weymouth for Quebec, on the *Triton*, man-of-war. The last entries are on the 16th October, 1796, when Governor Simcoe and his wife again arrived in London."

This is a book which every Canadian would do well to read—especially, every Canadian woman. The record of the social life of the province, more than a century ago, shows how sturdy and simple was the early colonial civilization, with an old-fashioned courtesy which we should profit by emulating.

Niagara was then the capital of the province, with Navy Hall as the Governor's residence. "Castle Frank" was chosen as the York residence, and the modern Torontonian will be interested in the description of this spot as it appeared at the close of the eighteenth century. The account of the way in which the wife of the Governor spent her days reveals that she "looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness." She usually arose at six o'clock and was frequently on horseback at an hour when the modern housewife is merely thinking it is "time to get up." Hence we are not surprised to learn that she lived to be an octogenarian, and was an active force all the days of her long life.

Her diary, as given in these pages, is a straightforward and simple account of her Canadian sojourn, with such feminine attention to details as makes the picture of the everyday life more vivid. It is interesting to know that she received red watermelons from York (Toronto) and that during a cold drive near Quebec she wore a fencing mask lined with fur. Perhaps the most valuable feature in the volume is the large number of illustrations, two hundred and thirty-seven, including ninety reproductions of interesting sketches made by Mrs. Simcoe.

Everyone who cares to know about "Ontario in the making" will be glad to add this volume to the historical bookshelf.

The illustration of silk skirt is from gown worn by Mrs. Simcoe at opening of First Legislature of Upper Canada. Toronto: William Briggs.

A CURIOUS title has been chosen by E. B. Dewing for the novel, "A Big Horse To Ride." The reader discovers that Life itself, is the big horse which the heroine rides—and it must be admitted that she is a spirited equestrienne. She follows the "profession" of dancing, but finds it a vastly different art from the ordinary representations of its critics. The book is written in a style much superior to that of the ordinary novelist in vividness and unity. The reader becomes a little wearied, towards the close of the narrative, by the constant self-analysis, and is glad that the devotee of Terpsichore ultimately shows that she is possessed of common sense, as well as "temperament." Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

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Ontario Women's Institutes

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Annual Convention

THE Provincial Women's Institute Convention will be held in Toronto on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15th and 16th. The day sessions will be held in the Normal School hall, and the evening sessions in the University Convocation Hall.

Provision has been made for a session of special interest to Institute officers and workers on the morning of the first day. Representatives from a number of Institutes which have been successful in special lines of work have been asked to take part in the discussions. The delegates look forward to a most profitable session.

PROGRAMME.

Nov. 15th—Forenoon.

Presiding, G. A. Putnam.

9.30—"O Canada."
9.40—Business Methods in the Institute.
10.20—Demonstration Lecture Course, Miss M. U. Watson, Macdonald Institute, Guelph.
10.45—Programmes and Literature.
11.00—Extending and Encouraging the Work.

Afternoon.

Mrs. H. Endacott, Orangeville.

2.00—National Anthem, Invocation.
2.15—Address of Welcome, Mrs. Jas. L. Hughes, Toronto.
2.30—Reply to Address of Welcome, Mrs. L. C. Burns, Caledonia.
2.45—Report of Superintendent.
3.15—"The School; Its Relation to the Community," Miss A. M. Hotson, Parkhill.

Evening.

Presiding, Mrs. E. G. Graham, Brampton.

8.00—Address, "Young Women and the Twentieth Century," Miss E. Guest, Belleville.
8.40—Address.
9.20—What Our Institutes Have Done, Representatives from Alton, Port Credit and Parkhill.

Thursday, Nov. 16th—Forenoon.
Presiding, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Port Credit.

9.30—Question Drawer.
10.15—"What We Can Do for the Boys," C. J. Atkinson, Broadview Boys' Institute, Toronto, and Representatives from Kent Bridge and Jordan Harbor.
10.45—"Moral Reform."
11.15—"My Child's Future," Mrs. M. N. Norman, Toronto.

Afternoon.

Presiding, Miss Laura Rose, Guelph.

2.00—"Community Improvement," Reports from Jarvis, Mimico, Chesterville, Lion's Head, Finch, Clifford.
2.30—"St. John's Ambulance Association," Dr. C. J. Copp, Toronto.
3.00—"Water Supply," Dr. W. T. Connell, Queen's University, Kingston.
3.45—"Marriage," Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest.

Evening.

Presiding, Miss M. U. Watson, Guelph.

9.00—Musical Selection.
8.15—"Women and Finance," Musical Selection.
9.00—"Our Dumb Animals," Mr. P. C. L. Harris, Secretary Humane Society, Toronto.

The officers of the Institutes will please send names of delegates to the superintendent.

Delegates who wish to be billeted will please call at the Ontario Government Immigration Office, a little to the west of the Union Station, on the opposite side of the street.

We regret that we are not able to announce all the speakers for the evening sessions at this time. Full programmes will be sent to all delegates and the secretaries of all Institutes not later than the 5th of November.

Demonstration Lecture Course

IN the early history of Ontario Women's Institutes, considerable attention was given to demonstrations in cooking. It was impossible, however, for the instructors to give anything of real value with the limited time at their disposal, and when they appeared only once or twice a year before each organization. At the Women's Institute Convention in 1910 the feasibility of a course of lectures was discussed. The members of the Institutes throughout the province will be pleased to learn that such a course was begun on October 2nd. The Institutes branch has secured Mrs. C. H. Burns, Toronto, to give the demonstrations and lectures. Mrs. Burns is a graduate of Macdonald Institute, Guelph, and has taken some special instruction under Miss Watson and her staff to specially prepare herself for the work in hand.

The contract and list of lectures given below will give our readers particulars regarding the work in hand. The places taking advantage of the work are as follows:

Cayuga—Monday.
Dunnville—Tuesday.
Delhi—Wednesday.
Hagersville—Thursday.
Caledonia—Friday.
Canfield—Saturday.

Classes will be held each afternoon, and at Dunnville, Cayuga and Caledonia both afternoon and evening, in order that school and office girls may take advantage of the work.

At some of the places the officers of the Institute expect from fifty to seventy-five to take advantage of the full course of lectures.

Contract between the Department of Agriculture and a group of six Institutes.

The Department of Agriculture agrees

1—Provide all portable equipment, except the necessary tables, chairs and one cook stove.

2—Defray the cost of the teacher's board, lodging and railway and other transportation.

3—Provide one teacher for the six Institutes, who will (a) Give fifteen demonstration lectures, one each week, the date and subject to be according to the schedule agreed upon between the Institutes concerned and the Department. (b) Iinstruct each local assistant in her assistant and marketing duties. (c) Furnish her assistant with written directions for any local marketing or special preparation, at least one week before they are needed.

The group of Institutes agrees to:—

1—Divide the week according to the most convenient transportation arrangements.

2—Provide any general printing and advertising necessary. An honest effort must be made by the Institute concerned, by way of advertising and personal invitations, to make the class as large, and the receipts as much above $25 as possible.

Each local Institute agrees to:—

1—Provide for any necessary local printing and advertising.

2—Provide a room or hall suitable for the lectures, equipped with the necessary chairs, tables and cook stove; also to see that the hall used is properly cleaned and lighted.

3—Provide all materials for demonstration work.

4—Provide an assistant who will become responsible for the opening of the room, do the necessary local marketing, and clear up the demonstration tables, dishes, etc.

5—Guarantee the sale of twenty-five (25) course tickets at $1.00 per ticket.

6—Appoint some person who will be required to keep an exact record of the attendance, in addition to those holding course tickets, at each session, and report the same to the Department within two weeks after the close of the course.

7—Pay the $25 charged for the course, and one-half of the receipts above $25, whether payment be on account of course tickets or single admissions, to the teacher, and secure a receipt from her for the same.

8—The Institute concerned is at liberty to sell course tickets in addition to the twenty-five required, and also to admit members and others to single lectures at ten cents per person.

The following shall be furnished with a copy of this contract:

1—Mr. G. A. Putnam, Superintendent of Institutes.

2—The individual Institutes concerned.

3—The teacher.

Signed by:—

.....
Representing the Dept. of Agriculture.
.....representing ..... Institute
.....
Teacher.

MRS. W. E. SANFORD, HON. PRESIDENT OF SANFORD INSTITUTE

Demonstration Lecture List

Each Institute concerned may select fifteen lectures from the following list.

If any Institute wishes to enlarge any one subject into two lectures in order to cover the ground more thoroughly, it may be so arranged.

The sequence of the lectures should be left to the lecturer to arrange. She will, however, defer to the wishes of the Institutes as far as the proper development of the whole series will permit.

The lecturer will place especial emphasis in all lectures upon the food value of the foodstuffs used, and upon the comparison of money value of the different foodstuffs, as related to food value.

Lecture No. 1—Fruit, typical methods of cooking, combinations, different ways of serving fresh fruits.
2—Vegetables, fresh, starchy and dried.
3—Spring vegetables.
4—Milk, soups, puddings and combinations, with especial relations to infant, children and invalid diet.
5—Cereals and cheese, varied methods of cooking, their high food value compared with other more expensive foods.
6—Eggs, correct methods of cooking, variations on methods, storage.
7—Tender meats, roasting and broiling, the correct cuts, food value compared with other meat cuts and other foods.
8—Tough meat, braised dishes, stews and soups.
9—Substitutes for meat.
10—Baking powder breads.
11—Yeast bread.
12—Fancy breads.
13—Cake.
14—Steamed dishes, puddings, supper dishes, vegetables, etc.
15—Salads, preparation of the ingredients, the dressings, etc.
16—Poultry, drawings, trussing, roasting, fricassees, etc.
17—Made-over dishes.
18—Canning and preserving.
19 Gelatine dishes.
20—Frozen dishes.
21—Hot weather foods.
22—Breakfast dishes.
23—Supper dishes.
24—Candy.
25—Invalid cookery.
26—Fireless Cookery.

Any Institute may postpone selecting the subjects for the two final lectures until the course is half over.

A Timely Enquiry

QUESTIONS regarding the formation of Institutes are always in order. The following letter has been forwarded from the Superintendent of Women's Institutes, Toronto:

Dear Sir—Can you tell me if there are any Women's Institutes in Saskatchewan? Since coming here, have been speaking about Women's Institutes, and have been asked to write and ask how one could be organized here. This is a small town, but they support three churches, and I think a very good place for an Institute. I belonged to a number of different societies in Galt, but there is none I miss like the Women's Institute. So will be very pleased to hear from you regarding the matter, and also if you could send me any reading matter regarding the organization, rules and regulations, etc., I will be much pleased.

Yours truly,
MRS. A. B. R.

A Muskoka Branch

ALTHOUGH Sanford Woman's Institute is still in its infancy, it is rapidly approaching a vigorous and lusty youth, and, like other youths, wishes to come out in the world. Our Institute consists of Port Carling, Windermere, and Brackenrig, and has a membership list of fifty-four names. The officers for 1911-12 are: Honorary president, Mrs. W. E. Sanford; vice-president, Mrs. J. Davison; secretary, Mrs. A. L. Casselman; treasurer, Mrs. W. A. Hanna; director, Mrs. G. Cannell; auditors, Miss Amy Arksey, Miss Ethel Stubbs.

Our meetings are held monthly, and are well attended, and the interest is maintained throughout. Some special features are: Prizes are given at the fall fairs for the following items: Best flowers produced from seeds supplied by Institute; best-kept cow; best home-made bread; best buttonholes made in cotton; best made dolls' clothes, open to girls 12 to 15 years, also under 12 years.

Another feature is the receiving and returning fraternal visits from neighboring institutes, also removal of literature having an immoral tendency.

On August 16th we had the pleasure of an address by Mrs. W. E. Sanford, our honorary president, in which she described her winter's work in establishing Women's Councils in France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria and Great Britain, with the result that various institutes were formed. She graphically described the social condition of women in the places visited, and found that invariably as these countries were Christianized the women took the place they were intended to fill. In responding to a very hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Sanford, she invited the members to her beautiful island home, Sans Souci, Lake Rosseau, on Friday, August 20th, which invitation was accepted by about forty members. Mrs. Sanford's beautiful launch "Naiad" conveyed the party to and from Port Carling.

Mrs. Sanford gave a delightful description of the coronation of King George, which she had attended, and a musical programme was rendered, after which dainty refreshments were served. A very hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Sanford for her hospitality, and many other acts of kindness to Sanford Institute.

On September 2nd we had the pleasure of receiving delegates from various branches of South Muskoka district at the home of Mrs. George Sutton. There were forty-one present. The district president, Mrs. H. Goetz, occupied the chair. The subject was "Training of Children." Mrs. Killen read a thoughtful paper in which she emphasized parents giving an example in all things to their children; never break faith with a child; all obligations to them are as binding as any social engagement. Be as kindly and courteous to your household as you are to strangers. Teach children to observe the work and beauties of nature. Parents should seek inspiration from above to guide the little feet aright.

Mrs. Thomas Croucher read an instructive paper, the chief points being: Insist on prompt and absolute obedience; teach children truthfulness. When children are too young to understand deceit is the time to instil truthfulness and honesty. Always appeal to a child's reason. Punish if necessary, but always in love. Jails are populated by graduates from a street education. Make for your children a home, not a sleeping place.

Mrs. Sutton read a valuable paper, the leading thoughts being: We receive children fresh from the hands of God to be moulded by home training and example. Instil in early youth habits of cleanliness of person, speech and surroundings. In everyday life parents are a living example; shall it be good or bad? Mrs. Andrews of Orillia, then read a very amusing selection, descriptive of a formal "at home, 4 to 6." After discussion on the subject of the day and the acceptance of an invitation to Bardsville on October 3rd, refreshments were served, which were enjoyed by all. In closing we wish all sister institutes success, and may they all enjoy the advance in sociability and general instruction as Sanford Woman's Institute has enjoyed it.

MRS. A. L. CASSELMAN,
Sec. Sanford Women's Institute.

Children's Ailments

FROM Jennie Warnica (Miss or Mrs.?) of Stroud, comes the following informing article:

Toothache.—This is one of the most irritating pains that flesh is heir to. Dry heat is soothing, applied by means of a hot water bag or hot salt in a flannel bag. If there is a cavity in the aching tooth it should be packed with cotton, which has been soaked either in alcohol, witch hazel, oil of wintergreen, cloves, peppermint or cinnamon.

Sore Throat.—There are many varieties, but for the ordinary sore throat, introducing a cold, nothing brings quicker relief than a gargle of hot salt solution every two hours. If hoarseness is present, a piece of flannel saturated with oil of eucalyptus or camphorated oil, applied to the throat over night, will work wonders.

Fever Sores are the result of colds, indigestion or fever, usually occurring on or near the mucous membrane of the lips or nose. They should be painted with flexible collodion, as this will form a protective skin, preventing further infection, and help to dry them up. Do not apply an ointment, as that will increase the moisture, and the tendency to spread, except zinc ointment, which is of a drying and absorbing nature.

Canker Sores are caused by excessive uric acid or a nervous condition. They can often be despatched by swabbing with alcohol.

Hiccough.—This usually denotes some digestive disturbance, but at the same time seems to be controlled by the nervous system, as a sudden fright will often stop them; but this will hardly do for a sick child. Holding the breath while you count fifteen or taking seven swallows of water without pausing for breath is often effectual.

In Whooping Cough a child should be encouraged to expel from the mouth all the secretion which is released by coughing, because if this is drawn back into the throat there is danger of secondary bronchitis or pneumonia. A prominent German doctor advocates the use of a hot bath every evening, the child staying in the bath from ten to fifteen minutes. Children sleep well after it, and the number and severity of the paroxysms of coughing seem much diminished. It is very important to keep children's teeth clean. Germs enter through and by bad teeth, causing adenoids, tonsilar affections and glandular enlargements in the neck. Dr. Osler has said: "If I were called upon to state which of the two in my opinion, cause the most evil, alcohol or decayed teeth, I should unhesitatingly say decayed teeth." These weighty words coming from one of high authority must be taken seriously.

During the first few weeks of the life of an infant pain sometimes arises from the fact that too little water is given. To keep the baby well, give it pure air day and night. No food except mother's milk or food directed by the physician. When it cries or is fretful, do not offer it nourishment, give it water. Be sure that it gets enough sleep. Don't handle it; let it alone.

The hardest work in the care of children is not when they are seriously ill for then they want to be "let alone," and judicious letting alone, by the way, is one of the fine points of nursing. The really hard work comes later, when convalescence smiles around the bend in the road to recovery, and the spirit of youth comes back to its own, eager to be up and doing, intolerant of delays and restraints. A child is not happy in a warm, fussy, fretty atmosphere, but will blossom into happiness, as a flower does in sunshine, in fresh air, cheerfulness and serenity. Too many people in the room at once are a tax on the strength you are trying to restore.

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St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds"

are absolutely the perfection of sugar refining—brilliantly clear and sparkling—and an ornament to every table.

Ask for "St. Lawrence Crystal Diamonds"—in 5 pound boxes—also sold by the pound.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited
MONTREAL 30

CHANGE your opinion of the union suit as a garment for men's underwear. See the new union suit with every merit and never a fault of the old, and striking merits of its own. See (and you will buy) *Watson's Klosed - Krotch Combination.* This comfort garment, knit-to-fit perfectly and warranted not to shrink nor sag, sets snugly across the seat, doesn't strain, doesn't gap (because krotch-kloses like a pair of ordinary drawers). Only a single button to fasten, and it placed at one side, out of the way. Fits smoothly, neatly, comfortably across the hips, and is *really* comfortable, sitting or standing. Any weight you want; and the size you ask for will *fit.* It's knit that way by Watson Mfg. Co., Limited, Brantford, Ont.

ASK FOR 26

WATSON'S Klosed-Krotch COMBINATIONS

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The GILLETTE Is An Economy

Not An Extravagance

Because a fairly good open-blade razor can be bought for two dollars, while a GILLETTE costs five, have you concluded that the GILLETTE is an extravagance? It is not.

The open-blade costs you $2.00 to buy and at least 25c. a year to keep honed and in condition. Total, $2.25 for the first year.

The GILLETTE, with 12 double-edged blades, costs $5.00, and a second box of blades (should your beard be very tough) adds $1.00. Total, $6.00 for first year. Difference $3.75.

Looks bad for the GILLETTE, eh? But wait!

The three-minute GILLETTE will save you 5 to 10 minutes every time you shave. Put it at 5. That's over three working days a year. Isn't your time worth over $1.25 a day?

When you're nearly late for the train or an important engagement, the five minutes which the GILLETTE saves you is apt to be worth several times the whole cost.

Then there's the comfort of the clean, cool, easy GILLETTE shave—worth in itself several times the difference in price.

For real economy—time and face as well as cash considered—buy a GILLETTE and enjoy it.

Standard Sets $5.00.
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Moreover, people always "feel a draught," and want to shut the windows. The morning bath may seem more interesting if, while giving it, you repeat some rhymes. Here is one:

"Dippety dash! Dippety dash,
Wash his face with a merry splash.
Polish it well with a towel fine,
Oh! how his eyes and cheeks will shine."

Brushing teeth may be most interesting and important, for one must take very good care of them to make them last until one is as old as father. One thing which appeals to nearly all children is story telling, but, of course, you all know it. Told stores seem more real than those read from a book, and their uses are endless. Many glasses of milk have gone down unwilling little throats, because when the last drop was swallowed a wonderful story would be told. Many a child has taken a much-needed rest hour each afternoon knowing that later someone would sit by the bed and recite verses from Stevenson's "Child's Garden" or Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood."

A multitude of toys are not restful; two or three for a day or two, then a complete change. The antics of Brownies are enjoyed by girls and boys alike. To make them get a large-sized heavy marble and bend a stiff shirt cuff into a tube just long enough for the marble to roll through. Fasten a piece of white cloth smoothly around the tube, and at each end put a piece of velvet, gathered like a tam-o'-shanter, the marble being inside the tube, of course, before the second tam is sewed down. Sketch the face below one tam, stitch two pieces of cloth for legs to the other tam, where they should dangle limply. Now get an ironing board, put one end on the bed, the other on the floor, set Brownie at the top and push him. Be sure that the tam is just full enough to hold half the marble; if it is too full the marble will not give the proper push against the wall of the tube and Brownie will not tumble. Each child will find new stunts for Brownie to do. Blowing soap bubbles is a good way to pass an hour or two. Lukewarm soapsuds, to which has been added a little glycerine, is a satisfactory bubble solution. A substitute for a pipe is a straw or a spool. Did you ever try combination drawing? The first person draws a head and folds over the paper, leaving two dots to show where the body should be attached. The second person draws a body, folds over the paper, and an obliging third puts on legs. It does not sound so funny, but if you get a donkey's head on a cat's body, supported by chicken legs, see how funny your small patient will think it.

* * *

A favorite guessing game is played like this: The child thinks of some object; you try and find out what it is by a series of questions that may be answered by yes or no. Mount colored magazine covers on cardboard, cut the mounted pictures into numerous irregular pieces for the patient to reconstruct. Make a list of twisted letters, which when properly arranged, spell the names of nuts, trees, fruits, flowers, etc. Get large white beans or peas, soak them in water, and by sticking toothpicks in, ladders and very many queer and funny objects may be made.

Above all, the child is made cheerful, not temporarily, for someone has said: "If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

Table Manners

MRS. JOHN McQUAKER, of the Kemble Institute, has some suggestions regarding table manners, which are decidedly worth while.

Shall we put first things first, and begin with the soup? The first thing in the way of table manners I recollect my mother trying to teach her children was that we must sup our soup from the side of the spoon, and not from the point, if anything, nearer the handle than the point. We must not draw the soup into our mouths with our breaths, thereby making a disgusting noise, but must open our mouths and hold the spoon so that the soup would naturally gravitate to the required spot. We were not allowed to break our bread or cracker into our plate and sup with the spoon, but must eat this separately.

The hand when not in use must be kept in the lap. When the soup plates have been removed and the next course served, one must only use the knife for cutting what cannot be broken with the fork, and on no account must the knife be put into the mouth. Add to these the little courtesies "Please" and "Thank you," as the different dishes are passed or helped, and you have found the secret of table manners. I forgot one essential—the elbow of the arm in use must be kept close to the side, bending and turning the wrist when necessary, but keeping the elbows so that you will not interfere with your neighbor, no matter how closely seated. I have been pleased to note in my little trippings here and there, supping sometimes at large tables and then at small ones, that this code taught in the little old house

Useful, pretty and smart are these improved knit coats

For driving or motoring—as for a hundred other outdoor enjoyments—you will be glad of your Pen-Angle Sweater Coat on windy days and chilly evenings. For, though they feel so fleecy to the touch and set so lightly on the body, they are warmth-giving indeed. Knit by the Pen-Angle process, from wools of the choicest; these useful garments possess a smartness and style not known to the usual knit coat. And they retain their shapely lines, because they are carefully shaped to fit snug to the figure. That shape stays in them because it is knit into them – the Pen-Angle way.

Your exact physical type is included in the wide range of

Pen-Angle Sweater Coats

Your taste in style and colors has been carefully consulted. Some store convenient to you will show you these beautiful garments for men, women and children. 62

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on the farm by one who was thoroughly trained by her mother is the one invariably used by those who know. The use of the proper spoon or fork may be learned by experience. It is always safe to do as our hostess does in this, as she knows what each article was placed for, and these vary at different tables. At home I train my children to refold their napkins carefully, as the same one is used for several days, but on a formal occasion it is left loosely at the side of the plate, as it will not be used again till laundered. The art of conversation should be carefully cultivated, in order that the meeting times of the family may be as pleasant as possible. While the training of children on these principles is slow, tedious work, having to be repeated at every meal for years, still it is worth the trouble in order that our children may sit in any company at any table free from embarrassment.

From Murillo

WE held our sixth annual meeting at Murillo town hall on May 18th. We had on the roll forty-nine members. Our meetings are held the third Thursday in each month, and are well attended, considering the long distance some of our members have to travel to attend. We held twelve meetings, and twenty-eight papers and three addresses were rendered. On the 15th of March we held a joint dinner with the Oliver Agricultural Society, and the W.I. received $13.60 after all expenses were paid. We have given prizes to the amount of $25.00 to the Oliver Agricultural Society each year for the annual fair since we were organized. We have a library, which is much enjoyed by all; the books are being called for more each month. There were ninety-one exchanges made last quarter.

At our last annual fair our president collected nine dollars and fifty cents from Institute members for the McKellar Hospital, Fort William, and a delegation from the E. M. & G. Hospital, Port Arthur, attended our December meeting, asking for aid in their work. Committees were appointed from our Institute members, who canvassed the township, and goods to the value of about eighty-two dollars were collected and delivered free to the E. M. & G. Hospital. At our March meeting a collection was taken up from our members in aid of the memorial fund for the late Mrs. Hoodless, founder of the Ontario Women's Institutes. Altogether we have had a busy and successful year, and we look forward for greater things in the future.

MRS. A. BOULTER, President.

Two Programmes

ALTONA sends the following programme:

June, 1911—Review of last year's work by the President; reading, Mrs. March; Cool Dishes and Cool Drinks for Summer, Miss C. Hoover.

July—Delegate; Butter-making and Other Dairy Problems, Miss B. Miller, Guelph.

August—The Institute and the Home, Mrs. Lehman; recitation, Miss B. Mowder; The Canadian Home Cook Book, Mrs. McKay.

September—Saving Steps, Miss S. Stewart; reading, Miss Myrtle Hoover; recitation, Miss Blanche Reesor; Roll Call; Lavor-saving Devices.

October—Care of Children's Teeth, Dr. Smith; reading, Miss Eckardt; recitation, Miss G. McKay.

November—Subject to be chosen, Dr. W. A. Sangster; recitation, Miss A. Coates; reading, Mrs. Yake.

December—Report of Convention; The True Spirit of Christmas Giving, Mrs. B. Reesor; recitation, Miss L. Slack; Competition by the Junior Members, Darning and Buttonhole Making; Roll Call; Christmas Suggestions.

January, 1912—Delegate.

February—The Home and Housekeeping of To-day, Mrs. M. Kester; recitation, Miss E. Smith; How to Cultivate Habits of Thrift in our Boys and Girls, Mrs. A. Reesor; Roll Call.

March—What Dishes to Prepare When the Appetite Needs Coaxing, Mrs. Eli Lehman; reading, Miss J. Kester; paper, Summer Care of Woollens and Furs, Mrs. Wm. Reesor; Roll Call; Fish and Egg Recipes.

April—Tidiness in Home Surroundings, Mrs. Jos. Hill; reading, Miss A. Hoover; Sketches of Some of Our Canadian Writers, Mrs. R. White, recitation, Miss Ida Mowder; Roll Call.

May—Subject to be chosen, Mrs. Mowder; Evils of Fault-finding and the Harm of Worry, Mrs. T. Smith; Election of Officers; Roll Call.

From Murillo, also, comes a programme, which may interest you:

July—Warm Weather Dessert, Mrs. C. Gorton; Canadian Women of Note, Mrs. H. Moffatt; Question Drawer.

August—Methods of Canning and Preserving, Mrs. A. Reid; Ways of Cooking Poultry, Mrs. R. B. Martyn; Discussion of Saving Steps, Members.

September—Pickling and Canning of Vegetables, Mrs. A. Gorton; Prevention and Cure of Colds, Mrs. R. Larabee; music, Miss L. Smith.

October—The Value of Courtesy, Mrs. J. M. Sherk; Are Plants Injurious in the Sleeping Room? Mrs. A. McGillivray; Question Drawer.

November—Dollars and Sense in the Household, Mrs. J. Hahn; Fall Work in and About the House, Mrs. G. Munroe; song, Miss W. McKenzie.

December—The Value of Punctuality, Mrs. R. McKenzie; Our Year's Work, Miss S. J. McNally; What Christmas Means To Us, Mrs. J. McDonald.

January—Different Ways of Cooking Meats, Mrs. J. Stevenson; Value and Uses of Olive Oil, Mrs. E. Lynn; selected Readings, Members.

February—Everyday Helps for the Housewife, Mrs. J. Oster; Question Drawer; music, Mrs. A. Felker.

March—What Benefit Do We Derive by Meeting Together? Mrs. A. Boulter; Different Preparation of Eggs, Mrs. R. Nicholett; Essay on Easter, Mrs. Norman.

April—Compare Seed Sown in the Ground to Seed Sown in the Heart, Mrs. Grant; Spring Flower Garden, Mrs. T. Downs; music, Mrs. H. Yelland.

Kemble and Bancroft

BANCROFT Women's Institute attended the L'Amable picnic at the lake one day in late August, and spent a delightful afternoon. The L'Amable Institute left nothing undone to give the guests a good time. An organ was on the grounds, and a gramophone with all the latest pieces—Harry Lauder in abundance—and the spread was simply sumptuous. L'Amable Lake well deserves its name, "the amiable." It is indescribably picturesque. Its verdure is in every shade of green, and its many indentures vary from each other by some fresh point of beauty. The ripple of the canoe, as it glides noiselessly along in the deep, still water; the rush of the falls in the distance; the glorious sky of an ideal summer day, reflecting its rich colors on the landscape and water, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. A flotilla of boats went over to the island, and a miniature British Isles as regards shape. The Union Jack was hoisted, and its grand old colors, waving over the green trees, was a loyal and pretty sight. We sailed around to the south-west side, where we came to a neat little wharf, and landing, proceeded to "Loch Lomond," the dainty little cottage of Mr. James Spurr, from the summit of which floated the Union Jack. They call the island Scotland, and it is no misnomer, as there are the Highlands and the Lowlands. We wended our way along a meandering path gradually sloping to the lowlands, a perfectly level little valley of green at the base, jutting out almost parallel with the water. We stood there in silence, drinking in the beauty of forest, sky and lake, gazing as in dreamland, and the soul poured out in adoration to nature's God.

Returning to shore, the L'Amable ladies had supper prepared in true picnic style, and we were prepared to eat it. Then were played a number of historic airs, very dear to every Scottish heart, the singing of songs which made the heart seem young, the children swinging among the tall trees, all having a genuine good time. Parting came all too soon. God Save Our King, three rousing cheers for L'Amable, kind adieus, and then we were on our way home to dear old Bancroft, feeling purer and better from our afternoon's innocent enjoyment.

How short our happy days appear!
How long the sorrowful!

Note the Color of *your* flour—
And the Bread it makes for you.
Delicately *creamy* is FIVE ROSES flour.
Because it is *not bleached,* don't you see.
Clear—Immaculate—Desirable.
A *pure* Manitoba wheat flour—FIVE ROSES.
And the healthy sun-ripened spring wheat berries are *naturally* of a *golden* glow.
And the meaty *heart* of the polished kernels is *creamy.*
Milled from *this* cream, FIVE ROSES is delicately "creamy."
The only *natural* flour from Manitoba's prime wheat.
Which gets whiter and whiter as you *knead* it.
And *your* bread is most appetizing, *unusually* attractive in appearance.
Looks good.
And *is* good.
Bake this purest *unbleached* flour.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

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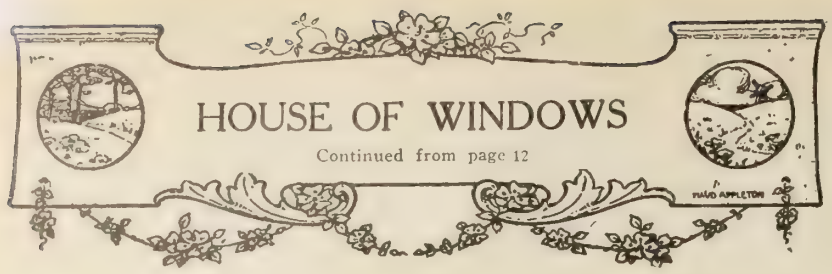

well protected from indiscriminate appeals. His servants, his business manager, his secretary, formed a quiet but efficient bodyguard, allowing him to go upon his luxurious way in peace. But, although he allowed himself to be thus guarded through a kind of moral cowardice, and the shrinking of a man who is half afraid of his own best impulses, it was always with the reservation that some day he intended to break through and look things in the face. Just what this "looking things in the face" implied he hardly knew; but that it implied something unpleasant he was satisfied. Men of this calibre are liable to long indecision with the seeming inconsistency of quick determination at psychological moments, so that Mr. Torrance's secretary need not have been quite so surprised when, the day after the interview with Mr. Bunce, he found his usually indifferent and somewhat bored employer determined to go personally into the business of reforming the Stores. Nor was he without some very definite plans—plans which astonished the secretary the more by their feasibility. The would-be reformer was himself astonished at the secretary's astonishment, and vaguely irritated by it. He had been conscious for so long of his own determination to "do something" some day and had been so long working up to a certain point that the point once reached he passed beyond it with no effort at all. The slowly gathering momentum of all his idle years were behind him, but it annoyed him and hurt his pride to see that other people did not understand this; that they looked upon the inevitable expression of his long purpose as the sudden and erratic impulse of a rich crank.

Even Miriam, whom he had supposed would have known him better, had been inclined to be skeptical, and it was evident that Mr. Bunce, the manager, looked upon his interference as a temporary inconvenience merely.

Well, he would show these people that he was in earnest, in practical earnest, too. When Mark came back he would have a helper. Mark would like nothing better than to be given a definite work. He was young and eager. His energies had not been atrophied by years of—well, of indecision. And he would probably have sense enough to know when a man was in earnest. Definite work would also do much to wean him from any lingering traces of his fancy for Miss-er-Brown.

Often in these days he congratulated himself upon having acted promptly in Mark's case. More and more he became convinced that he had not exiled him without cause. Something in the lad's letters seemed to tell of a subtle change. And Miriam had been so sure. How relieved he had felt when she had been able to assure him that the young person named Brown, in whom Mark was interested, was not employed in the Stores. How awkward it would have been if the girl who had fainted had been she. In that case he would have felt—well, he would have felt remarkably like a villain in a book; like the cruel Uncle of Fiction and other unpleasant personages. But since Mark's Miss Brown was not the Miss Brown of the Stores, he felt able to attend to the case of the latter without prejudice. There was no fear of him doing less than his duty and his duty in this case was plain.

This is how he put the case to himself. A young girl employee of his had fainted while at work. Query—Was the girl unfit for the work or was there something wrong with the conditions under which she worked? It was clearly his duty to find out first of all if she had been engaged in accordance with the Stores' principles. The easiest way to do this was to see for himself. A year ago this would have naturally seemed to be the secretary's work, now it, just as naturally, seemed

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to be his own work. He would call upon the girl at her home and settle the matter in his own way.

How pretty she had looked lying there on the stiff office couch. How young, how charmingly childish. He had felt as a lover of flowers might feel upon seeing a lovely opening rose carelessly beaten down. A most unpleasant sensation. What wonderful hair the young girl had—honey color. A spasm of pain crossed his face as he thought of that other whose honey-hair had been the light of his life. Strange how this girl persisted in reminding him of Mona. They could not be really alike. But likenesses are strange things. Mona's eyes had been blue and her short thick lashes dark; this girl's eyes were hazel with long curling lashes of golden brown, but for all the difference there was a resemblance. When she had looked up and smiled at him—surely Mona used to smile just like that! Mona's face had not been oval like Miss Brown's, yet Miss Brown had Mona's dimples. It was most remarkable—it was a torturing resemblance. What a freak of fate—to see one's dearly-loved wife, long dead, smile up at one from the face of a shop-girl!

As he made his way to the House of Windows he braced himself to meet inevitable disappointment. He did not conceal from himself that he wanted to see Christine again—to convince himself that she did not really smile like Mona. It would be just as well to get that idea out of his head, for somehow there had seemed a reproach in that smile, a reproach which would vanish with the fancied resemblance. Doubtless he would find the girl with the lovely face in a vulgar home amid sordid surroundings—that would break the spell.

True, he had thought, in the office, that she had looked like a lady; but Adam Torrance had never suspected that a lady serving in a store was a possible phenomenon—not that he knew anything about it, only he had taken such things for granted.

His heart sank as he entered Brook Street. Already he felt disillusioned, for what could be expected of one whose home was here. At the House of Windows he gave up a last hope. It was horrible to think of anyone with Mona's face living in this human warren. Yet to retreat now would be to fail in his duty. The doorway stood open into the dirty hall, the dirty stairs stretched uninvitingly upward, with a sniff of distaste he decided to go on.

High up there was a sound of music. Was it a violin, or a bird—either would be surprising enough in this place, he thought. He paused to listen. It was neither violin nor bird, but a woman's voice singing. The air he did not know, but it was something sweet and simple and the singer had a birdlike voice. Somehow the sweetness and purity of it made the dreary staircase less dreary. As he listened, the singing stopped abruptly before he could determine from whence it came. He began to mount again with better heart.

At the Misses Brown's door he paused, taking a firm grip upon his resolution. It was really most embarrassing to call upon people in this way. He hoped they would not feel that they were being patronized or anything like that. And yet it is quite true that he *had* set out with the full intention of patronizing. Someone laughed inside the room just as he knocked, and the laugh made him start and shiver—it was Mona's laugh.

The next moment the door opened and Christine stood smiling in the doorway.

"Why, it's Mr. Torrance," she exclaimed in pleased surprise. She offered her hand frankly. It had evidently not occurred to her that she was in danger of being patronized. Her ease of manner, aside from a certain shy delight, was as perfect as if she had been a Vere de Vere. "Ada," she said, "Mr. Torrance has come to see us."

He was within the room now, the dreary stairs were shut out, and facing him with outstretched hand and a strange listening look upon her face was Ada Brown. Strangers never knew that Ada was blind, yet Adam Torrance knew it in a moment, so quick and subtle is the action of a rare personality upon one atuned to it. In the one moment which elapsed when he went over and took her hand Adam Torrance drew nearer the true Ada Brown than many who had seen her daily for years. He knew also that it was she who had been singing.

"Song birds build high," he said, smiling. "I am out of breath."

Christine saw with amusement the soft red creep into Ada's cheek. Ada who so seldom blushed.

"Yes," she said prosaically. "But in the absence of wings one sometimes longs for an elevator. Won't you sit here?"

He had time now to glance about the room. The same to which the little deserted baby had been brought sixteen years ago. The green table cover had been replaced by another, a hole in the green carpet had been neatly covered by a rug. The chairs had been re-covered, the curtains at the windows were different, but they still hung with a modest grace. Practically there was no real change in the room, and its air of homely taste and comfort struck the rich man quite as forcibly as sixteen years ago it had struck Mr. Thomas Burns, of the book department at Angers'. There was no squalor or vulgarity here. Poverty, perhaps, but poverty with a difference. Mr. Torrance fairly blushed at the recollection of his thoughts coming up the stair.

"I see that your sister is already feeling the better for her rest, Miss Brown," he began a little awkwardly. Both of the girls were more at ease than he. "I suppose Miss Christine has told you—"

"Of your kindness in giving me a few holidays," interposed Christine softly. "Oh, yes, indeed I have."

"It was very good of you," said Ada, gratefully.

"Ah-er- not at all! Your sister—I suppose you are sisters?"

"Yes," said Christine, "although we are not at all alike."

Their visitor certainly thought that he had seldom seen sisters more unlike; but this want of family likeness is not at all uncommon in cases where mother and father have both been of pronounced type—remarkably fine types they must have been, he thought, as he looked at the differing beauty of the sisters.

"It is very kind of you to come and see us," Christine said in her straightforward way. "I am quite well now, and on Monday I hope to be back at work. I think I can promise not to need any more holidays."

"You must not return until you are quite able," said Mr. Torrance, "and if the conditions of the Stores have anything to do with your illness we wish to have these conditions remedied." He was grateful to her for bringing things so quickly to a practical level. "You see," he went on, "I am anxious to really understand the working of our present system. That is one reason why I called to-day. Would you mind, do you think, if I were to ask a few questions?"

"Certainly not," said Christine. "But I doubt if I can help you. I am so new, you know; I have been only a fortnight at the Stores. If Celia were able she could help you much better."

"Celia is—?"

"Oh, I forgot you did not know. Celia is our eldest sister. She has worked in the Stores for sixteen years, ever since I was a baby. The girls say she got to be one of the best saleswomen they ever had." Christine's innocent pride in Celia's abilities was pretty to see, but it brought a fresh shock to her visitor. Celia, the elder sister of these girls, a shop-girl for sixteen years! He glanced again at the perfectly tasteful room, at the lovely, refined faces of its occupants, and his whole world of values began to reel. Meanwhile Christine, sitting with clasped hands and bright head bent forward and prattled away. She told him of Celia, of Celia's remarkable expertness as a seller of ribbons, of the beautiful neatness with which Celia "kept stock," of her own despair of ever being half as clever, of how Celia did not wish her to go to work, and of how they had been obliged to circumvent Celia, of how fortunate it was that she had come home early the other day and so was able to allay Celia's anxiety, and, finally, of how they hoped Celia would be strong enough not to take a relapse when they had to tell her the truth. Adam Torrance listened to her in a dream. Was it possible that things like this were happening right along? These three girls, one blind and one a child and one ill from overwork? Christine had not said that Celia was ill from overwork, but he had no doubt of it. Neither did Christine make a bid for sympathy. She did not even seem to think that sympathy was needed.

To be Continued

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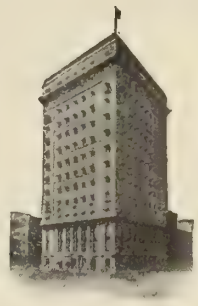

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My Lady's Garden

Garden Chat

By M. E. B.

THE autumn is a good time to do many things that will relieve the pressure of spring work. Every woman knows that the spring brings so much housecleaning and renovating generally, that she is quite busy enough without doing any gardening at all, were it not that the garden is perhaps her greatest pleasure, and a certain cure for her overworked nerves. Even so, there is always plenty to do in the spring garden, when everything that is possible has been done in the autumn. To begin with, the raspberry canes that have borne fruit this season may be cut off at the ground and burned—do likewise with the old asparagus stems. Clear the ground of all rubbish and burn it, as it affords it a place for insects to hibernate. Weed out all dandelions, docks, sow thistles, etc., as these are perennials, and guaranteed not to winter-kill under any circumstances whatever. Some people try to destroy such weeds by decapitating them with a hoe, but it is a slow process, as it has to be repeated a great many times to be successful. Lay in a supply of good strawy manure, ready to be used as a covering later on, when the ground freezes up. There is a time in the autumn as well as in the spring that is very trying to plants—warm, sunny days and hard frosts at night—a slight covering at such times helps them wonderfully. Remember in covering to put your litter close up to the stem of the plant, when thrown right into the heart of such plants as have soft or woolly leaves it makes them decay. Those who "take time by the forelock" have their bulbs in by now, and their paeonies planted, but for those who are procrastinators there are still a few days of grace, but only a few days. So long as the ground is not frozen, bulbs may be planted, if the soil is not too wet and cold. Late planting is, of course, at the expense of the vitality of the bulb—it may possibly produce just as good flowers next spring, because nature provides for this before the bulb ripens, but if it has few or no roots when it blooms, it is so weakened by the process that the recovery is very slow, if it recovers at all, therefore if you want to naturalize what you put in, early planting is necessary. For those who plant bulbs every fall and dig them up and throw them away after the blooming season is over, it does not matter so much.

Such full directions for planting bulbs were given in the Journal last fall, that it seems unnecessary to go over them again minutely, but for those who have forgotten, and for new subscribers, a few general ones may be repeated. First—Never plant bulbs when the soil is sticky or heavy with moisture; it should be in a nice friable condition; this is easily ascertained by squeezing some in the hand; if it has no tendency to remain in a lump it is right, if, on the contrary, you can form it into a ball, it is probably both too damp and too stiff, a clay, in which case it would be wise to let it dry before planting and to surround each bulb with plenty of sand, working some into the soil as well.

Second—Do not use fresh manure as a fertilizer for bulbs, as they do not take kindly to the ammonia in it. No manure should come in direct contact with them, but well-decayed manure such as comes from a spent hotbed may be placed where the roots of the bulbs can grow down to it. Remember, though, that there must be an inch or two of plain earth between the manure and the bulb, it must not rest on the manure. Bone meal is a safe fertilizer for bulbs, and can be bought at any seed store. A small handful worked into the soil below the bulb is sufficient.

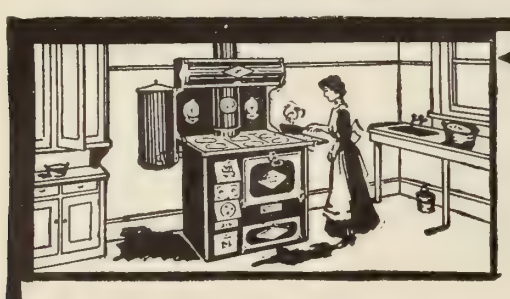
Third—The depth to plant. A good general rule is to cover the bulb with soil once and a half to twice its own depth—measuring the bulb from base to shoulder. There are exceptions to this rule, for instance, the late tulips. Cottage-garden, Darwin, etc., may be planted from five to six inches deep on heavy soils, and six to seven inches deep on light soils; indeed, where the soil is thoroughly well drained and of a sandy nature, they may be planted, so an excellent authority states, a foot deep, in order that "bedding plants" may be planted above them when they lie down, without disturbing them. The crocus is another exception to the rule, but this requires very shallow planting, and should only be covered with soil, say half an inch. Another point in crocus growing is that if you want them to make a good show the first year they *must* go in early—September is the time, and the earlier in the month the better.

Fourth—Covering. If your bulbs have been planted late, mulch at once with a good thick coat of leaves, or strawy manure; this helps to keep the frost out for a time, and gives them a chance to make a little root growth before very cold weather sets in. If your bulbs have been put in early, do not mulch until the ground is frozen, as they will have had a chance to make their root growth, and an early mulch might start a top growth, which is not advisable.

* * *

PAEONIES. Paeonies are certainly the better for being planted in the fall. From the beginning of September to the middle of October is the ideal time to transplant them; still they may be put in much later if the season is an open one, and the soil thoroughly drained, if well covered after planting. They should be planted deeply enough for the eyes, or shoots, to have two inches of soil above them; in light soils, three would be better.

The old vexed question of the best varieties to plant still stares those who are hunting for the *very best* in the face, and opinions, even of experts, vary so greatly. The value of anyone's opinion on the subject can only be measured when you know just what varieties that person has seen and grown, and life is rather too short to expect any paeony specialist to give such a list. We should be grateful, very grateful, to them for giving us a list of what they consider the best twelve, for we may be sure that they are all well worth growing, even should they cease to be mentioned in the "best twelve" in later lists. Mr. R. B. Whyte, of Ottawa, is certainly one of the best, if not the best, of Canadian authorities on the paeony. He told me recently that he had flowered one hundred and sixty varieties in his garden this summer, and had made copious notes thereon, so his 1911 list, which varies considerably from his 1908 list, is even more valuable, and up-to-date. Although the 1908 list was published last year in the Journal, it will not hurt to repeat it. Here it is:



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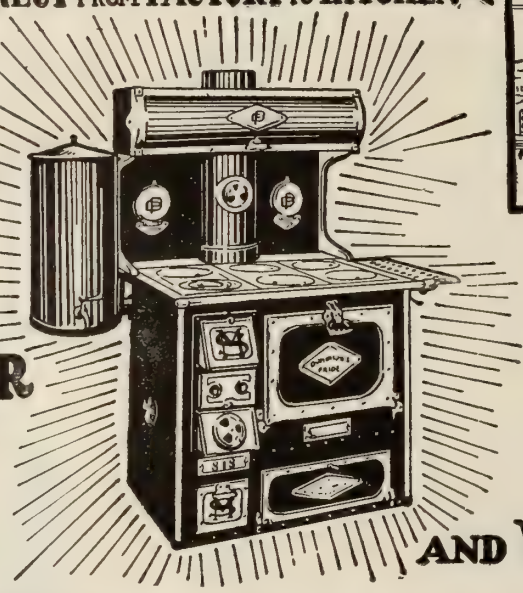

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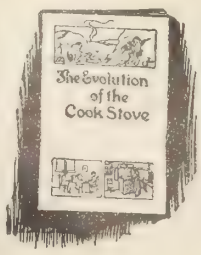

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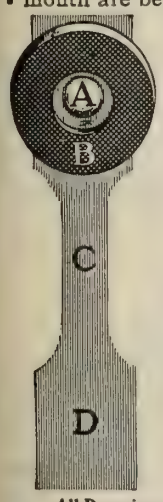

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Mr. Whyte's revised list for 1908 of the twelve best paeonies:

Md. d'Hour—Very large, free bloomer, flesh color, tipped carmine.

M. Jules Elie—Silvery pink, very large.

La Rosiere—White, yellow centre, semi-double, remarkably free bloomer, very sweet.

Festiva Maxima—Very fine, rose shaped, white, centre tipped carmine.

Floral Treasure—Soft rose, fragrant, free bloomer.

Asa Gray—Salmon pink, very large, free bloomer.

Claire Dubois—Light rose, very large, free bloomer.

Ella Christine Kelway—Extra fine pink, very large petals, flat, sweet.

Baroness Schroeder—Pale pink to cream, large guards, perfumed.

Miss Salway—White, primrose guards, large, very fine centre, perfumed.

Bunch of Perfume—Rich, deep pink, large, very doubled, perfumed.

Rubra Superba—Purplish crimson, very free bloomer.

Mr. Whyte's revised list for 1911 of the twelve best paeonies, regardless of cost:

Marguerite Gerard — Flesh color, creamy white centre, perfumed.

Marie Crousse—Globular flower, salmon pink, perfumed.

Festiva Maxima (described above).

Asa Gray (described above).

Mons. Jules Elie (described above).

Madame d'Hour (described above).

Therese — Flesh-shaded pink, very large flat flowers.

Mlle. Leonie Calot—Soft flesh color, perfumed.

Marie Lemoine—Sulphur white, shaded chamois, late.

Martin Cahuzac—Crimson red to maroon, very dark.

Albert Crousse—Deep pink, large.

Grandiflora Nivea Plena—White, centre sulphur and salmon carmine stripes.

This list is supplemented by another list of "twelve first-class varieties," which are not so highly priced. They are:

Festiva Maxima, Mlle. Leonie Calot (in previous list).

Madame de Galhan—Flesh pink, shaded salmon.

Livingstone—Soft pink, perfumed.

La Tulipe—Flesh pink to white, carmine tips.

Duchess de Nemour—Sulphur white, perfumed.

Charlemagne—Creamy white, shaded chamois.

Felix Crousse—Bright carmine.

Modele de Perfection—Pink, shaded rose, perfumed.

La Rosiere—Creamy white, straw-colored centre, shaded white.

Avalanche—Milk white, creamy centre, perfumed.

Couronne d'Or—Creamy white, some petals bordered carmine.

One can learn a great deal from a careful study of these three lists. One rather remarkable thing is the absence of "Baroness Schroeder" from the 1911 list. This paeony has been so much talked of as being such a marvel of beauty, with the price $3.00 in some catalogues, and $5.00 in others, for a single root, that one would naturally suppose it was quite unsurpassable, so I enquired why it had been left off the new list, and got from Mr. Whyte the opinion that while it was beautiful, yet it was a very much over-rated variety. Another thing to note is that "Marie Lemoine" has come into her own again. She was on a previous list to the 1908 one, but not on it. I am glad to see her reinstated; she is so pure a white and so lovely, and arriving on the scene rather late, when Festiva Maxima has waned, makes her all the more valuable; it is this lateness that increases her value over "Duchess de Nemour," who flowers at the same time as Festiva Maxima, the blooms being almost identical with "Marie Lemoine's." "Festiva Maxima" seems to be *the* one paeony about which there are no two opinions. In truth it is perfection in white paeonies, its huge beautifully incurved petals of purest white, with the central ones daintily edged with crimson, borne on strong yet graceful stems, its handsome foliage, and again its reasonable price, make it the one paeony that no one can afford to do without. It is on every list one takes up, and no wonder. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Whyte will add "Germaine Bigot" to his 1912 list, and make it a "baker's dozen"; it is one of the loveliest of the lovely, a great loose-petaled blossom, not regular at all, but very beautiful in both form and coloring—it shades from flesh white to salmoned tea—and if gathered when opening it lasts a full week in the house.

The Famous Rayo Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is the best and most serviceable lamp you can find for any part of your home. It is in use in millions of families. Its strong white light has made it famous. And it never flickers. In the dining room or the parlor the Rayo gives just the light that is most effective. It is a becoming lamp—in itself and to you. Just the lamp, too, for bedroom or library, where a clear, steady light is needed.

The Rayo is made of solid brass, nickle-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes. Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited **The Queen City Oil Co., Limited**

TO keep on washing clothes the old way is simply to destroy youthfulness and shorten life itself. Why should women do it—since an up-to-date washing machine can change the drudgery of washday into a pleasant pastime? The colored lady knows better.

"De washing machine dat can wash moah clo's cleaner in half an hour dan three washerwomen."

The New Century Washing Machine works quickly, easily, and operates far cleaner and more gently than any washerwoman could possibly wash. It gushes the water through the fabric, leaving it fresh, sweet and clean in a few minutes. And it cannot injure the finest, filmiest garments you possess, because it is built right and built to endure.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
Hamilton, Ontario 2

40 POPULAR SONGS WITH MUSIC, ONLY 2c

Forty of the choicest musical gems in our language, words and music all complete, with full four parts for both hands, clearly printed and neatly bound in colored covers. To get acquainted with you in a business way I will send one of these books for a 2c stamp to pay the postage. Such an offer has never before been made, and **this is good only till the few thousand copies of this book that I have now are gone.** To make sure of one send me your name and address and a 2c stamp at once. A. M. Jury, Music Book Dept. 2H, Toronto.

Have you read our guarantee on page three? If not, read it and buy from Canadian Home Journal advertisers.

PEASE FURNACE

Note vertical shaker; no more back-bending.

Saves fuel because it extracts all the heat units possible.

No ash sifting because everything is consumed to a very fine ash.

No dust because there are fewer joints and these few are cup joints and dust proof.

Distributes fresh warm air from *all* registers at once.

"Ask the man who has one."
Write for our Books: "The Question of Heating." or "Boiler Information," sent free on request.

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO 37 WINNIPEG

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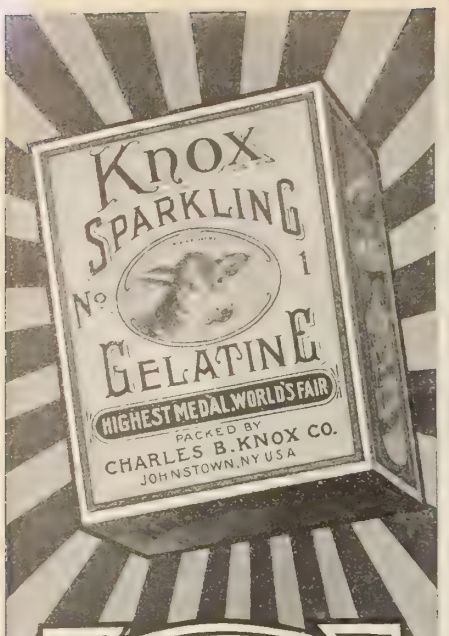

This is the Package of Plenty and Purity

Both you and your family will have something to be thankful for if you serve with your Thanksgiving dinner a dessert made from

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Knox Thanksgiving Dessert—¼ box Knox Sparkling Gelatine; ½ doz. rolled stale macaroons; 1 doz. marshmallows, cut in small pieces; 2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries; ¼ lb. blanched and chopped almonds; 1 cup sugar; 1 pint heavy cream; vanilla or sherry; ¼ cup cold water; ¼ cup boiling water. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream beaten till stiff, almonds, macaroons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla or sherry. Turn into mold first dipped into cold water; chill. Remove from mold; serve with angel cake.

If you think the above is not just what you want, our recipe book, sent FREE for your grocer's name, will give you any number of ideas for preparing tempting dishes for not only Thanksgiving but every day in the year.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
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Johnstown, N. Y.

A New Head in 30 Minutes

Exchange that aching, throbbing, suffering, muddled head for a clear, cool, comfortable one by taking a

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer

25c. a box at your druggists' or by mail from NATIONAL DRUG and CHEMICAL CO. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 28A

Webb's

Chocolates

for people who want the best

The Harry Webb Co. Ltd.

TORONTO, CAN.

THE COST OF A CRIME

Continued from page 14

friend. Besides," she added fiercely, "Jes' look around, where did all this furniter come from? Hevery stick ov it were presents from you an' the missus. Where would ye come to, if not to pore old Mary Anne?"

She wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, while she hunted for the matches to light up the inner room. It was a small square apartment looking out upon the long narrow strip of garden which in summer was an astonishingly pleasant place, shut in by branching limes which would have done no discredit to a country lane. True, the rush and roar of London, the whistle and din of innumerable trains never ceased night nor day, but these were minor discomforts, not mentioned or even noticed by the dwellers in St. Paul's Crescent.

"There ye are, an' I'll jes' clear away," she said cheerfully. "The bed's hall ready an' as clean as a new pin," she added proudly. "That wos wot them Americans said, it was a treat. Good night, sir; when would yer like to be called in the mornin'."

"Any time, any time, I don't know how to thank you, Mary Anne, but I swear that you will come to no trouble through it, and that I will repay in full measure pressed down and running over, what you've done for me to-night."

"Don't go fer to mention it, sir," she replied hurriedly, and made her exit with considerable haste. In a minute or so she was back, however, carrying something white over her arm.

"Beggin' pardin, sir, fer the liberty; but, seein' as you ain't brought no things, would yer mind puttin' on this 'ere nightshirt wot belonged to poor Webber. It's bin aired. There'e a 'ot water pipe wot goes through the cupboard where I keeps me linen, an' wot a godsend it is fer me yer can't think."

She laid it down softly and withdrew, for the sight of her new lodger sitting with his hands before his face seriously disquieted her, and as she did not hold with exhibitions of emotion on her own account, she was glad to escape. She slept on a chair bedstead in the kitchen herself, partly to be handy in the morning and partly because danger from marauders usually threatened from the basement, and she liked to keep an eye on everything. It was very comfortable there, however, especially of a winter evening, when the stove burned clear and bright, and all the work of the day was cleared away. Arrived in her own sanctum, Mary Anne stood still in the middle of the floor, with a troubled, perplexed air.

"Lor' a-mighty, who'd a thought it? There's something mighty queer. I don't like them eyes o' his; but he needs a friend, an' that friend's Mary Anne Webber, for sure."

Then she laid herself down and slept the sleep of the physically tired, while her new lodger paced the floor of his clean and comfortable room, with the back window thrown wide open, so that the fresh air might blow in upon him with a gentle, kindly touch.

He took counsel with himself until the grey dawn began to creep over sleeping London; then, reflecting that the task he had set himself required physical energy, which could only be looked for if certain laws of nature should be obeyed, he closed the window, undressed and crept into bed. The clean, cool, white sheets, washed by Mary Anne's own hands, and wonderfully sweet for London sheets, seemed to welcome his tired limbs; a feeling of safety and security stole over him, and finally he slept.

Slept so soundly that the din of the new day, the cheerful "Milk-oh!" of the earliest vendor, the hoarse roar of the coalman, and all the stir of the awakening household failed to arouse him. Possessed with a sudden fear that her house might in the silent night watches have been turned into a place of tragedy, Mary Anne at last, when the house was quietened of its morning stir, stole up to the front room, crossed it softly, and opened the door of the inner room. Hesitating there, with beating heart, she could hear his regular breathing, and she took a step further to look at him. He was sleeping soundly and peacefully, and the haggard lines of strain were smoothed away from his face. But it seemed still a strange face, and the dark hair was unfamiliar. Reedham had been noted for his abundant fair hair, his neat, pointed beard, and moustache of a golden hue, and his transformation was complete.

"His own muvver wouldn't know him, thet she wouldn't. He'll feel better wen 'e wakes hup. I won't be in no hurry to waken 'im."

She closed the door and softly withdrew, and all her housework that morning was performed mechanically, because her thoughts were so busy with the future and ultimate fate of her new lodger, and the tragedy of his life. About noon, listening in the hall, she heard him moving, and flew to get him a breakfast tray. And she had a smile for him when she took it in, a smile which warmed his empty heart. He had prepared himself for colder looks as he busied himself with his dressing. Sympathy warm at night, is apt to cool in the morning. But there was no abatement of Mary Anne's kind interest, no disposition on her part to repent of her promise made the night before. His face brightened as he read this in her comely face.

"Good mornin', sir. Yer didn't 'ear me in abart nine o'clock. You've 'ad a good nite, I kin see, an I'm glad of it."

"I have slept eight or nine hours, and I'm a new man, fit to conquer fate," he replied. "Tell me, you don't repent your promise to let me stop here as long as will be safe for you and myself? I promise you that I shall go before there is any chance of your being troubled by me or my affairs, though it is my hope that I may be able to remain here undisturbed, and until I have accomplished the task I have set myself."

"Sure yer kin stop. I'm not one to go back on me word, sir," she assured him. "Though fer yer own sake an' the sike of them we carn't nime, I 'opes it won't be long."

He shook his head, and she saw the slow red mount in his cheek.

"I will go out this morning and try my luck. There is a sovereign to begin with, the next one I hope I shall have earned."

Mary Anne shut her lips together with the nearest approach to a snap.

"I dursn't tike it, sir, no, not now. When yer kin tell me there's a job an' good pay fer it, it'll be different. Leave it like that, if yer please, for the sike of them we dursn't nime."

Reedham replaced the sovereign in his pocket and Mary Anne softly withdrew. About an hour later when she heard him in the outer hall preparing to leave the house, she appeared from the underground regions.

"What time fer dinner, sir, if yer please?"

He squared his shoulders and looked at her.

"Look here, Mary Anne, bed and breakfast meanwhile, and a bite of bread and cheese when I need them, and no ceremony, these are the terms, and I've left the sovereign on the mantelpiece. It'll pay for the week. By the end of that time I'll have a job, I hope, or I'll know the reason why, and meanwhile mum's the word."

She put her finger on her lips and nodded sagaciously. When he bade her good-day she entered the sitting-room and watched him walk out to the end of the Crescent. He certainly did not look like her old master. He had discarded the frock coat and silk hat, and now wore a somewhat shabby suit of dark blue serge and a bowler hat. He looked like a clerk out of work.

It was the most amazing experience that had ever come into Mrs. Webber's life, and it seemed to quicken her interest in everything. Not the smallest qualm regarding the moral aspect of the affair troubled her.

Her old master, from whom she had received untold kindness, to whose help she really owed her present position, was in trouble, and had besought her help. Such as she could give him was most heartily at his disposal; such were the ethics of the position supposing they had been called in question. Mary Anne therefore passed a most interesting and singularly short day in contemplation of the new element that had come into her existence.

Reedham, now Thomas Charlton, walked out into the Camden Road and there mounted to the top of a yellow omnibus moving citywards.

To be Continued

VINOLIA

TOILET REQUISITES, SOAPS AND PERFUMES.

One application of ***Vinolia Cream*** will instantly prove *its curative* and soothing qualities. Vinolia counteracts any irritation of the skin—including insect stings—and affords protection to delicate complexions attacked by wind and rain.

Price 35 cents & 50 cents per box. On Sale at all good Druggists and Stores.

V 224

83 CALLS

Were received last month for office help—37 were left unfilled. Demands for trained help are so great that we can afford to "guarantee a position to every graduate or refund tuition money." If you are anxious to succeed write for our beautiful catalogue to-day.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
Toronto, W. H. Shaw, Principal

The Real Canadian Girl

will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world—

Windsor Table Salt

The real Canadian girl, and her mother and grandmother too, know that Windsor Salt is unequalled for purity, flavor and brilliant, sparkling appearance.

WINDSOR Table SALT

13

JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

Continued from page 16

We all suggested that too, but what was the use of doing that when we couldn't get out?

"Listen," said James, "I'm sure I heard something." We all listened, and sure enough we all could hear it as plain as if we could see the object. The sound rolled nearer and nearer all the time. At last, to our great joy and amazement, the top of a buggy appeared distinctly through the trees. And who do you think was in it? Well, I will tell you, it was my father, who said he had been looking for us pretty near all afternoon. He said that mother had taken sick in the afternoon and was very anxious about us children. I felt very sorry for mother and wished that I was home with her. But nobody can say that we did not have a dandy good time that day. That was the last holiday we had that season, but that one holiday was as good to us as if we had had a dozen of them.

Yours sincerely,
IRENE HOLMES.

Aged thirteen.

I certify that Irene wrote this letter entirely herself.

MRS. T. H. CORRIE.

* * *

Dear Irene:

Yours is such a pretty name, and your letter is very nicely written. The butternut expedition must have been most enjoyable, and I'm sure you had such a good time. I remember a hill near an old schoolhouse in Wentworth County, where we used to gather walnuts on Saturday afternoons. You live in a beautiful city. I spent one summer near Owen Sound and enjoyed every hour of it. Write to us again, Irene.

HOLIDAYS IN THE SAND PILE

Port Arthur, Ont.
Sept. 10th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

After living on the Western prairies all my life, we came to Port Arthur, where we found an ideal spot to have a holiday. We climbed Mount McKay and reached the flagpole, which is on the highest point, and there we found a board on which was written, "The Way of the Transgressor is Hard," showing that other folks had found it as hard a climb as we did. We also visited the big cave, which is very interesting. One lovely morning, when the sun was sparkling on the water, we went down to the dock, where we boarded a tug to have an excursion to Amethyst Harbor. When we were coming home the waves were very high and maybe we didn't have a rough time. When we reached Port Arthur it was six o'clock. We hurried home, had our supper, after which we went on the *Saronic* for an excursion around the bay. Our cousin visited us this summer, but was so interested in the girls that he didn't see the scenery. Well, good-bye for this time. I hope we have as good a time next year.

Yours truly,
GORDON KNIGHT.

19 Crown St.

The enclosed letter was written by Gordon without help of any kind.

MRS. F. T. KNIGHT.

My dear Gordon:

So you live in that thriving town, Port Arthur, near the greatest of the lakes. I should like to see the cave, as I have always been interested in caves—ever since I read "Tom Sawyer." I wish you would write again and tell us more about the cave. You are a lucky boy to have been brought up on the prairies.

Mt. Wolfe, Sept. 29th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I have been a silent reader of your Corner for quite a while, and enjoy reading the Corner very much. I am going to tell you about my "Summer Holidays."

It being the commencement of summer holidays, I went home with my teacher, to Streetsville. We arrived at her home about dark. While I was there I was to a garden party. There was a comic singer, and often he made me laugh, and laugh. Then there were refreshment booths and ice cream tents.

Next morning my uncle was waiting at the store to take me home with him. After having a pleasant drive through the Credit Valley, where the scenery is so beautiful, and where there are such comfortable-looking homesteads, I arrived at my uncle's farm.

When I got there, I met my aunt, and cousins, who were visiting there also. Quite often, while I was at my uncle's, my cousin and I were seen in the cherry tree, and the rest would say, "Oh! Look at the two big robins in the cherry tree."

After having had a very pleasant visit at my uncle's, I went home with my auntie, who was coming as far as Toronto, where I stopped for a few days.

During this time I was to the park, where I saw a great many different kinds of animals, the monkeys being the most comical of all. I had many pleasant drives through the city, seeing all the principal places, and I had a ride in an auto, the first I ever had. All these pleasures were quite new to a country girl.

Having spent a very pleasant time, I arrived home in time to help pick berries.

I will close now, wishing the page success.

Yours truly,
OLGA ROBINSON.

Aged 12 years.

I certify that Olga wrote this unassisted.

MRS. GEO. ROBINSON.

* * *

My dear Olga:

So, you are a new cousin, with a Russian name. I am glad that you enjoyed your Toronto visit. Did you see the bear in the Riverdale Zoo? I think the monkey is the most amusing animal, but, to me, a tiger is the most interesting animal in the world, although he is so fierce. I hope you enjoyed the berry-picking.

Do You Bake Your Own Bread?

Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction and I won't take money for less. A crust, brown, crisp and sweet; a crumb, white, light and even. Get a bag and bake a batch or two.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.

Guarantee

WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee—money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Co., Limited, Toronto. 103
Archibald Campbell, President

CREAM OF THE WEST

The Best Wall Finish

Only one coat required
Easy to apply

Most beautiful, economical and sanitary wall coating made, can be applied by anyone to any kind of surface. Will not rub off or peel, Shows no spots or brush marks. Produces that subdued, velvety effect, so agreeable to the eye.

Muresco

Muresco is made in a large line of handsome tints and colors, also white. Ready for use when mixed with hot water. It can be re-coated any number of times, and entirely removed by washing, thus rendering it a simple matter to keep walls in perfect condition.

Beware of wall finishes that cannot be removed by washing; they are neither practical or sanitary. Will eventually peel off, leaving your walls in ruined condition.

Muresco costs no more than othe finishes an goes farther, Call for sample card and see handsome combination effects.

BENJAMIN MOORE & CO. Limited
Sole Manufacturers, Toronto, Canada.
New York, Chicago, Carteret, Cleveland.

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INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never Becomes Hard. Every Particle Can Be Consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

For Sale By All Grocers

MANUFACTURED BY

INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited

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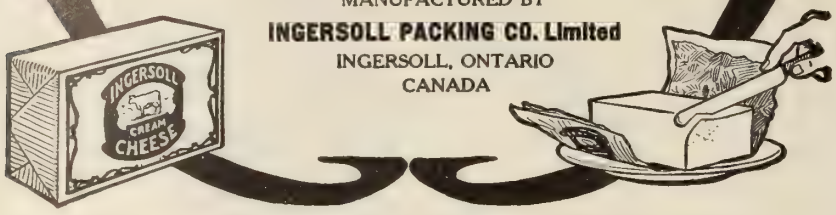

CAMP

'Camp' Coffee is hailed with exclamations of delight

Pure!

Delicious!

Refreshing!

made in a moment. Don't forget the name 'CAMP.'

R. Paterson and Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

COFFEE

For your own benefit

Eat Shredded Wheat for breakfast for the next ten days and note how different you feel during the day.

Wheat is the most perfect food given to man—rich in every strengthening, muscle-building element, so essential for the healthy, robust body.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit is just the plain, wholesome whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked a crisp golden brown—a delight to eat and to serve.

Its very crispness assists digestion—compels the necessary chewing and mixing with saliva.

Shredded Wheat is better than mushy porridges because you have to chew it, thereby getting from it its rich muscle and bone-building nutriment.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit make a complete nourishing breakfast, supplying all the strength needed for a half-day's work. Delicious with fruit for lunch. Your grocer sells them.

The only cereal made in biscuit form

Made by

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

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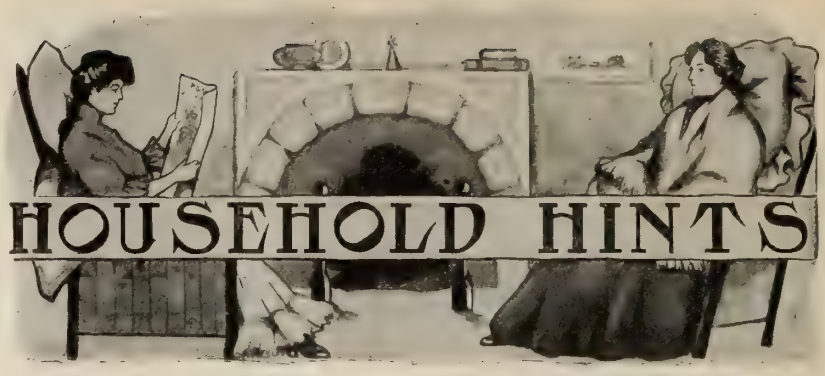
Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.



The Food Question

COLLIER'S (Canadian edition) of August 26th contains an article entitled "Westfield—a Pure Food Town," which is sure to be interesting to all housekeepers. The people of Westfield (Mass.) woke up to the fact that they were not getting pure food or pure material for use in food. They do not want, and now will not have, fruits, jams, etc., in which certain preservatives are used, peanuts that have been varnished to make them look nice, etc. Of the groceries tested in the laboratory one of the most frequently adulterated is baking powder. A delightful concoction known as a tart proved to be puff-paste made with alum, with a jelly centre dyed with coal-tar. The article goes on to say: "So little baking powder is used in some homes that this product would seem comparatively unimportant. But a great deal of baking powder, however, is used in the bought cake and biscuits, and a great deal of this is adulterated." The adulteration may be by ammonia, which is fraudulent but not injurious, or by alum, which is decidedly injurious as it hardens the tissues of the mucous membranes. As a precaution, look at label and see if ingredients are stated. Better refuse it if alum or something that looks like alum (such as alumina) is one of them, or if the ingredients are not stated by the manufacturer it will be well to select some other brand.

Jams, jellies, catsups, confections, gelatine, dessert powders, flavoring extracts are often colored with coal-tar dyes. These dyes are sometimes harmless, but very frequently injurious, depending on the particular combination. There is one bottle of Creme de Menthe at the Normal School which contains a coal-tar dye sufficiently poisonous to have killed two people. The bottle is almost full, but the small amount used caused the death of a man and his wife, and then the product was sent for analysis. Extracts are also adulterated with wood alcohol and with turmeric, a fruadulent adulterant.

No doubt many cities and towns will profit by Westfield's experience and follow its example.

Bits of Advice

VINEGAR will remove the odor of paraffin from earthen and tinware; dip a rag into the vinegar, and scour the vessel with it.

A teaspoonful of salt in the water in the outside vessel of a double boiler will raise the temperature of the contents of the inner vessel. A cereal may be made to boil in this way without danger of burning.

To clean white plumes make a thin paste from gasoline and flour. Dip plumes and cover with paste. Lay aside to dry, then shake well, and plumes will come out clean and fluffy. This has been tried many times.

Plants in the Sick Room

WE often hear the statement that plants or flowers are harmful in a sick room, and especially at night. Though scarcely anyone can explain the reasons why, they are in reality very simple, and the standing order to remove all plants or flowers from the room at night is based upon very common facts of plant physiology.

In a talk given recently in *The Medical Record* by Dr. Robert H. M. Dawbarn, New York, the three reasons are given very clearly: "Flowers possess three prominent functions," he says, "so far as they affect at all the air about them.

"First—Transpiration; they give up moisture taken up from the soil; hence the air is somewhat damp and humid, if many, particularly growing, plants, are kept in the room.

"Second—Respiration; they act much as we do as to this; they use up oxygen, and in the exchange give off carbonic dioxide.

"Third—Photosynthesis; this is the name given to the action of sunlight upon the stems, leaves, and all green parts chiefly. It is the reverse of the result of respiratory activity, as just stated. That is, so long as there is daylight carbon dioxide is taken in the oxygen given off by photosynthesis; consequently until nightime arrives No. 2 and No. 3 may be said to balance each other, leaving neither good nor ill results. But during the entire night Nos. 1 and 2 continue their activities, while No. 3 is temporarily suspended.

"No. 1 is not objectionable, but No. 2, without No. 3 to balance it, acts (in principle, but not in amount) until the return of daylight, just like an additional person breathing in the room, thus leaving a little less oxygen for the use of the invalid."

Sterilization in Canning

THE art of canning in one form or another is almost as old as history itself. The early Chinese possessed this secret long before the era of modern civilization, but "the reasons why" which lay back of the art have only recently been thoroughly explained.

The great secret of canning or preserving lies in complete sterilization. The air we breathe, the water we drink, all fruits and vegetables, are teeming with minute forms of life which we call bacteria, or molds, or germs. These germs are practically the sole cause of decompositions or rotting. The exclusion of air from canned articles, which was formerly supposed to be so important, is unnecessary, provided the air is sterile or free from germs. The exclusion of air is necessary only because in excluding it we exclude the germ. In other words, air which has been sterilized or freed from germs by heat or mechanical means can be passed continuously over canned articles without affecting them in the least. If a glass bottle is filled with some vegetable which ordinarily spoils very rapidly—for instance, strong beans—and, instead of a cork, it is stoppered with a thick plug of raw cotton and heated until all germ life is destroyed, the beans will keep indefinitely. The air can readily pass out of the bottle through the plug of cotton, while the germs from the outside air cannot pass through, but are caught and held in its meshes. This shows that the germs and their spores or seeds are the only cause of spoilage that we have to deal with in canning.

Germs which cause decay may be divided into three classes—yeasts, molds and bacteria. All three of these are themselves plants of a very low order, and all attack other plants of a higher order in somewhat the same way. Every housewife is familiar with the yeast plant and its habits. It thrives in substances containing sugar, which it decomposes or breaks up into carbonic acid and alcohol. This fact is made use of in bread-making, as well as in the manufacture of distilled spirits. Yeasts are easily killed, so they can be left out of consideration in canning vegetables. Molds, like yeasts, thrive in mixtures containing sugar, as well as in acid vegetables, such as the tomato, where neither yeasts nor bacteria readily grow. Although more resistant to heat than yeasts, they are usually killed at the temperature of boiling water. As a general rule, molds are likely to attack jellies and preserves and are not concerned with the spoiling of canned vegetables. The spoiling of vegetables is due primarily to bacteria.

SIMNEL CAKE

This cake is made in three parts. Mix eight ounces of flour with four ounces of butter, and four ounces of castor sugar, add enough milk to make a dough, and roll out to about half an inch in thickness, with which line a well-greased tin. Make an almond paste with four ounces of ground almonds, four ounces of castor sugar, and one egg; knead to a paste and roll out to about half an inch in thickness; cut into a circle rather smaller than the cake tin. For the cake mixture take eight ounces of self-raising flour, six ounces of castor sugar, eight ounces of currants, eight ounces of sultanas, four ounces of butter, a little grated nutmeg, half a pint of milk, and the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and fruit, and mix all thoroughly with the milk and eggs. Half fill the lined tin with the mixture, put in the layer of almond paste, then the remainder of the mixture, filling it nearly to the top of the lining. Cover with another layer of icing, using same quantities as in the first. Bake in a moderate oven for two to three hours.

NUT GINGER CAKE

Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour into a basin; add one cupful of chopped walnut meats, one-half tablespoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and a little grated nutmeg; melt together in a saucepan one cupful of molasses, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of milk. Let cool and add the dry ingredients with two well-beaten eggs. Mix well, then pour into a butter and floured cake tin; bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

BURNED SUGAR CAKE

One-fourth cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls sugar (light brown preferred), two eggs, two rounding cupfuls of flour (measured before sifting), one cupful cold water, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, three or four teaspoonfuls of burned sugar syrup. Use common straight tumbler to measure with instead of cup. Cream butter and sugar together, break in the eggs, and beat well; add water, burned syrup, and, lastly, flour, which has been well sifted with baking powder. Bake in layers. The burned sugar syrup is prepared by putting any quantity desired of granulated sugar in spider over the stove, stirring constantly until a nice brown, then add boiling water and cook to syrup. Put into a can

MEAT BALLS AND PEAS

or convenient receptacle you have on hand. For the frosting, use one and one-half cupfuls light brown sugar and the whites of three eggs, add a little water and three teaspoonfuls of burned syrup to the sugar, and boil until a little dropped in cold water will "ball." Stir about half this with the beaten whites and allow the remainder to cook a little longer. Beat until cold.

CHOP SUEY

Put one cupful of onions, fried until brown, one cupful of celery cut in two-inch pieces and then shredded and stewed in vegetable stock for half an hour, one cupful of fried mushrooms and two cupfuls of boiled rice in a saucepan with a cupful of thin brown sauce. Let all heat together for ten minutes, and season with salt and pepper.

ESCALOPED CHICKEN

Boil large, tender chicken until done, remove skin and gristle, and chop meat. Butter a large dish, put a layer of pounded crackers in the bottom, add bits of butter, and moisten with cream. On this put a layer of chicken, season with white pepper, salt, grated onion, peel and nutmeg, bits of butter, and a few chapped oysters. Put over this more of the cracker, butter and cream, and then a layer of chicken. Cover top with the crackers and butter. Bake in hot oven half-hour.

PINEAPPLE ICE

This is not an ice cream, but an ice with all the fluffy whiteness of a cream, but without the cloying richness of the latter. It is quite different from the ordinary ice, being especially light and delicate in character, and as delightful to the palate as to the eye. No gelatine is required for this ice, egg whites giving it body as well as its creamy whiteness. Put one cupful of white sugar and one pint of water over the fire and bring to a boil. Let cool, then stir in half a can (or one cupful) of chopped pineapple and the juice of two lemons. Put in freezer and turn until it begins to thicken slightly; then add the well-beaten whites of two eggs, stir up well and beat until frozen. Pack and let stand a few hours to ripen.

GOOD SANDWICHES

Press through a sieve one pint of preserved fruit, either apple, pear or quince. Add to it one-half of a cupful of dried currants, one-half of a cupful of raisins, one cupful of chopped nuts and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Cook for thirty minutes in a double boiler. When cooked spread between slices of buttered bread. Rhubarb and jam marmalade may be used in making delicious sandwiches, especially if cream cheese be served with them.

CREAM OF RICE PUDDING

Take one cupful of rice, three-fourths of a pint of milk, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cook in double boiler until very soft, and strain; add the yokes of two eggs, one-fourth of a box of gelatine dissolved in one-fourth cupful of hot water, one-half cupful of fine apple juice; and lastly, the beaten whites of the two eggs. Set on ice in mold.

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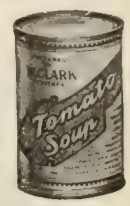

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BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

A Protest.

A TENDER HEARTED youth was once present at an Oxford supper, where the fathers of those assembled were being roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having kept long silence, he lifted up his voice in mild protest. "After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow creatures."

* * *

His Mistake.

THE husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom: but, vain precautions, his wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first-born and began to look at it vigorously. "What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife. "I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby asleep," he growled. "Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," said the spouse.

* * *

His Diet.

A COMEDIAN, who was known to be in desperate straits, was invited to a social gathering one evening. When the poor actor arrived he was seen to be thin clad, although the weather was bitter cold. He looked also as if he had not had any too much nourishment for some time. The hostess greeted him cordially.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "How well you are looking!"

"Yes," replied the comedian, "the wind has been very nutritious of late."

* * *

His Desire.

REPRESENTATIVES Hughes and Kinkead of New Jersey, and Cravens, of Arkansas, wits of the house, had just returned from the funeral of a colleague. They were discussing the pomp and publicity of a congressional funeral. "I do not want such a funeral, do you, 'Gene?" said Mr. Hughes to Mr. Kinkead. "No, Billy, I do not care to be put away with so much display." "What about you, Ben?" said Mr. Kinkead, turning to Mr. Cravens. "I don't want any funeral," responded the southerner, dryly.

* * *

It Didn't Apply.

JOHN WESLEY had a reputation for cheerfulness. In his journal he writes:

"I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment.

"One asked: 'Do you not hear what the doctor says?'

"He answered: 'Yes, but I am not of his parish!'"

* * *

A Ghost Story.

A PLAN was formed to scare a certain Tim Casey, living in a village near Belfast, on his returning from market by night past the churchyard. As he went by the usual turnip, white sheet, and lanthorn of the conventional ghost were submitted to his gaze, with the customary weird howls. Tim, however, simply looked fixedly at the apparition for a moment and remarked: "Arrah, now, and is it a general resurrection, or are ye just taking a walk by yer self?"

* * *

A Rapid Reader.

IT was the custom of the congregation to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm in concert, and Mrs. Armstrong's notion of joining was to keep about a dozen words ahead all the way through.

A stranger was asking one day about Mrs. Armstrong.

"Who," he inquired, "was the lady who was already by the still waters while the rest of us were lying down in green pastures?"

* * *

His Preference.

MAUDIE was evidently feeling embarassed about something, and she blushed prettily, as she told the sister of her fiance that she would like to buy a birthday present for him.

"You know him better than I do," she said, "so I came to you to ask your advice."

"Yes?" said her future sister-in-law, inquiringly.

"What," went on the blushing Maudie, "would you advise me to get?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other girl, carelessly. "I could only advise you in general terms. From what I know of him, I should say he would appreciate something that he could pawn easily!"

* * *

The Whole Truth.

AT dinner in a small town in Scotland it was found that everyone had contributed to the evening's entertainment but a certain Dr. McDonald.

"Come, come, Dr. McDonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape."

The doctor protested that he could not sing.

"My voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well," said the doctor; "if you can stand it I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a candid Scot at the end of the table.

"Man," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful. You're richt aboot that brick."

* * *

His Choice.

JUDGE: You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impaneled.

Moriarity: Well, then, yer Honor, Oi'll foight the shmall mon wid wan eye, in the corner, there ferninst yez."

* * *

A Trying View.

WELL," said the artist. The critic fixed his eyeglass and examined the canvas. He went close up to it; then moved away from it; then viewed it from the south-west corner; then tried it from the north-west wall.

"Good!" he said, finally. "Distinctly good! One of the best pictures of a coal mine I've ever seen! Perhaps the lighting——"

"Coal mine, sir!" cried the artist. "Coal mine!" He glared at the critic angrily, and clenched his slender fingers. "It's a bird's eye view of Blackpool! You are an ass, sir!"

"Oh, am I?" retorted the critic, warmly. "Well, that may be. But let me tell you that, if that picture represents a bird's eye view of anywhere, I'm thankful that I'm not a bird!"

* * *

Would Soon Dry Up.

THE wit of the irish was delightfully exemplified to me once when I was travelling through Ireland with the late Henry Ward Beecher. We were driven to our hotel in Belfast through a drizzling rain. When I paid the driver I said:

"Are you wet, Pat?"

"Sure, your honor, if I was as wet inside as I am outside I'd be as dhry as a bone."

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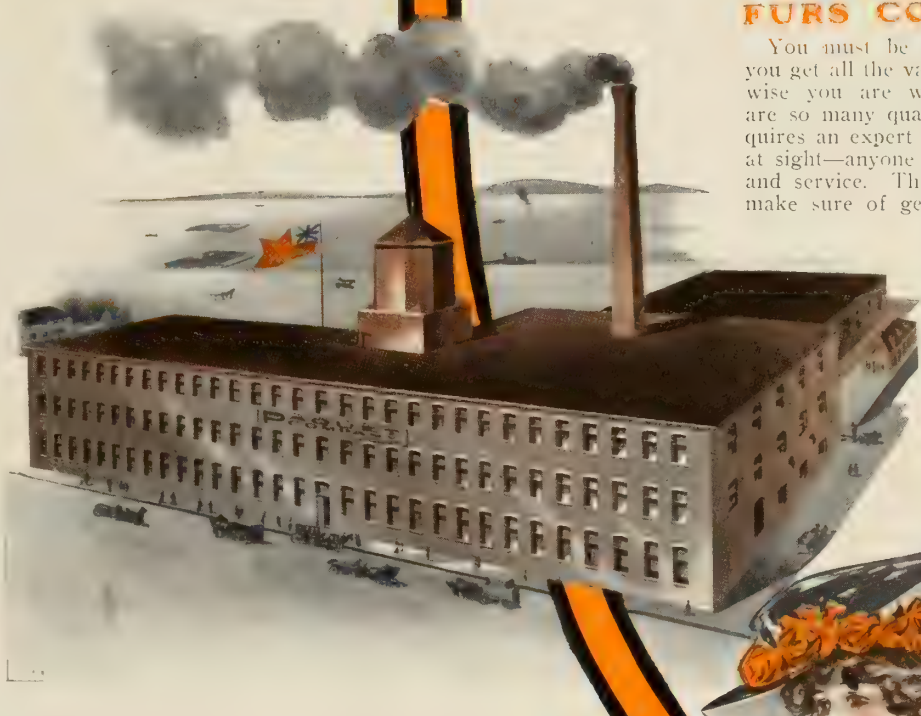

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

DECEMBER
1911

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Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

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EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER comes to you in seasonable array, with a wealth of good things for your table. In the first place, we have two Christmas stories by Canadian writers which should prove a pleasing dish of fiction. "A Wedding Witness," by A. Gertrude Jackson, tells of an averted tragedy, and "The True Spirit of Christmas," by a New Brunswick contributor, Kate H. Miles, is a bright picture of two young Canadians who found their best Christmas joy in helping others to be happy. Then there is a charming story by Nellie E. McClung, the author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance." We are sure that when you read "The Flight of Philip's Pigeons" your heart will be filled with sympathy for the small hero, who found the ways of his feathered pets so trying. Mrs. McClung has a delightful gift in representing the trials and joys of the youngsters, and you will all probably be anxious to hear more about Philip. Then there is an English story, by Annie Tibbits, about a young man who found the course of true love proverbially unsmooth; and there are our serials, which are unwinding their plots in a dramatic fashion which ought to keep you interested. There is Jennie Allen Moore's talk, "Around the Hearth," which comes with special cheer and comfort when the Yule-log is blazing—and there is some good advice in "The Month Before Christmas," and the directions as to the manufacture of Christmas toys. Embroidered trays are among the latest fashions in gifts; any housewife would be glad of such an addition to her dining-room or reception-room equipment—and our Christmas number tells you how to make them. Our musical editor gives some excellent advice on the matter of Christmas programmes, and assures you of attention paid to any correspondence you wish to send.

THE YOUNGER READERS are well looked after in this number, and will, no doubt, take as much interest as ever in the Rebus competition, which has always proved such a popular feature. There is a Christmas puzzle, also, which will give our Juniors an opportunity to exercise their ingenuity. The letters in the recent competition regarding a summer holiday have been entertaining and creditable, and we should like to have given a prize to each young correspondent. We hope you will all take an interest in the new competition, "A Winter Adventure," and send us letters which will tell of our Lady of the Snows.

FOR NEXT YEAR we have stories and articles already promised which will make the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL an eagerly-welcomed visitor. We have a delightfully romantic story of old-fashioned days, by Percy James Brebner, who wrote the novels, "Princess Maritza" and "The Brown Mask." The January number will contain, among other fiction, "The Path of Gold," a story by Ethel Kirk, a young Canadian who is winning a place for herself in journalism. There is not a week that we do not receive letters of inquiry as to ways in which women may earn their own living. Now, it is generally admitted that, if a woman is not presiding over a home of her own, it is better for her to be providing for herself than to be dependent on others. We intend to publish a series of articles on women who have made a success of certain occupations or professions. These articles will be thoroughly practical and will deal with actual cases of accomplishment. The first is published in the current issue, and tells of "The Lady of Dainty Lunches," who has seen a forty-cent cake grow into an extensive enterprise. There is nothing more stimulating to one's own efforts than to hear of someone to whom industry and perseverance have brought success. This is a wonderful age of opportunity for the woman who is not afraid of working and waiting. And there is no country which offers a finer reward to pluck and endeavor than does our own Dominion. So, these anxious correspondents may find some answer to their questions in the articles we propose to publish. Teaching and needlework used to be the only occupations open to woman; now, there is hardly a field, from ranching to architecture, which women have not entered. An article in a future number will deal with the success of women in poultry-raising, and others will show how financial success has been attained in various walks of business. The series of articles on a nurse's career will be published during 1912, and will give a practical idea of what equipment is necessary for this calling. The work of the Women's Institutes was never so flourishing as at present, and the report of the Annual Convention will be found in our January number. The Institute Department has proved one of the most attractive in the JOURNAL. We regret we cannot publish all papers.

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Mr. Grocer, why don't you sell more Mince Meat? We believe it is because you haven't told the housewife enough about Heinz Mince Meat.

She naturally *lacks confidence* in *any* commercially-prepared mince meat.

Then why don't you—Mr. Grocer—*explain to her* the difference between Heinz Mince Meat and the kinds usually sold?

Why don't you tell her of the Heinz Pure Food Institution? Why don't you describe to her its clean model kitchens, sand scoured and flushed with water *regularly*, to keep every corner sweet and spotless?

Tell her of the cleanly, uniformed work people who guard the purity and quality of all Heinz products.

Every housewife would *want to eat* Heinz Mince Meat if she could see it made. Every detail of its making is open to inspection, and thousands of visitors *do* see it made every year.

Tell her that we use selected apples—ripe, juicy, and tart; that we wash, pare and core them—taking out every bruise and speck.

Tell her of the luscious Valencia raisins—every one seeded; that our currants, too, are the finest imported and thoroughly washed.

Then you know we get choice cuts of fresh beef every day. And clean, whole knob kidney suet — snow-white and wholesome.

These things, with the finest candied fruits and peels and Heinz-ground pure spices, impart to Heinz Mince Meat its wonderful flavor—delicious—*incomparable*. And it is as *pure* and *wholesome* as the finest home-made product *can* be.

The particular housewife will appreciate your telling her these things because you can save her the trouble of home mince-meat making; and she'll appreciate, too, the fact that you actually pay more in order to give her more quality for her money—in all Heinz 57 Varieties.

Heinz Mince Meat, as you know, is sold in glass jars, in stone crocks—in Heinz Improved Tins, also by the pound from bulk packages. In selling it by the pound you will, of course, always tell your customer that the flavor will be even better if it is allowed to simmer slowly fifteen minutes before using.

And tell your customer that every pound and every package really constitutes a trial sample, because she can return it to you and receive full purchase price if it fails to please her.

Heinz Plum Pudding

Heinz Plum Pudding is a luxury of luxuries—rich, light, digestible. Big, juicy raisins and currents, seeded and washed, rare spices and candied fruits — every good thing that goes to make a plum pudding good—goes into Heinz Plum Pudding.

Other Heinz good things for the Holiday table are: Heinz Tomato Soup, Cranberry Sauce, Preserves, Jellies, Sweet Pickles, Chili Sauce, East Indian Chutney, Euchred Figs, etc., etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

Member of Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

EDITORIALS

At Yuletide

IT is actually here again—the best holiday of the year—and we realize that nothing can spoil Christmas cheer, and that even the modern commercial spirit takes a blushing and shame-faced departure when the rosy face of Santa Claus appears through the snowstorms. "Going home for Christmas" is the glad announcement heard everywhere, and the heart beats faster as the December days are marked off the calendar. Do you not remember the old times at boarding school, when you counted even the hours, as the Christmas holidays drew near? Nothing else will ever look as bright as the lights of the old town and the welcoming windows of the old home.

Yet there are homes, even in our prosperous and enlightened Canada, where Christmas brings neither warmth nor gladness. These are the spots which we must not forget in our own preparations for the festivities of the season.

Above all, let us remember the children in the hospital and do something towards making their Christmas bright and merry. The "small persons" who are suffering demand our sympathy and help, and the Christmas Spirit should inspire the gifts to the afflicted in the tiny cots.

* * *

The Institute Convention

THE tenth annual convention of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, has completed a decade of which the members of the order may well be proud. Even the most hopeful of the founders could hardly have foreseen such gatherings as met in Guild Hall, and the University Convocation Hall of Toronto, during the month of November. For years the convention was held in Guelph at the time of the Winter Fair, but in 1909 it was felt that the demands of the organization had outgrown the meeting-place, and in 1910 the capital of Ontario was the rallying-place for the members. This year, the Horticultural Exhibition was open during the convention days, and the members were privileged to obtain a glimpse of the floral and fruit wealth of Ontario. The first keen frost of winter was in the air, but there was no coldness in the welcome which the delegates received.

Mr. G. A. Putnam, the Superintendent of this work, is to be congratulated on the class of speakers secured for these occasions. Too often the subjects chosen by convention speakers are hackneyed or visionary, with little bearing on the actual needs of the hearers. Such is not the case with the Institute programmes. The addresses are essentially practical and suited to Twentieth Century needs. The women who gather at these conventions are fairly convinced of the importance of the home and do not need to be informed of the desirability of devotion to its needs. Consequently, platitudes on the subject are not regarded with enthusiasm. Such up-to-date addresses as that by Hon. Adam Beck, "Electricity on the Farm and in the Home," and that by Dr. Helen MacMurchy on "Social Service," are both practical and invigorating. In fact, the whole programme presents topics which are vital and progressive.

* * *

More Men Teachers

THE teacher's relationship to the community appears to be still of absorbing interest. A tragedy in the remote country districts has led to increased urgency on the part of editors, with regard to the necessity for more men teachers in our public schools, especially in the districts where the rougher element is prevalent. The subject is a somewhat difficult matter to discuss, and there is no special good in dwelling too insistently on an isolated tragedy. There is a practical objection on the part of young men to the teaching profession, especially so far as the rural schools are concerned. The salaries paid are not such as to offer compelling attractions to ambitious youths, who have many ways before them in this land of various and golden opportunities. Feminine competition is blamed by many for this state of affairs; yet woman, also, is finding pedagogy inferior in financial charm to a business career. It is a pitiful state of affairs that young girls should be sent to cope with conditions which would tax masculine strength—but the remedy is not easy to find.

Most observers of our modern school system admit frankly that it is a mistake to have so few men teachers. The man and the woman educator are both needed, if our public schools are to accomplish the best results; but the "feminisation" of the staff of instruction is remarkable. Those who deplore the scarcity of the man teacher are not criticizing adversely the woman teacher. It is quite natural that the boy, as he emerges from childhood, finds in the man teacher a readier understanding of his ambitions than could be expected from the woman instructor. The Boy Scout movement is helping in this crisis—but the cause of the difficulty is economic.

* * *

Music in the Home

IN our large cities, there is no dearth of good music, so far as concerts are concerned. In the country, it has been remarked by several observers that music is generally recognized as a desirable accomplishment and a refining influence. Where there used to be a small melodeon in the farm-house parlor, you will now find an upright piano in all its rosewood glory. It has been generally remarked that so many women give up their music after they are married—and devote themselves to more immediate domestic duties. This is so often the case, that a woman over fifty years of age, who plays duets with her eldest daughter was asked by an astonished guest how she had "managed" to keep up her music.

THE WOOING OF A WILFUL MAID

A Story of the Course of True Love Which Finally Ran Smooth

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS

JIM LEDWAITE stood beside his desk with his face growing slowly grey. His eyes were staring out of the window; his back turned to the old man who seemed oblivious to everything except his own concerns.

"Yes, it's that I'm afraid of, Jim," the old man was saying, "and I want you to help me to find out if you can. If she's in love with that scoundrel it'll break my heart. But I'm afraid there's not much doubt about it. He's always there in the evenings—always hanging about her. Just find out for me, lad."

For a moment Jim made no reply.

"Stella wouldn't," he gasped out at last, his voice shaking. "You must be mistaken, sir. Stella can't care for Reid—it isn't likely."

Mr. Herman's face looked a trifle hard in the morning sunshine, and he apparently did not see Jim Ledwaite's strange pallor when he turned after a moment and faced him.

"But—why did you ask me, sir?" Jim asked.

"Well, two heads are better than one, and I've nobody else to help me. If her mother was alive she would know, but a young lass is a difficult thing, Jim, and you've known her so well—been so close to us all these years. You'll be the very one to find out for me."

All these years! How the words echoed in Jim's mind. "All these years" dated back to the time when he had been brought, a waif of six or so, into Mr. Herman's house. Though eighteen years had gone by since then, that day stood out clear in Jim's mind as though it had been yesterday. He remembered it as a nightmare—a sullen, foggy day when his mother had been carried out of Herman's factory a shapeless mass, a helpless, covered body that lay strangely still when they put it on the table—that never moved again.

Dimly, through a fog, his mind had gathered what had happened. Only vaguely in his six small years had he heard from the fragments of talk in the streets that such things as "accidents" happened in the factory where his mother worked, but he had never thought what an accident meant until then—until the moment when a ghastly whisper told him that that still and awful thing was his mother.

After that he remembered only a figure coming out of a group of people towards him—the figure of young Mr. Herman, the master.

"You come home with me and play with my little lass a while," he had said. "Will you, lad?"

Jim's eyes shot to the figure of his mother, but she never moved—she gave no sign.

"Your mother will not say nay," Mr. Herman said, with a choke in his voice, and a minute later with the boy in his arms he strode out of the cottage up to the great house on the hill.

And Jim, remembering now the little fair-haired child who came running from the firelight to meet them, felt his heart jump and throb in his breast at the thought of that moment, even though eighteen years had gone by.

"Stella, my lass, I've brought a playmate for thee. Come and give him a kiss and tell him you're glad to see him."

And Stella, who had grown into a grand lady, who had been to France to school, who wore silk clothes and rode in a carriage, who was an heiress now—had flung her arms about his cold and ragged body eighteen years ago and kissed his tear-stained face.

In the eighteen years that had gone by he had worked and risen. His master had done well by him. He had fed and clothed and educated him, and at last put him in the office in the factory where, until the last month or two, he had done well.

If Mr. Herman had been a bit disappointed in the last month or two, he said nothing now. All his thoughts were on his daughter Stella, the beautiful young lady who was so different from the tiny child who had hugged the dirty boy in her chubby arms eighteen years ago.

"You see, there's nobody else, Jim, that I can think of," Mr. Herman was saying. "She's in love with somebody, Jim, and if I only knew whom, I should know how to act, maybe. You and she were such chums always, I thought you'd be able to find out better than anyone."

Jim's mouth gave a bitter twist.

"But—she's grown up," he stammered. "She's different now since she's come from school, sir. Things have altered, and she doesn't make a chum of me now, sir."

"Doesn't she?" Mr. Herman sighed.

"'Tisn't to be expected, sir," said Jim. "There's a difference between her and me. When I think that if it hadn't been for your goodness I should have been at the workhouse"—his voice choked—"I——"

"Tut, tut, lad. I don't want you to think of that. And anyhow, if you do it's all the more reason for helping me now. The lass is in love with some one," he went on. "That's very clear. I've seen it this last week or two since she's been home, and I want to find out who it is, for it's plain enough she's ashamed of it and afraid for me to find out. I don't want to ask her outright. If my suspicions are right, she won't tell me. I believe it's young Tom Reid. But I shall know what to do if we can only find out. Will you try, Jim, lad?"

Jim turned and nodded.

"I'll do my best, sir," he said. "Only since she's been to France she's got new friends, and she doesn't seem very friendly to me. But I'll do my best, sir."

"That's right. Now for certain we shall get at the bottom of it—two heads, you know, Jim; and if it's young Reid I'll take her for a trip round the world the week after I find out. She shan't have him if I can help it."

"But she may be fond of him, sir, and then——"

"Then I'll cure her," said Mr. Herman. "You help me——" He broke off to look a little sharply into Jim's face. It looked white in the morning light, and there was a weary look about the his eyes, as though he did not sleep at nights.

"You find out, Jim," he added, and then turned abruptly to his desk. As Jim left his office he looked after him, sighing a little.

"I hope it's only a phase," he muttered to himself. "I hope that lad won't go wrong."

He sat looking at the closed door for some minutes. Many rumors had reached him of late—whispered hints that Jim Ledwaite had started on the downward path—that the lad he had taken and reared and befriended was becoming a gambler, a frequenter of a bad club and a boon companion of Tom Reid, a man who was, in his opinion, a scoundrel.

Jim had been always punctual in the mornings so far and had not neglected his work, but Mr. Herman had looked anxiously often at the tell-tale lines about his face, at the heavy look in his eyes that spoke of late hours, and perhaps worse.

"Thinking about Stella will cure him, maybe," he said to himself as he settled to his work. "I'll give him something to do, and"—he suddenly chuckled—"two heads are better than one, they say. Well, we'll see."

JIM'S task was bitter enough. All his life he had adored Stella Herman, and now to be set to watch her, to look for the lovelight in her eyes, to find out who was the lucky man she loved, was almost more than he could bear, even though she had grown proud and cold since she had been in France. She no longer seemed even friendly. But he loved her just as he had always done all his life.

Ever since Mr. Herman had adopted him he had lived in the great house on the hill almost as if he had been the millowner's own son. Stella had treated him almost like a brother until lately, and now the sense that he was in the way in the drawing-room at night when he returned with her father from the factory, that she resented his appearance at their dining-table, had sent him out into the streets, to wander about restlessly until one night Tom Reid had introduced him to the club in the town.

After that he had always somewhere to go, and it seemed to him better that than face the coldness in Stella's eyes or risk the snubbing she might give him.

Now he would have to stay at home to keep watch, and it seemed to him that he was face to face with a crisis in his life as bitter as the one of eighteen years ago when his mother had been killed. It meant another break—another upheaval, for he could not remain in Medchester. He had, in fact, been on the point of telling Mr. Herman that morning that he wanted to go, and it was only the suggestion about Stella that prevented him. He would do just what Mr. Herman asked, and then go somewhere out of sight of Stella—and out of memory of her—if he could!

But at the door of the drawing-room that night he stood aghast. How could he ever forget her?

She stood by the fireplace, tall and slight, and fair, and as he opened the door she turned her head quickly. A strange flicker passed over her face when she saw him.

"You!" she said coldly.

Jim crossed the floor with an effort to appear indifferent that seemed to drive all the blood from his cheeks; and sat down in a chair on the hearth. He did not look at her, but he seemed to feel her hard, cold eyes upon him—seemed to see reflected in the very fire the proud curl of her lips. He knew the contempt she had for him, but he dared not look to see it in her face.

From a confused want of something to do, he took out a tobacco pouch and began making cigarettes. Stella stood looking down at him, with her face curiously hard and white. If he had looked up he might have thought she hated him.

"Has the attraction in the town paled—or what?" she asked with a slight sneer. "I don't believe you have spent an evening here for weeks. You'll be bored to death."

He did not lift his head.

"I daresay," he said.

"Besides," she paused, "besides, Frank and Alice Currie and Mr. Reid may look in. We shall probably play cards, and you'll be out of it. I wonder why you came in to-night?"

His fingers paused in the act of rolling a cigarette.

"I wanted a change," he said. He looked up. Ah, why did she hate him so? What had he done? How was it that his own wild love for her seemed to rouse in her such fierce antagonism?

"I believe you hate me," he said suddenly.

She turned away her head.

"Don't be silly. Why don't you go out as you always do? You'll only be in the way to-night—you'll put everything out. The others won't like to play unless you do, and you'll be the odd one. Why have you chosen to-night to stay at home? It's just like you to do such a stupid thing."

He did not speak for a moment. He rolled another cigarette, and a sudden queer silence fell between them.

"I suppose," Stella said abruptly at last, "that the girl has given you up, or something."

"What girl?" Jim lifted his head sharply.

Stella's lips curled.

"Of course there is a girl," she said. "Do you suppose I don't guess? You're like an ostrich, burying your head in the sand. But, after all, who cares? And hark! Isn't that someone outside?"

She lifted her head to listen. As she did so there was a knock at the door, and Tom Reid came in.

Jim felt the blood stand still in his veins as he watched her, and for a moment he could not believe his eyes, for a decided look of annoyance flashed over her face before she went forward to greet him.

Then it was not Reid!

Jim drew a breath. Reid came in, gave an abrupt, condescending nod towards him, and settled down to talk to Stella.

If it was not Reid, then who was it she loved? Not Reid! How his heart bounded now in his body! Not Reid!

He waited impatiently for the others to come in, and when they did at last, he rose to his feet, standing with his back to the mantelpiece almost as if he had a right to be there, forgetting for the moment that he was a nobody, and that the Curries looked down upon him just as Stella did.

She glanced towards him sharply, and for just a breathing space stood watching him—watching him, Jim thought, with a fierce, angry pang, as if she was thinking of some way of getting rid of him.

But nobody should get rid of him to-night. He had one thing to do—he would do it, and go! He was independent even of Stella's opinion to-night. He was like one at bay, and just then he did not care.

She seemed to toss her head a little. Doubtless it was his imagination. And then she bent forward, and it was no imagination now that she greeted Fred Currie with warmth.

Jim's heart burned within him. He felt hot, desperate, and

sick. If Tom Reid was a scoundrel, Fred Currie was something worse—a white-faced, cringing hypocrite.

He felt ashamed and angry. That Currie should dare to speak to her! That a blackguard like him should even touch her hand!

Jim's own hands clenched. At least, whatever his origin, his life had been clean and open and straight. And while she sat encouraging this coward who was beside her, she treated him with open contempt.

It was the longest evening Jim had ever spent. Mr. Herman was away, and no one else came to break up the little party of four.

There were songs and music. Stella and Currie sang together, and then afterwards for a bitter half-hour before they went he and she sat together on the far side of the room; and Jim watched the flush rising on her cheeks, the light sparkling in her eyes, with bitter misery. If Mr. Herman had been afraid of Reid, then what of this other—a man who knew neither truth nor honor? Better even Tom Reid, he thought, than an unscrupulous coward like Currie.

They were going at last. He rose, too, almost unconsciously following them out into the hall where they stood laughing and talking, finally saying good-night and disappearing in the darkness of the street outside.

He was brought to himself by the slamming of the hall door and the sound of Stella's retreating footsteps. She went past him proudly, not even glancing at him, and with the depression bitter and heavy upon him he turned, walked in a mechanical way towards Mr. Herman's study, where he sat sometimes.

He dropped into a chair before the dying fire, sitting for a long time cold and still, with a sense of almost bodily ill being upon him. When he heard the rattle of a key in the hall door at last he

"He dropped into a chair before the dying fire."

started; and it was a strange grey-white face that Mr. Herman saw when he came in.

"Hallo?" he said, "what brings you here?"

Jim did not reply to the question.

"I've found out for you," he said abruptly. "I've found out who it is Stella cares for."

"Eh?"

"It's Currie—young Fred Currie," broke from his lips. "I'm sorry, sir."

For a moment Mr. Herman stared with a puzzled, bewildered look upon his face. Then he laughed outright.

"Go and tell that to the marines," he said.

"But it's true, sir."

Mr. Herman looked again sternly into his face, and stood for a moment with steady eyes fixed upon him. A faint shadow seemed to have crept over him, but Jim expected more than that.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "Currie—Currie isn't a good fellow—not good enough for Stella."

"Not good enough, eh?"

"Didn't you know, sir? He's bad, and he comes of a bad stock. No, he's not good enough, but he's the one she cares for."

Another odd look swept Mr. Herman's face. He raised his hand and stroked his beard, and if Jim had happened to look at him then he might have seen that he was hiding a smile.

"There's one thing I ought to tell you," he said, "I meant to tell you before. I want to leave you, sir."

"Eh?" Mr. Herman looked startled.

"I want to go. I've felt it for some time, sir. I want to go to America."

"Good gracious, Jim!" broke in Mr. Herman. "You can't mean it? Don't talk nonsense, lad——"

"I do mean it, sir." Jim swung swiftly round. "I can't remain here any longer—I can't stand it——"

"Can't stand what?" Mr. Herman repeated sharply.

"The life, sir. I don't like it. I want to see a lot more of the world than I can see in Medchester."

His voice was steady enough, but Mr. Herman stared hard into his face as if he was seeking the key to a riddle.

"Nonsense, Jim. Think it over. Sleep on it. But now—are you sure of what you say about Stella and Currie?"

"Sure!"

"Well, I must put a stop to that. But tell me how, Jim? Two heads are better than one, aren't they? Well, put yours against mine and tell me how we are to turn her fancy. What do you think of getting some other fellow to make love to her?"

Jim made no reply.

"What do you think would be the result if you did."

"I?" Jim blazed round, hot and breathless.

"Yes, you. Don't you think you could cut out young Currie?"

"But—for fun, sir? Make love to her—for fun!" There was a depth of hoarseness in his voice that stirred Mr. Herman sharply. He bent forward, his face changing and growing serious, and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Why should it be for fun, Jim?" he asked.

Jim started sharply. His face went quickly white, the blood drained from his very lips.

"I—I don't understand, sir," he said in a whisper. "Don't torment me—I'm in a torment already. It is more than I can bear. Don't tease me, sir."

"I'm not, Jim. I mean it; I can see a lot farther than my nose as a rule, and when I suggested to you to find out who she was in love with, I knew what I was doing. I've seen how you felt for a long time. I know, my lad, why it is you began to spend your nights in a bad club, and I determined to stop it—and I set you on a job which I thought would keep you at home. Yes, I've seen it in your face—your looks. God bless her, lad! how could you help falling in love with her? The bonniest lass in Medchester. And you—do you think she couldn't care for you?"

"She hates me, sir," whispered Jim. "Snubs me——"

"Go and snub her in return, my lad," said Mr. Herman.

"I?" cried Jim, startled. "I? If you are good enough to forget who I am and how I came to you, she doesn't, sir. And you can't mean it seriously—not really."

"I do, Jim, lad. I know you for what you are, and I'd rather have you for a son-in-law than any chap in Medchester; and if you'll go in and try, I'll back you up. You'd better set to work at once and make love to her before my very eyes. And how would it be for me to be indignant, eh? To forbid her to flirt with you? That's the way wise parents set about things, I believe. What do you think, Jim?"

"I don't know, sir," said Jim in a whisper. "I only know that she hates me more than you think. She detests me."

Mr. Herman shook his head.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," he remarked; "but all I can say to you is—save her from Currie. Seriously, my lad"—his voice and face changed—"seriously, she must be saved from him, and you can do it—I know you can do it."

"Know." What did he mean? Jim was puzzled, but the chance he had given him, the hope of success worked a magic change in him.

Stella's snubs lost half the effect. He even snubbed her back, to her dismay and astonishment, and somehow the look of indignation and rage which she flashed at him scarcely hurt him.

"Tell her what you told me," Mr. Herman suggested to him. "Have it out to-night—I'll keep it up."

He did; and his words fell like a bombshell upon Stella's ears.

"Has Jim told you," her father asked, "he's going to America?"

Stella drew her breath with a little gasp.

"Jim?" she began, and stopped.

"Yes, and he wants to go at once, as far as I can make out."

"For—for how long?" Stella faltered.

Mr. Herman rose from his seat with the gesture of a man in a rage.

"That's just it. He wants to go for good—wants to go and leave us forever. His mind is set on it, I'm afraid. He's been restless for some time, and now—he'll be off unless you can persuade him, Stella. He won't stop for me—even though I'm as good as a father to him. I've called him ungrateful, but he don't care for that. But anyhow, I can't stand in his way, can I, Stella, if it's for his good?"

Stella was deathly white. All the gaiety of her seemed to have vanished like a smiling country under a mist, and as she went up to her drawing-room she stooped heavily, looking suddenly like a little old woman instead of a girl who had just left school.

She went up to the mantelpiece, and putting down her head upon it, gave a sudden sob.

Jim came in just as Mr. Herman crossed the hall, and was sent to her at once.

"Jim, go and see if I've left my tobacco pouch in the drawing-room and bring it to me."

Jim did not suspect, and at the door he stopped abruptly.

"Stella," he cried, "what is the matter?"

She stood still, scarcely breathing, her head down upon the marble.

He went forward.

"Stella," he repeated, "you are crying."

"I'm not," she lifted her head, and was instantly betrayed.

"You are," Jim took her by the shoulder and swung her round. He would not have dared do that a few days ago. "Stella, what are you crying for?"

"Father says you are going away."

"That's true."

"Why are you going?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Tired of Medchester, I suppose," he answered.

She took a step suddenly towards him.

"Oh, Jim, how you've altered lately," she said. "You're not a bit the same—not like you used to be. Jim, we used to be such chums——"

"That was before you went to France and became a fine lady," he said. "I'm not good enough for you now."

"Not good enough?"

"Well, it seems so—and, after all, it's natural, Stella. My mother a weaver and my father only a working man. I ought not to have felt it so when you snubbed me. I ought to have known my place better."

"Jim, Jim, forgive me," the tears were streaming down her face again. "Jim, I've been a coward—I—I—Oh! do forgive me."

She held out her hands, and the touch of her was too much for him. He trembled sharply. His face went from grey to white

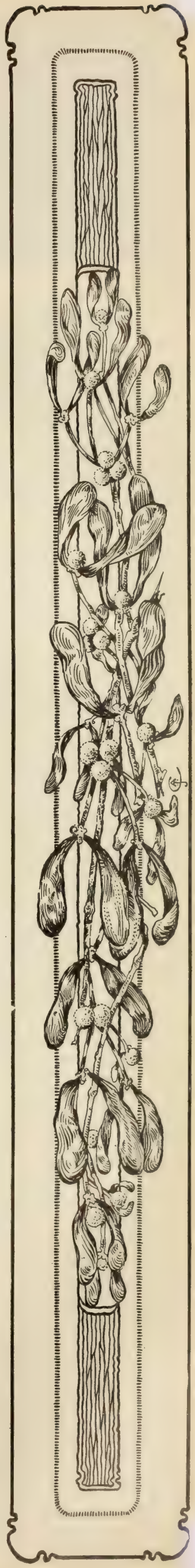
"Stella," he said hoarsely, "I—I can't help loving you—it's been torture to me day and night—I love you—that's why I'm going. I can't stand it—I can't bear seeing you and Currie together, and I've told your father so. He knows. Oh, Stella! I wish I had dared—to try to make you—forget him. I might have saved you—I might——"

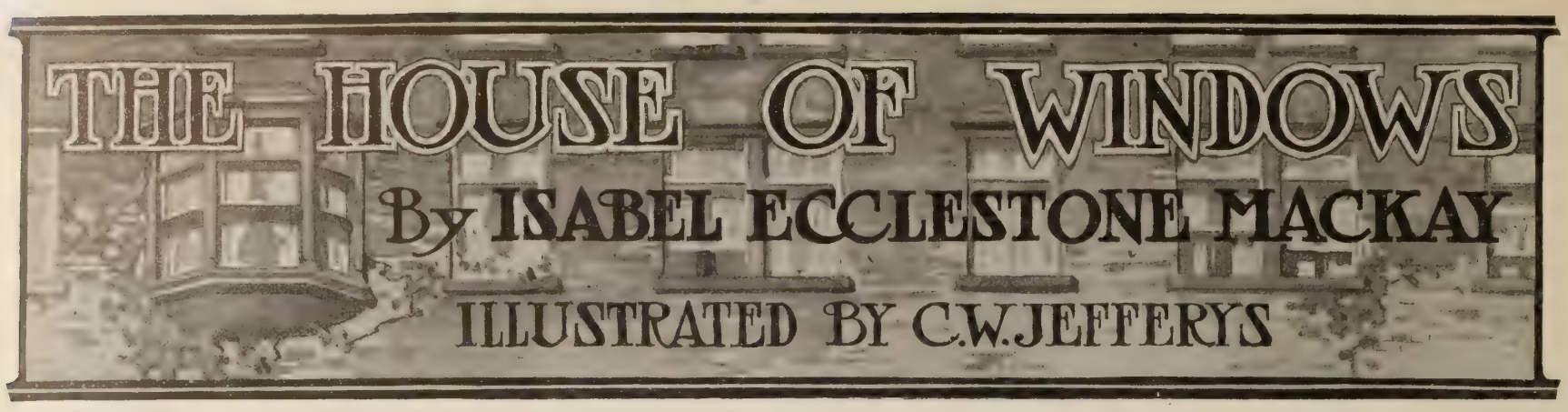
A sudden flush ran up into her face.

"Oh, Jim, do you think it is too late now?"

For a moment he stared at her. Then suddenly his arms were round her, and he was saying over and over again: "I love you, Stella, I love you."

"Oh, Jim, it was because you wouldn't say it that I snubbed you so, and tried to flirt with Currie," she whispered at last.





SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attentions of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress.

"ARE you all alone?" he asked Ada. "Have you — no brother?"

She shook her head. "No," she said, "but there is Tommy. He is like a brother. He is such an old friend—"

"My godfather," explained Christine. "He does everything unpleasant for us, sees the plumber when the bill is too large, and sees that the coal man sends us decent coal. There are times," she remarked thoughtfully, "when one really needs a man."

Adam Torrance laughed.

"You increase my respect for my sex immensely," he told her.

"Oh, Tommy does much more than that," said Ada, quick in defence. "He helps us in every way. It is he who keeps up my garden. No one else would bother. If you will come to the window you will see what he can do."

To Christine's consternation their visitor at once crossed to the window. With a proud air Ada drew back the curtain. "It is not at its best now," she said, "you should see it when the roses are out."

Adam Torrance looked out eagerly and caught back an exclamation! The tin cans and the waste paper looked even worse than usual to-day. A starved cat sat on the broken fence. An ugly dog worried an unhealthy-looking bone.

Christine laid a timid hand upon his arm. "It is Ada's garden," she said slowly. There was entreaty in her look.

"It--it is remarkable! said Mr. Torrance.

Ada dropped the curtain smiling. "One is naturally surprised to see it in so busy a street," she said.

"But," he floundered, "don't you—do you never walk in it?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "It is closed. No one is allowed there. But that does not matter. I can imagine it all so well. No doubt it would be nothing but a wilderness if it were not for Tommy."

"No doubt," said Adam Torrance. In his heart he found himself feeling a curious envy of Tommy. The making of Ada's garden was an achievement of which any man might be proud. And this fellow appeared to be something of a gentleman. How old might he be? he wondered. If he were Christine's godfather he was probably old. Nevertheless curiosity pricked him. "I wonder," he remarked casually, "if I happen to know your friend. You said his name was——"

"Mr. Burns," said Christine. There was a dimple of mischief in her cheeks. "No, I do not think that you know each other. He left the Stores years ago. He is now managing a department in Brindley's Bookshop."

Here was another blow. He, Adam Torrance, had been guilty of feeling enviously toward a clerk --where was this thing going to end?

"You amaze me," he said. "I would have thought that a man capable of—er—thinking out—such a garden would be possessed of some imagination."

"Oh, he is a poet, too," said Christine carelessly. "He has simply piles of imagination."

"Then why is he in a bookshop?"

"Why shouldn't he be?" The girl's voice was puzzled. "He never neglects his work to write poetry. And he loves books."

"Oh, Tommy is very clever," added Ada earnestly. "Mr. Brindley simply could not get along without him—must you go?"

"I am afraid I must." He felt if he stayed much longer he would begin seriously to doubt the stability of his scheme of things. "For once in my life I am a busy man. I am, as you know, investigating the state of things in the Stores. Perhaps you will allow me to call again when Miss Celia is better. As it is, you have given me many things to think about." Again he took the small hand she extended to him and again it seemed to change miraculously from the hand of Miss Brown into the hand of some delectable princess. He bowed over it as a courtier might have done.

Upon the stairs it was already growing dark, and Christine, mindful of the third step from the top, lighted the lamp and held it so that he might not have to feel his way. When safely past the pitfall he looked back, laughingly, to thank her, but the laugh died on his lips. He put out a blind hand grasping the greasy bannister, for it seemed that he was at home, in the old home of his early youth, and it was Mona who stood there looking down upon him from the dim stair with the lamplight like an aureole round her head.

"Good-bye," called Christine cheerily. The vision faded, and he stood alone upon the dark landing.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was getting on for supper time in Brook Street when Adam Torrance came slowly out of the House of Windows. An aroma of frying fish was in the air. Through a dirty window, from which the draggled curtain had been jerked aside, he could see the table destined to receive this delicacy; its cloth, white once, was soiled and stained, its edges were ragged, its sprawling crockery ugly and chipped. Mr. Torrance had not seen such a table for many years, indeed he had almost forgotten that such horrors existed. A vision of his own beautiful dining-room came to him, and, mingling with it, pictures of all the dining-rooms to which he was accustomed, their soft light, their pictures, their polished tables, their shining glass and silver and porcelain, their soft masses of flowers, the silent tendance, the delicate food. A sense of angry shock went through him. What was Providence thinking about? What did He mean by allowing people to live in places like this, to eat from tables like that, to be part and parcel, in fact, of Brook Street, and everything which Brook Street stood for?

As he stood there a little child came up to stare at him, and then another and another. They seemed to rise out of the ground and their sole business in life seemed to be staring. Mr. Torrance was irresistibly compelled to return the stare and what he saw surprised him not a little. These children who lived here and ate fried herring were just like any other children. They were dirtier and more ragged, but for the rest they were just little plump, round-faced children with childish eyes.

"Going in to supper, kiddies?" he asked casually, buttoning his glove.

The starers did not seem interested in supper. "Say, are you the doctor?" asked one little fellow curiously.

"I said he ain't," sang out another. "I told you he's the preacher."

"Well, he ain't," echoed a third. "He's a undertaker. Look at his gloves."

This seemed conclusive. They all looked at his gloves.

"I'm afraid you are all wrong," said Torrance, laughing. "I'm the ice cream man. That's what I am."

How the eager eyes searched his face. "Ah, what's yer givin' us?" said one sceptically.

"I keep my ice cream in a store at the corner," said the ice cream man. "You'd better run and get some before it's all gone."

But they were not going to take a big thing like this on trust. Before he knew it two dirty little hands were slipped in his and the remainder of the escort lined up behind.

"You come too," said the spokesman. "They won't give us nothin' unless they sees you."

"You surprise me," he said gravely, "I did not know that the scepticism of the age was affecting the ice cream business."

"Can we get the pink kind?" inquired the spokesman.

"Certainly. If I have any pink kind left. I *think* I have some left," he added quickly.

The escort gave a faint "Hooray!" quickly checked. They entered the store at the corner in good order. Not for worlds would they have imperiled their promised treat by want of decorum.

"We have come for ice cream," said their conductor. "The pink kind."

"Five or ten-cent dish?" asked the waitress briskly.

A dozen eager necks craned forward.

"Ten-cent, of course!" said the ice cream man.

A long sigh of contentment passed around the circle. He was a really ice cream man after all.

Mr. Torrance's last sight of Brook Street was a dingy ice cream parlor crowded with happy children and presided over by a hard-faced woman, who, for once, seemed strangely human and not above the extravagance of putting an extra peak upon those gloriously pink ten-centers.

"Good-bye, Ice Cream Man!" shouted the children, and it is significant of yet another change in the outlook of this personage that as he waved good-bye, he quite forgot to pity the youngsters or to feel his own manifest superiority in the scheme of creation. "Nice little kiddies," he thought comfortably, as he swung himself on a car, and, chuckling a little, he removed the now soiled gloves of the "undertaker."

In the quiet of his library he thought of it again, and again he chuckled, wondering what Mark would have said had he been there to see. Mark—Mark was almost a child himself. A child longing for something which he could not have—that was why he had been sent away. With an impulse of loneliness he rang the bell and asked if there were any letters.

"No, sir," answered the correct Benson. "That is to say, yes, sir—there is this, sir. It did not come by the regular mail, sir."

"This" was an object upon which any well-regulated servant might look with scorn. It was an envelope of sorts, but so dirty, so dog-eared and so scrawled upon that one did not wonder that the "regular mail" had scorned to deliver it. Lying upon its silver salver it looked like a very bad joke or—a message from the fates.

Mr. Torrance regarded it with disfavor. It was a begging letter, of course, and as such was not his affair. "Give it to Mr. Jones. Tell him to attend to it."

But Mr. Jones, it appears, had attended to the regular mail and had then gone out. There was nothing for it but to open the unsavory communication himself or to wait until Mr. Jones should return. Ordinarily, he would most certainly have waited, would have thought, indeed, no more about it, but the influences of the afternoon were still strongly with him.

Strangely enough, he had no premonition of horror, no foreboding of any sort, as he picked up the soiled thing lying on the salver. We call that sixth sense which sometimes gives us warning of the approach of great or terrible things "strange." But is it not far stranger that these things should steal upon us unawares? Is it not more marvellous that their step should be silent, their approach unheralded? Is it not passing strange that one moment a man may stand facing the future, head up and with a smile, while hidden from him by only a few moments, a few ticks of the clock, is some undreamed-of blow of fate which will bring his life a clattering ruin about his feet.

Adam Torrance opened the soiled letter with a rather tired smile, but with a comfortable feeling in his heart that he was really doing his duty at last. No more shirking of unpleasant things, no more passing over of responsibility to Mr. Jones.

Not until he had the single sheet of paper which the envelope contained spread carefully out beneath his reading lamp did the first dim warning sound. Then some instinct at the back of his self-satisfied brain seemed to stir. "There is trouble here," it telegraphed. A nameless sense of lurking danger awoke, his heart began to beat more rapidly. "Danger, danger!" telegraphed the inward monitor, but its warning was not very loud, and Mr. Torrance himself was conscious only of an unexplained premonition of evil. Carefully and still smiling he adjusted the glasses which he really did not need and read the lines which were to write themselves in black across his world.

"Mr. Adam Torrance. Sir—" he read (the writing looked like that of a bad hand at its best or a good hand purposely made almost illegible.

Where had he noticed the same peculiarity before?).

"You never expected to hear from me again," he read on slowly, "but now the time has come. You thought your baby died, but she didn't. That would have been too good. She's alive all right, and going down to hell like my poor girl that your Stores ruined. My girl was a shop girl. Your girl is a shop girl, too. Where my girl went, your girl is going. When she's lost forever like my girl was I'll tell you. You can have her then if you want. But you can't save her. The end will come soon now. I'll let you know when. Never say one mother didn't get her revenge. To show you I speak the truth I send you her ring."

Mechanically he shook the dirty envelope and there rolled out upon the polished table a baby's gold ring set with a pearl. He knew that ring well. He grasped at it with a choking sound. It rolled away from him, falling, and hiding itself among the rich rugs upon the floor. After staring a moment he fell upon his knees, searching with frantic eagerness—it was such a tiny thing, so easily lost, so frail a thing, so easy to trample under foot. He thought only of the ring, he did not dare to let his thoughts stray from it. There was something else, something horrible—unthinkable—something about the child who had once worn the tiny ring. He dared not think of that—only of the ring.

But the ring, so small, so frail, eluded him—he could not find it.

When, later, the stolid Benson came in with the respectable information that Mr. Jones had returned, he thought that the library was empty. Then suddenly he saw his master lying face downwards among the crumpled rugs upon the floor.

CHAPTER XX.

AGAIN, as if, in defiance of aphorism, history were taking pleasure in repeating itself, the servants in the Torrance house went about with frightened faces. Of the strange seizure which had overtaken the master the night before they had no explanation, but real tragedy brings with it an atmosphere as impalpable yet as penetrating as the air we breathe. Mr. Johnson, the detective, felt it as he sat in the library, waiting. He had scented calamity from the moment of coming into the house, and now Mr. Torrance entered with its history writ large upon his haggard face. As once before upon entering that room, he came slowly, and in his hand he held a scrap of dirty paper; only this time he left no distracted woman upstairs; whatever the burden was, it was one which he must carry alone.

The two men shook hands in silence. Both were thinking of that other meeting and the memory weighed. The detective was the first to recover himself. He cleared his throat delicately.

"Nothing very wrong, I hope, sir?" he said. "You are not looking yourself. Must have had a nasty shock. They tell me—"

"I fainted? Yes. I believe I did. It was very sudden—the shock. But I am quite recovered. Physically I am well, but I cannot answer for my mind if—if something is not done." His firm lips trembled—a bad sign.

"Something shall certainly be done, at once," declared the detective calmly. "As you say, it will be better not to prolong the—the suspense. If you will tell me just exactly how things are." He sat down comfortably and crossed his feet with a show of ease.

"First, do you remember the other occasion upon which your help was needed? Do you remember the details?"

"Certainly. It is my business to do so. Before coming here I looked up the whole case. I keep a full record of all my cases, even such as appear to be settled."

"Ah—yes. Such as appear to be settled. We thought that case was settled—"

"Excuse me," interposed the detective neatly, "*you* thought."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it was you, if you remember, Mr. Torrance, who thought that the case was settled. When you received the letter announcing the death of the child you were convinced that the child was dead. It was a matter of conviction, not of proof."

"I *was convinced*," said Adam Torrance. "Do you imply that you were not convinced also?"

"For argument's sake we will say that I was, although, as a matter of fact, I am never certain of any death until the law, so to speak, has passed upon the body. This child's body was never found, therefore, speaking from a professional standpoint, I could not go so far as to say that the case was definitely closed."

"That is beside the point. As a matter of fact we both were convinced that the child had been murdered or had been allowed to die in revenge for a real or fancied wrong. What we might have done had we not been so convinced I cannot say. I dare not think. If I should once begin to reproach myself with negligence or too much credulity at that time I should go mad. At present I am still sane and I know that I was blameless in the matter. Let us put it aside if I am to retain my senses."

"I think you are wise," said Mr. Johnson quietly. "Let us begin all over again. You have another letter? I have the first here. I have brought it with me."

The two men placed the slips of paper under the reading lamp side by side. In silence the detective read the scrawled words of the second letter. "My God!" he said.

"Is the writing the same?" asked Mr. Torrance dully. His hand did not shake as he spread the papers out more carefully. They went over them together.

At first glance it could be seen that the paper was different, the ink different, but, allowing for the fact that the second letter was much more shaky than the first, more soiled and more blurred, the writer of them both was undoubtedly the same.

Adam Torrance wiped a cold sweat from his forehead. "That proves it," he said. "I felt that it was the same. Now I know. The same fiend wrote both the letters."

The detective's examination was more minute, but his conclusion was similar.

"It is undoubtedly the same," he declared. "The hand that wrote this second letter is older, and more unsteady with continual drinking or illness—drink, I should say—the paper smells of it. The envelope is poorer, probably the sender is poorer also. The ink is thick and old—like the ink in a bottle seldom used; perhaps a bottle in some third rate eating house or tavern; the pen has been almost past its use. All these things might be feigned, but I am inclined to believe them genuine. If there is anything in the story at all they must be genuine, for the person writing must by her own story be in the depths of poverty and degradation. Yes, I think we must consider them genuine."

"The corner of a crowded street car is as good a place as another for the reading of a letter."

Adam Torrance moistened his dry lips. "And where does that lead us?"

"Nowhere—at present. But it shows us that we must look for our party in the slums, among the very poor."

"The party who wrote the letter?"

"The party who wrote the letter."

"You have not told me what you think of the letter itself—of the truth of its assertions, I mean."

"My dear Mr. Torrance, I do not know what to think. The letter appears to be genuine. It is horrible enough. We must do our best to find the writer."

Again Mr. Torrance moistened his dry lips.

"If the letter is genuine, the assertions stand at least a chance of being true. There is at least a chance that my daughter is alive to-day. That she is a young girl at an age which needs every loving safeguard, that she is somewhere in this city—"

"Now—go easy. You'll break down if you go on like that. Don't imagine. Refuse to imagine. Get down to facts. There may be nothing in this at all. If there is, we will soon find it out. Stick to that. What makes you imagine that she may be hidden in this city?"

"I don't know—a feeling. It came to me last night. The fiend who wrote the letters is here. This letter was delivered by hand, slipped in the letter box. See, it has never been through the mail at all. Would she not in her morbid revenge have the girl under her own eye? Would she not add zest to her revenge by having my daughter within reach of my hand and yet so utterly beyond me? I tell you, Johnson, I believe that, if we find her at all, we shall find her in this city."

"You may be right. The first thing to do is to offer a large reward for information leading to the finding of the person who dropped a letter in the letter box of this house. Money is no object, I suppose? It gives us a chance, for, if the letter-writer did not venture here herself, someone ventured for her. And it will be a queer thing if money will not make that someone speak. Of course, if she brought it herself, we lose that chance. But it is worth taking. You have questioned the servants?"

"Yes, they know absolutely nothing."

"Well, I'll question them again. I'll mention that there is a reward. It may help.

But no persuasions of the bland Mr. Johnson, and no offer of reward could extract from the servants information which they did not have. Whoever had brought the letter had managed to bring it unseen and unheard; some time while the master of the house, in the character of benefactor, had chatted with the sisters at the House of Windows, or while, in the character of ice cream man, he had brought Paradise to Brook Street, a sinister shadow had flitted by, leaving this dreadful thing in its wake.

"They don't know anything," said Johnson, at last. "We will insert the reward in the papers at once. Then we will go through the stores of this city with a sieve. How is it with your own Stores? Any record kept of the family connection of its employees?"

"Yes, there is supposed to be a complete record."

"We'll hope the others are the same. We'll sift them out. We'll investigate all orphans, all adoptions, all households which have anything at all irregular in their families. It can be done quietly and without giving offence. Not until we know the parentage of every girl in every store in the city shall we be justified in concluding that she is not among them."

"But think of the time?"

"With money we can shorten time. It will not be a long job at all if I can have all the help I'll need. The cases needing special investigation will be comparatively few. You yourself are not in touch with any of your employees, I suppose?"

"No. That is, I have not been up until the present. But since my return from abroad I have been personally looking into the management of the Stores. I have met only one family personally. It is a family of three sisters—the name of Brown. The eldest sister is ill, and the youngest sister is taking her place in the Stores. The other sister is—is blind."

"No one else in the family. No adopted child?"

"No."

"Well, that is one family off our list. We will begin at once. The age of the lost child would be sixteen? Is that right?"

"She would be seventeen next May."

"That narrows our search still more. For although it would be unlikely that the child would know her proper birthday, she would probably be aware of her age within the limit of a year. Things look brighter than I had expected. Perhaps the old hag who wrote the letter has given us all the clue we need in telling us that the girl we seek is working in a store. I fancy that she does not mean a small store, such a store as might employ one clerk or two or three. Far more likely the girl is lost in one of our great departmentals, where she is one of a hundred, a tiny spoke, almost lost to sight in turning the immense wheel. That is probably what the woman's own daughter was—stay. It *is* what she was, for was she not employed in your own Stores?"

He pocketed his notebook and picked up his hat with a brisk air of confidence and, so potent in suggestion, that for the first time since the shock of the letter, Adam Torrance felt something like hope.

"Do not spare money," he said. "Thank God, there is plenty. But you must let me help too. I could not stand the suspense otherwise. And I have telegraphed for Mark—Mark Wareham, my adopted son."

"Oh," said the detective, pausing and darting a keen look at the other. "I did not know that—er—"

"That I had adopted Mark? At least, it is the same thing. He has been like a son to me for years. But, don't mistake—if—if my child is found, no one would rejoice more than Mark."

"Um-m," said Mr. Johnson. "Just so. Let me see—is Mr. Wareham a nephew?"

"No. He calls me Uncle, but if we come down to actual relationship, he is only a distant cousin."

"Independent fortune?"

"None. But you mistake if you think that Mark

is mercenary. He is no weakling either, and could at any time make his own way. It has been my will and not by his that he is in the position he is. You will find him as eager in this search as if he were my own son."

The detective snapped his notebook shut again. "Well, I'll take your word for him, and you'll excuse my questions. I don't come across many such disinterested young men—not in my business. Let me know when he arrives and we'll keep him busy. And don't you worry—er—more than you can help. You know," he added awkwardly, "I don't believe that there is anything in that—er—threat, you know. If the young lady is alive it is quite possible that she may be—er—supporting herself. But, bless me, there's no disgrace in that. Lots of young ladies do it. Doesn't hurt them at all; does them good. You can take it from me that there's nothing in the other—er—suggestion."

Adam Torrance shuddered. "How do we know?" he asked. "How can we be sure? Such things have happened. If she is alone and helpless—"

"Now, don't think of it. Such things have happened. But they don't happen anything like they might. If you were in my business you'd be surprised. Yes, sir, you'd be surprised how seldom such things do happen—everything considered. And blood tells. Don't you ever believe but that good blood tells. Yes, sir, I've seen it too often not to know."

The miserable man looked at him gratefully. "Yes, I have thought of that. It is my best hope. Her mother's daughter—surely her mother's daughter—"

"Don't you ever doubt her mother's daughter," said the detective cheerfully. "Wherever she is, she'll pull through."

But as he left the house behind him he looked very grave.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE sun, which in these autumn days was getting lazier each morning, was well up and shining cheerily through the curtains of the House of Windows when Celia woke upon the day which was to see Christine return to the Stores. They had told her about it the night before, and it had seemed to Celia, then, that somehow life had cheated her. Ada and Christine and Tommy had urged, explained, and entreated. They were all against her and, perforce, she had given in. Their victory had been the more easy in that Celia herself had few arguments to support her opposition. She did not herself understand the reason for the stand she had taken, she only knew that she had fought for it, given herself for it, lavished on it every energy of heart and brain. To be defeated at last was bitter. She looked back slowly, heavily, through her sixteen years of struggle and realized how impossible they would have been had it not been for the hope which had upheld her. To give Christine what she had missed herself, to hold back with frail hands the Juggernaut which had crushed her own youth, and to see Christine free, healthful and beautiful. This had been the one sustaining purpose of her life. She had lost all sense of proportion, of course; and when they explained to her that Christine's work at the Stores was but a temporary expedient, she had no real sense of their meaning. She could not realize the calamity as a partial one. To her the fact of Christine's entering the Stores at all was defeat open and avowed.

Yes, life had cheated her. It had whispered to her to work on and on, and then, when the goal was within sight, it had allowed her to be stricken down, drained of strength, a helpless, useless being, too weak to raise a hand to avert the overthrow of her one hope. They had all been so kind, she felt no resentment against anyone, but not one of them had understood. She knew that they considered her unconquerable opposition stubbornly unreasonable—lacking in common sense.

She awoke, to find the autumn sun bright upon the wall and Christine standing before the mirror pinning her pretty hat over her bright hair. Celia could see the face in the mirror thoughtfully smiling. The hat was being adjusted very carefully, with a slow sliding in of the long pins.

Christine gave the hat a last adjusting pat and turned to her.

"Oh, you are awake, dear!" she said, slipping her round young arm under Celia's head, in order to kiss her more thoroughly. "Isn't it a scrumptious morning? I am starting early, so that I may walk all the way. I don't believe they ever have weather like this anywhere else in the world."

Celia managed to smile faintly, but Christine's eyes were sharp enough to see the effort. Immediately she abandoned her idea of walking to the Stores and sat down comfortably upon the bed.

"Cissy," she said, using the old baby name which had been the first word she had ever said. "I don't believe you are a bit resigned in spite of all our efforts. You do not look resigned, so I am going to tell you the other part of my plan. Tommy and I have been talking it over. When you are quite well and have had a good holiday and are strong again, I am going to leave the Stores at once and take a special business course. Tommy is going to lend me the money. I think I am just as proud as you are, dear, and you can trust me that it will be a strictly business proposition. The amount needed will not be large, and Mr. Brindley has guaranteed me a good position as soon as I can take it. Then I can pay Tommy back. We won't insult him by offering him interest, and of course no one could ever pay back his kindness, but, otherwise, we shall be business-like to the last degree. You know, he wants to give me the money to go to the university, but I couldn't take that. The time is too long and the risks too great; but the other proposition seems reasonable. What do you think?"

"Yes," said Celia vaguely. There was no use in disagreeing. But she had no faith in the plan. It would never be carried out. The Stores would see to that. They would never let her go, this ignorant young thing, sitting there so confidently, planning impossible things with level brows and smiling lips.

"Christine," called Ada's voice from the sitting room. "You will be late—"

Celia turned her face away, and Christine, thinking that she wished to sleep, drew the blind quietly and went out.

"You'll have to take the car now, dear," said Ada. (She had all the wonderful time-sense of the blind). "But before you go look at the letter behind the clock. It came yesterday when you were out. It is only a circular, I suppose."

"From the directory, I suppose," said Christine. Her cheeks were flushed and her hand was trembling. The letter had come then, after all.

"Is it a bill?" asked Ada anxiously.

"No, dear,—it's—oh, nothing. I'll take it with me. I must run. Good-bye."

"I must tell her," thought Christine, as she sped down the steps. "I feel like a conspirator. I'll—I'll get Tommy to tell her. No, that would be cowardly. I'll tell her myself. I'll read her the letters. She will enjoy them. There's nothing in them

that anyone might not see—only I don't seem to want anyone to have the chance." She laughed in amusement at herself. Somehow the world seemed a specially pleasant place this morning. The crowded car was flooded with autumn sunshine, but she did not realize that it was she herself who brought some of the glory with it. She only noticed tired faces looked up at her brightly, and that one fatherly old gentleman beamed upon her broadly as he made room for her in the corner.

And the corner of a crowded street car is as good a place as another for the reading of a letter. Truly one's toes may be trodden upon and one's hat crushed, but there is something delightfully private about a crowd. One may blush and smile at will, quite hidden by the broad party who hangs upon the strap in front of one.

Christine's letter was shorter this time. Her correspondent frankly confessed a falling off. "I do not seem to be able to write for nuts any more," he wrote despairingly. "I don't know why. I always thought I was rather a dab at writing. And all the time I am thinking such jolly things to say, but when I sit down I can't think of them, 'not if it was ever so.' Thank goodness I shan't have to be here much longer. On Monday we start up the Coast. In another month I'll be back, and then I'm coming East, uncle or no uncle. I have absorbed enough atmosphere and assimilated impressions sufficient to satisfy a cannibal.

"We start up the Coast next week in a tug called the 'Shuswap.' According to Macgregor it is a fine name, and 'byordinar' lucky." No one, he assures me, has ever been lost off a 'Shuswap.' No 'Shuswap' has ever been wrecked, but all have come to a natural end in their beds, or, to be more exact, their scrap-iron heap. All names are either lucky or unlucky, it seems, some much more so. For instance, there are some names which simply fly in the face of Providence and are disciplined accordingly. There is in the harbor, now, a trim looking yacht with shining brass and dainty cabin. It is rumored that she carries silver plate and hand-embroidered linen, but no one will buy her because her name is 'The Davy Jones.' Already she has sent two successive owners to join her namesake in the 'locker.' Macgregor seems to think that it served them right. I suggested that the name be changed, but he shook his head. 'I doubt if there's paint made thick enough to hide a name like yon,' he said. Then he told me tales until I declare he made me wonder if there might not be something in a name, the immortal Bill to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Last Sunday we took out a picnic party on the 'Shuswap.' There were Miss Jane and Miss Marian and pretty Miss O'Hara (and don't forget the O). For men, we had Mr. Rickman and Mr. Macdougal (whose folks in Scotland have a real, live piper to assist digestion, and who is reverenced accordingly), Macgregor and myself. I had an instinct that I was supposed to devote myself to Miss O'Hara, and I did. I don't think it was my fault that I happened to be devoting myself to her in the bow when a big wave came over and soaked us both. It was entirely Rickman's fault, for insisting on steering through the tide-rip in the Narrows without knowing his business. It also was not by any want of devotion on my part that there were no curling tongs on board. I scarcely see how Macgregor and I could have foreseen their necessity; but it is certain that Miss O'Hara appeared to blame me for the whole catastrophe.

"But this was the only unpleasant incident of the day, and even it was not without its good effect. Macgregor, who was gloomy in spite of himself, as he felt uneasy about going 'pleasuring' on the Sabbath, quite cheered up after it. He seemed to think that we had got what was coming to us and could now call quits.

"Vancouver is very American in taking its Sunday lightly. That morning the Narrows were quite gay with bobbing pleasure craft of all kinds, launches, excursion steamers, yachts, and little rowboats with a single sail. Even the water was unruly. But when we had steamed into Howe Sound, Sunday came upon us unawares. It is a wonderful stretch of water, walled in by mountains, dotted with quiet islands. I don't know where all the dancing little pleasure boats went, but in half an hour we had lost them all. Five minutes more and Macgregor and Macdougall were arguing predestination, Marian and Mr. Rickman discussed esoteric Christianity as expounded by Mrs. Besant, Jane and I had agreed that whichever died first was to haunt the other, just to prove that it could be done, and little Miss O'Hara had accepted the fact of no curling tongs with a beautiful and Christian resignation.

Later on, we quoted poetry, though, when it came to my turn, I could think of nothing save

"'Far and few, far and few, are the lands where the jumblies live,
Their heads are green and their hands are blue, and they went
to sea in a sieve.'

"Miss O'Hara surprised me by quoting Keats. She does not look like a Keats person. Rickman said he didn't know any but patriotic pieces, but he knew so many of them that he had no call to feel shy. He informed us in many different ways and at much length that in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations he remains an Englishman. And then Macdougall told us about the flowers o' the forest which are a' weed awa'. (Don't know what it means.)

"By this time we were all horribly hungry, so we took the 'Shuswap' in to a place where a single house is perched upon the hillside and partook of soft-boiled eggs and hard-boiled tea with fixings. I never saw anything more peaceful than that place. It had a beach of colored pebbles and water as clear as if it weren't there, a background of pine and cedar, up and up—and a sunset so gorgeous that Macgregor shook his head at it as being too pronounced for a Sabbath evening. As usual, when every prospect pleases, only man was vile. The owner of the house was grumpy. He did not appreciate the peace of his surroundings at all and complained bitterly that things were more lively here before he lost his license.

"Coming home (there were no waves now) Miss O'Hara confided in me that she would like to spend her honeymoon on a tug boat. Steam, she said, was so soothing after the eternal chug-chug of the launches. (Rickman owns a launch.) I said that I felt sure that Macgregor would loan the 'Shuswap' gladly for so laudable a purpose, but the reply did not seem to please her, for she went over and talked to Macdougall about Celtic poetry.

"Have I bored you with all this scribbling. I know that at least I have not said anything that I wanted to say, or that I thought I might be able to say. I wanted to tell you all that I really thought in that peaceful Sunday amid the mountains, but I could not do it. Thoughts seem so pretentious, so pompous, so affected when written down. Are they really so, I wonder, or is it a kind of false shame that keeps us always on the surface, ashamed to speak of deep things, so terribly afraid of provoking a smile?

"When I come East again and you and I meet (as you have promised) shall we discuss anything and everything save the

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A WEDDING WITNESS

The Story of a Dramatic Ceremonywith Happy Ending

By A. GERTRUDE JACKSON

LOIS EMERSON hesitated as she viewed the only empty place in the train. For one moment a touch of racial pride curled her scarlet lips, then the Christmas spirit filled her heart, and she dropped into the seat with a smile. Its occupants, two Armenian women and a man, scowled openly. The young woman beside her jerked a magnificent mink collar around her neck, and drew back into a corner. She was short, and round, and plump, with a pretty, babyish face in dusky curls, and set with eyes like sloes. Her whole expression was a childish pout, and she turned the gold band on her finger petulantly. The young man, a swarthy, low-browed, weak-faced fellow, whom Lois took to be her husband, called her Anys.

The other woman was taller, older, and consequently more womanly. It came out in their conversation that she was a sister of the little wife. She talked to the man in low whispers, and he met the caress in her tones with covert, adoring glances. At times the girl Anys leaned forward to address them, and their open indifference aroused a smouldering fire in her black eyes. After the first dark looks they ignored Lois completely.

Across the aisle were four deaf and dumb boys, who were apparently telling stories. Their unrestrained merriment touched a chord in Lois' own happy heart, and she almost laughed aloud when they rocked to and fro with laughter. It was four months since Lois had been home, and she was bubbling over with gaiety and good spirits. The Christmas feeling intoxicated her, and her whole soul was aglow with the infectious happiness of it. Then she caught the somber eyes of Anys upon the scarlet rose on her coat, and the smile faded from her lips.

It was her first insight into a world that had been far from her own sheltered girlhood, and it fascinated, while it repulsed her. She marvelled at the youth of the little wife; she marvelled at her indifference to publicity. She wondered who they were, how they lived, and how they happened to be traveling together. The man's hands, though dark-skinned, were soft and well kept. The dress of the two women spoke of wealth and cultured taste. All around them people were laughing and joking. The crowd of young men at the door were teasing each other good-naturedly; there was a smile on the face of the peevish woman in front of them; the tired mother of four restless urchins was giggling like a girl as she shifted the weight in her arms. But back in the corner the pretty face of the Armenian girl was set and cloudy. Lois looked at her wistfully, hoping she would speak, but Anys still twisted the gold band and pouted her already heavy lips. Two crimson spots burned upon her cheeks as she watched the man, whose attention was riveted upon the woman at his side; the latter was showering upon him the subtle flattery so fascinating to a young man when it comes from a woman of maturer years.

The train stopped at last, and Lois drew a long sigh, half relief, half regret, as she picked up her suitcase to change trains. The Armenians were getting their wraps too, but she slipped out quickly. The train for Waverley was not in yet, so she wandered into the little alcove of the waiting-room, and found a quiet corner. She was scarcely settled when in came her companions of the train and seated themselves not far from her.

The woman dropped a jeweled chatelaine on her sister's lap and went off in search of a drink. Anys crept close to her husband and fondled his hand in her own, and touched her cheek against his sleeve lovingly. She said little, but the passionately clinging touch spoke volumes. Lois couldn't stand it. She turned her rocker that she might not see the bored yawns of the foreigner as he submitted indifferently to the caressing fingers.

"I wouldn't be like them," thought Lois, "for all the money on earth, though the money'd come in mighty handy just now." Then she sighed—a very wee one, for she laughed before she finished sighing. A pretty set of fox furs danced before her eyes, but she shrugged her shoulders daintily. After all, it was Christmas, and who could be bothered being sad because one's father happened to be a minister in a little outside city church, where money was a rather scarce quantity? She was going home, too. Even as she smiled at the thought of little Bub at home with his mop of curls, a shadow fell aslant her lap, and she looked up to see the Armenian girl, Anys, standing by the window. Lois looked back slowly towards the man. The woman had returned, and was talking softly to him; he was laughing, and Lois shivered suddenly. Just as the shadow of the proud, little figure at the window had shut out the sunshine, so these people clouded her happiness. Her impulsive little soul ached to throw both arms around the lonesome wife, but decorum and inbred tact forbade it, so she just tapped her rubbered foot impatiently, as she looked up at the slowly-moving cloth.

"Pshaw!" she muttered, as she went to the door to see if there was any train in sight. "You're a great goose, Lois Emerson! The very idea of getting yourself all balled up over affairs that are no business of yours."

The train was coming, but with a schoolgirl's impulse she unfastened the red rose that the girl had looked at so long, and tore back to the window in the alcove.

"I love roses, don't you?" she cried impetuously, laying it on the small, dark hand on the sill. Then she fled, but not too soon to have seen that rare smile light up the gloomy face.

She boarded the train and, to her amazement, a few moments later, she caught a glimpse of the Armenians getting on the same one, but in another coach. A feeling of irritation came over her, but the nearness of home soon dispelled it, and when she rushed off the train at Waverley into Father's arms, the Armenians faded into the oblivion that, sooner or later, is the fate of all clouds.

Talk of clatter! Lois descended on the parsonage like a cyclone, and three small tornadoes were waiting for her. She could not get near Mother, for Bub was clinging to her skirts, and Elsie was showing doll dishes, and when she grabbed up Baby, he beat his new spoon on her head in an ecstasy of joy. Father set down the suitcase, and chimed in laughingly, "Now, Mother, what do you think of this for a quiet, college-bred young lady?"

Mother smiled, but her eyes were suspiciously dim as she kissed the happy face, and took Baby.

"You noisy people!" she laughed. "Don't you know enough to give the poor girl a chance to sit down after such a long trip?"

Lois flung off her coat and caught Mother round the waist. "It's your turn to sit now, Mother. I'll run the shack."

"The shack!" echoed Father in mock annoyance. "The idea!"

Ting-a-a-ling!

"That awful bell!" said Mother. "Hush, children, hush. There's someone at the door."

It was Father who was wanted, and Lois grumbled merrily. "There, Father, some old garrulous thing has come to pour his troubles into your Christmas ear."

"Lois!" reproached Mother gently.

"Oh, well then, Mother, it's Mr. Rich with a turkey, and a new fur coat for Father, and a pig, and a set of Limoges china for you."

The dancing grey eyes were irresistible, and Mother burst out laughing. "Oh, you're a perfect terror, Lois. I laugh more in a day when you are home than in a month when you're away."

"Mmm-mmm-mm," murmured Lois reflectively. "Do you suppose I'd make a fortune if I took out a patent?"

The door opened, and Mr. Emerson put in his head. "A wedding," he said softly. "I'll need you for witnesses, Mother and Lois."

Lois made a dash for the mirror and caught the stray ends that had escaped from the well-arranged masses of brown. As they entered the hall, she caught a glimpse of the bride and groom in the parlor, and stopped with a gasp of dismay. There sat the Armenian and the woman! They were alone!

She advanced into the room, half-dazed, and waited for a look of recognition from them; but they were totally unconscious of ever having seen her before. She drew her hand across her eyes as one awakening from a dream, and, spellbound, watched them stand up together.

"So Anys wasn't his wife, after all," flashed through Lois' brain. Then she remembered the wedding ring upon the girl's hand, and her attitude towards the man.

The woman's dark face was aglow with more than love. Lois closed her eyes to shut out the gleam of the triumphant light in the black eyes. The boy—he was no more—looked ill at ease and restless.

Lois clenched her hands. She looked appealingly at Mother, but her eyes were downcast. What should she do? Did anyone ever hear of interrupting a wedding? And then—maybe it was all imagination! Maybe they were not married!

"If only I could tell Father," thought Lois wildly. He was saying it now—ah—"If anyone among you know aught that should prevent this man and woman being joined in the holy ordinance of matrimony, speak now, or else for ever hold your peace."

Then followed that awful silence. The very beat of Lois' heart cried out to stop, but her tongue was stiff, and refused to move. The deep voice began again. For one instant Lois was again in the alcove of the station, and trying to escape those agonized black eyes. Then an overwhelming flood of sympathy swept away all the barriers of diffidence, fear, convenionality.

"Father, Father!" she cried hoarsely. "Oh, stop! He's got a wife."

The sudden stillness was more appalling than a peal of thunder. Mother was speechless with amazement, and Father looked wonderingly over his glasses. Lois took two quick steps forward, and her hands were outstretched impulsively. "Oh, don't, don't!" she cried again passionately. "Such a dear little wife, with her cheek against your sleeve! Oh, how can you? How can you?"

The boy was sobbing unrestrainedly, but the woman stood with a sneer on her face. Her bitter antagonism was fast changing to disgust. The tears were coursing down Lois' flushed face, and the slight, girlish figure trembled like an aspen leaf, but she did not hesitate.

"Oh, you'll be so unhappy, when it's too late. Oh, I'm so sorry—so sorry. Please, please go to her! Do go quickly! And it is Christmas! Oh, do go!"

With eager hands she pushed them gently towards the door. The woman was silent, but the tears fell softly now from her averted face. The boy caught Lois' hand, passionately, wildly—"Ah, Mees—Mees—"

Lois withdrew it gently. "You will love her," she whispered brokenly. "Always you will be good to her—she is so little—so sad—and—and it is Christmas!"

The door closed. For an instant Lois stood motionless. Then with a swift step she crossed the room and buried her face on Mother's breast. "Mother, oh, Mother!" she sobbed.

"Dear child," murmured Mother, and she stroked the sunny brown head with trembling fingers and a thankful heart.

And among the things that Lois prizes most there lies a letter, written in a childish script and stained by tears. It came by the hand of a little newsboy who said he had been charged to give it to the minister's daughter.

"I know now," it read, "what your Christmas means. It has come to me, too. I hope you will have Christmas all your life. Anys Settissian."

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

A Story of How the Christmas Spirit and Cupid Worked Together

By KATE H. MILES

CHRISTMAS without much money to spend is hard, but Christmas without any of the true spirit of the day is unbearable."

Nancy Langford spoke the words aloud, although there was no one to hear. She was so thoroughly in earnest that she felt she must relieve her feelings by getting some of those heated thoughts off her mind, so spoke them out to the crisp, frosty, December air, through which she was traveling swiftly, settled comfortably in the warm musk ox robes which made the light and daintily built pung a luxurious resting place, and drawn by a spirited little chestnut mare, who seemed to enjoy the pace she was setting over the smooth, well-packed snow of the country road. There seemed no reason, if one could judge by appearances, why the driver of this turnout, herself arrayed in a big fur coat, fur-gauntled gloves, and fur hat with a scarlet wing on its side, should bemoan the lack of that spirit which it seems at this particular season should permeate everybody within the radius of Christianity and the Christmas story. Indeed, one could not discern, even after a careful survey of the attractive face beneath the close fur hat—almost the color of the little tendrils of hair which curled up around its edge—any deep-rooted evidence of discontent or melancholy. It was a serious face, and just now there was a pucker between the golden brown eyes, and a little droop of sadness to the mouth. Yet the eyes observed and twinkled in sympathy with a squirrel who whisked with business-like haste along a fence rail, and the corners of the drooping mouth went up in a smile which sent a glow straight to the heart of the small boy who received it as he stood fastened in his tracks by the snowdrift into which he had plunged and waited for her to pass.

"There are all the Wheelers, or as many as can get near the window," she mused, the droop returning, although she did not forget to wave her hand to the faces in the window, watching so expectantly. "Poor kiddies, they think I'm going to town to buy their Christmas presents, I suppose, and of course they won't be able to understand when they find they have been left out entirely. It seemed the right thing when Mother and I decided that, as we couldn't afford to spend as much money for Christmas gifts as we usually do, we should cut the neighborhood families out of our list. We *have* saved money and time, for the cooking has been so much less with only our own family to consider; but we've lost, I know we've lost so much more happiness than the actual reducing of household expenses can ever repay. I know Mother isn't satisfied, and I'm actually sorry I have to go to town—and it's the day before Christmas."

Soliloquizing along this line, Nancy let her little mare dash over the smoothly-frozen road at its own pace and they were soon opposite the town which lay stretched along the bank of the broad river, whose covering of pure and glistening crystals was sparkling and glittering in the sunlight. She guided the lively little beast down the bank, then sighed deeply.

"It's a beautiful world and ideal Christmas weather. I must try and catch some of the right spirit which insufficient attention or something has failed to develop in myself."

She did her best to keep the pucker from her forehead and the droop from the corners of her mouth, but it was hard to set these mood vanes for fair, when, after leaving her horse at a stable and finishing her few last-minute errands, she wandered through the busy, good-natured crowds in the shops and saw the toys and books and inexpensive gifts in such quantities—and the poor little Wheelers were waiting and watching so hopefully.

"Oh, you poor kiddies," she thought in despair. "Why are you so many? I couldn't get one little gift for each and have a parcel worth while without the candy and cookies and other things which I *haven't* got home."

Things before the golden brown eyes grew misty, so their owner was startled when a voice at her elbow spoke her name.

"Hullo, Miss Nancy? Up to your eyes in shopping?"

She managed to smile at the big broad-shouldered fellow who had worked his way to her corner, and she hoped he did not notice the droop and the lack of cheerfulness. His glance seemed to rest on something satisfying to its owner, and his expression would lead one to believe that there was no lack in what he had found.

"Not half as far up to my eyes as I would like to be," she confessed in a tone which plainly implied that there was more to tell.

Nancy knew this man, Harold Binney, the young manager of one of the local banks, very well, as she did all the eligible young men about town, but she was surprised at her feeling of pleasure in this encounter and at her sudden desire to pour out to him her tale of woe.

"I never heard a lady make a remark like that before. You arouse my curiosity, for, strangely enough, I was just thinking along this very line—wishing I knew of some poor young beggars who would appreciate a few pennies spent on them. That's the real Christmas idea in my mind—not this empty meaningless exchange of obligations. I have just got away from the bank and I've been wishing I had some real Christmas shopping to do. Was that your idea—sighing for suitable subjects for your efforts? I dare say we can find some if we go about it properly."

Nancy's golden brown eyes were clear and direct and sparkling as she gazed at the pleasant face above her in a speculative fashion as though debating whether or not she would speak.

"I see you've got something on your mind, Miss Nancy, so can't you share it? If you know of someone who will fill the bill for our Christmas philanthropic efforts, it's your plain duty to confide in me. If you will you'll be distributing kindness in more than one direction."

"I believe," said Nancy slowly and uncertainly, "I believe I'll tell you about the Wheelers."

"Good for you. I knew you had a good card. Tell me about the Wheelers by all means, and while you are telling me can't we test that shopper's lunch which the 'Palms' people advertise?"

A very few minutes had wrought a marvellous change in Nancy's feelings. Her poor little Wheelers were looking and longing for a share, a wee tiny share, of Christmas; this big-hearted and big-bodied man was anxious for a suitable opportunity to show his faith in the season's teaching. Surely it would be right for all concerned that she should unburden her heart. Thus she reasoned as they worked their way up the crowded street, chatting gaily, and noting now and again, with newly-aroused interest, some special figure in the throng, which touched them with its unconscious joy or pathos. An old man, poorly clad and bent with age and rheumatism, stumping along with a cane, brought a lump to Nancy's throat when she saw the brightness of his face and the smile of interest and admiration he cast, as she and her attendant passed close by. When she saw a group of happy youngsters standing entranced before a Santa Claus, who was performing in a shop window, her heart warmed towards the would-be patron of her un-Santa Claused ones.

"And now for the Wheelers," smiled her companion across the little table as they waited for the shoppers' luncheon of baked beans and brown bread and aromatic coffee.

"It's rather hard to tell you all about it," confessed Nancy, looking out of the window with unseeing eyes, "but I'll have to try or you won't understand." Bravely, with now and then a little glance of appeal for sympathy at the silent and interested listener, she told of the necessity for lessening the Christmas expenses and of the doleful result as far as the Wheelers were concerned.

"I didn't even make some cakes and candy for them, and I just can't bear to think of their disappointment. I have known all week that something was wrong and to-day it came to me in full force what it was."

"Thanks," said the man simply when she had finished her story. "I'll show my belief in your true spirit by saying I'm glad your Wheelers are unprovided for, and glad and grateful for the opportunity you are giving me. Let's eat something and then make a list of the entire Wheeler family with suggestions for gifts for each. Why, the prospect of some real Santa Claus work gives me an appetite that makes these beans look good to me."

Nancy was happy, and when Binney produced pencil and notebook and bade her begin with a list of possibilities from which they might later choose a reality for the Christmas pleasure of Mrs. Wheeler she gave herself over to the joy of the task. Through the family they went, from Miss Valerie Wheeler, aged fifteen, whose name struck awe to her fairy godfather, down the seven steps to Nancy, the baby of two years.

"Nancy," murmured Binney absent-mindedly, as he wrote the name, "brown eyes and hair with real live gold in them. Nancy must have something crimson, roses perhaps."

"If you could see little Nancy's auburn curls you would shudder at the thought of crimson," laughed the possessor of the red-locked one's name. "A nice, comfortable, unbreakable dolly will make Nancy the happiest baby in the land. You don't know what a fine thing you are doing."

"I know what a fine time I am having," he retorted. "All I regret is that this afternoon must end. I've got to spend Christmas in a boarding house, refused three dinner invitations, and just decided to stay by myself and be miserable. Do you wonder I'm eager to seize the only bit of real Christmas which is coming my way?" Then, looking at his watch, he said reluctantly, "I suppose we must go and begin on Mother Wheeler, for it will take time to shop this afternoon."

"Yes, and I must get home in time to make those cakes—I'm going to do it even at this late date. Thanks to you the Wheelers will have their Christmas yet."

"All thanks is to you," he reminded her, "but, I say, can't you do without the cakes? We'll buy enough sweets to make the whole family sick."

"I must call Mother up," she said, as they made their way back to the shops. "I'll speak to her about the cookies. I'll leave you in the toy department and then we won't be wasting time."

On Nancy's return from the telephone booth she discovered the busy Binney on all fours on the floor, quite oblivious of the crowds, explaining to an entranced youngster of diminutive stature, the intricate mechanism of a toy engine.

"I'm sorry," he explained sheepishly when aware of his companion's presence, "I had to wait until you came back. I couldn't decide such a momentous question on my own responsibility. What is your good news?"

Nancy's eyes proclaimed wonderful things, and her smile endorsed the announcement.

"Why," she said, interpreting those signals of joy, "Mother has been cooking all day, she couldn't bear not to have any mince pies and Christmas cakes to give away. And she and Dad want you to come down and spend Christmas with us."

Binney wondered swiftly what part of the pleasure in her face he might take as his share in the matter. Aloud, he said, "Really? I say, that's awfully nice of your mother. Do you think I ought to accept the invitation?"

"Why, of course. If I hadn't thought so, I wouldn't have told Mother about you. You know you can help me take the parcels to the Wheelers to-night after the kiddies are in bed."

If Harold Binney was a bit disappointed by the frank unconcern of her reply, the thought of the walk under the Christmas Eve stars comforted him.

"I can't refuse such a chance. I'll go with pleasure."

"Now we *must* get to work," reproved Nancy in her most business-like tone.

Like two children they attacked that list and worked their way through it, not without much hard thinking and planning, for Nancy insisted on being practical as regards the amount Binney should spend, and was so considerate of the individual tastes of each of the subjects in hand that they were involved in many complicated questions. At last they were through. Baby Nancy's rag doll of prodigious size had been purchased. Binney had gone for his bag and returned, laden with a big box of flowers—crimson of course—and a basket of sweets. The little mare had been brought out, fresh and eager for the return trip, the parcels were stowed away with that necessary overflow of the larger ones from under the sides of the robes, which seems so characteristic of the season, and they were started for home.

Binney drew a deep breath as Nancy, having skilfully guided her frisky trotter past a big team and down the river bank in a breakneck fashion, shook the lines and they dashed across the expanse of white, now touched with the last ray of lingering daylight towards the west, and marked with the first shadow of abrupt twilight in the east, which lay far down, down, down that seemingly endless stretch of lifeless silence.

"I believe we'll go down the river," Nancy decided, suddenly, pulling the mare into a road which branched off from the one they were following. "The Wheelers won't see us pass if we go this way."

"It seems a shame to break into this long white line," Binney observed.

"Yes, but there is always a never-ending stretch ahead," his companion reminded him, and so he found it, for when they turned up a bank, which, to Binney, seemed an unmarked spot in an unbroken line of snowbank, there it went, on and on, now drawing the mantle of quietness and mystery more closely over it. There was something unreal to the city-bred man in this expanse and silence and he did not shake the spell of it from him until the lights of the rambling old farmhouse flashed a welcome to them and Nancy's father shook his hand and bade him be at home.

The farm kitchen, alive with light and warmth and satisfying odors, the hospitable dining-room and the table with its abundance of dainties, the whole house charmed Binney, and seemed a fitting setting, he thought, for the girl who had been revealed to him that day. And when, later, they trudged happily along under the stars, laden with the Wheeler's Christmas joy, the spell of the charm was still on him.

Quietly they crept to the back door of the little house, from whose windows all the expectant faces had vanished. Nancy tapped gently, and the door was opened quickly. It was good to see the expression of relief and pleasure which came to the face of the worn, patient-looking woman.

"Come in, Miss Nancy," she said in a subdued voice, lowered as if to avoid wakening some sleeper in the adjoining room.

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The Flight of Philip's Pigeons

The Story of Some Wayward Pets

By NELLIE E. McCLUNG

PHILIP was a boy of ten years, with a generous growth of freckles and a loving heart. Most people saw the freckles, but it was only his mother who never lost sight of his affectionate nature. So, when one warm spring day, Philip sat moodily around the house, she was ready to listen to his grievance, for an air of gloom shadowed the cheerfulness of the spring freckles.

"I want something for a pet," said Philip. "I have no dog, or cat, or anything!"

"What would you like the best of all?" his mother asked, with the air of a fairy godmother.

"I want pigeons," said Philip. "They're so soft and white and pretty, and they lay eggs, and hatch young ones."

All his gloom had vanished. "What will a pair cost?" said his mother, who was a business woman.

"Twenty-five cents. Out at Crane's they have millions of them. I can walk out for them. It's only five miles."

His mother produced the money and Philip was ready to start on the instant.

"Where shall we put them when you bring them home?" she asked.

Philip's suggestion that they could share his room until he got their house built was promptly rejected; but Philip's father, interviewed in private by Philip's mother, agreed to nail a box on the end of the stable.

It was Saturday morning, and a beautiful day of glittering April sunshine. Philip was back at tea time with the pigeons, tired but happy. It seemed there had been some trouble about catching them. The price of twenty-five cents was for raw, uncaught pigeons, but Philip had succeeded, and brought back two beauties, one with blue markings, the other almost pure white.

The path of true love never ran smooth: difficulties were encountered at once. Philip put a generous supply of straw in one end of the box for a temporary resting place for the pigeons, but when he put them in they kept turning round and round as if they were not quite satisfied, and Philip was afraid they were not pleased with their new lodging. Then Philip had one of those dazzling ideas, which so often led to unpleasantness with the other members of the family.

He made a hurried visit to his sister Rose's room. Rose was a grown-up young lady of twelve.

When he came back he brought with him a dove-grey chiffon auto veil, which was much favored that spring by the young ladies in Rose's set for a head protection instead of a hat. Rose's intimate friend, Hattie Matthews, had tied a knot in each side, which caused it to fit very artistically on Rose's head. Philip took out the knots and draped it over the straw and was speechless with admiration over the effect. They looked so "woozy," he said.

In the innocence of his heart, he rushed in to get his sister Rose to rejoice with him.

Rose's language was dignified but plain, and the pretty sight was ruthlessly broken up. Philip's mother, however, found an old pale blue veil of her own, which was equally becoming to the pigeons, and all was well, for the time. It was Philip's mother who proposed a Pigeon Book, and a very pleasant time was spent making it. Not a common book, bought for money, but one made by loving hands.

Several leaves of writing paper were used, and stiff yellow paper for the cover, the whole fastened together with pale blue silk. Then Philip printed on the back of it, "Philip Brown, Pigeon Book," but not in any ordinary plain little bits of letters. Every capital ended into a feather and was topped off with an arrow, and even each little letter had a blanket of dots, and the result was very gratifying.

The first entry was as follows, April 7th:

"I wocked out to Cranes, and got 2 fan tales. I payed 25 scents.

"My father put a box on the stable for me, and I put them in on bed of straw. They are bootiful. My sister Rose would not let me have her vale, but I got a prettier one, blue. They look woozy."

On Sunday Philip declared he could not go to Sunday School—he had not time; but his mother agreed to watch the pigeons, and so his religious obligations were not set aside.

Monday he made a roost, planing it smooth with sandpaper to prevent slivers in their feet.

Monday, after four, the Browns' back yard was full of boys, inspecting Philip's pigeons, not merely idle onlookers, but prospective buyers, as shown by the next entry in the Pigeon Book.

"I sold a pare to-day to Wilfrid Garrett. He can't get them till July."

Underneath this entry, in better writing than Philip's, there was an entry, made by his brother Jack—fourteen years old:

"This is called 'selling pigeons short.'"

Philip's friends told him many and varied things that were good for pigeons to eat. He did his best to supply them all, so far as his slender means allowed. He went to the elevator for wheat, he traded his jackknife for two anaemic heads of squaw corn, which were highly recommended for pigeons, by an unscrupulous young Shylock, who had just come to town, and needed a jackknife. His handkerchief, pencils, and scribblers mysteriously disappeared, but other articles made their appearance, a small mirror to hang on the wall of their house, which Gordon Smith said would make them more contented, and seeing as it was Philip who wanted it, he was willing to sell at a sacrifice—two lead pencils and a rubber. There also appeared a swing out of a bird cage, which was duly put in place. It was too small for the pigeons, but there were going to be little ones, weren't there? Four sunflower seeds, recommended and sold by a mild-eyed little Murphy girl, who had the stubby fingers of a money-maker. Philip wanted her to take it out in eggs, but Miss Murphy expressed a preference for currency. Philip thought it just as well to make no entry in his book of these transactions.

His youngest brother, Barrie, began to be troublesome, about this time, and showed an unwelcome interest in the pigeons. The ladder which was placed against the stable under their house at first had seemed too high to climb, but, seeing the multitude of spectators, who went up and down without accident, he tried it too, and so successfully that he was able at last, after a few attempts, to carry a stick up with him, stand on the rung, and poke up the pigeons.

One day he was caught with the goods by Philip himself. So indignant was Philip that for a moment he stood speechless. His young brother, jarred by a guilty conscience, came hastily down the ladder, raising a bruise or two on his anatomy in his descent. He sat on the ground and reflected. In his infant soul he felt that it was a just punishment. Nothing was said about the affair. Philip felt that the claims of justice were met. The only really dissatisfied parties were the pigeons.

The next Sunday in Sunday School, Barrie quoted the golden text, with a slight variation. "At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a *ladder*."

Only Philip knew what he meant, and he said it served him good and right.

The following entry appeared in the Pigeon Book:

"My brother barrie poks them, but he's got his lesson. To-morrow I'll let them out, there fond enuf of home now I guess."

The next day being Saturday, the pigeons were let out, and Philip's heart was torn with hope and fear. They looked so beautiful, circling and wheeling over the stable, and then away across the road. The pride of possession thrilled him, but a chill fear of their never returning kept him in suspense all day.

The Pigeon Book showed this entry:

April 14.—*"I let them out and they came back. There a pritty site."*

April 15.—*"I dreem about them every nite. I have to dreems. My good dreem is theve layd. My bad dreem is about a tom cat and to piles of fethers, its horrid."*

April 16.—*"I sold another pare to-day. I have razed the price. This pare will be delivered in August. I gave them a bran mash to-da, it makes them lay."*

Under this in Jack's writing were the words:

"Thinking of the August delivery."

Then the entries went on:

Aug. 20.—*"Wilfred is pritty meen, he thinks he's smart. They ain't goin' to lay all in a hurry."*

It seemed that the last statement was true. They were not. In spite of bran mashes, pepper, cotton batting nest, and tender care, they refused even to consider laying.

Philip was quite satisfied with them, as they were, if they would only stay with him, but the customers, who had bought and paid for very handsome young fowl, were inclined to be impatient, and even unpleasant when the two parent birds were to be seen gadding around the street at all hours, utterly regardless of their young master's promises.

Philip learned to call them. "Cuta-cuta-coooo, cut-acutacoo," could be heard up and down the street. Sometimes they seemed to come for his call, and then his joy was full. More often they seemed to say, "Cutacutacoo yourself," or some such saucy words, and fly farther away.

A rainy day came, when Philip had had them about two weeks. He came home from school to see how they were, and put in the morning fixing an oilcloth over their house. The pigeons were out, as they usually were now. At night they came home and ate their supper, much to Philip's delight. As they grew more and more independent of him and stayed away for longer periods, it seemed to him that he could not do enough for them. He changed their bed every day, he gave them fresh water, and washed their water dish twice a day.

One night they didn't come home. Philip's "Cutacutacoo" brought no answering call. He beggared himself of alleys and marbles to hire boys to help him to look. He even dared the town constable by staying out after the curfew rang, looking and asking. No one had seen them.

Through the night it rained, a cold cruel rain, or so it seemed to the little wideawake boy. He stole quietly out, afraid that he would be sent back to bed, but no one heard him but his mother, and she understood. It was dark and lonesome outside, but love lighted his way. He crawled up the ladder, hoping to find them. The straw, the cotton batting, the blue veil, and the water dish were there, but no pigeons.

Philip came back to bed. His feet were wet and cold, and he couldn't keep back the tears.

His mother, who had heard him going out, and who understood, called to him softly and sympathized. She said they were safe enough with some flock of pigeons; they would come back when they were hungry, and the rain would not hurt them, and be sure to wipe his feet.

The next day they were found across the street with another boy's pigeons, unconcerned as you please. Philip gave his Lost Heir game to the boy to help him catch them the next night when they were roosting. He shut them up then for a few days. The Pigeon Book would have been neglected only for his mother, who said it was only right to put in the bad as well as the good. That was the way of all stories, she said.

Philip wrote:

"They went awa and staid all night. I gess they were lonesome. I don't no why they don't like me. I like them."

When his mother read that she said, "Poor little fellow," and made pancakes for tea.

In a few days he let them out again. This time he was almost in tears.

They did not hesitate a minute, but flew straight down the street to the place they had been before, to the place where the people often made pies out of pigeons, and were not ashamed to say so.

Philip followed them, with a set little face.

"Say, Phil," the boy of the house called to him, "you might as well sell them to me. I'll give you ten cents each for them. They'll never stay with you. We've got about a dozen now. I'm goin' to sell a bunch of them to the hotel."

With difficulty Philip answered:

"No, Jerry, I won't sell them, but I'll give them to you if you promise not to kill them." He was watching them as they circled so gaily over his head. they were so lovely and so dear. His chin was quivering, but Jerry did not notice.

Jerry was astonished, but being a business man closed the deal at once.

The Pigeon Book was put away.

One day his mother came across it, in Philip's drawer. She found a final entry:

"I gave them away—they seem to be happy."

Then there was a smear on the paper and below it these words:

"They are ongratefull broots!"

Just WHY

Old Dutch Cleanser

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Pure Hygienic

Cleanser For

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& all

Food Utensils

Because the Cleanser is entirely free from Acid, Caustic and Alkali. It is mechanical in its action—avoid dangerous chemical cleansers.

Wash steel knives and forks, etc., then sprinkle a little Cleanser on a damp cloth and rub over a few times. Wash again and wipe dry. This is a great improvement over the old-style scouring brick.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"For somehow, not only at Christmas,
But all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others
Is the joy that comes back to you."

CHRISTMAS 1911

INSTEAD of my usual Christmas talk, I am going to give the readers of my page a little story, founded on fact, hoping it will carry its moral alike to men and women, whose lack of sentiment dulls the lives of their families and friends. Those who have read my former Christmas articles, know that I regard much of the giving at that season as an imposition on mind and purse, yet firmly believing in it as a family institution, making a bright spot in each year by the bestowal of some necessary, useful or ornamental gift, that one has longed for, and which rouses all that is tenderest in the family life and affections. It seems a fitting climax for the year, to banish for a time self-interest, and lavish some thought on husband, wife, and children, with such relatives as are needy, and upon "the poor, whom we have with us always."

Many readers will not be able to understand the vastness of the great West, where neighbors are miles apart, and which made it possible for those little children to be unacquainted with Santa Claus, but the Western folk know, and the distance, with the painful silence between the parents on this one subject, made the conditions as they happened to exist when the tale was told to me. Wishing all the readers of our CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I submit my little Christmas story.

"MOTHER, oh, Mother!" shouted little Georgie Holden, not quite seven, as he bounded into the house from school, "Say, Mother, who is Santa Claus? All the boys and girls say he is coming at Christmas, and he fills their stockings with toys, and nuts, and candy, and everything. Only they must go to bed early, and leave them hanging, and he comes down the chimney, and out of a big pack, he takes the dolls, and drums, and things. Tell us about him, Mother, 'cause I saw his picture in a paper one of the boys had; say, he looks jolly, and has a red face and white whiskers."

Mrs. Holden smiled at her little boy's enthusiasm, and Nettie, and little three-year-old Billy-boy stood at her knee, looking from her face to Georgie, flushed with his wonderful nerve, all eager to hear what her answer would be.

"Tell us what else they said about this jolly old man," she said, in order to give herself time to frame her reply.

"Oh, I can't remember all the boys and girls said, but they can scarcely wait, and they must hang clean, *clean* stockings with no holes in, else the candy would drop out, and the presents are all mixed in with the goodies, and, oh, say, won't we have a dilly time? And he caught the two eager-eyed little ones in his arms, and hugged them tightly. The laugh awakened baby sister in her cradle, and her rosy cheeks and cute smile brought them all to their knees beside her.

"P'raps he'll bring baby a kitty," said Nettie, "oh, come on, Georgie, and tell us every word."

So Georgie, who felt quite a hero, carried baby to mamma, and looked quizzically into her face, for he noticed an expression of sadness there. "Mother, did you ever hear of him before? Did he live when you were a little girl?"

She smiled. "Oh, you do know about him. Tell us, please, Mother."

AWAY back over the years her memory swept, and she was hanging her stockings by the old fireplace along with seven other pairs. She was snuggling down beside her little sister, talking in whispers, guessing what the morning would reveal. The country was new, and money was scarce, but the week before Christmas there was always a journey to the nearest town, and always a mysterious box which mother slipped out of sight very suddenly, and its contents came to light when sixteen little hands trembling with delight, emptied the bulging and unshapely stockings early in the morning of the glad day.

How pleased they were with the simple gifts, and the sweetmeats, the candy animals and the walking sticks,, and a big rosy apple in each stocking to fill up! Then the new mittens that mother somehow managed to knit when they were in bed or at school, and a delicious plump doughnut that was irresistible, and kept the little ones wondering when others that looked and tasted just like them appeared on the table during Christmas week. Then as they grew older, and prosperity came to them, there was the bestowal of richer gifts to each other, and she remembered her father pinning a pretty cameo brooch on mother, telling her he wished it was made of diamonds for she was worthy of the best. She saw again the glad look in her mother's face, as he kissed her, and held her close to him, and how she had wondered why her eyes filled with tears.

The old memories held her silent, as she recollected the one great pleasure of the year—the sleigh ride—when big and little were all bundled into the big sleigh, half filled with straw, and warm, woollen quilts were tucked around them. Father and mother, with the youngest between them, or on mother's knee, occupied the seat in state, and were protected by the one "buffalo skin," occasionally turning to ask, "Are you all warm, children?"

Then she married and went West, away out on a lonely ranch, a childless couple being their nearest neighbor on the one side and an old bachelor on the other. The first Christmas a box full of presents was sent, and the two lonely young hearts, so far from their friends were gladdened because they were remembered. The next year she lay at death's door, with a little wailing infant in her arms, and two more anniversaries followed without much notice being taken, for times were hard, and it was a struggle to keep going. Then little Georgie was three years old, and Nettie one, and the nice box that appeared annually, arrived as usual. She hung the little stockings that year, and put in the presents to the little ones, the little red boots, the picture book, and woolly dog, and told the happy little fellow that Santa Claus had put them there. He was too young to remember about that day, and the stockings were never hung again. Away out on the prairie, there was one house where Christmas passed as uneventful as other days, except that a goose or turkey graced the table, and the old bachelor was invited to dinner.

"MOTHER, what *are* you thinking about, that your eyes look so big, and you won't answer us?"

"How would it be if I told you about Santa Claus at bedtime?" she asked. "Run away, now, and have a little play, while I get tea ready."

Then she laid her head upon the table and cried, great sobs that rent her heart. When the storm had passed, she dried her eyes, placed baby in her chair, saying, "Mother's lovey, some day perhaps we can have a Santa Claus."

Then she prepared the supper, and wondered why her husband did not come in, sending Georgie to the barn in search of him. Presently he appeared, not from the outer door, but emerged from the front room, a peculiar look on his face. "Are you ill, James," Mrs. Holden asked anxiously.

"No," he said, "I was all done out shaking those heavy sacks, so I dropped on the couch for a few minutes' rest, and fell asleep."

Yes, that was what happened, but the children's voices and chatter had roused him, and he listened to all that was said. Then he witnessed the heartbroken wife, as she wept bitter tears by herself, and memory began its work. For an hour and more, a stinging remorse had lashed him. What sort of a husband and father had he been? He recalled the morning when Georgie had said in his childish prattle, "See, Daddy, see my pretty red boots, Santa Claus gave them to me."

"No such thing," he retorted, "your auntie May sent them to you," and turning to his wife, he said in an angry tone, "What's the use of filling a child's mind up with a lot of that silly twaddle?" Then he had gone out to see his dead thoroughbred colt, and indulge in the bitterness of its loss, and which had led up to the stage of irritability that made the little lips quiver, and baby eyes fill with tears. It led up to something else also, for as Mrs. Holden held the repulsed baby heart close to her own, she made a resolve, and she had kept it—no more stockings ever were hung up on Christmas Eve.

He determined he should hear the story that night, and consequently prepared to write some letters, but kept a listening ear to the merry voices in the kitchen. Presently they all went upstairs, closing the stair door behind them. He softly opened it, and sat with bated breath hearing the old, old story of Christ born in Bethlehem, the little babe in the manger, and the questions the eager little ones put to her showed at what high pressure their young minds had attained listening to the wonderful tale. Then they must know all her experiences of Santa Claus, and she went back to the days of her childhood, and told them the joys of finding her stockings full on Christmas morning, and what a happy day it always was for them, and how they looked forward to it the whole year round.

"AND now dearies, say your prayers and jump into bed." Georgie knelt a long time, kissed mother good night, and was very quiet. Nettie knelt at her knee, and asked God to bless everybody, then added, "And dear Jesus, send Santa Claus to us this Christmas. We want our stockings filled, too, and don't forget our mamma's and daddy's, and our baby's little ones, for Jesus sake. Amen."

"I want a little dog," said Billy-boy, "that wuns on wheels." The door below closed as softly as it had been opened, and Mr. Holden was busy with his letters when his wife descended the stairs, set the lamp on the table, and picked up a little blue slipper, upon which she worked quickly and silently. Her thoughts were a medley, and at times she sighed unconsciously; then again her lips closed firmly, and a set look appeared on her usually placid face. Nothing was lost to her husband, who watched her furtively as he pretended to write. He would have given worlds to hear her say, "James, let us give the children the merry Christmas they deserve after being cheated out of it so long." But she never spoke, her mind seemed elsewhere, and he felt very much alone. Not for one instant did he falter in placing the fault at his own door; he had repulsed her warm loving heart in an angry temper, and she had closed it effectually on this one point. It was his to make the advance, but how? She seemed so invulnerable that it would be like storming a fortress to break down this barrier of his own making. A thought struck him; he wrote on thoughtfully until the clock struck ten.

Christmas was drawing nearer, and the children talked scarcely of anything else, asking questions of both parents. Sometimes Mrs. Holden looked anxiously at her husband, lest he should dampen their childish anticipations with a rude awakening, but he usually evaded the direct question, and smiled indulgently while she kept her own counsel, asking no favors for the day, but was ever ready to help on the happy delusion. In a locked drawer was a gift for each of her own making, and she had sent with her neighbor for a picture book, a china cup and saucer, a little tin horse and cart, and a rattle. With the gifts that were sure to come from the East, she meant that her children should not be disappointed. The battle was on, and whether she faced opposition or no was a small matter in her present mood.

Continued on page 52

A DECEMBER LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY

MARY H. NORTHEND

THE season of jollity which comes with the Christmas holidays gives ample excuse to the hostess who would exercise the good old privileges of hospitality.

Holly and evergreens make the best possible decorations. Since the holly must be purchased by most of us, it is a good business investment to buy the artificial variety, which is very beautiful and can be used year after year.

A Santa Claus table is very satisfactory. In our illustration, the children's genial benefactor is represented sliding down a snow hill, as the central feature. White cotton, plentifully sprinkled with sparkle, is used in this construction, and a wreath of holly encircles its base, outside of which burn Christmas tapers in crystal sticks. The sled is a toy affair of wood. Santa's costume should be furtrimmed, and as fantastic as desired, not forgetting his pack of toys.

The place cards are set in sprigs of holly, the favors are bonbonnieres in the shape of red sleds, decorated with a sprig of holly and a lighted taper. Large crystal candlesticks hold white candles, having paper shades bound about with a wreath of holly. If preferred, red candles and tapers could be used, and the shades and place cards decorated with hand-painted holly patterns.

A suggestive menu is given below, to furnish some assistance to the Christmas hostess, who has so many other plans in mind that help is grateful.

Chicken Soup
Salmon in Rice Border
Chicken au Gratin
Duchess Potatoes
Olives
Tomato Cream Salad
Raspberry Jelly
Christmas Cake
Coffee

CHICKEN SOUP.—Cut up a chicken, put into kettle and cover with cold water, salt to taste, and cook two or three hours; skim off scum and add one small onion, one tomato, two sprigs of celery, one of parsley and one of thyme. Put two bay leaves, three whole peppers, two allspice and two cloves in cheesecloth bag, boil for one hour and strain, cool and skim off fat. Make a batter of one beaten egg, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to allow batter to drop from a fork in the form of strings into the soup. Cook twenty minutes. Before serving add four tablespoons of cream, but do not let boil after adding cream. Sprinkle just a shade of celery salt on the soup after serving. Serve with toasted crackers and celery as a relish.

SALMON IN RICE MOLDS.—Pack hot boiled rice in buttered molds, turn out, and after scooping out the centres, fill the cavities with coarsely chopped salmon. Arrange on a dish with buttered peas, garnish with stuffed olives and lemon, and serve hot with cream sauce.

CHICKEN AU GRATIN.—Left over bits of chicken may be combined with onions to form an appetizing luncheon dish. Peel the onions, cut off the tops and scoop out a portion of the centre. Parboil in salted water, drain and place in an earthen baking dish after filling the cavities with the chicken finely chopped and seasoned, and covering the tops with bread crumbs. Dot with butter, moisten well with milk, and bake until tender.

DUCHESS POTATOES.—Beat the yolk of one egg till thick, add two tablespoons of cream and stir in two cups of seasoned mashed potatoes. Shape in pyramids, brush with the white of an egg beaten slightly with a spoonful of milk, and bake in a quick oven until golden brown.

SANTA CLAUS TABLE

CHICKEN AU GRATIN

TOMATO SALAD

CHRISTMAS CAKE

TOMATO CREAM SALAD.—Arrange slices of tomato in glass serving dish and put on ice. Take half pint of cream, beat with fork until smooth, add one teaspoon of salt, pour over tomatoes and let stand on ice one hour before serving

RASPBERRY JELLY.—Strain canned raspberries through cloth. To each pint of juice allow a pint of sugar. Put juice over the fire and bring to the boiling point. Boil for fifteen minutes. In the meantime, melt the sugar in a saucepan. Put the two together, boil for five minutes, and begin to try. When done, remove from fire, and fill into molds.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—Make any good mixture and bake in ring mold. When cool frost with vanilla icing. Decorate the sides with stockings cut from citron, and adorn the top with strips of citron and tiny red candies to simulate holly berries. In the centre stand a cardboard figure of Santa Claus.

The Endive

A WRITER in that excellent English publication, *The Table,* says concerning this vegetable:

The endive comes as a welcome salad when lettuce begins to fail. In summer it is used as an agreeable change in rotation with the lettuce bed, and for a summer salad, it is sown as far back as April, just when the winter bed of it begins to fail.

Very hardy is the endive and deserving of a good corner in the garden. It is sown again in June for autumn salads, and at the end of July to carry the bed on to the year's end. For winter plants, the endive is sown in late autumn and unless frosts are very bad, the plants will endure the winter through, starting into good life early in March and providing the first dish of green salad for the year at a time when the garden is practically empty.

Green-curled or white-curled alike, the endive plants are good, the green sorts, on account of their coolness and their plentiful salts being esteemed for the salad bowl, and the white-curled sorts being liked for soups, stews, and boiled vegetables.

Like lettuce, endive can be boiled and treated as a vegetable. If chopped finely and served as spinach, it is excellent. Like all green garden plants, it is a purifier of the blood, as the popular idea runs. This means it can replenish the vital fluid with its own good saline matters, rendering it pure and well able to do its work.

Old wives held that endive shared with lettuce the peculiar property of making the skins of ladies very fair. In olden mythology, the story ran that Venus, goddess of beauty, obtained her fair skin because she loved to lie in lettuce beds and had endowed the green plant with the power of smoothing complexions for ever. Half this legend owed its being to the idea that lettuce, which contains opium, being a sleep inducer, was a beauty-giver, because a due amount of rest was essential to beauty. The other half owed its being to the fact that green salads in spring chased away roughnesses and pimples from the skin, making it smooth.

In old times, a sleep specific was a lettuce eaten every night for supper. Later in the year, endive had to take its place, though the green food was not quite so tender as a well-blanched lettuce. And it had not the gift of opium, the sleep-inducer. Endive has no narcotic powers at all.

By this Mark

E
D S

You will know the Contents are Pure

Your grocer may tell you he has something just as good, but has he?

¶ We are content to let the Inland Revenue Department of Canada be the judge, and they say in Bulletin No. 194 that the jams examined by them bearing the name of E. D. Smith were absolutely pure and did not contain an abnormal quantity of water or any glucose, in short they were absolutely pure.

Your

Christmas Table

will not be complete without a goodly supply of **E. D. S. Pure Preserves, Jams, Catsup, Grape Juice, Jellies or Marmalade.** They taste so home like that your guests will enjoy them as well as your own family.

Sold by all good grocers.

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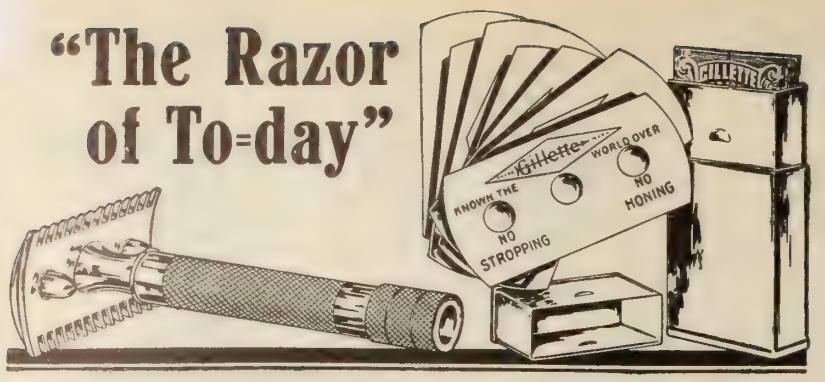

"The Razor of To-day"

GILLETTE Blades are Harder

—Keener—Smoother Than Forged Razor Blades

Before the GILLETTE was invented razor blades were all *forged*. That is, a piece of mild steel was heated and hammered out till it took the form of a razor blade. Every heating, every hammering, changed the hardness of the steel a little—how much, no man could tell, but more in some parts than others, because these parts were hammered out more.

Naturally, to temper perfectly a blade of such uncertain and uneven hardness is impossible.

In making GILLETTE blades we start with an ingot of steel, **too fine in quality to stand forging, whose composition we *know* by analysis.** We roll this out to the thinness of the finished blade, then stamp out the blades ready for tempering.

The composition of the steel is not altered by the rolling and stamping as it is by forging, so that each blade comes out not only **even in texture throughout,** but **of the same quality as every other blade.** As our patented automatic tempering process tempers each blade *through and through* in precisely the same way, the finished blades have an **even, uniform hardness** which cannot possibly be equalled in forged blades.

Two of the hardest, keenest, smoothest shaving edges the world has ever seen are found on each and every GILLETTE blade. Not only is the GILLETTE the safest, quickest, most convenient and only adjustable razor, but it carries the best edge. That is what interests the shaver most.

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WITH THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Our Competitions

OF course, the very first thing we want to say to all of you is, "A Merry Christmas." We hope that the December Twenty-fifth stocking will contain all that you could possibly desire, and perhaps that stocking will even overflow with skates and sleds and toboggans, which would never go in a small person's stocking. In the midst

HAPPY TIMES FOR SICK LITTLE ONES

of all the fun of this merriest month, do not forget the little ones who are sick and whose Christmas must be spent within the walls of a hospital. In the Hospital for Sick Children, at Toronto, are many who need your kindly thought and good wishes at this glad season, and we hope some of our Juniors will remember these sick ones with words and deeds of good cheer.

The letters we have received on "A Summer Holiday" are so cheering and bright that we are sure our Juniors, who are scattered so widely, must have opportunities for the very happiest holidays in the world. It has been hard to make a selection where all have done so well, but we have finally selected the prize-winners. The first prize of three dollars goes to Miss Isabel Turnbull, Bird's Hill, Manitoba; the second prize of two dollars is awarded to Miss Dorothy Marston, Toronto. We have found it impossible to publish all the letters, but we know you have enjoyed those already printed.

In our new competition, we are offering two prizes for Juniors under fifteen years of age, for the best articles—not exceeding five hundred words, on "A Winter Adventure." The competition will close February 15th, 1912, and the

CHRISTMAS IN HOSPITAL

prizes will be three dollars and two dollars. We have extended the closing date by a fortnight, and hope to hear from many of you again.

Rebus and Puzzle

FOR your special delight at this season we have a rebus, which you will find on the opposite page, and also this Santa Claus puzzle. The first who sends in a correct solution of the rebus will be given a prize of two dollars, while to the first who solves the puzzle we shall give a year's subscription to this publication. The following is the clever rhyme, sent by your good friend, Mrs. E. M. Gardner.

A Christmas most happy, dear friends, to you all,
A New Year most prosperous too;
Come, guess what I've got in this ponderous pack,
And then you'll know just what to do.
For I'm sure you'll agree not a worthier gift
Could a friend on a loved one bestow
Than the one you will find if you properly guess
What is written my picture below.
My first you will find in my ample moustache,
The next in my old heart so gay.
My third shows distinctly in both of my eyes,
My next's in my cap, so they say;
My 5th's in my ankle—indeed 'tis in both,
While my 6th in my nose you will see.
My 7th and 8th you will find in my hands,
Which are active and strong as can be.
My 9th's to be found in my whiskers so fine,
And the 10th in my shaggy white hair.
My next in my rheumatic knee holds a place,

And my 12th in my shoulders so square.
My 13th you'll find in my mouth when I speak,
And my next when its silent and still.
My 14th shows up in my rosy red cheeks—
—You may take a rest now if you will—
My 15th you'll find in my joints rather stiff,
My body so round holds the next.
Seventeen you will see in my pupils so bright,
And 18 in my arms—don't be vexed
If I tell you the next will be found in my nails,
In each one of the twenty, for sure;
And the next, with the last, in the calves of my legs.
That is all! I regret they're not fewer.

Our Holiday Letters

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 1, 1911.

Dear Editor of Journal's Juniors:

As the summer competition is on "Our Summer Holdiay," and the best time of the year, except Christmas, is in the summer, I thought I would enter the competition.

We camped for two blissful summers in a little town about twelve miles west of Toronto. We camped in an orchard, and, although we didn't leave the plums and cherries entirely alone, we could have done worse. The only thrilling experience we had in that line was when I broke a limb off a cherry tree, when we were tasting of its forbidden fruits. Have you ever broken a limb off a cherry tree? If not, you can't sympathize. It is impossible to imagine the

awful feeling that rushes over one. Suffice to say, I'll never break another.

We used to play the most original games, for it seems to me that games are adapted to places, and the game that is so popular at home is quite a failure elsewhere.

Our favorite game we called "Chase." My chum and I, who were always together, were generally "chased." The four remaining ones would wait till we ran out of sight, then they would "hunt us down." The exciting part was when we were sighted, and chased. Sometimes it was a very close race, sometimes we were caught, but sometimes we reached the goal in triumph.

Our other game bore the name of "Fort." This was played in the empty barn. My chum and I were generally inside. The object of those outside was to get in, and ours, to keep them out. Such a hacking, pulling, yelling, shouting, and altogether unearthly din that went on when this game was in progress can readily be compared to a wild Indian war dance, Indians being supposed to make a great deal of noise when participating in the above mentioned.

Besides these "amusements," camp life is about perfect, in my opinion, anyway. We always had our meals outside, unless there was a drenching downpour, and even then, in the tent, it is not nearly as bad as one might expect. The sound of the rain on the tent is like a monotonous lullaby, and inside it is as dry as a house—almost.

Then it is simply glorious to sleep almost in the open every night, to discard all unnecessary raiment, and to do just about what you please. Another distinct advantage of camp life is that there is hardly any housework to do, consequently the time is almost all your own.

Then, of course, there were other characteristics of the summer life—boating, bathing, a picnic or two, bonfires on the beach, fishing, long rambles, and rows on the lake and up the river.

Then, to think we have to leave all this for school! Never does arithmetic or spelling look gloomier. Packing-up and moving-day is about the saddest of the year. But there is always a summer coming ,to look forward to, and one left behind, to remember.

Now I will have to close, as I fear I am taking too much time and room, but one could almost write a book about a summer holiday.

Wishing the Juniors' Page every success, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

Aged 14. DOROTHY MARSTON.

I certify this is the sole work of my daughter, Dorothy.

C. L. MARSTON.

* * *

Dear Dorothy:

This is a nice letter, indeed, and I am very glad to hear from you. I have never broken the limb off a cherry tree, but am sure that it must be an exciting experience. I think your games must have been delightful. I don't think there is any place quite so nice as an orchard to play in.

Mt. Albert, Sept. 3, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and enjoy reading it very much.

The most delightful of my holidays were spent at Lake Simcoe last summer. My mother and father and sister were with me and we had my grandpa's tent. We were right near the lake and I had fine times.

I went in bathing nearly every day. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had their tent next to ours and I was down there nearly all the time; if I was not down there I was on the beach or out driving, as Mr. Brooks had his horse (Nellie) with him.

Mr. Brooks and I went driving every day and sometimes we were down to Sutton two or three times a day. About every evening we went over to the Black River to fish. My Auntie was with us, too.

One morning my sister got up early and went over to the river. She caught a large black bass, besides some other smaller fish. One other evening my sister caught a catfish, and as it was dark she could not see the horrid creature, but thought it was a bass. But when she went to take it off the hook it stung her finger. There were a few Indian camps back in a bush and we used to go back and visit them, and one of the Indian girls gave me a basket and I made a handle for it .

My two cousins, aged three and five, came up from Toronto. I used to wade in the water and get clam shells for them. Hoping my letter is not too long, I am

Aged 11. OTHA VANDEWATER.

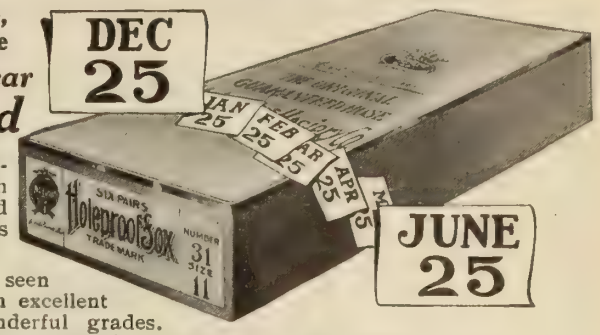
E.M. Gardner

CHRISTMAS REBUS

Solution must be addressed to Rebus Editor.

A Christmas Suggestion

Six Pairs of Soft, Fine, Stylish Holeproof Hose —Six Months' Wear Guaranteed



Here are six beautiful pairs of hose with a guarantee ticket and six return coupons enclosed.

You have never seen finer hosiery, such excellent colors or such wonderful grades. "Holeproof" in twelve years has become the most popular hosiery. A million people are wearing it now.

Give a box to man, woman or child for Christmas. They'll be delighted and so will the one who usually darns in that family.

Our Soft Three-Ply Yarn

We pay an average of seventy cents a pound for Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn. It is three-ply, soft and yielding. There's nothing about it that's heavy or cumbersome. No one in the United States ever wears anything else, once it is tried.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

If your dealer doesn't sell "Holeproof," we'll fill your order direct. Look on each pair for above signature. It identifies the genuine. There are scores of poor imitations.

FAMOUS **Holeproof Hosiery** FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months, except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs $1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs $1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs $2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs $3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, 3 pairs (guaranteed *three* months) $2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs $3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, $3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed *three* months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs $3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) $1.00.

Send in your order now. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Carl Freschl, Pres.

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Is it Just
By MINNIE SMITH
A story of Life in British Columbia. Dedicated to the National Council of Women.
Price $1.00

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By ROBERT J. C. STEAD
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A beautiful gift book in dainty style. Full of the national spirit and optimism of the West.

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Wife of the First Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada
With Notes and a Biography
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Containing 236 illustrations many of which are from original drawings by Mrs. Simcoe.
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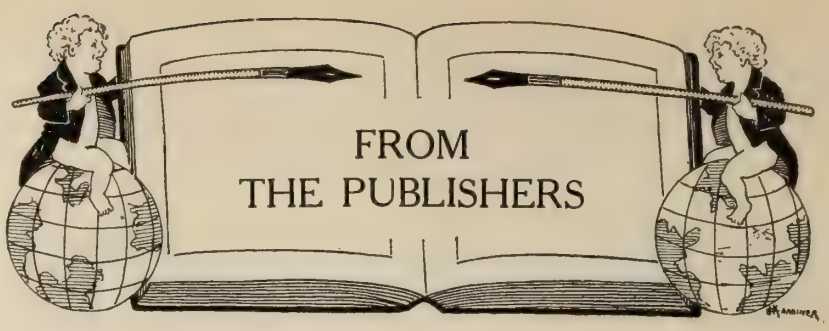

CANADIANS have a healthy love of outdoor life and the diversions which belong thereto. Urban life is not the typical sphere of the Canadian and few studies of what is vulgarly termed the "smart set" appeal widely to Canadian readers. "Love of the Wild," by Archie P. McKishnie, is an unusual story of rural life, which eminently justifies its name. The adventures of "Boy" are sufficiently exciting to hold the reader's interest to the inevitable close, when Boy forsakes the Brotherhood of Untamed Bachelors and takes upon himself the responsibility of the welfare of Gloss, as winsome a maiden as ever gladdened the Wild. The author's sympathy with unspoiled Nature is evident on every page, and his intimacy with the woods and ponds shows that he is undoubtedly a member of the Lodge of the Open Door. Those who know Kent County and the shores of Lake Erie will recognize many a stretch of reedy water, many a glimpse of woodland. Every Ontario boy will welcome this opening scene, with its whiff of autumn forest.

"The hazy October sunlight sifted through the trees and lay, here and there, golden bits of carpet on the mossy woodland. A glossy black squirrel paused on one of these splashes of sunlight, and, sitting erect, preened his long fur, then as the harsh scolding of a red squirrel fell on his ears he sank on all fours again, and bounded into the heavy shadows of the wood. A pair of pursuing red squirrels sprang from an opposite grove, and with shrill chidings crossed the opening to the snake fence. By taking this fence they might intercept the quarry's flight, their object being to make short work of the black, whom they hated with an hereditary hatred, harking back to the dim past.

"In and out they flashed, their yellowred bodies painting zig-zag streaks of gold upon the forest background of green. Suddenly they halted, and with tails slashing angrily, poured out a tirade of abuse upon the human frustrator of their designs." Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

A MOST artistic booklet, "The Evolution of a Store," has recently been published, setting forth the story of the enterprise which is now known throughout the Dominion as "Eaton's." The record of development from 1869 to 1911 is one of steady progress on a "strictly cash" basis. The late Mr. Timothy Eaton was a man of great business sagacity, with a foresight which enabled him to provide for such an expansion as no other Canadian business firm has known. Mr. John C. Eaton inherits his father's financial gifts, and it is difficult to prophesy the dimensions of the Eaton business for 1920. The little volume recently published is a gem in coloring and style, in which every artifice of modern illustration contributes to the description of this vast departmental system. The modern union of art and commerce, in which the most trained and delicate skill of pen and brush is used to explain and depict mercantile success is most happily exemplified in "The Evolution of a Store."

IT has been asserted frequently of late that poetry is unpopular—that a book of poems is, so far as publishers' profits are concerned, a failure. When we read of the poetic fury of a century ago, when "all London" was reading Scott and Byron, we begin to feel as if ours were a painfully material age. However, as Keats told us in a summertime sonnet: "The poetry of earth is never dead." The young men who would have been writing cantos and serenades a century ago are to-day putting their creative forces in mines, railways and bridges—and pre-eminently in aeroplanes. The Wrights and their fraternity are poets born, who fly rather than write sonnets and madrigals. In spite of this poetry of motion and commerce, there are a few men of imagination who still cling to the written word as medium—and of these is Mr. Madison Cawein, whose poems have just been published by the Macmillan Company.

In the foreword by William Dean Howells we are informed concerning the poet: "He is of the kind of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth and Coleridge, in that truth to observance and experience of nature and the joyous expression of it, which are the dominant characteristics of his art." A poet of German descent, born in Kentucky, has a curious inheritance. There is no State in the Union with a more romantic history than that of blue-grass acres, there is no State where meets more strikingly to-day the New South and the Old. Mr. Cawein, in his sensitiveness to the joyous aspects of Nature, reminds one of certain poets of the older school—Timrod, Hayne and Lanier.

The present volume will prove a delight to those to whom woods and streams are dear, for the poet has entered the woodland with "that joy of life unquestion'd," which brings one very near to the heart of the Great Mother. There is youth eternal in these poems, and, even as his New England critic says, it is the youth of tender regrets, of vague aspirations, of pensive longing. It may be that the poet who feels most keenly the rapture of the sea and the stars, feels also the pathos of fleeting humanity, so much frailer than the oak, so much weaker than the waves.

NO doubt can be entertained regarding the narrative, "Is It Just?" by Minnie Smith, published by William Briggs, Toronto, and dedicated to the National Council of Women. It is a story with a purpose, and that purpose is to show how altogether abominable and unjust are the laws regarding the property rights of married women in British Columbia. Now, why cannot the writer, who is setting out with such a serious end in view, sign a more sensible name than "Minnie" to such a production? If women are to expect to be taken seriously as writers they should give up such absurd "pet" names for their work. What would be thought of the man who signed "Johnnie Milton" or "Ollie Holmes"?

We are introduced to the Pierce family, living on a Manitoba farm. Mrs. Pierce is a toil-worn, patient wife, with all the virtues except firmness and self-respect. Mr. Pierce is a lazy, conceited, good-looking scamp, for whom she cherishes an abject and foolish affection, and the children are ordinary young human beings, who are fortunate enough to resemble the maternal parent. There enters this comparatively peaceful home a real estate agent from British Columbia, with the result that the family is removed to the Okanagan Valley, where the good-for-nothing Pierce neglects a fruit ranch (which he has bought with his wife's money in his own name), falls in love with a wily widow from Chicago, deserts and divorces his faithful and industrious spouse, and betakes himself to the United States with the person who has ensnared his errant fancy. His wife is left almost destitute and is aided in her need by Philip Hastings, who has secretly adored her all these weary years. She refuses quite properly to marry him and suffers the misunderstanding of the community in a mournful silence. But the erstwhile widow wearies of the idle Pierce, who makes a virtue of necessity and returns to the broken-hearted wife, who forgives him in a meek and maudlin fashion, dying in his sturdy arms. Such is the lurid tale told by Minnie, whose surname is Smith. In answer to the title "Is It Just?" we would say that British Columbia laws regarding women's property rights are certainly in need of readjustment. But we should also remark that no laws on earth can protect a woman who is fool enough to love a cad and so lacking in proper spirit as to forgive his insults and submit to his belated caresses. The next time, Minnie, give us a heroine who is a woman—not a mixture of mush and moping.

THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS

I look back to the time I was a child. I can recall the look of anxiety there was upon my dear mother's face for some time before Christmas, for there was a good sized family of children, and I being the eldest, took a keener interest than the others. How did Santa Claus reach each and every house in one night, and between bedtime and getting-up time? We never had to be called on Christmas morning, but how did Santa Claus get in? Mother would find out what each one had a desire for by prompting us at prayer time; by telling us we had better make our supplications now that he might hear. I remember well how each had just what he asked for if at all reasonable. Then, when I became a father, my wife and I were proud to follow in the footsteps of our parents. What delight it gave us to see our little ones hunting Christmas morning for what Santa Claus left.

To see the joy it gave makes Christmas a day long to be glad for and I rejoice that we are able to make home worth living for. Sometimes I look back and for one moment wish it all over again. But no! There are many opportunities for making other homes happy, now that we have the opportunity. Let each and every one strive to make happy some home that has children where Santa Claus will not be able to call, for of these our Blessed Saviour said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

HENRY.

AN air of mystery is beginning to pervade the domestic circle. Small persons are seen in anxious converse with elder brothers and sisters, while "Just what you would like for Christmas" is being artlessly inquired about in a careless discussion. A great industry, in the matter of fancy needlework, is manifested by the girls of the household, while the tiny folk are awaking to the fact that Santa Claus is making ready for his pilgrimage from the land of the reindeer. What to buy or make is perplexing many of us—and the question is of absorbing interest to the feminine world especially.

JAPANESE STENCILED SCREEN

"Something for the house" is always welcome to the mother of the family. A pretty pillow or cushion seldom comes amiss, and fortunate is the maiden who is skilful in drawn-work, embroidery or stenciling. In the case of a present of this nature, care should be taken to consult individual preferences in color and style, so that the gift may harmonize with the general furnishing or environment of the home. To give a handsome blue cushion to a housewife, whose living-room or parlor is furnished in brown and green means confusion and disappointment. A dainty screen or a chair is also a welcome acquisition, and here also the general tone of equipment already provided needs to be taken into consideration.

In small articles, there is infinite variety from which to choose—and the cost is not necessarily in proportion to the beauty or desirability of the article. In the matter of silver, alone, there are so many dainty trifles, from the vanity box or salve jar to the pencil or penholder, that it ought to be easy to select suitable gifts from a trayful of trinkets. In china and cut glass, also, it is not necessary to soar into luxurious prices before finding something which will be acceptable to any woman of good taste. Remember that it is better to buy a good article, however small, than to invest in an imposing bit of cheapness. Do not buy a cup and saucer of gaudy or splashy design, which proclaims its commonness. It would be better to invest in a pin-tray or tiny collar-button holder in white and gold. Cut glass is desired by almost every woman, and there are many small pieces of this attractive ware which will be within reach of the purchaser of moderate income.

Then, in the brass department, one meets with a bewildering array of gleaming objects, from the tiny kettle to the fern jar. In the hammered brass there are many charming articles of use and adornment. The fashion for pierced candle shades in various designs, from acorns to butterflies affords a ready suggestion for a small and pretty gift.

EVERY year, there arises a wail from womankind: "What is a nice present for a man?" For some reason or other, it is ever so much harder to buy a suitable present for the masculine members of the household than for the feminine—perhaps because women are so delighted with a variety of trivialities, and have so many small wants to be gratified with comparative ease. However, a woman need not despair of suiting the masculine taste, though ties or any article of personal adornment may be avoided in most cases, for the remarks which man makes concerning such purchases are far from flattering to womanly judgment. Most men desire to select their own ties and resent the sisterly or cousinly choice of color or fabric.

One girl, however, declares that she found just what appealed to her brother last year, when she invested on his behalf in some superfine hose. A box of stationery—not "fancy"—is appreciated by many men, and a cushion for a "den" is often welcome. However, be sure to avoid anything which is too elaborate or over-trimmed, for the masculine heart abhors anything of a "sissy" nature. A good picture or bronze or a blotter of substantial design would be considered desirable—or even such a trifle as a desk calendar might not be despised. A silver-topped ink-bottle makes a pretty gift and adorns a library table. A paperweight is also a useful article.

In the matter of books, it is rather difficult to be sure one is making an acceptable gift, whether the recipient be man or woman. This is a case in which the individual preference should be most carefully considered. To send Matthew Arnold's poems to a man who is a baseball enthusiast is almost as pathetic a blunder as to send George Ade's "Fables In Slang" to a university girl, who has high ideals and admires Pater and Browning.

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Keeps Boiling Hot Liquids Steaming Hot 24 Hours Without Fire

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Think how much YOU would appreciate having a THERMOS Bottle, and you will realize how much others will enjoy it as a gift from you.

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Regular model, with beautiful nickel or copper detachable cases, highly finished, Pint size $3.50, Quart size $5.50.

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THE COST OF A CRIME

A Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton.

IT was a beautiful and sunshiny morning; comforted and refreshed by his safe shelter, good keep, and wholesome breakfast, and perhaps most of all by the sympathy of the only living being to whom he had spoken more than a few words during these horrible days, he was conscious of some slight lifting of the terrible gloom in his soul. Someone got on the omnibus with him, a man in clergyman's dress, with a fine, strong, kind face and a mobile mouth, which had almost a woman's sweetness. The top of the omnibus being nearly full, they had to share a seat, and the clergyman bade him a pleasant good morning.

Reedham at first scarcely responded. For the moment all men were his enemies, and he feared ulterior motives where none could possibly exist.

"London is a pleasant place on a morning like this," said the clergyman, apparently unconscious of any unresponsiveness on the part of his fellow passenger. "And this is quite a pleasant neighborhood. The Camden Road on a morning like this is hard to beat."

"Going down as a neighborhood, I should think?" observed Reedham brusquely. "If one is to judge by the number of notice boards on the houses."

"It has gone down of late, but possibly we may have a renaissance later on," observed the clergyman cheerfully. "People come back after they have tried other parts of London. It has many advantages and conveniences."

"You live here, I suppose?" hazarded Reedham.

"Yes, I am the vicar of St. Ethelred's in Seton Square. If you look along the first opening to the left you'll see the square tower of my church."

They passed it at the moment, and Reedham nodded as his companion pointed out a singularly ugly tower of dull smoke-bitten brick.

"A poor neighborhood, and my people are wholly of the working class, but I would not change it. Yes, I could have moved several times in the last ten years, but I am still here. Are you a stranger to London?"

"No, I have lived in it all my life."

The clergyman regarded his clear-cut profile with the interest peculiar to the real and discriminating student of human nature. He gathered from his speech and manner that he was an educated man, and a certain suggestion of power was in his face. But he seemed to be under a cloud. A quickened interest in him filled the good man's soul; it was his business to heal and help and save, and his name was known as a friend to the troubled far beyond the bounds of his own parish.

"Ah, then you know something of the stress of London life. Yet it has its charm. I could not live, I think, outside of it now, unless I happened to get into ill-health. London is no place for those who are not fully equipped for the race."

"You speak truly, sir," said Reedham, with some bitterness. "And it has been the ruin of many who imagined themselves, as you express it, fully equipped."

The note of personal bitterness rang insistently through the words, and the clergyman knew that in thinking that a troubled soul dwelt in the bosom of the man by his side, he had made no mistake.

"You have had misfortune, perhaps?"

"Yes, brought about by my own incredible folly," admitted Reedham, more and more amazed at himself. But there was really nothing to marvel at in the sudden craving for human sympathy. Only the man who has been wholly cut off from it, even for a period of days, knows how real is the deprivation. To Reedham it was a wholly new experience; he had up till then only tasted the sweets of life.

"But misfortunes pass," said the clergyman quietly. "And to all they have their uses. I hope I do not intrude if I express the hope that you see a way out of your misfortunes."

"No," replied Reedham, and a guarded note crept into his voice. "At present I see no way out."

"May I inquire whether you are what is commonly called out of work, though I see that you are a gentleman."

"Yes, I am out of work."

"And what is your line of things?"

Reedham hesitated a moment.

"I am a clerk," he replied at hazard.

A faint disappointment, almost touched with incredulity, overspread the clergyman's face.

"It is not a profession affording many possibilities," he remarked kindly. "I hope that you have something in view?"

"No, nothing, and I have to get down here," he said, as the omnibus drew up with a jerk at the corner of Euston Road.

"A moment, friend," said the clergyman quickly, as he drew out a card from his pocket and a pencil, with which he proceeded to write something on the back of the card.

"There, that is my name and address, and on the back you will find the address of a gentleman who delights in helping those who are down. He is an intimate friend of mine, we met in connection with a case in which we were both interested, and I have often thanked God for him since. He will see you if you present that card. I have his permission to send him whom I like, and I feel strangely interested in you. I hope we shall meet again."

He offered his hand, and after a moment's hesitation Reedham accepted it.

"Perhaps if you knew my history you would not touch my hand," he said thickly. "Good-bye, sir, and thank you."

He raised his hat and made haste down the steps of the omnibus to the ground. Immediately he turned towards Gower Street, and in a quiet doorway stopped and looked at the card.

On the one side was written:

"The Rev. Cyrus Fielden, St. Etheldred's Vicarage, Camden Town."

On the reverse side a name which caused Reedham to laugh aloud:

"Archibald Currie, Esq., 98, Hyde Park Square, and 18, Old Broad Street, E.C."

The brother of his own partner, James Currie, though a very different type of man.

He thrust the piece of pasteboard into his vest pocket, and strode on, having no particular object in view. He had merely got down to escape the kindly but embarrassing attentions of the vicar of St. Etheldred's.

But the name on the reverse side of the card pursued him as he walked. Something in the mere thought of presenting himself to Archibald Currie, who had known him quite well in the old days, which already seemed so far away, attracted him with a sort of weird fascination.

He was a very different man from his brother James, and if by means of his sympathy and assistance he could climb back to the paths of self-respect, how great would be the irony of his triumph!

There was something adventurous in the mere idea which appealed.

All day long he wandered in the byways of London, pondering on this strange chance that had come in his way. And from the beginning he seemed to know what the end would be.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found him in the very heart of the city standing with his face turned towards Old Broad Street.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEIGHTS OF HAMPSTEAD.

THE office boy knocked at the door of Mr. Archibald Currie's private room.

"The carriage is at the door, sir, and Miss Wrede wishes to know if she is to come up."

"No, Baddeley, tell Miss Wrede I shall join her in less than five minutes."

"And please, sir, there a man wishes to see you very particular. Could you spare him five minutes? No name, sir, but he gave me this."

He handed a small piece of pasteboard to his master, who read both the printed words and the name scribbled on the back.

"Another of Fielden's proteges. I don't think I can see him now, Baddeley. But there, yes, I will! Tell Miss Wrede I am engaged for a few more minutes and that if she prefers to come up she will find Mr. Willett's room empty."

"Yes, sir, and shall I show the party up, the gentleman I mean, sir?"

"Yes, now."

Baddeley went off cheerfully. Everybody was cheerful under that roof. The note was struck by the principal himself each morning, when he appeared spick and span and smiling at his business house. The world could have told you that Archibald Currie had good reason for cheerfulness, and that he had been an extraordinarily successful man, that he had amassed great wealth, and had most of the gifts that men prize.

But personally he was a singularly lonely man, without ties of the kind which make the chief joy of life. He was estranged, through no fault of his own, from his only brother. They had never, even as boys, been intimate. It was indeed hard to believe that two men so different could have been born of one parentage and shared the same early home-life. Archibald, the elder, was large-hearted, sunny-natured, generous to a fault, combining with the highest business gifts a breadth of view and a benevolent spirit which his brother James continually condemned.

"Archie makes paupers, and adds to the problems of existence," he was fond of saying, and would then launch into condemnation of his indiscriminate charity.

Mr. James Currie did not err in that direction. He distributed no charity whatsoever, but required all he earned for himself and his family.

The astonishing thing, however, was, that the more Archibald gave away, the more money flowed in upon him. He did all sorts of unnecessary and expensive kindnesses. His latest was to adopt as his daughter one Katherine Wrede, the orphan child of a woman they had known in their youth, and who had married disastrously and suffered much. This latest indiscretion the James Curries condemned very loudly, because they feared that it might divert the channels of their uncle's money from themselves.

Archibald Currie was a very fine-looking man, resembling his brother somewhat in figure and feature, though on a larger scale. The generous largeness of his life seemed to have written themselves all over his personality; his eyes beamed kindliness; his beautiful white hair, which gave him at too early an age a singularly benevolent look, framed a face in which there was nothing to repel.

He drew a sheet of paper before him on the desk, and was busy writing when the door opened, and Mr. Charlton was announced.

"In a moment, sir," he said, partly wheeling round, but not taking a good look at the stranger. "Pray take a chair."

It gave the man whom we must henceforth call Charlton the necessary moment for self-recovery. The very fact that the glance bestowed upon him conveyed not the smallest recognition was in itself most reassuring. He looked round the room with interest, and tried to still his nerves, which threatened to get out of hand. Up till now Charlton had not had any occasion to play a part; he was astonished at his own ability to play it. Surely it was the very madness of daring to venture into the presence of this man, noted as much for his shrewd knowledge and judgment of human nature as for his benevolence! It was said in the city that Archibald Currie had never been known to make a mistake in his man.

To pass the bar of his judgment, therefore, was to go forth hall-marked to the world.

The risk for Charlton was colossal; only success could justify it. The man whose verdict might decide his whole fate and future, signed the letter and rang for it to be taken away.

Then he turned to give courteous attention to the stranger, rising to his feet and standing before the empty fireplace, with his hands folded behind his back. To the day of his death Charlton thought he would remember the pattern of his clothes, the curiously-wrought link of the old-fashioned fob, which dangled from beneath his ample waistcoat, the keenness as well as the kind lines in his deep-set eyes.

"You are a friend of the Vicar of St. Etheldred's?"

"Not exactly a friend, sir—a waif on whom he chanced this morning on the top of an omnibus," replied Charlton, striving to meet Currie's eyes, and succeeding wonderfully.

"You want help? What can I do for you?"

"I am out of work, sir," replied Charlton quietly. "A post of some kind, however humble in this place, would be at once the saving and making of me."

"You have been in another position," remarked the elder man, easily detecting the educated note, the ease of manner which singled him out from other applicants. "You have been, I could almost swear, an employer of labour yourself?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"It does not seem to come readily to you to use the prefix, 'sir,'" continued Currie in an even, quiet voice. "Is there anything you would wish to tell me of a private nature before we consider how you are to be helped?"

Charlton seemed to struggle a moment with himself.

"Sir, if my own fate only were involved I should speak out freely. I cannot do so. I am here without character or credentials, asking you for the love of God to give me one more chance."

Currie remained silent a full minute, during which he regarded the pleader steadily. There was not the faintest recognition in his look, however, though he felt himself puzzled not so much by a haunting sense of familiarity as by the desire becoming momentarily more insistent to give the desired aid against his better judgment. Something in the pleasant educated voice, in the eager, almost hollow, eyes appealed. And to sum up, the chance to

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136—Brown Betty Tobacco Jar, silver mounted, with any pierced silver three-letter monogram 10.00
137—Fine Suede Leather Handkerchief Bag, silk lined (holds 24 handkerchiefs) 1.00
138—Antelope Leather Tobacco Pouch, rubber lined, with sterling silver shield 1.00
139—Fine Pierced Brass Ash Tray... .50
140—Genuine Briar Pipe, amber mouthpiece, sterling silver mounting, in case 2.75
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drag a man back from any pit, was a task after his own heart.

"I have been often disillusioned and taken in," he observed, "and I have even no later than yesterday taken a vow to harden my heart. But you interest me. You are fully aware what an immense thing you ask from me?"

"I am fully aware of it, sir. No one could be more so, but—but if I live I shall repay, not betray, your trust."

Archibald Currie cleared his throat.

"I am not to ask a single question?"

"I could not answer any of a personal nature," replied Charlton frankly.

"And your very name, I take it, is assumed?"

Charlton made no reply, and again there was a prolonged silence.

Currie thought of all the men he had interviewed in that room, of the specious lies to which he had listened, of the crocodile tears he had witnessed, the false promises of amendment and reform. And he could not remember any appeal which had so powerfully affected him.

Against every warning of his shrewder judgment he determined to trust this man, to fling one more hostage upon the sea of fortune.

"You have been in business?" he inquired briefly. "So much I must know before I can do or promise anything. And as you have come to me I take it that you understand the nature of my business?"

"Yes, sir, I do understand it."

"The only thing I could offer you meanwhile is clerical work of the elementary order, and that merely superfluous, because we happen to be more than usually busy. The impending trouble in South Africa has quickened all the export trade, but your salary would be of the most meagre description."

"So long as it can provide me with food to eat and a decent shelter I shall be grateful for it, sir. It will give me my opportunity."

"Well, I will take you on your own recommendation solely, and perhaps because you come to me by introduction of Mr. Fielden. He and I together have been at the upbuilding of more than one fallen fortune, and helped to restore a few. You can commence here on Monday morning at a salary of twenty-eight shillings a week. Whether you remain will depend on yourself."

A flush, deep, almost painful, overspread Charlton's face as he sprang to his feet.

"Sir, I cannot thank you. I hope that my future conduct will be my guarantee of good faith."

Currie faintly smiled.

"I re-echo that hope," but he hesitated a moment and then forced back the question that had sprung to his lips.

He would not put it, because something warned him that the man before him either could not or would not answer it. No, he must to-day draw a large cheque on the bank of faith, and if it were dishonored, well, he would not even then be wholly the loser.

Charlton dismissed, passed out; and as he reached the end of the passage which shut off the private room, the swish of silken skirts, the faint perfume of violets greeted him. Immediately he had to stand aside to let a lady pass. He knew who she was, he had heard of Archibald Currie's ward, but he now saw her for the first time. She was beautifully dressed in a gown suitable only for some fete, and which seemed out of place in the bare passages of a city office. She looked at the man standing hat in hand in one of the shadowy corners, and as if the glance interested her, turned to look again. Then the vision disappeared beyond the glass panels at the end and Charlton passed out to the stairs.

"Are you there, Uncle Archie? You said five minutes, and do you know it is nearly half an hour. Mrs. James will be furious."

"Oh, of course, it is the day of the garden party at Fair Lawn, isn't it?" he asked with a facetious smile as he turned to greet the radiant vision invading his privacy and creating a very different atmosphere from that usually found therein. "Why, Katherine, surely this is the height of extravagance!"

"Hush, you naughty man, it will horrify Mrs. James, and Elizabeth and Sophia will bewail your extravagance. But nobody will dare tell them the thing cost two pounds, and that I made it myself!"

She pirouetted on one foot and took up her dainty skirts in her hands to show the delicious frou-frou beneath, and Currie smiled an indulgent smile.

Katherine Wrede had not been four years in the old house in Hyde Park Square, and she was verily the light of his life. He would have lavished his all upon her had she lifted her little finger, but her tastes were simple and her fingers clever, and she spent so little that those who only saw the finished product would have been amazed. There was a secret antagonism between her and the feminine element at Fair Lawn, for which reason she kept them wholly in the dark regarding the actual terms on which she lived in Hyde Park Square. They did not know that the comparatively small sum she spent on her own clothes was more than refunded by the economy and comfort with which she ruled the household. Archibald Currie had never known a home until she came to brighten his with her presence.

At Fair Lawn they were jealous and angry with her, they alternately patronised her and gave her warnings and advice. Katherine Wrede was never at her best there, and went as little as possible. This was a gala day, however, the one garden party of the season, into which Mrs. James paid off all her social engagements to the somebodies and nobodies of Hampstead. After consultation it had been decided that it would be better not to cancel the invitations, though the blow in the city would of course shed a gloom over it for themselves.

"Who was that man I passed just outside the door, Uncle?" inquired Katherine Wrede as she took his hat from the cupboard and the brush from the shelf to polish its glossy surface.

Instead of answering her he put a counter question.

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because his face interested me. He is not a common man. He is very good looking to begin with, and there is a whole story in his face."

"I believe that I have been guilty of what my brother James would call another deplorable indiscretion this afternoon."

Her eyes sparkled.

"Have you? Do tell me what it is. You have given a large sum of money perhaps to that man because his eyes appealed to you. I should have done just the same myself."

"No, my folly did not go quite so far, but I have given him employment without a reference of any kind or any guarantee that he will even serve me honestly. But if I hadn't he might have gone under."

The brightness on her face was arrested by the seriousness of the old man's words. A lovely, still look, which added indescribably to her beauty, because it gave a sudden glimpse of the soul, overspread her face.

"Dear, I am glad you are like that. It must be a splendid thing to be able to give a man his last chance and be willing, that is the greatest of all. So few are willing. Look how you took me from that horrible pension at Bruges! Oh, God knew how much need there was in the world when He made you."

She spoke with such passion that her guardian was at once touched and surprised.

He laid a soothing hand on her shoulder.

"Child, you must try to be less intense. You feel things too much, and make too much of every little service rendered, especially to yourself. Wipe those pretty eyes and keep the tears for the real need there is. Now come, and we shall be restored to a normal temperature by the atmosphere on the heights of Hampstead."

Often now they had their little joke, though it was always kindly, at the expense of the Fair Lawn relatives, with whom neither felt conspicuously at home.

"I don't care for this sort of thing, Katherine," he observed as he took his seat in the carriage beside her. "And James knows I don't, but in the circumstances it is our duty to rally round them. They are feeling this a good deal, and the attendance at the party this afternoon will be a sort of gauge of public opinion."

"I see. Has nothing been heard of poor Mr. Reedham yet?"

"Don't call him poor, Katherine. The man did wrong with his eyes open, and ought to be punished."

"You are not often so severe, Uncle Archie," she remarked in surprise.

"I can be severe when occasion arises. If the man had stuck to his guns and owned up it would have been better for everybody. And nothing can excuse his treatment of his wife. I wish you would go and see her, Katherine, before she leaves Norwood. Perhaps we could go together at the beginning of the week."

"Poor, poor thing; I shall go, certainly. I wonder how she feels about him! But, Uncle Archie, if it was as bad as the papers said, and he would have been committed, that would have been even more painful for his wife and son. I think, were I in her place, I should be glad that he had escaped."

"It was the coward's way out, Katherine," observed Currie, as he laid his hand on the padded morocco lining the side of the carriage.

"I thought suicide was the coward's way. Is it thought he has done that?"

"Nobody knows. I shouldn't think it likely myself. George Lidgate told me himself that he deliberately gave him eighteen hours' start. They all liked him, Katie, men trusted and liked him, which makes it all the worse. I was talking to a man yesterday, who has lost three thousand by him, and he said he would pay the money twice over to see Reedham reinstated."

"There must have been good in him; great good, then," she said emphatically. "People don't talk like that about a weak, or merely wicked man."

"You may be right, but I feel sore and hard about it. When that sort of thing comes near home, as it does in this case, it alters a man's point of view. We must do our best at Fair Lawn this afternoon to show our sympathy."

"Yes, Uncle," she said obediently, and did not add that he had set her a task. For she knew, though he did not, that the moment she felt herself enveloped by the hostile atmosphere of Fair Lawn, the other side of her nature, not the lovable side, would be up in arms.

They drove by way of Haverstock Hill to the Heath, the air growing purer and rarer as they made the steep ascent. Out there, the dust of the long, dry summer was not so all-pervading, and some freshness seemed yet to linger in the fine old gardens among the noble trees.

"It is very pleasant up here, Katie, but I have always said I would make no compromise betwixt town and country. One day, perhaps soon, we shall turn our backs wholly on London, and find a real country retreat. Then, when I have cut myself off from the London I love so well, you'll turn and leave me—" he added, with a slightly pensive touch.

"Why should I leave you? There is nothing I should like better than the country, and, believe me, I should never once look back."

"Ah, but you will ride off with a handsomer man?"

"Where is he to be found?" she asked, with a touch of gay banter. "If it is marrying you mean, dearest, I am not a marrying woman."

"That sounds bad for poor Stephen Currie," he said amusedly, and yet with a certain furtive anxiety in his glance. He saw her lip curl.

"I could not, and would not, marry Stephen Currie, Uncle Archibald, if he were the last man in the world."

"That would not be a good hearing for Stephen. He will ask you one of these days, Katie."

He did not add that he had already been sounded on the subject by his brother James, who had been anxious to learn the nature of the settlements to be made on Katherine Wrede in the event of such an alliance coming within the province of actual fact.

"I don't like him, Uncle Archibald. Oh, yes, he has brains of a kind, but all his views are opposed to mine, and his ideas about women are mediaeval. He shall be prevented asking me, Uncle Archibald."

When he did not immediately reply she turned her sweet face towards him anxiously. "It would not disappoint you very much, dearest. I mean you are not keen for me to marry Stephen Currie?"

"I, oh no, it is a matter of indifference to me. But Stephen is a good boy as far as he goes, and has never cost his parents any anxiety."

"He is made after their pattern," she said severely. "He will always walk in the appointed path, and do all that is expected of him. You could tell it by the parting in his hair, and the cut of his clothes."

"Hush, my dear, the sarcastic tongue does not become you," he said reprovingly, yet tempering his reproof by an indulgent smile. She asked his pardon immediately, and begged him to remember that she was a Bohemian by nature and upbringing, which pronouncement brought them to the well-appointed gates of Fair Lawn. They were pretentious for a merely suburban residence, towering high and ornate above the young trees planted to flank their buttresses, and they seemed to dwarf the house, visible two hundred yards further on. It was a fine house of its kind, and the lawns surrounding it were soft and fine as continuous attention could make them. They presented an animated appearance that afternoon, with the gay dresses of the ladies, the bright sunshades, the red and white stripes of the awnings, while the pleasant strains of the Viennese band filled the summer air.

Mrs. James Currie always did her garden party well, and, favored with fine weather, usually achieved success. She was looking very gracious, and when she saw her brother-in-law's well-appointed carriage draw up where the avenue took a curve for the wider space of the front lawn, she looked gratified. Archibald was always a gracious and acceptable personality, whom everybody was pleased to meet, and even while she secretly disapproved of Katherine Wrede, she also never failed to interest.

She seemed to strike a new note in the suburban crowd. Her frock of flowered muslin, simply made, with the big sash about her slender waist, seemed to add to her height, and the big picture hat, with its sweeping black plumes made a most becoming frame for her piquant face. Many looked at her with interest and curiosity, and the son of the house, immaculately attired in his frock coat suit and white waistcoat, and with a gardenia in his buttonhole, hastened forward to receive them.

"How do you do, Archibald?" inquired Mrs. James, in her well-modulated, conventional voice, "You are a little late; I was afraid you were not coming. Thank you, I am quite well, Miss Wrede. Yes, we have a beautiful day."

Katherine made her little bow, and turned to speak to Elizabeth and Sophia, who were eyeing her with ill-concealed envy and dislike.

Their gowns, made in Bond Street, bore the unmistakeable cachet of the West End, but they were not well worn. To them the simplicity of Katherine Wrede's attire seemed an affront, which made them, in their stiff silk frocks, suddenly feel overdressed. The delicate bloom of lilac scattered over her muslin skirt, the big fichu of old lace, draped about her shoulders with an art they could not copy, annoyed them beyond measure. And she did not wear a single article of jewelry of any kind; the fichu was knotted, and no one could tell how it was kept in its place.

Yet she at once took her place as the most distinguished-looking among the five hundred people present, and many eyes followed her admiringly.

"I say, you're looking stunning, you know," whispered Stephen Currie in her ear, when, after continuous effort, he managed to get a private word with her. "Simply stunning; you knock 'em all

into cocked hats the minute you appear on the scene."

"I hope not. I don't see any evidence of it," she said demurely. "Get me an ice, will you?"

"Of course I will, if you promise not to let anybody else have my chair," he said jealously. With a good deal of engineering he had managed to secure a chair by Katherine's side at a convenient distance from the throng. Stephen was honestly and very much in love, though she did not give him credit for it. By the time he returned his chair was occupied by the clergyman of the church the Curries attended, a middle-aged man for whom Katherine had the greatest respect and esteem. He rose, however, when Stephen returned, gathering from his expression that he was *de trop*.

But Katherine begged him to stop.

"I have ever so many things to say to you, Mr. Cadell," she said gaily. "Did you see Mr. Currie and me in the front gallery seat last Sunday when you preached at Kensington? I want to tell you that it was the best sermon I have heard since I came to London. I do wish Hampstead were not so far away."

"That would be nothing to Uncle Archie's horses," said Stephen quickly, while a gratified expression crossed the clergyman's face. He was not a *persona grata* at Fair Lawn, and in some unaccountable way had missed his mark at Hampstead. Very little appreciation came in his way; therefore the sincere and kind words spoken by Katherine Wrede warmed his heart.

"May I bring my wife to speak to you, Miss Wrede?" he eagerly asked.

"I will come to her, Mr. Cadell," she said, with a steady grace. "It is only right that I should. Just let me finish my ice, will you?"

Someone sauntered up to speak to the clergyman, and Stephen bent over her reproachfully.

"Why are you so disagreeable to me, Katherine? You know I am only here to-day because you were coming. I loathe this sort of thing."

"Do you? I am sure it is very pleasant," she said quietly.

"And what do you want to go and talk to Mrs. Cadell for? You'll never get away. She'll pin you down for a week with trivialities. I tell you what, the Cadells are the greatest bores I know."

"You don't appreciate them as you ought. I like him sincerely, and I hope he will find his true sphere soon. He certainly hasn't found it in Hampstead."

"Won't you come for a turn round with me now, Katherine? It's really quite pretty at the back of the house, and the roses are out in plenty yet."

"Mr. Cadell may bring his wife to me at any minute, besides I didn't come to walk about with you. I must make myself agreeable to your mother's guests. That's why people come to garden parties."

"Why wouldn't you see me last Sunday when I called," he persisted.

"I had a headache. No, it wasn't any make-up, I assure you. I never came down all the evening."

"Well, I'll come to-morrow."

"Don't, we have three men already coming to lunch; I shall find them enough." She rose as she spoke, handed him her ice plate, and began to move across the lawn. She saw that she must put a stop to Stephen's talk, that it was approaching debateable ground. But he did not mean to be put off. Later on he managed by constant shadowing, observed by much piquant interest by many of the guests, and with inward chagrin by his mother, to get her alone again.

"Look here, Katherine, you're not going yet. Uncle Archie is still enjoying himself, and that awful Mrs. Cadell has got him fast in her toils. If I mayn't come to lunch when may I see you? Will you come down to Richmond with me one afternoon and we'll dine at the Star and Garter, and have a run on the river?"

She opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, Stephen, what will you suggest next? No, I certainly can't do that."

"You're tormenting me beyond endurance, Katherine, but you shan't browbeat me altogether. You know what I'm driving at. You will marry me, won't you?"

She lowered her sunshade until it came between her face and his eyes, and began to walk rather smartly away, but he kept pace with her.

"I mean to have you, Katherine. You've driven me nearly mad of late. You used to be much kinder to me. Do

Continued on page 34

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited
Established 1853

MURRAY-KAY Limited

John Kay Company Limited
Established 1843

Do Your Christmas Shopping
Through Our New Catalogue No. 5C

The goods illustrated on this page represent a few samples from our line of Roll Gold Plate and Gold Filled Lockets, Necklets, Brooches, Bar Pins, Hat Pins, Buckles, Fobs and Bracelets. All are of excellent quality. We carry nothing inferior.

M 188.—Neck Chain and Locket... $1.40
M 189.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.00
M 190.—Neck Chain and Locket... 1.80
M 191.—Collar Pins, pair..... 1.90
M 192.—Collar Pins, pair..... 2.10
M 193.—Collar Pins, pair..... 1.20
M 194.—Bar Pin..... 2.20
M 195.—Brooch..... 1.40
M 196.—Bar Pin, pierced..... .60
M 197.—Bar Pin, stone set..... 1.00
M 198.—Bracelet, stone set..... 2.50
M 199.—Bracelet, stone set..... 7.40
M 200.—Bracelet, stone set..... 7.00
M 201.—Bracelet, pierced..... 6.30
M 202.—Bracelet, plain..... 6.00
M 203.—Bracelet, plain 5.50
M 204.—Bracelet, chased..... 5.00
M 205.—Bracelet, chased..... 4.00
M 206.—Expansion Bracelet, Locket top..... 6.30
M 207.—Expansion Bracelet, plain.. $3.50
M 208.—Ex Bracelet, Stone Set Locket..... 7.60
M 209.—Locket, stone set..... 3.90
M 210.—Signet Scarf Pin..... 1.20
M 211.—Signet Scarf Pin, shield centre..... 1.40
M 212.—Locket, stone set..... 4.20
M 213.—Plain Bracelet..... 2.60
M 214.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.50
M 215.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.80
M 216.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.00
M 217.—Collar Pins, pair..... 1.30
M 218.—Collar Pins, pair..... 1.70
M 219.—Collar Pins, pair..... 1.70
M 220.—Brooch..... 2.90
M 221.—Brooch..... 1.40
M 222.—Bar Pin Chain..... 2.70
M 224.—Bar Pin Chain, stone set... 3.20
M 225.—Neck Chain, curb..... 1.10
M 226.—Bar Pin, stone set..... 1.00
M 227.—Bar Pin, stone set..... 1.00
M 228.—Lorgnette, stone set slide.. 2.80
M 229.—Belt Buckle, stone set..... 5.30
M 230.—Belt Buckle, stone set..... 5.70
M 231.—Belt Buckle, stone set..... 5.20
M 232.—Belt Buckle..... 2.10
M 233.—Belt Buckle, stone set..... 4.80
M 234.—Belt Buckle, signet shield.. $4.50
M 235.—Belt Buckle, stone set..... 4.80
M 236.—Belt Buckle..... 2.80
M 237.—Cuff Links, plain..... 2.50
M 238.—Cuff Links, thread edge.... 2.80
M 239.—Double Link, thread edge.. 1.00
M 240.—Double Link..... 1.00
M 241.—Hat Pin..... .70
M 242.—Hat Pin, stone top..... .70
M 244.—Chain Fobs, gents..... 6.00
M 245.—Metal Fob, ladies..... 5.60
M 243.—Hat Pin, stone top..... 1.00
M 246.—Fob, ladies..... 4.90
M 247.—Fob, ladies..... 1.70
M 248.—Fob, gents..... 4.80
M 249.—Fob, gents..... 1.80
M 250.—Fob, gents..... 3.30
M 251.—Fob, Masonic or Oddfellows..... 4.80
M 252.—Chain Fob..... 8.40
M 253.—Chain Fob..... 6.30
M 254.—Hat Pin, stone set..... .70
M 255.—Square Cuff Link..... 2.80
M 256.—Cuff Link chased..... 2.80
M 257.—Cuff Link, pierced edge.... 2.80
M 258.—Double Link, plain..... 2.80
M 259.—Hat Pin, stone set..... 1.00
M 260.—Hat Pin, stone set..... 1.00

Christmas is coming—fast. It is high time to make out a list of the presents you intend giving. This catalogue No. 5C will help you. If you have not already received your copy write for it to-day. It illustrates many beautiful lines of Silverware, Cut Glass, Jewelry and other things ideally suited for gifts and enables you to make selection of new, artistic and reliable goods at lowest city prices.

Note the finely made Jewelry featured on this page, choose any of the articles illustrated; send us your order with payment enclosed, and we will mail the articles selected, postage paid, to any address in Canada. If you are not entirely satisfied return the goods and we will at once refund your money.

MURRAY-KAY LIMITED
17 to 31 KING STREET EAST - - TORONTO

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

TRY ordering your Christmas Gifts from HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LIMITED, this year. You will find that it will prove very satisfactory. Your gifts will be *different*—of the best quality—appropriately wrapped in neat cases. Your money refunded upon the return of any article that is not satisfactory.

Catalogue free upon request

HENRY BIRKS & SONS
LIMITED
Gold and Silversmiths
MONTREAL OTTAWA WINNIPEG
VANCOUVER
Send your order to nearest address.
Order by number.

45888 Shears and Paper Knife, $1.00
72125 Scissors, in case, $1.00
64003. Sterling-silver Napkin Ring, $2.00
72134 Sewing Companion, 50 cts.
52087. Pencil Stand, $1.00
72127. Ribbon Sewing Companion, $1.25
64325. Egg Timer, Sterling-silver, $2.00
64334 Dutch Silver Spoon, $1.50
45829. Knife, 2 blades and corkscrew, 75 cts.

Read our Special Christmas Subscription Offer on page 30 and send the Canadian Home Journal to your friends for Christmas

Your Costly Silver is Worthy of the Greatest Care

Did you ever stop to think of the hard labor and work spent in the average household cleaning the silverware? All the rubbing, scrubbing, polishing and dust. Oh, say, it's awful.

That rubbing WEARS AWAY the silver or plate very rapidly—it can't help but do so.

The best and most modern way of cleaning Silver, Gold and Plated Ware, and with NO RUBBING, is the WONDER-SHINE Way.

This method is now being used altogether by the leading Hotels, Clubs and many owners of Gold, Silver and plate services.

Silver Lasts Longer—Shine Lasts Longer

IT IS SO EASY TO USE. A 25c. package contains everything complete, with full directions for using, and with it you can clean all your silverware many times.

Does all the work in quarter the time.

25c. and 50c. Per Package

WONDER-SHINE
SILVER CLEANER

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Furnishing a Home on a Moderate Income

By JESSIE E. RORKE

THE DINING ROOM.

WITH the exception of the living-room the dining-room should be the most cheerful room of the house. Meals are much more attractive if served in a room that is bright and airy, and the family are tempted to linger and discuss plans and subjects of interest, as this is often the only place where they are sure to be all together during the day. Plenty of windows that open readily will go far toward making it a charming room—and where one may choose, an eastern exposure, or, better still, both eastern and southern, is most desirable. It is a pleasant beginning for a day that promises to be chilly and depressing, to come down to breakfast in a room that is flooded with sunshine. Later in the day our environment has less effect upon our feelings, and when the evening meal comes, in the cooler months, the position of the windows makes little difference, as the days are so short as to make artificial light a necessity. In summer, however, it is very necessary to have the dining-room windows well shaded, by trees or vines, if possible, as these make much the coolest shade, but if not by awnings. The housewife whose dining-room opens upon a wide, cool verandah or a shaded corner of the lawn, where the summer meals may be served, is very fortunate indeed, but if this cannot be accomplished plenty of fresh air without sunshine or even too strong a light will make the dining-room a pleasant place to linger after the heat of the office or the fields.

The curtains should be so arranged that they will either admit or temper the light as one may desire, and at all times allow the air to enter freely. This is accomplished easily by using different curtains for the different seasons, in the winter hanging only one set of madras or some other transparent material, and in the summer using fine net curtains next the glass and inner curtains of plain or printed linen, or any material that is woven closely enough to be opaque and yet is cool and light in effect. A pure white in curtains is often not pleasing with the color scheme, a slight shade or cream or ivory harmonizing much more readily. If one prefers to use the same curtains during the whole year nothing is more satisfactory than madras or net. Madras is to be had in pretty designs with quiet harmonious colorings, particularly the soft dull shades of red, green and blue that make attractive colors for a bright dining-room. The net comes in pure white ivory, deep cream or ecru. It is well to remember in selecting the curtains that unless the walls are plain, or have only a very inconspicuous design, figured materials are better avoided. When curtains are not plain they usually emphasize the contrasting rather than the prevailing color in the room. In hanging the curtains nothing is more attractive than straight, graceful lines from the pole to the sill.

Casement windows that may be swung wide open at pleasure are very suitable for the dining-room, admitting as they do abundance of fresh air and sunshine. Where the panes are leaded only the simplest of hangings should be used and these preferably of some sheer material. Shades may be omitted entirely unless they are needed to temper the glare of sunlight where the window is not otherwise protected.

IN arranging the artificial lighting, top lights should be avoided. The lights should be arranged on the walls, on the table itself, or hung low from the ceiling, so that the brightest light centers upon the table and glitters and glances charmingly upon the silver and glass.

In selecting paper one must decide in the outset whether the walls are to be decorative in themselves or whether they are to form a background for the pictures and china. In either case they should be subdued in coloring, and, in the latter, inconspicuous in pattern as well. If the paper has a bold and decorative design no pictures should be hung and very little china displayed on the plate-rail or in any place where it comes in close contact with the paper. This season's tendency to use extremely dark background in the wall paper should not tempt one to introduce such gloomy surroundings into a small home, even a very strong light will not counteract the dull and contracted effect of such walls. Any division of the wall, such as the use of a plate-rail will have a tendency to make the ceiling appear lower, and the use of a ceiling paper with a noticeable design or in any but the lightest tints will have the same effect. In some of the simpler dining-rooms the plaster is left with a rough surface and tinted some soft tone that makes a pleasing neutral shade for the color scheme. This often gives a very good effect, but does not, of course, correspond with expensive woods or draperies.

Plain rugs, or rugs in several shades of one color, are always pretty for the dining-room, though with plain walls and hangings the Oriental colors may be used on the floor. Hardwood floors entail so much labor that most housekeepers prefer to use a large rug, leaving only two or three feet of space at the wall.

Mahogany and walnut are at present the most popular wood for dining-room

A BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD

furniture, but some of the cheaper woods are made up in pieces that are almost equally pretty. Birch is perhaps the most satisfactory of the cheaper woods, the sheets of veneer when the grain is convoluted or curly being almost as beautiful as mahogany and quite as substantial. In the dining-room more than in any other we may readily sacrifice any attempt at ornament in the furniture, choosing rather the best of workmanship and simple dignity and beauty of line and proportion. Straight-backed, comfortable chairs, a sideboard and table making up the necessary furniture, though a small

DINING-ROOM CHAIRS OF THE 18TH CENTURY

serving table or a cabinet is often added. The eighteenth century sideboard has never yet been excelled in beauty and grace, but many of the modern designs that follow the general type of the Hepplewhite and Sheraton models are very attractive. An overloaded sideboard is never pleasing. A few good pieces of silver, glass or china are sufficient to display, or some prefer to keep even these away where they will not be exposed to the gas and dust and require less care, and use only a bowl of flowers or a potted plant on the sideboard.

MOST important of all is the table. It is not necessary that its appointments should be costly—they may be dainty and pretty at very small expense, indeed so small that we have little excuse that they should be otherwise. Little need be said of the table itself; it should be simple and appropriate in design and with a polished top if possible, though this is not essential unless one wishes to use it without a cover. The plainest of linen is in the best taste, but its quality will depend on the limit of what one feels they may spend; it is one department in which every housewife longs to be extravagant. Highly colored embroideries in realistic designs are no longer used on the table. Plain white in solid embroidery is in the greatest favor, though delicate shades that correspond with the colors of the room are sometimes used. A love of pretty china often tempts one to buy indiscriminately any dainty piece that catches the fancy at the moment. But though each of these may be quite beautiful enough to make

AN 18TH CENTURY SIDEBOARD

us covet their possession, the result may be a table that, in variety of color and design, suggests nothing but a counter in a china store. A few odd pieces may add a pleasing touch of contrast to the table, but in their selection the general color scheme should not be forgotten, and the contrast must be a harmonious one.

Good taste demands simplicity in the decoration of the table; elaborate arrangements of flowers and ribbons are out of place on the home table, even when it is laid for most formal entertaining, and is much less artistic than a natural arrangement of the flowers in a pretty bowl or vase.

A fireplace is an additional beauty

Continued on page 32

Such a good Soup.

"Remember my face — you'll see me again."

Such a little price. Such a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c per Packet

Edwards' dessicated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable Soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labor. There and in England it is a household word.

1203

A Christmas Morning

KODAK

All the child world invites your Kodak. Wherever the children are there is endless opportunity for a Kodak story—a story full of human interest to every member of the family. And there's no better time to begin that story than on the ***home*** day—Christmas.

There are Kodaks now to fit most pockets and all purses and practical little Brownies, that work on the Kodak plan and with which even the children can make delightful pictures of each other. There are Brownies as cheap as one dollar and Kodaks from five dollars up—no excuse now for a Christmas without the home pictures. Write for our catalogue—or better still, let your dealer show you how simple and inexpensive Kodakery has become.

Make somebody happy with a Kodak.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto, Can.

NOT to IMPROVE on NATURE, but to SHOW HER at HER BEST

A Skin soft and aglow with health—Hair that glistens in silky, wavy masses; and Hands smooth, white and perfectly manicured.

Wrinkles, blotches and an unhealthy appearance to the skin mar a woman's face more than irregular features.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

is a skin food and a purifier. It builds up the tissues, removes impurities and gives the clear, natural color of perfectly healthy skin. It's good beause it's pure.

At the first sign of dandruff in your hair, or when it starts to comb out, start using

PALMER'S Hair Tonic

50c. and $1.00 sizes.

It cleanses, stimulates and refreshes the scalp. Contains no oil or any injurious substances. Your hair will then exhibit all its own natural beauties.

You cannot give a finished appearance to your nails by merely trimming them with a pocket-knife.

LUSTR-ITE

preparations and tools are used by 90 per cent. of the leading manicurists, and give to your hands that subtle charm that distinguishes those who care for the niceties of good breeding.

At most dealers in toilet requisites, or for six cents (6c.) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite nail preparations, together with booklets containing information of great interest to you.

J. PALMER & SON, Limited. 5 and 7 De Bresoles St., Montreal

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL
Port Hope, Ont.

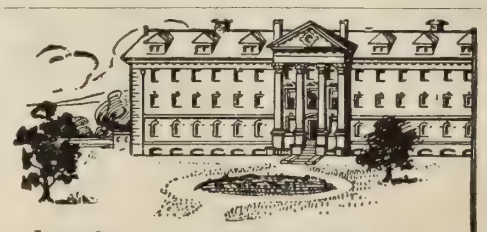
Residential School for boys.
Healthy Situation.
Fireproof Buildings.
Extensive Playgrounds, large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, and Business. Special attention given to younger boys.
For calendar and all information apply to the Headmaster.

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A.
(Cambridge) LL.D.
PORT HOPE - - - ONT.

PICKERING COLLEGE
NEWMARKET

A Residential School for Boys and Girls with Preparatory, Commercial, and Collegiate Courses, Music and Art



LARGE GROUNDS, new buildings, beautifully situated, with perfect sanitary equipment, electric light, steam heating, roomy, well-ventilated.

COMPETENT instruction, firm discipline, and home-like, Christian influences unite with these material advantages to make Pickering College worthy of your confidence. *For Announcement write*

W. F. FIRTH, M.A., D.Sc., Principal.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Canadian Girls' Club

Christmas Gifts

EVERY year thousands of subscriptions are sent as Christmas gifts, and each year the custom is increasing. Do you realize what an opportunity this offers to our members for securing orders quickly, often several from one person? Especially will it help those members who live in villages having only a few possible subscribers, and those others who only call on a small circle of friends and relatives. Many of the girls use it very largely.

Dear Secretary.

Your suggestion to urge the Journal as a Christmas gift has been the financial wonder of the year. At least, it has been worth many dollars to me. Everyone has at least one friend at a distance to whom she wants to send something. Often it is some once intimate friend who moved away and gradually stopped writing. My inquiry recalls them to mind, and a gift often follows.

Your friend,
L. A. R.

This is from one of our seasonable members:

Dear Club Secretary:

I am very busy, but I simply cannot afford to miss $25 or $30 when I can earn it so easily. So, though I do not have time to see any new people, I will try to renew all my old subscribers, and get their Xmas subscriptions. Every year the number of gift orders increase, as they find how delighted their friends are with the Journal. Please send all supplies.

Yours in haste,
A. N.

For gift subscriptions we send a card to arrive on Christmas morning, announcing gift and giver, which will explain this letter to the uninitiated.

Dear G. C. Secretary:

Please send me another Christmas card to show my friends, mine is all worn out. I find the idea of having a copy of the Journal and the Christmas card arrive on Christmas morning adds to the attractiveness of the Journal as a gift. A subscription is such an easily sent gift, and one remembered so long that it is becoming more popular every year. Few people get too many magazines to enjoy them all. I count on my Christmas gift business to pay for all my own gifts and many other things besides.

Faithfully,
L. E. C.

I wish I could publish all the letters that come in from those who wish to join the club; they are so enthusiastic in their praise of the Journal. I am quoting one because it seems to belong to the subject of this month's letter.

Dear Secretary:

Will you enroll me as a Girls' Club member and send all supplies. Last year I sent a number of subscriptions as Christmas gifts, and all of my friends were delighted. I know several people who will subscribe and probably send some gifts. Of course I want to earn some money, but principally I want to help the Journal, because it is Canadian and such a good magazine.

Very truly,
Mrs. C.

"Start now!" Let me give this advice to the many Journal readers who have been intending month after month to write to me, so that they too may take a hand in this movement that is paying the members so liberally and helping the Journal so much.

Take advantage of the best subscription season and the constantly increasing use of magazine subscriptions for Christmas gifts. Last year many new members succeeded just at this time.

Dear Miss E.:

Please send me all supplies. I must go out for my renewals. I started last year at this time, the right time as it proved for me, as most subscriptions around here seem to expire in December. Then the Journal proved a most attractive Christmas gift. I am counting most on extending my list in this way.

Sincerely,
S. W. A.

Please—in whatever place you are, large or small, we need you, and I know you'll find the work interesting, worthy of your best efforts, and one that pays most excellently for the time you spend.

At least let me write you all about our offers—then if you find that membership in the club demands too much of your energy, drop a card to cancel your name.

Very sincerely,
Secretary C. G. C.
c.o. CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,

Royal Vinolia

THE CHAIN OF NEW PLEASURES

BEST SCIENCE, BEST TASTE AND BEST RESOURCES PRODUCE FINEST SOAPS, PERFUMES AND TOILET LUXURIES IN THE WORLD

ROYAL VINOLIA VANISHING CREAM

IT seems to vanish on the skin, so completely is this delicate, new, Royal Vinolia luxury absorbed by the pores. It is especially welcome to those who dislike the feeling of anything heavy or oily. It is absolutely non-greasy, and will not cause hair to grow. It soothes and refreshes the most delicate skin, and always makes the skin more elastic. As a tonic for the skin and complexion it is without an equal.

Can also be had in glass jars.

Price 25c. per tube or jar.

ROYAL VINOLIA SOAP

IS an entirely new departure in the manufacture of a refined Toilet Soap. Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It contains no animal fat and is absolutely free from germs. It is made almost entirely from vegetable materials, absolutely pure and of the choicest materials that it is possible to buy.

In addition to its soothing and healthful properties, Royal Vinolia Soap possesses a delightful though delicate perfume. The perfume is wholly floral, having a delicious bouquet which is found in no other soap.

Royal Vinolia Soap is pressed in a creamy white cake of refined and beautiful design, absolutely free from any coloring matter, and is enclosed in handsome wrappers and cartons, bearing a unique and exquisite design.

Price 15c. per cake, or 35c. a cardbox of 3 tablets.

ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE

A MORE convenient, better form of a better, more scientific tooth paste. The "ribbon" of paste, pressed from the tube, has a special shape, clinging to the bristles of the tooth brush, and is much more convenient to use. The winding key keeps the tube always neat and presentable. Prevents decay, cannot scratch the enamel of the teeth.

Owing to the antiseptic qualities of Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste, the teeth are not only made white and lustrous, but are preserved from decay.

Price 25c. per tube.

ROYAL VINOLIA COMPLEXION POWDER

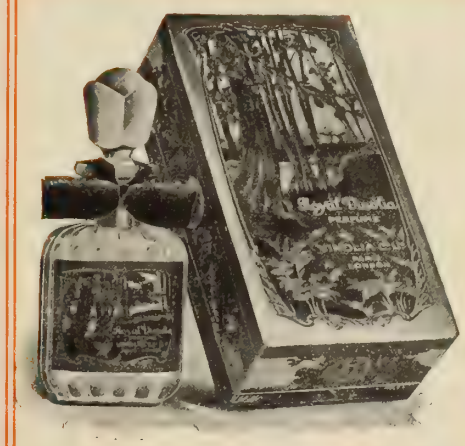
IMPARTS to the skin the velvety appearance of a well-ripened peach. The most trustworthy beautifier for the theatre or when dancing.

For either sunlight or evening lights the powder gives the skin a translucent brightness which is really beautiful.

In the three usual shades—white, cream, and pink.

Harmless, beneficial and protecting.

Price 50c. a box.



ROYAL VINOLIA PERFUME

THE finest essences of flowers and grasses, in a form to charm and delight discriminating users, the new Royal Vinolia Perfumes are entirely free from that heavier odor which may often be found even when the most costly perfumes are first dropped from the bottle.

This perfume is delicate, even when first applied, and its fragrance lingers almost as strongly after two or three days.

In bottles of $1.00 and $1.50 each with an exquisite container.

ROYAL VINOLIA TALCUM POWDER

IN addition to its delightful absorbent quality, it has a mild antiseptic action. In hot weather it prevents perspiration from fermenting, a feature which is not the least of the qualities for which it is so highly prized by persons of refinement.

In addition to ingredients which give it an indescribably refreshing quality, Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder carries with it the exquisite odor and delicacy of the new Royal Vinolia Perfume, affording another pleasure in its use.

A perfect powder for nursery or toilet.

Can be had in white or flesh color.

Price 25c.

By Appointment
Soapmakers to H.M. the King

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

By Appointment Soapmakers to H. M. the King

LONDON PARIS TORONTO

Canadian Depot, Eastern Avenue, Toronto

ROYAL VINOLIA TOILET PREPARATIONS ARE ON SALE AT ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
REGISTERED

Fairweathers
FURS

—the most sensible of Uncommon and Appropriate Xmas Gifts

Our furs are acknowledgd to be the best money's worth in Canada because they are dependable—years from now the wearer will be as proud of them as to-day.

Write for Fur Catalogue

Persian Lamb Sets 25.00 to 125.00	Black Pony Coats 50.00 to 175.00
Black Fox Sets 75.00 to 200.00	Sealskin Jackets 250.00 to 500.00
Mink Sets 55.00 to 350.00	Furlined Opera and Evening Cloaks 75.00 to 350.00
Isabella Fox Sets 35.00 to 175.00	
Ermine Sets 85.00 to 500.00	Fur Hats 30.00 to 100.00

We also sell Ladies' Hats, Evening Gowns and Dresses, Plain and Fancy Waists, Neckwear, etc., suitable for gifts.

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED
84-86 Yonge Street
TORONTO
297-299 Portage Avenue WINNIPEG
485-487 St. Catherine St. W. MONTREAL

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

MATTERS MUSICAL

THERE is no season of the year that commands a greater wealth of music and poetry than the approaching anniversary of the birth of the Bethlehem Babe. Even the fact of the Resurrection seems to become a secondary joy in Christian lands. The sorrows which led up to the Resurrection throw around that sacred memory a solemn awe, resulting in a rather distant feeling, or in one tinged with sympathy, whereas the gift to mankind of a Heavenly Babe is heralded alone with acclamations of joy and thanksgiving. It is noticeable that to the composer, only joyful sentiments are suggested, for all through his various compositions, both in verse and music, there is struck that resonant note which would peal out "Peace on Earth." Even the cathedral chimes seem to be tuned in a more joyful key as they echo the Christmas song.

At this season there are many requests made for appropriate songs, anthems, etc., for home and church work, and while it is almost impossible to frame a programme that would be possible under widely different conditions, yet the following is submitted as a very happy combination, and one not too difficult for even the small choir or glee club, yet will show a range of work very attractive to the best organization.

Organ Prelude "Holy Night"—*Dudley Buck*
Anthem—"The First Christmas Morn" —*Newton*
Soprano Solo—"Star of Bethlehem"—*Adams*
Quartette—"O Holy Child of Bethlehem" —*Neidlinger*
Baritone Solo—"Nazareth" —*Gounod*
Anthem—"Christmas" —*Shelley*
Organ Postlude—"Pilgrims' Chorus"—*Wagner*

The opening prelude is extremely pleasing through its simplicity, and carries the strains of several sweet melodies. The first anthem is one of Newton's best, bringing in delicate piano parts, as well as some strong crescendos. The second anthem calls for soprano and contralto solo work, which, while not difficult, is very effective. An extremely attractive chime effect lends seasonable color to this work. Little need be said of Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus," only that it has endeared itself to the general public.

A programme that will give a greater scope for a larger chorus, and also more complete satisfaction to the hearers, might be worked out of the following:

Organ Prelude—"March of the Magi"—*Dubois*
Anthem—"Gloria" —*Mozart*
Baritone Solo—"The Message of the Angels" —*Hawley*
Ladies' Chorus with Baritone Solo—"List the Cherubic Host" —*Gaul*
Quartette—"A Hymn to Christmas"—*Weigand*
Tenor Solo—"Fear Not Ye" —*Buck*
Anthem(Soprano)obligato"Inflammatus" —*Rossini*
Contralto Solo—"Dear Little Stranger" —*Gabriel*
Anthem (Contralto Solo)—"O Thou that Tellest Good Tidings" —*Handel*
Organ Posleude—"Hallelujah Chorus" —*Handel*

There are few who do not know the famous "Gloria" with its grand tone and wonderful climax. Truly, the composer of such was a master. The Ladies' Chorus mentioned will well repay special attention. In the writer's experience, no other chorus has no completely captivated the audience. This is perhaps due to the very limited numbers written for female voices, but combined with this, the composer presents an exceptionally pleasing harmony. The effect is heightened with a beautiful baritone solo and obligato.

"Inflammatus"—the very mention of this leads one to give it a place of prominence in all the Christmas work. We are brought into the chorus after a very telling organ prelude. The soprano voice carries through an obligato to the accompaniment of very soft chorus parts, which are noticeable by their insistence, and at times lead into splendid fortissimo effects.

The contralto voice has good opportunity in Handel's "O Thou That Tellest." This anthem will well repay careful study. A grand climax to this service of song could be none other than the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Any requests for music on this page may be addressed to the Musical Editor, and we will be pleased to secure same for our readers.

Personal enquiries along this line at this or other seasons are always given special attention, and our correspondence column is open to all.

Answers to Correspondents

A VOICE WITHOUT BODY.

What qualifications are essential to a successful study of voice culture. Has the possessor of a thin small voice a good chance to make success?—Grace W.

If your friend will take our advice kindly, she will try to forget her ambition to study voice culture, and devote her love of music to some instrumental study, as the likelihood of even having personal satisfaction under her handicap is small. The qualifications for the work are: First, voice; second, taste and love for music; third, natural intelligence. The thin hollow voice too often indicates delicate constitution, and seldom can stand the exertion and strain necessary to take care of the heavy work, and lacks volume with which to express the wide range of music written.

SYNCOPATION.

What is meant by syncopation in music?—A Subscriber.

Syncopation is the connecting of the last note of a bar with the first one of the next bar, so as to form but one note of a duration equal to both. little practice.

THE FIELD FOR ORGANISTS.

What are the openings for a lady organist in the larger cities?—Mildred E.

The best city churches now require a male leader and organist combined. But your chances are good if you will make a study of leadership also.

THE INSTRUMENTAL FIELD.

What instruments would you advise teaching to children with a view to their pleasure and profit,—Mrs. W. G. B.

So much depends on the ability of the individual child that a general answer to the above is very hard. No instrument will give greater pleasure, when mastered, than the violin, and expert teachers of it are all too rare. To achieve the highest results from the violin, the player must, in nature, be in harmony with the higher ideals and have a keen perception of the delicate blending and toning in all life. Other instruments leading to great pleasure and open fields of self-support may be mentioned: Pipe organ, 'cello, cornet, clarionet, and harp. At the rate Canada is growing, there is bound to be an immense field for the good musician, and especially for those able to create a Canadian temperament in their work through originality.

VOICE TIMBRE.

What is meant by timbre of the voice?—H. B.

By timbre is meant the quality of the musical tone; there are two timbres in the voice, called clear and sombre. The clear is best illustrated in children's voices, expressing a kind of open ingenuousness and light-heartedness; the sombre is illustrated in mature voices, expressing earnestness and seriousness.

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The late S. H. Butcher, Pres. of the British Academy, M.P. for the University of Cambridge.

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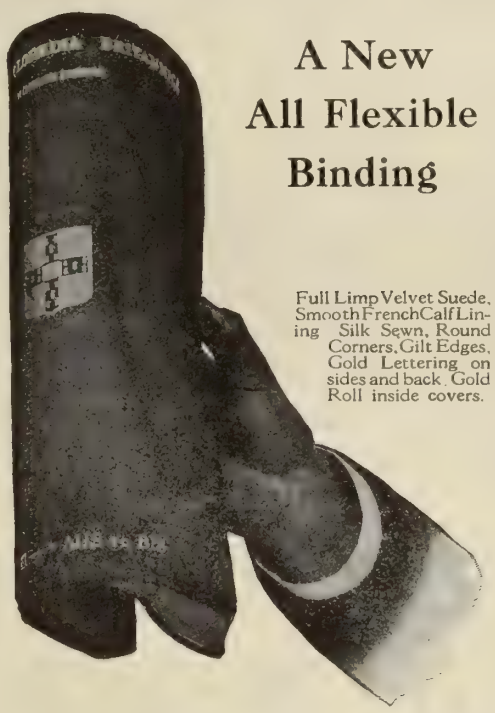

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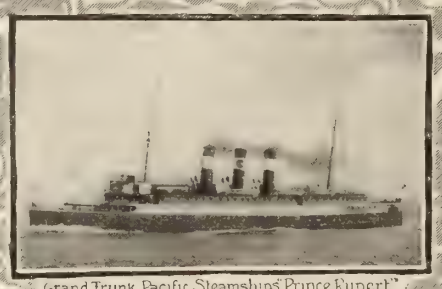

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Household Decoration

Continued from page 25

and comfort in every room, or at least it may be if it is simply and appropriately constructed. The most attractive arrangement for the over mantel in the dining-room is a mirror, either hung separately in a large oval frame or built in with the mantel itself. If the mirror is not used an interesting picture may be hung in the space or several smaller ones if their subjects are related and of sufficient importance to fill so conspicuous a place.

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If the dining-room is used as a living-room also the furniture and arrangement must be a compromise between the two, but the main object will be to make an attractive living-room. If a convenient serving pantry opens from the dining-room the sideboard

CONVENIENT SERVING TABLE

may sometimes be entirely dispensed with, leaving more room for the davenport and easy chairs that are needed to make the room comfortable and attractive. A table set in the room or even with its white cover gives it always a formal, unhomelike appearance, and proclaims it a dining-room at once, no matter how cozy and enticing one has made the rest of the room. The extra trouble of changing the cloth for a pretty colored one that harmonizes with the color scheme, and making the table as small as possible, is amply repaid by the improvement in the comfort of the room. The same pictures and curtains will be appropriate for either room, but the plate-rail belongs exclusively to the dining-room.

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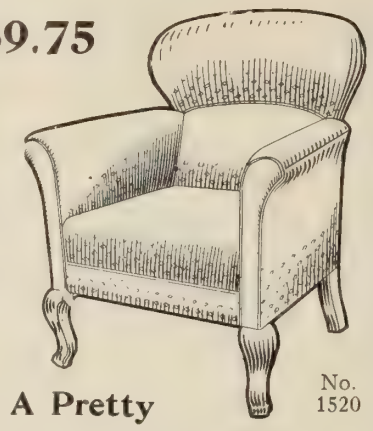

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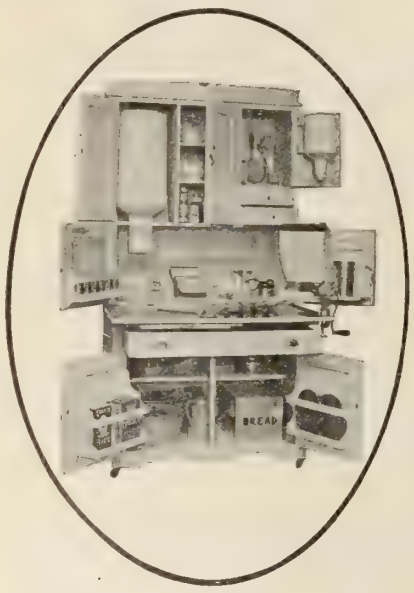

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THE COST OF A CRIME

Continued from page 20

you hear? I'll come and speak to Uncle Archie about you to-morrow in spite of you."

She laughed a little, and with a bewildering glance over her shoulder flitted away.

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR LATER.

LIDGATE got out at Clapton Station in the dusk of an autumn evening, and turned his steps in the direction of an obscure, quiet street, where he had to pay a call.

More than a year has elapsed since the disappearance of John Reedham from the ken of those who had known him. The few who had not forgotten him believed him dead.

In Burnham Road, Clapton, remote from the scene of her former happiness, Bessie Reedham lived the life of the solitary and struggling woman in London. She had not even the cloak of widowhood to protect her. She was still attractive, and looked astonishingly young; the year, therefore, had not been without its trials.

Of these trials she did not speak to any human being, least of all to Lidgate, though she knew him to be truly her friend.

But they did not meet often; they could not meet often because of that chance revelation made in the drawing-room at Norwood, when the blow had first fallen across Bessie Reedham's life.

Lidgate bitterly regretted that he had not been able to keep a better guard upon himself. There was now a barrier between them it would be difficult, if not impossible, to clear away.

He was going to her now, against his better judgment, impelled to it by a haunting intuition that she was in trouble of some sort.

He had no ground for that intuition, except his own certainty of it. She had not written to him, or indicated that she would like him to call. Yet there was no hesitation in his step as it approached the familiar house. It was one of a neat, small, uniform row of small dwellings, much sought after by the newly-wed of moderate means because of the pleasant gardens sloping at the back to the River Lea. It was this very garden that had attracted Bessie Reedham in her dreary search for a home suitable to her slender means. They had allowed her to keep the whole of her furniture; the more expensive articles she had sold, and furnished the small house with the simpler items, and had made it a home, albeit it was plain and simple and unpretentious. She had hoped to make it a home likewise to other people who would come to her as paying guests, and be glad, perhaps, to find something a little higher than the usual London boarding house.

Guests had come certainly, but most of them had proved unsatisfactory, exacting, some of them even dishonest. She had been disillusioned, and was now thankful to receive two city clerks who desired a respectable shelter more than a home, preferring to find their social environments outside. Her boy was now at home with her. In spite of her protestations, the Luttrells had kept him another year at Reigate, and after the summer term he had taken a situation in a shop at Clapton. This was a bitter pill for Bessie Reedham to swallow; but the lad had acted on his own initiative, and she had deemed it wiser to let him have his way. But her eye, quickened by love and anxiety, had discovered that he was not happy there, that his spirit was being crushed, and she was almost in despair.

In these dark days her thoughts had turned naturally to Lidgate, who had just returned from a three months' American tour.

It is possible that some spirit message went from her to him, and assured him that he would not be unwelcome at Clapton.

As he turned in at Burnham Road he saw a lad at the opposite corner, and, though he was greatly grown, he recognized Leslie.

He gave a low, quick whistle.

"Hulloa, Leslie, old chap!" The boy stood still, peering through the dusk, uncertain of the voice. When he recognized Lidgate he seemed pleased, and returned the grasp of his hand quite warmly.

The year had reassured Leslie, and his jealousy of Lidgate slept.

"I thought you were in America?" he said bluntly.

"I have only returned a few days. How are you, my boy?"

"I—oh, I'm quite well," he replied, but the falter in his voice seemed to belie his words. Lidgate detained him a moment, as he would have passed on to the house, ashamed, perhaps, of his brief emotion.

"Tell me what it is, lad. I am truly your friend, if you would only believe it," he said sincerely.

"I didn't want to show the white feather," said the lad bravely. "But I'm down on my luck, too. I've been paid off."

"But it was a poor job, Leslie, and never good enough; probably it will come a blessing in disguise," said Lidgate cheerily.

The lad's face brightened.

"I didn't think of it like that. It was only the money I thought of; eight shillings a week isn't much, is it, but it helps a good bit, mother says, more than you'd think."

Lidgate almost gasped.

Eight shillings a week! What did it represent to him—a few boxes of matches, a copper or a sixpence bestowed here and there for service rendered, and not to be taken into account at all.

"How is your mother?" he asked, abruptly changing the theme.

"I'm afraid she isn't very well. It's been very hot in London this summer, and she has only two boarders at present. They pay very little; I know she is worried about the rent."

"Let's go in and see her, lad," said Lidgate, unable to bear any more.

"In a moment. I'd like to tell you how I came to get the sack to-day. I haven't done anything very bad, you know, and the master said he'd never had a sharper lad. But I was cheeky, I suppose. They said something about my father when we were at dinner upstairs, and I got mad, and hit out; with my tongue, I mean. I don't remember what I said exactly, but I know I could have killed them."

Lidgate's heart was full. The bright, eager face from which the rounded fulness of boyhood was so rapidly passing, the troubled eyes, the sensitive mouth, all appealed.

"Dear lad, you did right, quite right. Always cherish his memory, he was a good father to you."

"His memory, why do you say his memory?" he asked sharply. "He's still living, we shall see him again one day. Whatever you or anybody else may say I am sure of that, and so is mother."

Lidgate shook his head; Leslie put his hand on the gate and pushed it open. The brief warming of his heart towards Lidgate passed, and the old distrust returned.

They entered the house, and hearing two voices, Mrs. Reedham came out. That she was quite glad to see Lidgate was evidenced by the pleasure on her face. She had few, almost no friends now; those who thought of her with a passing pity did not come to tell her they remembered her, the world at large is only too anxious to forget those who have dropped into its byways.

"Mother, I've had my tea, I only want to change and go out for an hour. You won't mind now Mr. Lidgate has come," said Leslie, and he saw with an added bitterness that she did not mind in the least, nay, that she would be glad to have some talk with the intruder alone.

He left the house without coming to the small sitting-room at the back they had reserved for their own use; his mother started when she heard the closing of the outer door.

"Leslie is ont very happy where he is, Mr. Lidgate. I wish I could find another place for him."

"I will find him something to-morrow," replied Lidgate readily. "Personally, what I should like to do is to take him to London Wall, but James Currie would certainly object. There would not be any trouble with Sir Philip."

(To be continued)

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Graceful Afternoon Gowns

DECEMBER being the month of holidays always means the necessity for just such pretty, graceful toilettes as these. They are all in the height of style. They represent the latest ideas. Yet each one is simple, and involves no complications or difficulties in the making.

The gown to the extreme left is made of crepe meteor, with trimming of lace. The full portion of the blouse is of chiffon, and there is beaded banding around the neck, while the sash is made of satin. The gown is as attractive as well can be. The bertha and the gathered frills are among the latest features. The skirt is circular and complete without the train, which is adjusted over it and attached at the upper edge, consequently this train can be omitted if a simple gown is wanted. Also the waist can be made with yoke and under sleeves, as indicated in the back view, with the result that the gown becomes available for daytime as well as evening occasions. In place of the lace could be used frills of any thin material. For the medium size the waist will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of chiffon, 3¾ yards of lace 7 inches wide, and 1¼ yards of banding, to make as shown in front view; 5¼ yards of lace and 1¼ yards of allover material 18 inches wide, to make as shown in back view; for the skirt will be needed 6¼ yards 27 or 36, 4¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the waist, No. 7218, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, No. 7083, in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

The young girl's frock is made with a simple five-gored skirt that is gathered at the upper edge, and a one-piece blouse made in peasant style. The tucks over the shoulders provide pretty fulness. The trimming is all arranged on indicated lines. In this case the skirt is trimmed with straight frills below the trimming band, but such treatment is optional, for the dress can be made as shown in the back view quite as well as in this more elaborate style. The yoke and undersleeve render it adapted to daytime use. For the 16-year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 4¼ yards 36, 3⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of allover lace 18 inches wide for the trimming, and 2½ yards of additional material 21 inches wide for the gathered frills, and 4½ yards of banding.

The pattern, No. 7213, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Tunics are among the smartest of all things this season. The third and last gown shows a simple straight one combined with a peasant bodice that is draped in surplice style. It is worn over a skirt with train that can be either pointed or square. The back of the bodice can be finished with rosettes after the manner of the front, or with a sash, as liked. In this case lace flouncing is used, but any pretty soft material is equally appropriate for the model. It will be charming in crepe de chine, messaline or any fashionable material. A very charming effect is obtained by using a plain fabric, such as crepe de chine, for the tunic, and trimming of allover lace, and the drapery to match the tunic. For the medium size the flounce, tunic and drapery will require 3⅝ yards of flouncing 38 inches wide, for the sash will be needed 2½ yards of ribbon; for the skirt will be required 5½ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 3¼ yards 44 inches wide. To make the tunic and blouse of plain material will require 5¾ yards 27, 3½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse and tunic No. 7221, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7215, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

Fashion Notes

Bands handsomely beaded and embroidered are lavishly taken for dresses and dressy suits. Every endeavor is made to produce the Oriental effect, and it is in trimmings that the idea can be most successfully carried out. Bands have been good during the past season, but there is every indication that the one now fast approaching will see these embroidered bands used in larger proportions than ever.

New garnitures are being featured that are both pleasing and practical. Among these are the long pointed effects in the form of Vandyke points. These are somewhat newer than the bands, and are appliqued onto the gowns it trims. The newest materials in the season's elaborate trimmings are colored worsteds and chenille, which are employed in combination with silks and beading or used separately. The metal embroideries, also gold and silver effects are very handsome, combined with the worsted and chenille embroidery.

The superb trimmings this season would be hard to surpass. It would seem that the elaborate preparations incident upon the coronation of the King and Queen have influenced every mart from whence come millinery goods. It is easy to trace the Oriental touches so much in vogue to the elegant costumes of the Eastern visitors who were such popular and picturesque features of the coronation festivities.

The outstanding feature of trimmings is feathers. The choicest millinery effects will literally "fly in feathers." There is scarcely any limit to the variety. The colors are bewilderingly beautiful—all the bronze and purple and green combinations of the peacock's neck in the sunshine; white joined with grey as in the dove's breast, black,

Waist Pattern No. 7218
Skirt Pattern No. 7083

Pattern No. 7213

Blouse Pattern No. 7221
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Gowns of Silk with Lace

SILK is one of the favorite materials of the season for afternoon costumes, and it is shown in numberless new and attractive weaves. The two gowns illustrated are, one of silk serge, and the other of the new satin duchess, which is soft and supple, of chiffon quality, the color of the latter is one of the beautiful fashionable greys, and the trimming is of the same material in a lighter, harmonizing shade.

The gown of serge is combined with both black and white lace, and such combination is exceedingly smart. The blouse is a very new one made in sections that are overlapped and arranged over a guimpe lining. This guimpe lining is faced with black lace and forms the V-shaped portions, with white lace for the yoke. It includes white lace undersleeves also, that can be seen through the over ones of black lace. The skirt is made with panels and overlap the side portions, and these side portions are finished and lapped onto the panels. It can be finished with either a high or natural waist line. For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27, 2 yards 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of allover black lace 18 inches wide, and 1⅜ yards of white lace 18 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, and 2 yards of lace banding.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7234, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7238, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

The second gown shows one of the new blouses that is made with a circular peplum and big revers. It can be worn over any guimpe. It includes kimono sleeves that are attached to the armholes, but the blouse is cut to extend over the shoulders, and this effect is one of the newest and smartest. The model will be found a charming one for the separate blouse, as well as for the entire gown, and if it is lined with soft silk, it becomes reversible. The skirt is made in three pieces, and is closed at the left of the front, where the edges are overlapped. If liked, these edges can be cut straight in place of being rounded as in the illustration. Worn with this blouse the skirt is finished with a belt at the natural waist line, but it can be cut higher and underfaced if desired for different use. For the medium size the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 1¾ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, and 1 yard of satin for the trimming; for the skirt will be needed 5¼ yards 27 or 36, 2½ yards 44, with ¾ yard of satin for the trimming.

The pattern of the overblouse, No. 7230, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, No. 7236, in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist.

Smart Gowns in Tunic Style

EVERY possible kind of tunic is fashionable this winter, the long and the short, the straight and the shaped. Illustrated are two gowns that

Blouse Pattern No. 7234
Skirt Pattern No. 7238

Blouse Pattern No. 7230
Skirt Pattern No. 7236

represent quite different sorts, yet which are equally smart.

The gown to the left is made of crepe meteor over velvet with trimming of fancy silk. The blouse is made in one piece, in peasant style, but is finished with a square yoke, and trimmed with banding. The tunic is made in two pieces and attached to it. Any preferred blouse can be worn beneath, but this one is in plain peasant style, cut in one piece with the sleeves. The skirt is made in two pieces with seams at the sides only. In addition to its other possibilities, the over-blouse can be used without the tunic, and when treated in this way it becomes a very simple garment, and can be made from any pretty silk or other material in color to match the skirt, to be worn over a guimpe in combination with a tailored skirt or with an odd skirt. For the medium size the tunic will require 2¼ yards of material 27 or 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of lace banding; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of additional material 21 inches wide for the ruchings.

The pattern of the over-blouse, No. 7227, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7123, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Blouse Pattern No. 7211
Skirt Pattern No. 7034

Blouse Pattern No. 7227
Skirt Pattern No. 7123

exceedingly attractive, and can be utilized in many ways. In the illustration the blouse and skirt are made of messaline, and the skirt is trimmed with ruchings of the material. The over-blouse is made with front and back portions and is closed under the left arm. The tunic is made in two pieces and attached to it. Any preferred blouse can be worn beneath, but this one is in plain peasant style, cut in one piece with the sleeves. The skirt is made in two pieces with seams at the sides only. In addition to its other possibilities, the over-blouse can be used without the tunic, and when treated in this way it becomes a very simple garment, and can be made from any pretty silk or other material in color to match the skirt, to be worn over a guimpe in combination with a tailored skirt or with an odd skirt. For the medium size the tunic will require 2¼ yards of material 27 or 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of lace banding; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of additional material 21 inches wide for the ruchings.

The pattern of the over-blouse, No. 7227, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7123, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

pieces. The skirt is made with a five-gored foundation and circular flounce, and the flounce only is of the velvet. The high waist line is fashionable, but this skirt can be cut to the material line if preferred. Any two fashionable materials can be used. Silk and velvet are essentially smart, but plain and striped materials make a pretty effect and wool material can be used with either silk or velvet. If the round neck is not liked, the blouse can be made with a yoke as indicated in the back view. For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27, 1⅛ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of silk for the trimming, and ⅞ yard of allover lace for the under-sleeves or 1⅛ yards for under-sleeves and yoke; for the tunic will be needed 4 yards 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 with 1½ yards of silk for trimming; for the foundation skirt will be required 2½ yards 27, 1¾ yards 36, and for the flounce 3 yards of velvet 21 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7211, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7034, in sizes from 23 to 30 waist.

The short tunic shown on the second figure is cut in what is known as Greek style. The model is much liked in lace, such as illustrated, and in silk, velvet and all seasonable materials. It can be cut with a low neck or a high one. It is

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CHILDREN'S parties are sure to be in progress during the Christmas season. Here are two dainty, charming little frocks that can be made from any pretty thin material.

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which plays all music faultlessly and is not in the slightest degree mechanical, owing to the wonderful devices of individual expression.

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A Christmas Treat

Plan a real treat for the children this year. Make some Christmas candy of which they may safely eat all they want—because *you know* it is *pure* and *wholesome* and better than the rich candies that are much more expensive.

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

makes these *pure* candies; and oh, but they are delicious! Try this recipe for KNOX MARSHMALLOWS and watch not only the children, but the grown-ups enjoy them.

—Knox Marshmallows—

Soak ½ package Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 10 tablespoonfuls cold water. Heat 2 cups (1 pint) granulated sugar with 10 tablespoonfuls water till dissolved. Add gelatine to syrup; let stand till partially cooled. Add few grains salt and flavoring to taste. Beat with a whip till too stiff, then with large spoon till only soft enough to settle into a sheet. Dust granite pans thickly with confectioner's sugar; pour in the candy about half inch deep; set in cool place till thoroughly chilled. Turn out, cut in cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar. (Will make over 100 marshmallows.)

Let us send you our Recipe Book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It contains recipes for other KNOX candies and countless dainty desserts, puddings, salads, etc. FREE for your grocer's name.

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Olde Englishe
Plum Puddings
ARE DELICIOUS

Enough were sold last year to serve 50,000 people.

DID YOU GET YOUR SHARE?

AT ALL GROCERS

The Harry Webb Co. Ltd.
TORONTO, CAN.

The dress to the left gives the Empire waist line that is fashionable this season, and includes one of the new berthas that is exceedingly smart. It can be made just as illustrated, and become a party frock or it can be made with high neck and long sleeves, and be trimmed more simply and become adapted to afternoon occasions. The skirt is straight, gathered at the upper edge. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves, in peasant style, and there is a little chemisette arranged under it. The bertha is arranged over the blouse, and the entire dress is closed invisibly at the back. To make as illustrated requires 4 yards of material 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 8 yards of lace 4 inches wide, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 8 yards of lace 4 inches wide, 3 yards 6 inches wide and 6½ yards of insertion.

The pattern, No. 7229, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The second frock is made with a two-flounce skirt, the lower flounce being joined to, while the upper is arranged over a five-gored foundation. In the illustration the material is embroidered muslin, while the trimming is lace flouncing, but the design in itself is simple, and the dress could be made from any flouncing or bordered material with less labor, as the border or flouncing would make its own finish, or it could be made from challis or cashmere and banded with velvet or satin ribbon. If an afternoon frock is wanted, it can be made with high neck and long sleeves. The blouse is made with front and back portions that are tucked to yoke depth, and the sleeves are sewed to the armholes, while the bretelles are arranged over the shoulders. For the 10-year size the dress will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 6½ yards of edging and 7½ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 7005, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Amber Beads

ONCE more in favor are those glistening, gleaming yellow beads which since the time of our grandmothers have been worn as necklaces. With the collarless blouses and the lingerie frocks with their low necks, neck ornaments are especially fashionable, and this gives added opportunity for the wearing of this pretty old-fashioned bead. All sizes are worn, from the small pea-sized bead to the one large as a good-sized marble. And in the jewelers' shops one may purchase them by the string or by the dozen—in this latter way making the necklace as one pleases.

Fringe Trimming

FRINGE is the most popular trimming for the fall and winter. It was introduced last spring, and was put on many handsome gowns and wraps, but this season manufacturers of garments and skirts, as well as dresses, are using it lavishly. It trims tunics on skirts as well as fringes, collars and cuffs, and in fact is used in many interesting ways. It comes about two to two and a-half inches wide, and is most popular in silk. It is rather expensive, so that it will be adopted mostly by the ultra class of buyers.

Beaded fringe is also well thought of as trimming for evening gowns. Girdles, separate tassels, passementerie ornaments, braid buttons and cords are well favored in the line of ornamentation for the new season's models. All these suggest the East Indian Empire, and are very good style.

Coats for Afternoon Occasions

PRETTY and attractive afternoon costumes are needed at all seasons of the year. Those illustrated represent the very latest styles. The young girl's frock shows one of the new coatee blouses, while the woman's gown represents the panel skirt and big revers which are among the smartest of all things.

The girl's frock is adapted to almost all seasonable materials. It could be made from French serge and be very pretty; from cashmere or challis; from chiffon velveteen, from crepe de chine or messaline. In the illustration, however, cashmere is trimmed with satin and with lace. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves, but the sleeves are finished with circular frills and the peplum is separate and joined to it. The big collar finishes the neck and the chemisette is arranged under it. The under-sleeves are attached beneath the sleeve trimming. The skirt is made in two pieces with plaited panel at each side of the front and extending to flounce depth. It can be cut either to a high or natural waist line. For the

Dress Pattern No. 7229 Dress Pattern No. 7005

"A Suggestion"
For Christmas or "For Any Season"
TOLTON'S SHIRTINGS

Are particularly suitable for

Ladies' Wash Waists and Suits

because they are Exclusive, Durable and Colors Fast to Sun and Tub.

Write for samples and they will be sent to you free, then you can order from them by mail. Our Scotch Zephyrs, English Oxfords, French Cambrics and Flannels are 32 inches wide and priced from 12½c. yd. up. We sell them direct to you in any quantity and guarantee them to more than please you or your money promptly refunded. All orders shipped prepaid.

One experiment will convince the most fastidious dresser that at last she has discovered the place to secure exquisite and beautiful materials at moderate cost. We invite you to have your name put on our mail order list for present or future. Just drop a card to Harry Tolton, Berlin, Ont., Maker of Fine Shirts and importer of Woven Shirtings of rare weave.

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WANTED.—An educated lady in each city or town to show my samples of shirtings. The samples will appeal to and please any woman, because the designs are different from the ordinary. No experience necessary: occupation pleasant, and a splendid opportunity to make money in your spare time. For full particulars apply to

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—PERFECT—
Willow Plumes

IN any color, from your old ostrich feathers. Money saved and more lasting than new "factory" plumes.

SPECIAL processes for cleaning and dyeing evening gowns and street dresses. The lustre and softness of new goods retained. Feathers, silks and laces given special attention.

EXPRESS paid both ways on orders amounting to $5.00. Ask for our advice and prices. Quarter century reputation.

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The Original and Best Scotch Wincey. In range of beautiful colourings, stripes or in white. Ideal for **LADIES' BLOUSES, CHILDRENS' DRESSES BABIES' FROCKS,** and all underwear—Gents.' Shirts, Pyjamas, etc.

Washes perfectly, and is UNSHRINKABLE.

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"St. Jude's Vicarage, South Shields, 31 Oct., 1910. Mrs. De la Hey will be obliged if Messrs. Spence will send 12 yards of enclosed Wincey, for which cheque is enclosed. Mrs. de la Hey has NEVER used ANY OTHER Wincey which gave the PERFECT satisfaction of Messrs. JAS. SPENCE & CO.'s MAKE."

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BURNS COAL OIL (Kerosene)

Outshines city gas or electricity. Simple, noiseless, odorless, clean, safe, money-saving. Guaranteed. Write nearest office for catalogue M and learn how to get an Aladdin Mantle Lamp FREE.

AGENTS T. H. BALL SOLD 850 on money back guarantee, not one returned. Stacey sold 12 in one hour. Newsom sold 12 in 10 calls. Gibson sold 48 in 5 days. Sells itself. Needed in every home. Our **Sunbeam Burner** fits other lamps. Complete line for homes, stores, etc. Ask for our liberal agency proposition.

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Offices at Winnipeg and Montreal

16-year size the blouse will require 2⅜ yards of material 27, 1¾ yards 36, 1⅝ yard 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of satin for the trimming, ½ yard of all-over lace for the collar, 1 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and under-sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 4¼ yard 27 or 36, 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of satin for the trimming.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7204, and of the skirt, No. 7224, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The gown shown on the figure to the right is made of henrietta cloth, trimmed with fringe and with puffings of silk. It is both simple and practical. The blouse and skirt close at the left side, giving the continuous lines that are becoming, as well as fashionable. The collar can be made either pointed or round, but the points are in every way to be commended when found becoming. The sleeves are of the new kimono sort, and are attached to the armholes which are piped. The chemisette is arranged under the blouse, and the under-sleeves are attached to the sleeves beneath the trimming. The skirt is cut in three pieces, lapped on to separate panels. These panels can be made of contrasting material, and an attractive effect would be obtained by combining satin or velvet for the panels and for the collar and cuffs. For the medium size the blouse will require 3½ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 18 inches wide for chemisette and under-sleeves, ½ yard of silk for the pipings, and 1¼ yards of fringe. For the skirt will be needed 5¼ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of fringe.

The pattern, No. 7216, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, of the skirt, No. 7222, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Fancy Blouse

THERE are many variations of the peasant blouse to be noted just now, but none is prettier than this one. The shoulder portions being separate allow effective use of contrasting material, and the square Dutch neck is becoming and attractive. In this case the material is chiffon, and the trimming is lace, while the under-sleeves are made of dotted net, but such a blouse would be found appropriate for messaline, crepe de chine and for all materials of the kind. For the tucked portion can be used either the same or contrasting material. The blouse made of dotted point de esprit net with the tucked portion of plain would be pretty, or the blouse could be made of satin, while the tucked portions are of chiffon. Any banding can be used as trimming. If the square neck is not becoming the blouse can be made as shown in the back view, and if a simpler effect is wanted the trimming of the centre front can be omitted.

The blouse is made with front and back portions and with a tucked portion over the shoulders. These are joined by means of a trimming band and the closing is made at the back. The trimming at the front is arranged on indicated lines. The under-sleeves are attached beneath the sleeve bands.

For the 16-year size will be required 2¼ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with 2¾ yards

Blouse Pattern No. 7204
Skirt Pattern No. 7224

Blouse Pattern No. 7216
Skirt Pattern No. 7222

The Perplexing Question of the Year

is what to buy at a moderate cost as a Christmas gift that will combine all the elements of nicety, practicability and appropriateness. There is practically no gift at the same cost that will please mother, wife, sister or friend as much as the latest improved

BISSELL "Cyco" Ball-Bearing CARPET SWEEPER

Everything about the machine, including finish and mechanism, indicates value double its cost to the purchaser. Thousands of Bissell Sweepers are given every year as Christmas gifts, and the demand for this purpose is growing enormously. A "Bissell" will be a constant reminder of the giver for ten years or more. It reduces the labor of sweeping 95%, raises no dust, and cleans carpets and rugs as no corn broom can, and will outlast fifty of them. Costs from $3.00 to $4.50, and are sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

OUR HOLIDAY OFFER—Buy of your dealer between now and January 1st, send us the purchase slip *within one week from dat of purchase* and we will send you a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

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THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES
will be much more enjoyable if you brighten things up with
Maypole Soap
The Quick, Easy Home Dye

Faded curtains, sofa covers, cushion tops and table centres — soiled dresses, sweater coats, boas and toques—anything that can be dyed—will look as fresh and pretty as ever when dyed with Maypole Soap. Colors are clean, even, brilliant and fadeless in sun or rain. Dyes cottons, wools, silks or mixtures. Does not stain hands or kettles.

24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c.—black 15c.—at your dealer's or postpaid with free booklet, "How to Dye" from

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Make absolutely sure of your under wear satisfaction by asking specifically for 'Wolsey' and seeing that each garment you get bears the Wolsey trademark.

Then you are sure of underwear pure wool, underwear that will fit and feel *right*; that will yield you lasting, comfortable, useful service; that will never shrink, or, if it does, will be replaced quite free of cost; that, in short, will make you thoroughly glad you bought it.

Wolsey UNDERWEAR

Made in all garments and in many weights and sizes, for men, women, and children, and sold everywhere throughout the world

ORDER TO-DAY

All Wolsey Underwear is British made by British workers. The Wolsey Factories are the largest and most modern of their kind in Great Britain; and 'Wolsey' itself has so far proved its value as to become the most widely-selling Underwear in the world. Comfort, health, economy, all point to Wolsey garments as the best for men, for women, and for children.

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The Lamp That Saves The Eyes

Children naturally never think of possible strain on their eyesight when poring over a fascinating book.

It is up to you to see they do not ruin their young eyes these long evenings by reading under a poor light.

The Rayo Lamp is an insurance against eye troubles, alike for young and old.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp, but it is constructed on the soundest scientific principles, and there is not a better lamp made at any price.

It is easy on the eye because its light is so soft and white and widely diffused. And a Rayo Lamp never flickers.

Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Solid brass throughout, with handsome nickel finish; also in many other styles and finishes. Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited
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At a little cost you can secure a good first impression by touching up your hall furniture with

LACQUERET
TRADE MARK
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

Why not brighten up your Hat-Rack, Hall-Seat, Staircase, etc. Your guests will notice these on entrance.

Light Oak, Dark Oak or Mahogany "Lacqueret" on these furnishings will work wonders

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Its effect is almost magical.

Our little book "Dainty Decorator" tells of the many uses of "Lacqueret" in the home. A copy is waiting for you, free for the asking.

Cans contain full Imperial Measure. Don't accept a substitute.

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AND 1,000 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY.

1st Prize, $50.00 in Cash 3rd Prize, $35.00 in Cash
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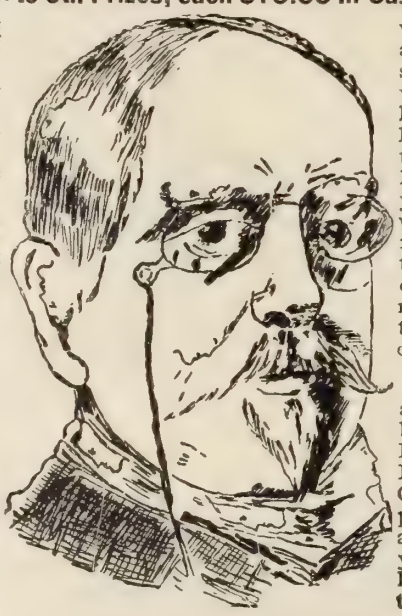

Herewith will be found the picture of an old man. Around his head and shoulders are concealed the faces of his seven daughters. Can you find these seven faces? If so, mark the faces with an X. Cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found the seven faces and marked them."

Write the above words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered in this contest.

Should you not happen to be a neat writer, show this advertisement to some friend of yours who can write plainly and neatly, and have him or her enter this contest in his or her name for you. First, agree with the person who is to do the writing, that you are to receive any prize money or prize that may be awarded.

This may take up a little of your time but as there is TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and One Thousand premiums given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found the seven faces and marked them."

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest

Send your answer at once, we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not and we will send you complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received some of the Cash Prizes from us. You will then see for yourself that our representation that must be found. This does not involve the spending of any of your money.

Winners of Cash Prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else **as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.**

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in Recent Contests

Mrs W. A C Orr, 278 Garry St., Winnipeg.	$50.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke	50.00
Mr Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que.	50.00
Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Militia, Ottawa.	50.00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Athabaska, Que.	50.00
Mrs. E. McMillan, 345 Markland St., West Toronto	50.00
Miss I. E. Benjamin, 125 Hughson St., Hamilton	40.00
Miss H. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont.	40.00
Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Box 109, Keewatin, Ont.	40.00
Mr. Morman Robinson, Milford Haven, Ont.	40.00
Mr Thos. Humphries, c/o Ayers & Sons, St. John's, Nfld.	40.00
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Mrs. J. B. Girouard, 656 Maisonneuve, Montreal	35.00
Mrs. A Ferguson, 39 Stobart Block, Winnipeg.	35.00
Mrs. F. E. Chadwick, 624 Spadina Ave., Toronto	30.00
Mr. R. E. Strange, 300 Rockland Rd. St. John, N. B.	30.00
Miss Mary Cochrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa.	35.00
Mrs G H Benson, 33 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.	35.00
Mrs. W D Little, Powassan, Ont.	30.00
Mr Thos Blakey, 88 Huntley St., Toronto.	25.00
Miss Mary Lamb, 22 Spencer, St. John's Nfld.	25.00
Miss E A Kennedy, 16 Railway St., Hamilton.	25.00
Mr Jules Vasconcelles, Goulais River, Ont.	25.00
Mr Jno. M Sullivan, Duckworth, St. John's, Nfld.	25.00
Mrs E H Dannett, 200 Hughson St., Hamilton.	25.00
Mr W C Mason, 2479 Hutchison St., Montreal.	25.00
Mrs H W Healey, Box 171 Ingersoll Ont.	25.00
Mr B Bugden, Merry Meeting, St. John's, Nfld.	20.00
Miss M E Pollock, 35 Viger Ave., Montreal.	10.00
Miss Ruth Britton, 457 Cumberland Ave, Winnipeg.	10.00
Miss Isabel Ferguson, Box 1104, Edmonton, Alta.	10.00
Mr Q E Benjamin, 125 Hughson St., Hamilton.	10.00

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44 BOVEL BUILDING
MONTREAL, CANADA.

of banding 2½ inches wide and ¼ yard of banding 4¾ inches wide, and ½ yard 18 inches wide for the under-sleeves, ⅜ yard for the yoke when made with the high neck.

The pattern, No. 7186, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Peasant Blouse

THE peasant blouse in its many variations continues to be a favorite. This model is novel, the yoke being cut in points. It can be finished with or without a collar, and with or without under-sleeves. The cuffs are oddly shaped and attractive, and the blouse altogether is a most satisfactory one. It will be found equally well adapted to the gown and to the separate waist. This one is made of messaline, with trimming portions of allover lace, piping and buttons of velvet.

Fancy Blouse Pattern No. 7186

The blouse is made in one piece, and is closed at the back. It is arranged over a yoke and the edges are stitched to position. The cuffs are joined to the sleeve edges and the under-sleeves are sewed into place beneath these cuffs. When the collar is used, it is joined to the neck edge.

For a woman of medium size will be required 2¼ yards of material 27, 1⅝ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of allover lace 18 inches wide for yoke and under-sleeves.

The pattern, No. 7122, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

Peasant Blouse Pattern No. 7122

LET IT BE A SERGE

Both London and Paris say "Serge for winter suits".

Priestley's

"Sandown" & "Concord" Coating Serges

are famous for their beauty of weave and color.

In Black, Navy and Cream — guaranteed fast colors.

Rolled on the varnished board — with "Priestley's Limited" stamped every 5 yards on the selvedge.

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MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

is in a class by itself—the easiest running, the most substantially built, the most satisfactory washer, ever invented.

Only washer worked with crank handle at side as well as top lever—and the only one where the whole top opens up.

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"Favorite" Churn is the world's best churn. Write for catalogue.

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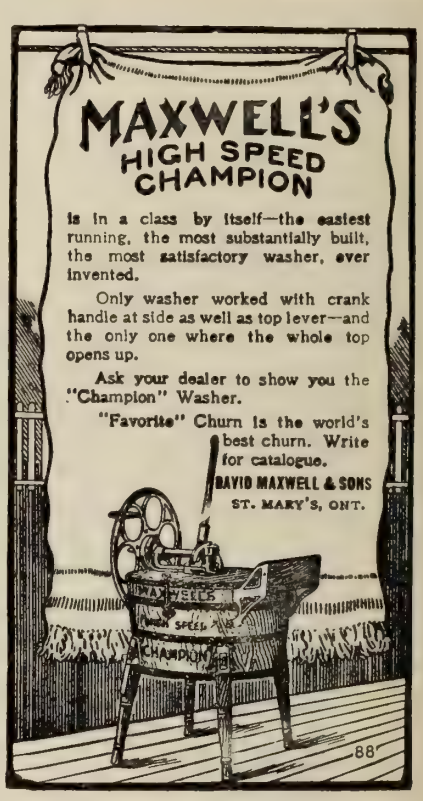

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We give you a receipt and if the remittance goes astray in the mails,

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OVER	5.	TO	$10.	6	"
"	10.	"	20.	10	"
"	30.	"	50.	15	"

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

EMBROIDERED TRAYS

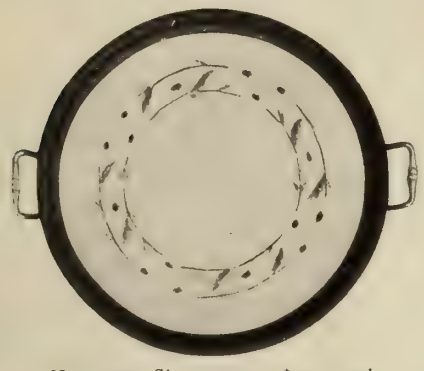
WE illustrate some attractive trays which are durable and quite different in design and shape. The glass covered trays are great favorites as they are novel and quite as handsome as the silver or brass ones which have been in such general use. The trays pictured here have been selected to show the different styles of embroidered linens which, after being embroidered in beautiful shades of soft and artistic coloring, are mounted on pasteboard and fitted into the rims. These trays come complete with mahogany finish, stamped linen either white or colored, glass, brass handles, pasteboard mat and back. The designs are simple but effective. These trays are a

No. 1443—Size 16 x 16, $4.25 each.

charming adjunct to the tea table, and one of these would make a most attractive Christmas gift.

No. 1443 tray is embroidered on heavy grey linen in shades of dull rose and green touched up with Japanese Gold Thread and black. The design which is worked in solid padded satin stitch, is a most effective one, the rich colorings blending beautifully with the mahogany rim.

No. 1442 shows a conventional design of daisies which are embroidered on white linen. The daisies

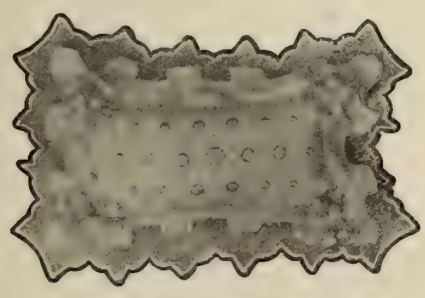


No. 1442—Size 13 x 13, $3.25 each.

are yellow with brown centres, and the leaves are carried out in dull greens.

No. 1438 is handsome conventional pattern worked in blues, brown, gold, and black, the outer borders being couched with black and Japanese Gold Thread.

Design No. 1439 has a simple wreath stamped on



No. 1432C—25 cents.

white linen of small berries and leaves, dainty bow knots embroidered in pale green complete this pretty design.

No. 1440 tray is a narrow oblong which has a dainty design of forget-me-nots which are embroidered on white linen. These may be worked in any preferred

No. 1438—Size 12 x 15, $2.75 each.

coloring, and this dainty tray is of the shape known as a "lemonade tray."

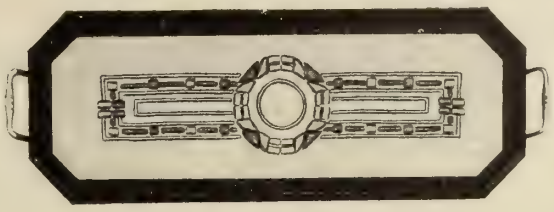
Design No. 1441 is a very handsome tray which is embroidered with a very unique design carried out in shades of burnt orange, browns, and greens, with an effective touch of black and gold which always brings out effectively designs and colorings.

Handsome towels are a much appreciated Christmas gift, and a wide variety of materials and designs and ideas are shown for these. One of the newest is pictured here, a handsome conventional design is embroidered in the darning stitch. The spaces in the design which has been specially made for this

No. 1440—Size 5 x 7, $2.25 each.

class of embroidery is darned in pale pink. The berries are embroidered in solid padded stitch in white outlined with a darker pink. The border is embroidered with white with an inner outline of pink, and these beautiful towels with their dainty coloring would make an attractive note in a pretty guest chamber. These towels are embroidered on a plain huckaback of a suitable weave and the darning is done with Royal Floss. The design is then outlined with Rope Silk.

Another holiday suggestion is shown for the lacing pincushions which has the lower part em- they are so easily laundered and so much more serviceable than the fussy lace and frilled varieties, which, when soiled, were useless and had to be thrown aside. These pin tops consist of white



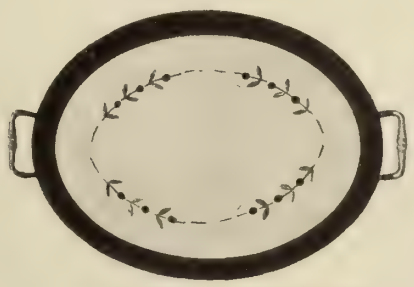
No. 1441—Size 7 x 19, $3.25 each.

and colored linen, the lower portion colored and the upper white. The colored linen is buttonholed with white and the white linen is buttonholed and embroidered with colored, matching the linen. Thus 1432C has the lower portion stamped on green

No. 1432A—25 cents.

linen, the upper portion being of white embroidered with pale green.

The round pincushion are such favorites, as broidered on pale pink linen in white. The upper portion is of white embroidered in pinks.



No. 1439—Size 10 x 13. $2.25 each.

Silks to embroider any of the above designs may be supplied at 55 cents per dozen, and Japanese Gold at 15 cents per skein.

If the articles illustrated on this page cannot be obtained from your dealer, write to Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, for further information.

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Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only.

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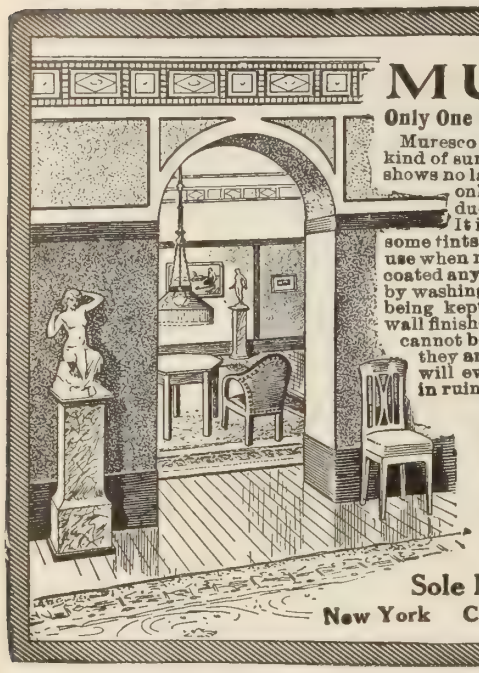

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FROM

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sore Throat from Cold, Cold at the Chest, Neuralgia from Cold, Chronic Bronchitis, Sprain, Backache, Bruises, Slight Cuts, Cramp, Soreness of the Limbs after exercise,

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Ailments may in many instances be relieved or cured by following the instructions (illustrated) given in the Elliman E. F. A. Booklet 64 pages, found enclosed in the wrappers of all bottles of ELLIMAN'S price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6.

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See the Elliman E.F.A. Booklet
UNIVERSAL for HUMAN USE
See the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet
found enclosed with bottles of ELLIMAN'S
THE *NAME* IS ELLIMAN

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT CANADA.

IN these days of frost and coming blizzards, the most interesting place in the large shops is the fur department. There is, perhaps, no country in the world, unless it is Russia, where the fur display surpasses that of our own Dominion. This year's fur garments are a miracle of richness and softness—and if any man wishes to gratify the dearest desire of wife or daughter, let him pay a visit to this department with serious intentions of purchasing muff, stole or jacket. Ermine is the most fashionable of the expensive furs, although mink and seal are bravely holding their own. Among the cheaper furs, squirrel seems very popular, and truly the grey coats of this fur are much to be desired. The muffs of alternate stripes of dark and light fur are a charming novelty, but are hardly likely to be in style for more than one season.

SOME women are fond of going to the dressmaker's, picking out their own particular style of gown or suit, and submitting to several fittings in the hope that they will ultimately secure a perfectly satisfactory costume. Others there are, and the number is increasing daily, who consider the hunting up a dressmaker, the being fitted and the being constantly disappointed by the broken word of the *modiste*, who "promises it positively for next Saturday," entirely too much to expect of feminine flesh. "I should just as soon visit the dentist as the dressmaker," declares one vigorous dame who has had yards of good silk "simply ruined" by a dressmaker who either didn't know or didn't care. Now, it is absolutely necessary to visit the dentist, for one cannot very well get along without teeth or even with aching molars; but in these days it is quite possible to manage without visiting the dressmaker.

There was a time when the word "ready-made" was used in scorn to indicate all that was cheap, undesirable and ill-fitting in garments. To-day the ready-made gown bears no such stigma, and many fastidious women are to be found purchasing "creations" in the velvet carpeted showrooms, where the Paris gowns are hanging. Nor need the woman of comparatively limited means despair of finding something dainty and different, which will just suit her individual taste and pocketbook.

"I don't want to see the same kind of gown on everyone else," is the common cry of the woman in search of a *chic* gown, and the successful shopkeeper is he who knows how to satisfy the feminine demand for variety.

In the large departmental stores of Toronto, for instance, one may easily find a ready-made gown for afternoon wear or for the street, which will not be duplicated in style or material by any other. Nor are prices prohibitive, for the woman who has thirty or thirty-five dollars to spend on an evening gown may easily come upon a bargain which will meet all demands. A very pretty gown for party wear in chiffon, hand-embroidered and trimmed with Venetian lace and pearls, was sold for thirty-five dollars at the October sales, and was duly appreciated by the woman who made the purchase.

Of course, if you prefer the dressmaker and the fitting processes, you are quite right to keep to the ordered gown. But so many women complain of the apparent waste of time in such expeditions that it is well to survey the stock of ready-made gowns before coming to the conclusion that "the material is second-class and the linings are poor." Make a careful inspection for yourself, as to fabric and "findings," before investing in a ready-made gown.

The new afternoon or reception gowns, in velvet, albatross cloth and marquisette, are decidedly smart, and may be bought for twenty-five dollars —"up." Velvet is a delightful material for softness and richness of effect, but, unless one can keep it for special occasions, it is better to invest in something less regal in appearance. The marquisette is deservedly a favorite, as it always looks well, and is not crushable, if obtained in the best quality.

Winter is hard on the Complexion

It is often dreaded by the women anxious to retain or develop their good looks. The two extremes, indoor heat and outside cold, threaten a good complexion. Safeguard it against these changes by using

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

The most beneficial unguent and emollient for this purpose made. Use it before dressing to go out. After wiping it off, use a pure, delicate face powder (the Princess Powder, 50 cents, is excellent), and you will come in knowing that your skin is improved instead of harmed. For lines and wrinkles, a fading and flabby skin and sagging muscles it is most satisfactory. Price $1.50, postpaid.

PRINCESS HAIR REJUVENATOR

restores faded hair or hair less than half grey (medium brown to black) to its original color in ten days; not greasy or sticky; entirely harmless, clear as water. $1.00 delivered. Sample free.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

MOLES, WARTS, etc., eradicated permanently by our most reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Come during the Xmas holidays for treatment and have the happiest year ever. Booklet "H" and sample skin food mailed free.

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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1718, WINDSOR, ONT.

WITH the approach of Christmas, one's thoughts turn naturally to the dressing-table gifts which nearly every woman profoundly desires. There was a time when it was considered hardly "correct" to bestow presents of perfume, soap or other dainty necessities of the dressing-table. These have become so excellent in quality and attractive in appearance and wrappings that a woman may regard them as almost impersonal in meaning. However, there are some persons who are yet very sensitive on the subject. Hence, it would be just as well to ascertain beforehand whether a box of soap or perfume would be acceptable to relative or near friend. Above all things, avoid anything cheap or highly-perfumed. It would be better to spend less than a quarter on a pretty card or book-mark than to send a commonplace or tawdry article, such as those referred to. There are quite reliable and attractive toilet articles in powder-boxes, soap or sachet bags for fifty cents or under, which ought to appeal to the fair recipient.

Sometimes there is a home-made recipe in the family which provides one with the means for manufacturing welcome little gifts. I know a resourceful woman, the wife of a doctor who sent half-a-dozen girl friends the daintiest white jars containing a rose-colored lip-salve. Pretty labels with gilt lettering, "Creme Rose" and each girl's initials, were pasted on, and when tied with rose-hued baby ribbon each jar made a gift worthy of any girl's liking. The salve was so healing and beautifying that the giver was besieged with appeals to divulge the secret of the recipe; but it has remained unknown to this very day. Yet each girl receives a box on Christmas morning and knows what a reliable "giftlet" awaits her.

A good brush and comb are always welcome, but the quality of the brush or bristles should not be sacrificed to a fancy "back." In these days of barrettes and other hair ornaments, it is easy to find at the hairdresser's, a pretty trifle which will add to feminine pleasure. Then, there is a variety of jars and powder-boxes of all kinds, from the tiny jar for salve to the imposing powder-box. Cut glass with silver top is the favorite style; but some of the prettiest powder-boxes come in china with a Dresden design. Ornate silver colors are not considered in good taste. A plain silver top with engraved initial or monogram is the most suitable and satisfactory. Nearly every girl likes the tiny "vanity box," which fits into the corner of a shopping bag and holds a fairy puff with just the requisite sprinkling of powder to remove the "shine" from nose or cheeks. These boxes come in silver and porcelain, the latter prettily decorated with painting of marchioness or shepherdess, and are welcomed by any dainty dame.

Of sachet bags there is no end at this season. Do not buy cheap sachet, as its fragrance lasts for such a short time. You may make any number of pretty bags at this time out of the wide Dresden ribbon, in which there are so many bargains during the month before Christmas. The "softer" odors are more pleasant and lasting than the heavy, and you can hardly make a mistake with violet, crab-apple, amber, or lily-of-the-valley. Then there is the perfumed "hanger," which makes a highly-valued feature of the modern wardrobe. It is absolutely essential that the modern woman should have several of these hangers, in order that gowns and coats should preserve their correct lines. Then the uncovered wires are likely to leave an ugly mark; so, there is nothing for it, but to wind scented wadding around them, cover it with silk or ribbon and—behold, there is a perfumed hanger which will impart to gown or cloak just a subtle hint of flowers, which will satisfy the fastidious wearer.

CUCUMBER juice is obtained by slowly boiling the thinly-sliced vegetables, skin and all, in a small quantity of water until they are of mushy consistency. Strain first through a fine sieve, then through a piece of muslin. Of this liquid take 10 ounces; essence of cucumber, 3 ounces; oil of sweet almonds, 4 ounces; powdered white Castile soap, ¼ ounce, and two-thirds of a drachm (teaspoonful) of tincture of benzoin. Into a large glass bottle containing the essence drop the powdered soap. Shake often and vigorously. When the soap is dissolved it is time to add the fresh cucumber juice. After a thorough mixing the liquid is poured into a china bowl so that the oil and benzoin may be conveniently added. During this process the whole is constantly stirred until the mixture resembles cream.

FRENCH women know full well how to keep dry hair clean and sweet without constant use of the shampoo. They manage this by careful brushing. The entire scalp is gone over, a small strand of hair being taken at a time. A series of clean brushes is necessary for the process. Sometimes a cornmeal shampoo precedes the brushing. Fine cornmeal—ground much finer than that used for cooking--is mixed with a little pulverised orris-root. The powder is scattered well over scalp and through the hair allowed to remain a few minutes, and is then thoroughly brushed out. The final color of the cornmeal will prove to you its efficacy as a cleanser.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

L. M. G.—We notice what you say with regard to the effects of the preparation recommended. Would not its continued use be a benefit, even if it were necessary to repeat? I have no personal knowledge of its benefits, but, judging from what you say, it has already done you good. In some cases of such trouble as yours, where the affliction is of long standing, it is advisable to consult a professional dermatologist.

FREDA.—Violet or lavender sachet is very pleasing. My own preference is for a subtle odor like amber, but I could hardly advise you without more about your personal tastes. In answer to your second question, I should advise deep breathing exercise and regular exercise for at least fifteen minutes a day in extending the arms, level with the shoulders as the breath is inhaled, then slowly exhaling as the arms are lowered. Patience and practice are needed before any improvement may be expected. Your third question is rather indefinite, as the term is applied to two different objects. A florist's shop would supply you with it.

MARGARET.—So, you are anxious to have rosy cheeks—and another girl correspondent has just been complaining of blushing easily and has asked us to recommend something which will cure her of the blushing habit. Perhaps you are anaemic, Margaret, in which case you had better consult your physician, and get a good tonic. Also, try a brisk walk daily and avoid sweets. Perhaps you are naturally pale. You see, your name may have something to do with it. Tennyson writes about a "rare, pale Margaret." Of course, you are aware that the name means a pearl or a daisy, and the fairies who danced at your christening may have decreed that you are to have "white roses in the place of the red." Try ordinary means, such as exercise or diet, if you so desire, but don't resort to artificial coloring—for that is nearly always tawdry and obvious.

Dress Shield Hints

MANY women have had difficulty in fastening dress shields in a blouse with kimono sleeves. One woman has found a clever solution to the task. She has a bolero of very thin lawn. On the washable shields she sews narrow elastic for shoulder straps; then she sews the shields into the bolero, stitching them in place along the line of stitching on the shield binding. Next the material under the shield is cut out and the neck line of the bolero is cut down both back and front; the front of the bolero is fastened with tapes. This bolero is easily laundered and may be worn time and again with different blouses.

Women of Refinement and Good Taste

know that they add to their charms, by making their hair the feature of their appearance If it is dull and lifeless, you cannot arrange it either artistically or becomingly. Every woman, who needs protection or adornment will find

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most elegant and refined, being the newest American and European Fashions. Our

Featherweight Transformations

and pompadours have no equals. Many ladies suffer every time they dress their hair, because of its thinness. Let us show you how to overcome this.

Special Switches for the New Soiree and Swathe Effects in hair dressing.

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We have just received a special shipment from Europe of Evening Hair Bands and Ornaments.

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Back Combs, Barrettes and Pins

in plain and mounted effects. Figaree Gold and platinum set goods.

Complete Manicure Outfits
in real leather cases,
Pearl and Solid Ebony.

Military Brushes, Dressing Table Sets, Etc.

Our Hair-dressing Parlors
are second to none in America, for Beauty, Equipment or service.
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We make a specialty of designing hair-dresses, for Balls, Receptions, Etc.

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Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 309

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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Every year the demand for magazines increases, and no place is too small to make it profitable for someone to secure the subscriptions and each year to collect the renewals.

Canadian Home Journal, by its quality and popularity and Canadianism, makes work of this kind most profitable and desirable. Men and women, well known and highly regarded, are working as much because of patriotism and enthusiasm as for the money they earn.

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In most places we have subscribers secured by circulars or advertisements, and shall be glad to turn these over to someone for collection. But these are sent only to help and encourage persons who intend to give all possible spare time to getting new subscribers for us. We do not want mere collectors.

How It Pays

Men working full time earn $120 a month. A young man during evenings and holidays, earns $500 a year. A busy housewife earns nearly $500 a year. One lady, with the help of her husband's automobile, earned $60 in ten days. Others are earning a little less.

Only a few subscriptions will pay for many things you may not feel that you can now afford.

Salary and Commission

You will be surprised to find how liberal our commisions are, and the monthly salary. Besides these there are several special prizes. Write for our offers, then if you decide not to accept, send us a card.

Circulation Department
Canadian Home Journal

Send me all information regarding your offers to subscription workers. Put me on the list to receive renewals for collection after I have sent you a few subscriptions.

Name ....

Address ....

THE LADY OF DAINTY LUNCHES

How Success Came to Sandwiches and Cake

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

SHE'S a canny little business woman, the Lady of Dainty Lunches; so canny that I more than half suspect she can boast of Scotch ancestry. When I asked her to tell me the story of her work, she was diffident, very diffident indeed.

"No, I don't think it's rude of you to ask for it. I think it's a compliment. I'm proud of my work, but," with a frank smile, "I don't think I'll tell it to you."

Notwithstanding the fact that she was refusing me the coveted story, I thought her very gracious, for, though it was late in the afternoon, and she was busy superintending preparations for a dinner party to be held that night in the lunch-room, over which she now presides, she stood chatting pleasantly with me about woman's work. When I was coming away I ventured to make another plea for the story that I felt sure was worth having. I found her relenting ever so little.

"Well, perhaps, but I must think it over"—that Scotch ancestry again—"You come in some day next week. I may tell you. I don't know yet."

It was thus that this busy little woman despatched me and returned to her culinary operations. Her cheeks were slightly flushed and a little dab of flour over one eye betrayed the fact that the Lady of Dainty Lunches was taking a very active part in these operations. I wondered whether it was patties or pies.

The next time I saw her she said: "Yes, I'm going to tell you all about my work. Come in to-morrow and I'll give you half an hour." How very business-like she was, and I found, when she told me her story, this same characteristic running all the way through it, like a rich vein of ore. It was undoubtedly the secret of the splendid success that attended her efforts in building up a work that was all her own, and that led certain ladies to ask her to take charge of a most delightful tea room on Yonge Street, Toronto. Listen! Here's the story as she told it to me.

"I had always wanted to do something. I'm not sure that I had any definite ambition, save to do some kind of work and be independent. Mother was an invalid and I never could bring myself to the point of breaking away from home and leaving her to the care of a stranger. When I talked of it, as I sometimes did, she would tell me that I was doing all that could be expected of me, when I kept house and took care of her. It was delightful to know that my home work was so much appreciated, still the longing was there and would not be appeased. However, as I said before, my ambition was indefinite; so I went on performing my domestic duties, never dreaming that through them I was to realize my heart's desire.

"It came about in the simplest way imaginable. A cousin was spending the afternoon with mother and me, and I had made a cake that morning, intending to have it for supper. I had always had pretty good luck with my cookery, and particularly with cakes. This one was no exception. My cousin came out in the kitchen and began saying all manner of nice things about it. Just in fun I held it up on my palm, auctioneer fashion, and said, 'Will you give me forty cents for it?' Quick as a flash came back an assuring 'Indeed I will. I'm going to have Cousin Julia to supper to-morrow night, and if you'll let me have this cake, I won't have to make one.'

"I could scarcely believe that she was in earnest. That anyone would give me forty cents for a cake seemed incredible. But there it was. That precious bit of silver that I had earned myself. No forty cents that I have earned subsequently has seemed to be worth quite so much. I really think I placed it at double its real value.

"Well, that was the beginning of my 'career.' That first sale had a stimulating effect. It set me thinking. If one person would buy my cakes, why not another? I resolved to try. I told my friends what I was going to do. They thought it was splendid, and some of them gladly gave me orders. They told others, and soon I had quite a little business established. In fact, on the last two days of the week, I often made as many as seventeen cakes. How sweet my growing independence was none can possibly know, save those who have experienced similar sensations. It whetted my ambition for still higher achievements. I aspired to greater things. My sphere was too limited, so I had some little circulars printed telling what I was prepared to do, and whenever I saw a tea or reception announced in the social news of the daily papers, I sent one of my little circulars out on its mission. Sometimes it brought results, but the greater part of my business came from those who were already customers, telling their friends, who gave me orders, and they in turn told their friends.

IN A COSY CORNER

"Occasionally I did a little light catering, but up to this time that sort of thing was a little beyond the limit of my activities, for I had to do almost everything myself except delivering the packages. The young son of one of our neighbors did this for me. Like myself, he was ambitious to earn money, and he was a very faithful little helper. Of course, I always planned to have the parcels ready, so as not to interfere with his school hours.

"Mother was delighted with my success, not from a mercenary standpoint, but because I was so pleased and happy in my newly-discovered vocation. She took a great interest in it. 'Whatever you do,' she would say, 'do it right. Try to have things not only tasty, but make them look dainty as well.' So I bought paper boxes and had white labels printed in blue to paste on them. Then I tied them with blue cord. I chose blue because it was my favorite color. I was putting a great deal of my personality into the work I was doing. Why shouldn't I? It represented me. It was a part of myself, and by it people judged me. They didn't even know my name.

"I was getting along very nicely indeed, and making quite a modest reputation for my cakes, when a young woman came to see me and proposed that we should go into partnership and supply office lunches. I did not receive the suggestion with favor. My business was growing and I was doing very nicely alone; so I refused. But my would-be partner was keen to try it. I think she realized the possibilities of such a venture more clearly than I did, for she came again and again, and, like the woman in the Bible, because of her much importuning she won the day. I yielded conditionally, and we began to canvas for orders and to serve lunches to bank clerks chiefly, although we had a great many others, who were more or less regular customers.

"Unfortunately, our business relations were not profitable, and after a time, by mutual consent, we dissolved our partnership. When we established the lunch department, it was under a different name from that I had used, and was still using for my cake enterprise. As my co-worker wished to continue furnishing lunches, and she had been the originator of the lunch idea, it was agreed that she should take the name and the customers whom we had been supplying as her share, while I should unite lunches and cakes under my trade title, and seek new pastures.

"'If I can get ten a day, or at the least fifteen,' I thought, 'I shall be more than satisfied.' But, to my astonishment and very great delight, I soon had an average of twenty-five daily, most of them regular patrons.

"I endeavored to make my lunches just as appetizing as possible. Each little box contained six meat sandwiches, sometimes a stuffed egg, a tart, a piece of cake, and one or two kinds of fruit, according to the season. I always folded these edibles in butter paper, and on the top put a tissue napkin. I tried to vary the filling in the sandwiches each day, so that those who had them regularly would not tire of the menu. On Fridays I always substituted fish or egg for meat. For these lunches I charged fifteen cents.

"My lunch department gradually grew to rather enormous proportions. For a while I had as many as seventy lunches a day to put up. I was catering to quite a few of the office staff of the Parliament buildings, and also to a manufacturing concern, but the latter I found I could not profitably handle. They were people all more or less actively engaged, and required a more substantial lunch than that which I put up. They preferred quantity to daintiness, and I felt that it would not be wise to change the policy on which I had built up my little business, so I discontinued supplying that particular concern. Sometimes I was asked for a ten-cent lunch, and I put up a few, but found that I could not consistently continue it.

"About the time I added lunches to my products, Mother gave me the laundry for a workroom. Although it was in the basement, it was light and dry. I was charmed. That laundry was going to be converted into a studio, wherein I should produce masterpieces. It was to be no mere workroom. I cleaned it all up myself, had the walls whitewashed, put down an old rug that was not worn out by any means, to make the floor softer to walk on, and had a gas stove connected. Wasn't I the proud girl when I moved by paraphernalia downstairs and got it arranged to my satisfaction? Indeed I was. I felt equal to doing double the amount of work I had done hitherto.

"But the telephone! Mercy me! I wonder how many trips a day I made up the stairway to answer calls and then down again only to be recalled. Of course, I know now that I should have had a switch put in and another telephone down stairs. But, you must remember that I was not yet prosperous. I was only beginning to prosper and trying to make my business support itself. Out of my profit I could not yet afford anything that was even suggestive of luxury, and that was what another telephone would have appeared to me to be then. So I went on tripping up and down the stairs and longing for wings. It makes me ache, even now, to think of it.

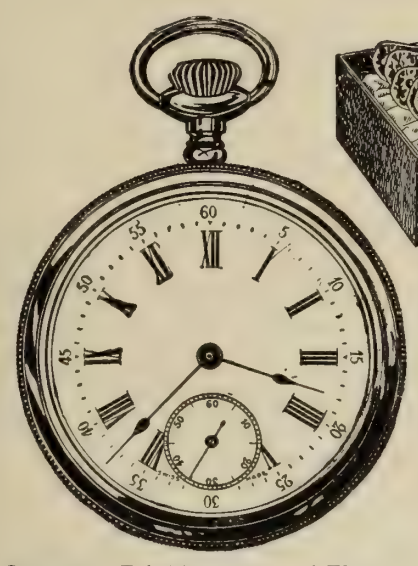
"But I would not have you think that my work went along always as smoothly as it sounds in the telling. Ah, no! anyone who has ever started out to accomplish anything knows all about the hard work it entails, and the discouraging conditions that arise. Life was a very serious matter with me in those early months. I was up at half-past five o'clock almost every morning. Every moment represented something to be done. Orders had to be sent out on time, and, as in all business establishments, large or small, accidents sometimes happened, and occasionally things went wrong. Just here comes the memory of one morning I had an order for eight dozen small cakes to be rolled in chopped nuts, which were in a dish on the window sill. One of my boys came along and tipped the plate over. Half went inside and the other half outside. Was I annoyed? Oh, don't ask me!

"It was the rule to pay for all parcels on delivery, but there were some who failed to do so, and at times I had quite an amount of money outstanding. If you will stop to make a mental calculation of the amount of money it took to carry on my work, you will realize that this was quite a serious matter to one who had started with a capital sum of forty cents. Take the items of flour and sugar alone. They amounted to a tidy sum. Then there were bread bills, and meat and fruit to pay for. Of course, by this time you will have guessed that my business had outgrown the time and ability of my little neighbor laddie, and I had to employ two boys and pay them well, in order to secure the kind that I could depend upon. This was another big item to be paid out of my earnings. Just to show how important it was that I should have reliable boys, one day something went wrong. I hadn't a boy at all. It cost me four dollars for the messenger service. Of course, I lost money that day, but it was better to do

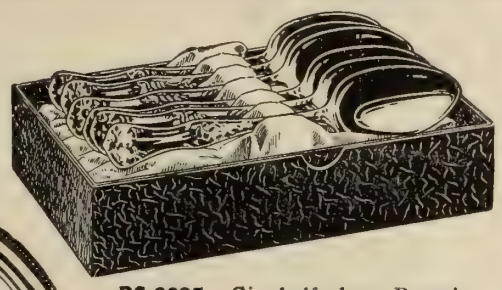
Continued on page 58

DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING NOW

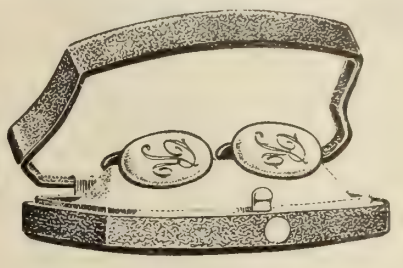
Would you like your Christmas money to stretch further than it ever did before? Then make this a Delivery-paid Christmas, by buying everything you want from The Simpson Store. Here are some amazing values, the prices representing exactly what you pay at your nearest station.



B5-8834.—This Man's 17-Jewel Watch in a sterling silver open-face case for $5.95, is remarkable value. It's fitted with the Simpson special nickel movement, which you will find reliable. The case is a thin model, neither heavy nor bulky in the pocket. Purchase one of these watches for personal use or for Christmas giving. Write for it to-day. **Price, delivered** .. **$5.95**



B5-8835.—Give half a dozen Roger's Silver-plated Tea Spoons, packed in fancy lined box. Your gift will be appreciated. Dainty floral design. **Price per half dozen, delivered** ..... **.99**

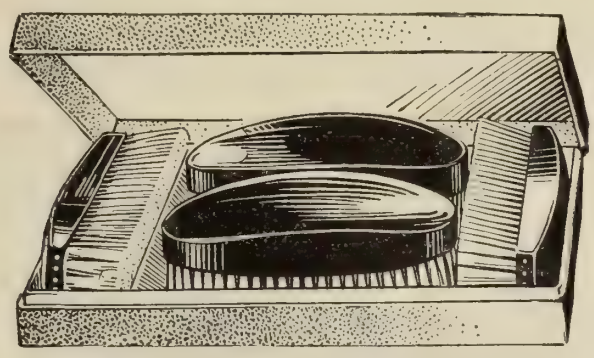


B-8840.—Gold filled, Roman finished Cuff Links. $1.00 value for **.39**

B8841.—Sterling silver Cuff Links. 50c. value for..... **.29**

NOTE.—Send your order early and we'll engrave any letter free of charge.

Y-8842.—This splendid Black Velvet Bag is quite correct. Inside is a small purse for coins. Excellent gilt frame, durable cord handle, dainty tossels. **Price, delivered** **$1.25**



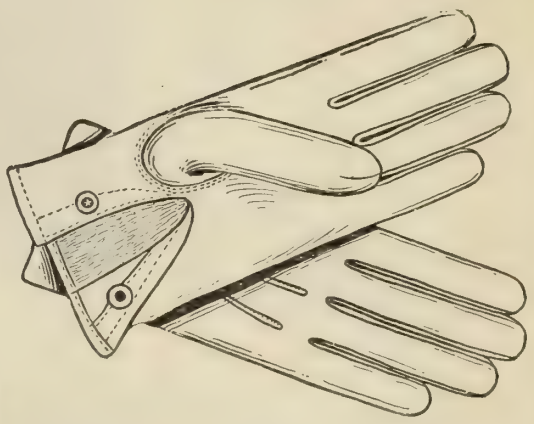
HT-8843.—Men's four-piece Brush Set. Two REAL ebony wood military brushes with 13 rows of hand-drawn bristles, and a hat and cloth brush to match. Warranted solid backs. Regular $3.00. **Price, delivered** **$1.98**

A-8838.—This pretty tailored Lace Bow is made of Plauen Irish lace with double bow of lawn at the back. Very dainty and usually sold for 25c. **Price, delivered** ..... **.15**

A-8839.—"Dutch" Collar, made from very fine Plauen Irish crochet work. Regularly sold at 35c. Better order a half dozen. They'll make pleasing Christmas gifts. **Price, delivered** **.18**

B5-8836.—Here's sterling value in a Sterling Silver Watch for women. Inside the case, (on which, by the way, we'll engrave any script monogram,) is a 7-jewel, nickel Swiss Lever movement. This splendid watch can be worn as a chatelaine or in leather wristlet. **Price delivered**..... **$5.85**

B5-8837.—Leather Wristlet for above watch, in tan or black. **Price, delivered** ..... **.35**



FM-8844.—No article for a man is more acceptable at Christmas time than gloves. These are splendid winter gloves of tan, suede leather, with warm wool lining and one dome fastener. They are strongly made and perfectly finished in every detail. Sizes 7 to 9½. We have several thousand pairs to sell, but at this very low price, it will be wisest to send your order at once. **Price, delivered** **.59**

We publish no Christmas Catalogue this year, but our Fall and Winter one is crowded with Christmas suggestions. A post card will bring it. Whether you order fifty cents' or fifty dollars' worth of goods, WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES.

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Ontario Women's Institutes

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Masque of Empire

BY courtesy of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, we are publishing a photograph of the Canadian car as it appeared in the Masque Imperial at the recent Festival of Empire in the Old Country. Miss Cameron says of the pageant and the chief figure therein:

Canadians in London and Canadians at home are justly proud of their countrywoman, the Marchioness of Donegall, who so gracefully personified "Canada" in the Masque Imperial at the Festival of Empire this season. It shows commendable patriotism for a society woman as popular as Lady Donegall, with the ball at her feet, to be willing to give up her leisure to repeat again and again her part in the Masque Imperial. Surely Canada could not have been more gracefully represented, for the Marchioness of Donegall is one of the acknowledged beauties of London, and her winning charm of manner is as distinctive as is her beauty.

Violet, Marchioness of Donegall, is the only daughter of the late Henry St. George Twining and Mrs. Twining, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and married the fifth Marquis of Donegall (whom she survives) in 1904. Her heir, the present Marquess, is a beautiful and lovable boy, a godson of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Lady Donegall has just passed through Canada on her way to the Durbar, where she is to be a lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty the Queen.

CANADIAN CAR, FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE, LONDON, ENGLAND

Contagious Diseases

IN the Stroud Branch great interest is taken in the meetings, and the members appreciate the advantages of the organization. A paper on "Home Treatment of Contagious Diseases," by Dr. L. J. Simpson, recently read before that Branch, is published herewith.

The treatment of the contagious diseases should really be taken up, one disease at a time, as there are certain necessary home precautions peculiar to each disease. However, as each disease would require a paper on itself, we shall deal with it in two parts: 1st, Home treatment of the more serious diseases, and in this class we will place typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and smallpox; and, secondly, the treatment of the minor or children's diseases, as measles, mumps, chickenpox, scarlatina, etc.

I shall first deal with the prophylactic or preventative treatment, and this is certainly the most important part of the treatment of contagious diseases:

First, of course, is *Isolation.* This, in the serious cases, should be attended to by the attending physician; but where a contagious disease of any kind is even suspected, the child should be immediately put to bed, the children who have not been exposed sent away, and those who have been exposed quarantined for at least a week until assured that they have not developed the disease.

The choosing of the sick-room is an important detail; the most cheerful, best ventilated room in the house should invariably be chosen. Germs cannot thrive where there is plenty of air and sunshine. If possible, have a room facing south or east, or, better still, with a window in each direction.

The nurse should be quarantined with the patient, and should not mingle with other members of the family until a complete change of clothing has been made, and hands and face thoroughly disinfected. The nurse and all others in close contact with a severe case should use frequently an antiseptic gargle and a nasal spray. The room should be in that part of the house most easily quarantined, usually on the top floor; during the attack it should be stripped of upholstery, hangings, and carpet, and should be freely ventilated and kept as clean as possible.

All dust should be removed with damp cloths, which should afterwards be burned; the floor should occasionally be sprinkled with a bichloride solution (1 to 1000). The presence in the room of vessels filled with antiseptic fluids is of little or no practical value. The same may be said of sheets wet in carbolic or other solutions and hung about the room. Carbolic acid poisoning has been known to result from this practice. After an attack it should be remembered that the room is probably a greater source of danger than the patient. Smooth walls should be wiped with damp cloths wrung out of a bichloride solution (1 to 2000). The woodwork should be washed in the same solution and the floor scrubbed with it. After a thorough cleaning, while the floor is still wet and walls damp, the apartment should be fumigated with sulphur, or, better, with formalin. A simple method of using formalin is by Schering's lamp and tablets. If fumigation is to be efficient the room must be tightly closed, all cracks being stopped with cotton, and larger openings about doors, windows, and fire-places sealed by pasting paper over them. Bedding, cushions, pillows, carpets, etc., should be hung over chairs or upon lines strung about the room. Books should be suspended from covers so that the leaves are exposed. After fumigation the room should remain closed for twelve hours. After a severe case the walls should be painted or whitewashed, or, if papered, the wallpaper should invariably be renewed and the woodwork re-painted. Simply airing a room after an attack is of little or no benefit. An instance is on record of a patient contracting the disease in a room in which the windows had been open constantly for three months. The carpets, bedding, hangings and upholstery are best disinfected by steam. Where this is impossible, after a severe case, the mattress and pillows should be burned. Bedding, blankets, and other articles should be boiled, and afterwards exposed to sunlight for a long time out of doors.

The bedclothes, linen, and clothing removed from the patient during an attack should be put at once into a solution of carbolic acid (1 to 20) or zinc sulphate four ounces, common salt two ounces, and water one gallon, and afterward boiled at least two hours in the same solution.

Instead of handkerchiefs, pieces of old muslin, surgeon's gauze, or absorbent cotton, should be used for cleansing the nose and mouth of the patient, and burned immediately.

During desquamation the spread of the disease may be in a measure prevented by the free use of inunctions and warm antiseptic baths. All the excreta from the patient should be disinfected throughout the disease best by a carbolic solution (1 to 20). If cases of scarlet fever are to be transported this should be done only in a vehicle which can be easily disinfected. Under all circumstances as few persons as possible should come in contact with the patient.

In general, it is to be remembered that the danger is first from the patient, secondly from the room, and thirdly, from the nurse.

The mild contagions or children's diseases require no special treatment, although it is always advisable to have the children kept in bed for several days until the fever has subsided, and upon fluid diet until all traces of the disease have disappeared. This is an important detail in the prevention of kidney complications. The intense itching during the height of any eruption may be allayed by sponging with a weak carbolic acid solution of by inunctions with vaseline, or by the free use of rice powder. As soon as the fever and rash have disappeared, daily warm baths with soap and water should be used after which the entire body should be anointed with carbonized vaseline, or boric acid and vaseline 5 p.c. strength, with the two-fold purpose of facilitating desquamation and disinfecting the scales.

Where fever is high it is perfectly safe to use ice cold baths, or ice packs; in fact this is better than drug treatment.

Hints for Health

By MRS. REED, Woodville

NO other exercise develops all our physical powers as housework does, and let us remember that while it is hard to toil and labor long days through, it would be harder still to have no work to do. *"Do not work too hard."* You may say that is good advice, but how are we on the farms to rest where there is so much to be done and help so hard to get? I was wondering if you ladies of the Women's Institute had not found ways of lightening "labor and solving the problem. It is a question we all must face, if our daily tasks leave us so tired that we enter upon the new day weary and not rested with our night's rest. We need to stop and ask ourselves where this will end. When I was a girl there was an old English lady used to come to our home. She spoke sometimes of being tired-cross. It seemed very funny then, but I have found that it is possible to be so tired that it makes us irritable and cross with those we love. But I have been in homes where the mother could not rest until all she had planned to do that day was done, and when it was there was no rest for those in the home; small faults of the children seemed great.

Let us be careful, lest in our ambition to be good housekeepers we cease to be good home-makers. Better far to leave to our children the remembrance of a home where the mother was not too tired to share in their sports and have their friends in to spend the evening, than the remembrance of a home that was spotless. I think in summer we would make our work easier by using more raw fruit for dessert instead of pudding or pie, and be much better for us.

We should grow and use all kinds of vegetables, for every kind of fruit and vegetable has value as medicine containing something that our bodies need, as well as being pleasant to the taste. Then we must have fresh air in our homes. In summer this is not hard to do, as we can have our doors and windows open. But in winter, when we feel the cold and like the heat, we are apt to neglect this matter, for our bodies need fresh air as much as food and water. Our flesh and blood need oxygen. We should, if possible, have our bedroom window open, even if it is cold, as long as we are not in a draught. The ventilation of our homes may cost us more for fuel to warm the cold air, but will pay in the better health of our family.

Then, too, we must have sunshine. As plants and trees cannot grow and be healthy without sunshine, neither can we. Have you not noticed how pale those grow who work in shops and stores. You find more pale people in the large cities than in the country. People who live much in the open air get their faces and hands tanned; but the tanning of the skin is only part of the effect sunlight has on us. It is essential for growing the little red ducts which give redness to the blood. Then it is the great germ destroyer. Disease germs, we know, flourish and live in darkness. Knowing this, let us as much as possible let the sunlight into every corner of our houses. The windows of our houses should be large, and as many of them as possible face the south. This will perhaps fade the carpets and curtains. But better far do without them than keep out the sunshine. Our bedding should be thoroughly aired and whenever possible placed in sunshine. Then we should go out into the sunshine. Here is where we who live in the country have the advantage over our city friends. We do not have to dress in style to go for a walk. We can go as we are for a walk through the fields; or, if only a few minutes to spare, to our gardens. And I think we all should have flower gardens; the care of them will help to solve this question of health, and often, when the way seems hard, a few minutes spent in our gardens watching the growing plants and opening flowers will help us. We will be led to forget our cares and our thoughts will be drawn to the wise Father, who has so kindly given us beautiful flowers.

To-day, more than ever, our doctors think that our minds affect our bodies. We must have interests outside of ourselves and homes. I think that our Women's Institutes are good in that we leave our homes for a few hours, learn to know each other better, and how others work and think on many things pertainining to our homes. But I feel this is not all that we need. We should be planning to make some other home brighter, some other load lighter.

We should visit not always the homes of those who are happy, but the homes of those who are in the shadow, and, in trying to bear the burdens of others, our own will be lightened. Then, I think we should go away for a visit or trip for a few days at least. Some of

us think our little world could hardly get along without us, but we have known homes where the mother has been taken and the world did not stand still, but they had to do without her. This summer I met a lady who was spending a few days at a convention. She had left her husband and son at home to keep house. She said, "I cannot always stay at home." Wise woman, who could see it in that light. I believe she went back to her home with a broader outlook on life and with much to think of. Then, I think, if we cannot often go away we can read. This is a great blessing. We can learn what is going on in the world around us, the thoughts of great men, and in this way grow strong mentally—which is very important if we wish to keep well.

To keep well is a duty we owe to ourselves, for life loses half of its joys if we are sick. It is a duty we owe our families, for what is home without mother, and home loses much of its brightness if any member of that home is sick. And lastly, but not least, it's a duty we owe our God, for you know what St. Paul says, "What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God and is not your own? For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

Managing a Husband

A GREAT many husbands, says Mrs. James Currie, of Owen Sound, are spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if husbands were bladders, and blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference; some keep them in a stew, by irritating ways and words; others roast them; some keep them in pickle all their lives. Now it is not to be supposed that any husband will be good managed in this way. Turnips wouldn't, onions wouldn't, cabbages heads wouldn't, and husbands won't, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, or by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon; be sure you select him yourself, as tastes differ. And, by the way, don't go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you patiently learn to cook for him. A preserving kettle of finest porcelain is the best. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required amount of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle with a strong cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They sometimes fly out of the kettle and become burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and oysters, you have to cook them alive.

Make a clear, strong, steady fire out of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him; if he splutters and frizzles, don't be anxious. Some husbands do this till they are quite done.

Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Don't stick any sharp instrument in him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while, lest he should lie too close to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children. They are really delicious when properly treated.

Meeting at Kemble

THE August meeting of the Women's Institute at Kemble was held at the home of Mrs. John Shirk. The president, Mrs. John Jones, took the chair, and conducted the opening, and after the reading of the minutes of the July meeting the programme for the afternoon was begun.

Mrs. Chisholm, of Owen Sound, read a good paper prepared by Mrs. John McQuaker upon "Table Manners," and Mrs. James Currie gave a paper upon "How To Manage a Husband," which was excellent, and created great applause. It was suggested that this paper be sent to the HOME JOURNAL for publication. This was followed by a talk by Miss Prichard (Domestic Science teacher in Collegiate) upon "Salads," and a number of other home and household subjects. Mrs. Danard read a selection, "How To Get a Holiday," that had been written by one of our members, which brought forth favorable comment. Miss Margaret Ireland, O.S., sang a very nice solo. One pleasing feature of this meeting was the number of O.S. friends, and a greater number of young girls than we have had for a time, forty-one were present in all. The membership is now over fifty.

Claremont Contributions

WE are not often so privileged as to receive both a poem and an article from one Branch. However, Claremont has done nobly this time, and you will first turn your attention to the following "Institute Song," to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

There is no more important place
Than where we call our home.
Our country then is next in rank,
No matter where we roam.

For home and country let us sing,
For home and country work.
Each member of our Institute
Her duty must not shirk.

Our motto then is plainly seen
Without our glasses on,
When finding out a helpful thing
We pass it right along.

Chorus—

And now to each with right good will,
Our friendship vows we plight,
And lend to each a kindly hand,
To help as best we might.

The name and writer of this excellent article on "Home Amusements and Literature" is not given, but she is a Claremont member.

Now that the snow is on the ground and the cold winter days are here, when practically everyone, to a certain extent, is shut in, our thoughts turn to how we can amuse and entertain ourselves at home. In the summer time, when all nature is in bloom and birds and flowers and gentle breezes call people to enjoy the out-of-doors, we do not find the time long, nor wonder what we shall do in our spare moments. But now, when all this is past and winter is here with its long evenings by the fireside, we do wonder in what way we shall occupy our time.

A writer in one of the Sunday papers said, "Have you ever considered what a priceless capital you possess in the leisure of the winter evenings, a capital that, wisely invested in intellectual culture and social service, will yield enormous gain to you?" She says that our future depends more than we think on the use we make of our leisure; that during business hours we are probably tied down to the routine of daily duty, and so are safe from temptation, but it is in the evenings that a person's character is tested.

There are many forms of amusement or recreation with which we can not only entertain ourselves, but instruct ourselves as well. Some people have certain hobbies in the pursuit of which they delight to spend any spare time they may have. Some people like making fine needle work, others delight in some of the other arts. What to one person may be a real pleasure, to another might mean a real task. For instance, some people like flowers and consider it a pleasant recreation to spend a few minutes each day in caring for them, and take much pleasure in watching their growth, while others might think the flowers pretty but would think the care of them an unnecessary burden.

Probably the two most popular forms of home entertainment are music and reading. I shall not attempt to say which is the more important. Each has its own influence. Who can think impure or unkind thoughts when listening to real music? Music, as well as being pleasant to the ear, also elevates our thoughts. There seems to be some beauty in it which carries us away from our own little commonplace thoughts and helps us to think of higher, better things. However, every person has not the opportunity to study music, and some perhaps have not the ability; but to-day I think reading matter is in the reach of almost everyone in our land. With newspapers and magazines in circulation, no one need be ignorant of the most important cur-

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GIVE IT A TRIAL.

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NEW STYLE
OLD STYLE
Mothers! Fathers!!
Look at the pictures of the old and the new in children's underwear —and say which you would prefer for your children.
They're *half*-dressed in the old-style kind that must be bothersomely buttoned. (See the lower picture. Hasn't it a familiar and vexing look?) They're *always* snugly and comfortably dressed in the new kind, whether it's buttoned or not. (Glance at the upper picture.) Your little ones will be neater, nicer, far more comfy in
WATSON'S Klosed-Krotch COMBINATIONS
Ask for it in any weight you like, and expect and find every size fits perfectly, because it is *knit-to-fit.* This *new* idea in underwear is worth your while. Ask your favorite store about it--and have them *show* it. You'll understand in a moment then.
25
OLD STYLE NEW STYLE

The Question of HEATING ?
BOILER INFORMATION
These two booklets tell you just what you want to know about heating your home--let us send you the one you want.
One tells chiefly about warm air systems, the other about hot water heating and steam heating.
Just write a post-card and mail to-day. It will pay you.
PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY. LIMITED
TORONTO WINNIPEG
Showrooms: 32-36 Queen St. East Toronto
36
PEASE FURNACES and BOILERS

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

rent events in our own country and in distant parts of the world as well.

And at this season of the year the thought of books and reading seems to be very attractive, when we can sit in a cosy room with a fire burning brightly and hear the wind howling outside. People to whom books are no real attraction miss some of the most genuine pleasure this life can give.

Reading supplies recreation, and probably it is this use of reading that is most widely exercised. To many people a book is almost a necessity, and probably the world would be richer if this were true of all. To many reading is a pleasure; to others it is simply a weariness of the flesh. Yet, until a person learns to love reading his mental development is apt to be slow. Reading is, or ought to be, an important part of our daily life. The printed page, in one form or another, meets us at every turn. That fact is having its effect on our lives, even in spite of ourselves. What we are reading is helping more than we often imagine, to make us what we are. It is important that we *do* read, but it also is very important *what* we read. Haphazard reading, without any plan or definite purpose, the devouring of anything that comes to our hand is one of the banes of the times.

Books may be divided into many distinct classes, each of which has its own special mission, and it is foolish to blame one book for not being another kind of a book, just as it would be foolish to blame a cabbage for not being an orange. We must learn to use books, as we use tools, each for its own work. Fiction, science, history and poetry each has its place, and, rightly used, each will do good work. Reading means education; mental development means more than gaining knowledge. It also means increased mental force, increased thinking power. Reading also should provide inspiration. The life story of some great noble person is often an incentive to some one to do greater things in life.

But, after all, let us remember that recreation, though it should be one of the minor uses of reading, is both useful and enjoyable in its place. Recreation, to be useful, should follow and precede toil, and reading may afford a weary person many an hour of quiet rest and keen enjoyment.

Thunder Bay Convention

AMONG northern institutes, Thunder Bay District holds an honored place. The latest annual convention was held appropriately in a marquee on the grounds of the Agricultural Association, where hundreds of women gathered from all over the district. The president of the District Institute, Mrs. D. J. Piper, of Slate River, and representatives from the branches, reviewed the year's work and offered suggestions for future social and business methods for the welfare of home and country that showed the growing enthusiasm in the association. In the morning Mrs. Williamson, the Fort William Health Visitor, spoke on nursing in the home and the care of babies and in the afternoon Miss Hattie Gowsell, teacher of domestic science in the Port Arthur Collegiate Institute, gave an address on "The Farmer's Daughter," advocating the method of providing the girls on the farm with means of earning pin money by raising fruit, flowers and vegetables, by the care of poultry and dairy work, etc. This method of keeping the girl on the farm is so practical that its value cannot be questioned, and the money earned would be used generally in improving the environment of the home.

Mrs. Emery, of Dorion, gave an excellent talk on "The Home." Nothing can take the place of this divine institution, and the ideal home is founded on the standard set by God in regard to discipline founded on love. She dwelt on the influence of environment and urged mothers to set before their children the beautiful things in nature, and surround them with books and associates calculated to inspire them to become useful in the community. Home influence brings this result as the mother's recompense. The Round Table Conference, led by Mrs. T. S. T. Smellie, brought before the meeting a series of lecturettes on devices for labor-saving, means for rousing and holding interest in meetings, and making the homes all that they should be. In the Fair, members of the Women's Institute found the real demonstration of women's work and influence in the home—in itself an inspiration to those who want to do things. These lecturettes were contributed by Mrs. D. Piper, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Gowanlock, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Merkley, Mrs. Sherk, Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Boulter and other members of the various branches.

Appeal from Amherstburg

THE Women's Institute of Amherstburg is endeavoring to raise funds for the purpose of erecting in their town a statue in commemoration of the saving of Amherstburg by the famous chief Tecumseh in the War of 1812.

As the centennial approaches, the ladies feel they cannot allow it to pass without marking in some way that memorable event. As a large amount must be raised in July 1912, the ladies most earnestly solicit the aid of the readers of this Journal, and your mite, however small, will be thankfully received. Address, Mrs. D. H. Terry, Amherstburg, Ont.

Girls and Their Ideals

FROM the Singhampton Institute comes an article on the above subject by Miss Nellie Taylor. The article is somewhat long for these columns, but we may select from it several pertinent paragraphs:

An ideal; what is it? It is a perfect type whether a reality or a conception only—a standard of perfection, beauty, moral or physical excellence. Girls! What are they? They are maidens or young unmarried women, and are designated "girls" from infancy to maturity and beyond it—maidservants, sweethearts, etc.

We shall deal with the most important age of any girl, the girl in her teens. The girl in her teens is often a peculiar combination of whims and fancies, likes and dislikes, giggles and impulses, exaggerations and discouragements; so much so, that the careful observer of such persons wonders what the next development will produce. All girls have their ideals and each one differs from the other as the mind of one girl differs from another, and yet there is a marked similarity in all their ideals.

In the average girl a change takes place at thirteen; it is the dawn of womanhood which means many things, but always three things, dreaming, longing and loving. She is unconscious of their meaning, but feels their power. In these awkward years of early adolescence she has her ideals embodied in parents, teachers, older girls, imaginary characters, or some ideal woman she meets, whose magnetic influence has drawn the girl, as it were, by force. These she worships. If she has been carefully trained, guarded and shielded by the patient mother, wise teacher or other sympathetic woman in all the knowledge that will help keep her pure and safe she will be ready for the wealth of emotion, the increase of intellectual and spiritual power to be developed in the next few years.

There is a three-sided life to every girl—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. These all blend so harmoniously and unite so readily that they cannot be separated with impunity. Every mother or guardian of the girl in her teens should jealously guard her physical development and bring her as near physical perfection as possible. Sound physical health is necessary for the attainment of right thinking, right actions, and right feeling. She should be taught to work, to do the duties of the home life, to save the tired mother, to be courteous to the aged, thus instilling until it becomes second nature that greatest attraction in a girl's disposition, unselfishness. She should be taught to play. This leads to the social side of life. Mankind is social, we must have companionship and pleasures in common with our kind. The girl who seeks solitude continually is ill mentally, physically, or spiritually, and needs watchful, sympathetic care.

Environment has a great deal to do with the girl's companionships. If she comes in contact with ideal Christian women in the Church and community or lives in a happy home, surrounded by culture and refinement, she will be guided and influenced in her choice. But what of the many girls who are less fortunate? The teacher in the Sunday school or in the public school or some outreaching, large-hearted, Christian woman may exert an influence over her, but chances are against her. We some-

times get out of patience with the lightheartedness, giggles, boisterous fun and silliness of the early teens, and the social tactics and philosophies of the later teens; but let us remember that the natural girl is "whole," she is body, mind and spirit, and all these make her a social being. We are serving our God just as truly on Monday, when we open our hearts and homes to entertain a few young people in intelligent proper games and amusements, as when we stand before a class on Sunday and talk over "Serve the Lord with gladness." On Sunday we are telling them how, on Monday we are showing them how.

When we say this, by no means neglect the Sunday school. If we older ones could get a glimpse of the significant fact that a girl cannot play wrong and pray right, we would be more alive to the importance of the social side of our young people's lives. We would be more willing to solve the problem of how to satisfy the social nature in ways that make for character. The intellectual goes hand in hand with the physical. A healthful body produces a healthful mind. We are grateful that the time has come when physical culture is pre-eminent. In the days of our great grandmothers and grandmothers men would hold up their hands in "holy horror" if the mothers spoke of educating their girls; but to-day in this twentieth century "young women" hold the balance of education. Indeed, it has been said that if this proportion continues for another generation, a young woman of twenty-five will be so far in advance of the average young man that she will not be able, with a telescope, to see a marriageable man on the horizon, leagues behind her.

In our country women are entering the department of finance, becoming bookkeepers in banks, etc., and up-to-date, so far as we know, no young woman has ever absconded to the United States followed by detectives, with a reward of one thousand dollars dangling over her head. Hence the need of proper physical and mental training, and these are nourished by work or exercise in the same.

Closely allied with this two-fold aspect is the spiritual side of her life. Sometimes the girl of sixteen or younger finds Christ and He is her ideal. Failing to find Him she becomes dissatisfied and restless, and longs intensely for something as an ideal. This is a critical period, she, in any case, needs patience, real sympathy, and careful understanding from those with whom she lives. She needs to be led, not driven, to come in contact with persons of refinement, so that she may contrast them with persons not so cultured, for she is keenly critical. Her ideals are high, and her requirements match her ideals, to be brought in touch with good, true men and women. She has dreams, hopes, desires, and longings. We must furnish the opportunity to work them out in reality. Biography is good. Such lives as Francis Ridley Havergal, Florence Nightingale; characters in history, as Nelson, Wellington, etc., all help in the formation of teen character. Sometimes we see the dreamy, imaginative, sixteen-year-old girl suddenly awakened and transformed by some vivacious person who has come into her life, who, being personally attractive and practical, helped and encouraged the shy, timid, self-conscious girl to take her place in life, of which she forms a part. The girl needs the Sunday school, even if she belongs to a class that gives way to giggles, whisperings, thoughtlessnesses, irreverence or discourtesy. She gets something there and often more than we think, and the Sunday school needs her. It needs her devotion, enthusiasm, her realities, her imaginations. We are glad the Sunday school has awakened to the fact that it needs the girl in her teens to keep up the interest in the school. The girl in her teens needs the Church. It furnishes, though imperfectly, the steady, uplifting, spiritualizing force and influence upon her nature during the period of the awakening and strengthening of ideals.

Most girls, in spite of hope's castles and day dreams, are destined to live amid the commonplaces of life; and unless they are prepared, many will fail to learn that.

"The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask.
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

The "teen" girl is glad to be alive, and her evident keen enjoyment of a world which some of her elders have found hard and a little disappointing, does more to cheer and brighten the dull grey of the commonplace than she knows. She is the life of the home. Many girls are doing noble work in their own homes as missionaries, deaconesses, and other servants of God, because away back in their teens, by the patient efforts of somebody, they were lifted out of their narrow selves to a place where they caught a glimpse of the real meaning of life. All girls have a common ideal. I think that is to be "grown up," a woman. How interesting it is to watch a group of young girls in their early teens playing at "grown up." How they copy from their elders, when dressed up in long skirts, etc. Even the smile and as nearly as possible all the set speeches and excuses that are given by the "grown ups," proving to the observer the force of example.

Let us hope they all wish to become true, ideal women. The ideal woman has been summarized by Miss M. H. Tupling as follows: 1st. She should be well developed physically. Solomon says—"She girdeth herself with strength. She strengtheneth her arms." 2nd. She has a well trained mind, not necessarily to know history or languages, but trained to habits of accurate thought. To show by look and act kindness to all. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." 3rd. She can make a decision quickly. Many of us fail right here. 4th. She is trained in some particular business whereby she can make a livelihood. Some think it is unwomanly for a girl to make her own living and come in contact with the business world, but Solomon does not think so. He says: "She considereth a field and buyeth it. She looketh well to the ways of her household." Like Martha, she should be busy and efficient, but, like Mary, find time to sit at the Master's feet. 5th. She will harbor no evil thoughts, take Paul's advice: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." 6th. She is essentially honest—no hypocrite. 7th. She is charitable, particularly toward her own sex. 8th. She is sympathetic. "She stretches out her hand to the poor, yea she reaches forth her hand to the needy." 7th. She is happy: if gloomy or depressed there is something wrong. 10th. She is religious. It is religion that develops the rarest qualities of a woman's character. Let those who have opportunity do all they can both by precept and more especially by example to develop what is true, noble and good in the girls, to train them up for God. Study them, pray over them, be patient with them, sympathize with them, help them. You have a great responsibility resting upon you. Make use of your opportunity.

"God wants the happy hearted girls, the
loving girls,
The best of girls, the worst of girls.
He wants to make the girls His pearls,
And to reflect His holy face and
bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity.
God wants the girls."

Multiplying the Meat

IF one desires little meat because of principle, or if one must economize because the condition of the purse makes it necessary, the following plan for distributing the meat flavors may be of interest.

The amount of meat that would supply four persons for a meal, if it were roasted by itself, will satisfy six or seven persons if it be made into a stew with vegetables. The reason for this is that the entire bulk of the vegetables cooked with the meat contain its delicious flavor. Such a delicious combination may be made on top of the stove by simmering the ingredients in a kettle, may be prepared in the fireless cooker, or blended in a slow oven in an earthen casserole, or baked in the meat drippings.

If you boil your beef or chicken or fresh pork, the broth may be served as a soup at one meal and the meat may appear at another.

One mother, who economizes in order to educate her children, makes a fifteen-cent soup bone flavor two, and sometimes three meals, for her family of four. Two-thirds of the meat is cut off and minced in a food-chopper. This is either browned to form the basis of a thick gravy, or baked with moistened bread crumbs and an egg as a beef-loaf. At another meal, the bone and the remaining meat are made into a strong soup with the addition of vegetables.

The ONWARD Sliding Furniture Shoe

Piano Shoe

Furniture Shoe

Make Things Easy For Yourself

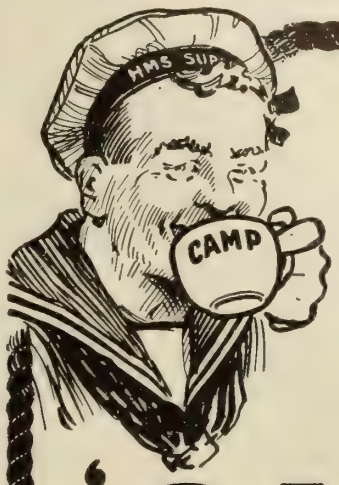
Don't be always lifting heavy Furniture to put casters in place. Don't be always oiling floors and straightening carpets that casters have marked. Don't be bothered with casters anyway.

Onward Sliding Shoes have replaced casters in hotels like Waldorf-Astoria, New York and Hotel Astor the latter using 2,500 sets. All sizes and styles for Chairs, Couches, Beds, Pianos, etc.

Special Offer For 50c., we will send postpaid a set of four Glass Base Shoes, suitable for Morris Chair, Couch or similar-weight Furniture. Regular price, 70c.

Onward Sliding Shoes prevent carpets and rugs being torn. They slide smoothly over the floor—make Furniture easy to move—improve looks and are always in place. Easy to put on—last a lifetime.

ONWARD MFG. CO., Berlin, Ont. Factories at Berlin, Ont. and Menasha, Wis. 23



JACK'S the boy for 'CAMP'!

Cold raw mornings—all sorts of weather—ashore or afloat, 'Camp' always cheers, stimulates and 'warms the cockles of the heart.'

CAMP' keeps anywhere—any time.

'CAMP' COFFEE

Of all grocers. Sole Makers—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd. Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

ONE GOOD FEATURE OR EVERY FEATURE GOOD WHICH?

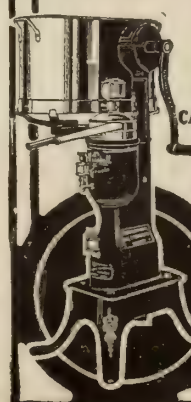
AS long as a cream separator skims close, it is a good investment. But one good feature or a few good features do not make a separator that will skim close for any length of time.

A good separator is one in which the minor parts have been just as carefully designed and just as well made as the most important parts. A defect in a minor part will, by throwing the entire machine out of adjustment, offset all the perfection attained in any other part of the machine. In the

I H C Cream Harvesters

Dairymaid and Bluebell

one feature does not overtop all others because the same I H C standard of quality in design, material, and workmanship is maintained throughout. They are the only separators with dust-proof and milk-proof gears which are easily accessible. The frame is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. These separators have large shafts, bushings, and bearings; the flexible top-bearing is the strongest and most effective found in any separator. The patented dirt-arrester removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated. I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive, and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes.



The I H C local agent will be glad to let you examine one of these separators, or, write nearest branch house for catalogues and other information.

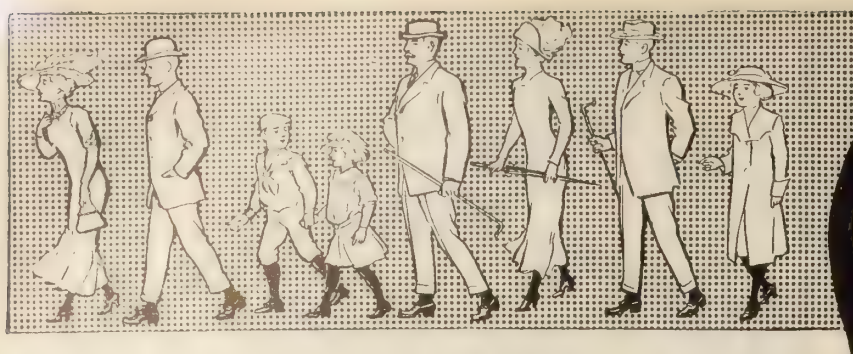
CANADIAN BRANCHES: International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

International Harvester Company of America
Chicago (Incorporated) U S A

I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house for Agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the I H C Service Bureau.

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.



Learn now of Hosiery Really Fault-Free!

Let your next hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy, troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been *knit* into them---not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat their fit ----how shape-retaining their method of manufatcture---how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be---once you cease casual buying and demand only

71

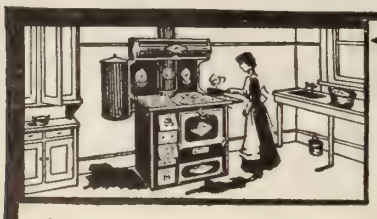
WARRANTED HIGH PENMAN'S GRADE HOSIERY

Pen-Angle

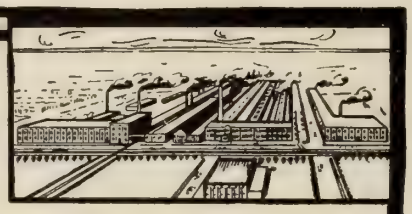
Full-Fashioned Seamless **Hosiery**

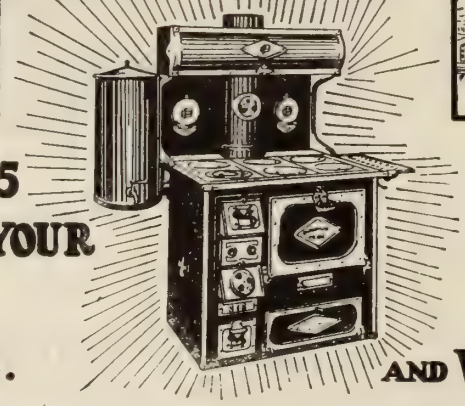
Made by Penmans Limited, Paris, Canada

UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, HOSIERY



← DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO KITCHEN →





SAVE OVER $25 WHEN BUYING YOUR RANGE THIS FALL.

$41.00 TO $49.00

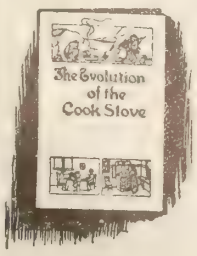
AND WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You Can Buy "DOMINION PRIDE" RANGE At Factory Price

Direct From The Largest Malleable Range Works in Canada

IF you want to save from $25 to $30, and at the same time get the most satisfactory kitchen range made, write for our Catalogue and look into the merits of the "DOMINION PRIDE," at from $41 to $49.

If we sold you identically the same range in the usual way, through a dealer, you would have to pay from $69 to $78 for it. You would be paying two extra profits—to wholesaler and retailer—which would add $25 to $30 to the cost of your range, but absolutely nothing to its value.



"The Evolution of the Cook Stove"

TELLS about cooking from the time the Cave Dwellers dropped hot stones into the pot to boil it. It also tells all about "Dominion Pride" Ranges. Whether you need a Range just now or not you will enjoy reading this book.

Write for Free Copy.

Besides costing much less than other ranges in its class, the "DOMINION PRIDE" is much more satisfactory. It is made of tough, strong, malleable iron and the best blue polished steel—materials which will not warp, crack or break.

The polished steel does not need blacking—simply rub it over with a cloth. With its cold rolled steel plate oven—sectional iron fire-box lining, with air chambers—and double-walled flues lined with asbestos—the "DOMINION PRIDE" is the most economical range you can buy. Actual tests have proved that it saves over 30% of fuel, burning either wood or coal.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

A "DOMINION PRIDE" Range, with high closet shelf and elevated tank or flush reservoir, with zinc sheet to go under range, 8 sections blue polished steel pipe and two elbows, will be delivered to any station in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces for $41, or to any station in the four Western Provinces for $49—$5 to be sent with order and balance to be paid when the Range is delivered at your station. If not convenient to pay cash we will arrange to accept your note.

Canada Malleable & Steel Range Mfg. Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

When writing it will be a distinct favor to us if you will mention this paper. 7

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Household Exchange

FROM Mrs. T. J. McDowell, of Listowel, comes the following information which, no doubt, will be welcome to many a housewife:

I had such success in washing a white ostrich plume not long ago that I would like to pass on the method. Make a suds of lukewarm water and pure castile soap, then put in the feather and dip it up and down, and gently press out the dirt with your fingers. When the feather looks clean rinse twice in lukewarm water, and hang in the air by a string for a couple of hours. Then bring it in and shake until quite dry. Take a pair of small scissors and carefully curl. Make the curl loose, and your feather will look like new.

An excellent ointment to have on hand in case of burns or scalds is zinc oxide mixed with either castor or olive oil, until you have a thick, smooth salve. Spread thickly on soft linen cloths, then lay on the burn. I have also used it with great effect on cuts. Keep it mixed in a little jar in a handy place, ready for any emergency.

To launder net or bobbinet curtains nicely and easily, wash in the usual way first, then blue them in water in which a quantity of good thick starch has been stirred. Hang on the line by the selvage side, the full length of the curtain. They dry quickly and will be perfectly smooth, except for the frill and insertion. Then take a good hot iron and press them out, and your curtains are ready to put up again.

There are many ways coal oil may be use as a cleanser around the house. When cleaning windows add a small quantity to clear warm water, and you will find the windows polish beautifully. It is also splendid to use in cleaning the appointments of the bath room and sink.

When the children come in with wet boots, try filling their boots full of crushed paper, before putting to dry. The paper absorbs the moisture, and keeps the shoes from becoming hard and unshapely.

To cook an egg for a little child have the water boiling rapidly, then put in the egg and set on top of the stove, where it will keep warm for three minutes, then serve. Cooked in this way the egg is jellied all the way through.

MRS. C. I. BROOK, "Brook Glen," Lillico, Alberta, sends a short article on "Window Gardens," which ought to prove of value to many readers.

Autumn, with its soft, mellow, sunny days, but cool, frosty nights, steals in upon us. We enjoy these days, but for the fact that they are a harbinger of stern old winter, which, when it arrives, obliterates all the unsurpassable color blendings and tintings on Mother Earth, and enwraps her in a mantle of white—and we heave a sigh of regret that the flowers, among other things, are all gone. For we all love flowers—love to see them, even if we do begrudge the time necessary to care for them, as Jennie Allen Moore said of herself, in October's "Around the Hearth."

Even though we lose our outdoor flowers, still we may have some indoors. And at this season of the year might I suggest to those who feel they have not the time to devote to the care of a large number of plants individually, that they start a window garden, which will require but little attention. A window may be made very attractive by a common soap box (or one made any desired size) and a few plants. Nail four legs to the box, paint, stain or varnish, to suit the coloring of the room, if you wish, fill three-quarters full of good loamy soil, and put in varieties of plants or seeds, in such arrangement as you desire.

The flowers should be of contrasting colors. For instance, the following gives a very pleasing effect—geraniums of a scarlet variety in the centre of the box, with white begonias around them, then heliotrope, with its abundant flowers and sweet fragrance. Or, red geraniums with mixed pansy seeds planted around them. In every case, around the front and ends of the box, plant one or more kinds of trailing plants—strawberry geraniums, Wandering Jew, lover's tangle, portulaca, or creeping nasturtium—which may grow almost to the floor, and completely hide the box.

Concerning Christmas

AT Christmas time, it is naturally the small person whose needs are most considered. On this page will be found patterns of home-made toys which will be found useful and amusing. Number 6163 is Teddy's sacque coat, trousers and cap, 12, 16 and 20 inches high; 7124 is a dog blanket, 8, 12 and 16 inches at centre back; 6165, a pattern for jointed monkey; 6511, a Teddy lion; 6464, a Teddy bear, 12, 16 and 20 inches high; 6341, a Billy possum; 5834, a Buster Brown bulldog; 5841, a cat, and 6347 a Jack rabbit.

Then in fancy dresses for dolls, there is number 7206 for dress and coat, 18, 22 and 26 inches high; 6468, for dress and underwear for doll 18, 22 or 26 inches high; 7197, a middy costume, 18, 22 and 26 inches high; 6492, dress and coat, 18, 22 and 26 inches high; 6839, dress and rompers, 18, 22 and 26 inches high.

SUPPOSE, for a moment, you happened to know some young woman crippled by rheumatism, who never was able to get to the dining-room, and that you selected for her the cunningest little individual chafing-dish you ever saw. Wouldn't she probably be more delighted wit hit than any of her other Christmas gifts? Her luncheons and Sunday night teas might be served in it with scarcely any extra trouble to those waiting on her. When she felt able she could prepare some simple oyster and egg dishes for herself; but, even if she did not feel equal to this, the chafing-dish could be used as an attractive way of serving what had already been prepared in the kitchen. With the lamp lighted the little luncheon would have a distinctly tempting appearance when it arrived in the sick-room.

Take another imaginary case: that of a sick-abed man especially fond of good coffee. Buy for him a tiny coffee machine, and you might give him no end of pleasure, to say nothing of insuring his getting freshly-made and steaming-hot coffee. He would look forward to his breakfasts with real pleasure, and it would take only a little extra time to make the coffee. Such gifts unquestionably make the days spent indoors less tedious.

A little lamp or candle with a pretty shade gives an air of festivity to the tray or small table on which the invalid's evening meal is served. In these days of electrical connections such a lamp may be quickly and safely arranged, and some of the shops are carrying a large assortment of lamps which are admirably adapted to this purpose.

IT does not often happen in art work of such different kinds as cut-leather work and stenciling that practically the same tools and the same designs can be used. But a cardboard pattern may be cut for stenciling in the same way in which the traced pattern is used to cut the leather.

Draw the rough design on Manila paper, place tracing-paper over it, secure by thumb-tacks and make the finished drawing with a soft pencil. If the design is reversible place the traced side next to the suede. Otherwise, draw the design on the opposite side of the transparent paper. Using the back of the knife-blade, rub each line, and holding the paper firmly with the left hand, remove one or two tacks to inspect results, being careful not to move the tracing. When all parts are perfectly distinct remove the tracing and preserve the outlines with a fine pen and India ink very lightly applied.

Place a piece of glass under the skin and go all over the design, starting each opening with the knife, finishing the cutting with the scissors.

Apply the back of velvet or satin to the leather with tube glue after the design is cut. The tools required for the execution of cut-leather work present little or no hindrance to the determined worker. A very sharp knife and embroidery scissors, a drawing board, "T" square, compass, tracing-paper and thumb-tacks (the last five articles obtainable in any art or department store for $1.50) are the essential accompaniments to this work. Cut-leather articles are among the most desirable Christmas gifts.

EVEN in the last few years great changes have been going on in the manner of celebrating Christmas. The growing interest in all matters of hygiene is accountable for many of these revolutions. Now, instead of the foolish trifles so often put aside by the recipient as "good enough to give away next year" many gifts take the form of useful kitchen utensils. The kitchen being the recruiting place for the forces of health, what more appropriate to this season of joy than machinery for fortifying those forces? To hear the "groan of delight" of one housemother as she lifts the light and convenient aluminum teakettle, with its top that falls over by a certain twist of the handle, is satisfaction enough. Compare her delight in this labor-saving kettle with the chagrin she felt two years ago in unrolling a highly-scented handkerchief-case—fifth of its kind among her presents.

Let's make a Jelly Roll—
With FIVE ROSES flour.

Its *Strength* and *Fineness* hold your batter together in the long well-greased pan.

Bakes *evenly*.

Smooth Texture—soft, golden Crumb, spongy, porous, yielding.

No holes, nor lumps to *vex* you.

And when you turn it out on the damp napkin hot and *savory*, and you spread the under side with "jell"—

It doesn't get *soggy* nor crumbly.

Roll it gently, carefully.

Not a *crack*—not a *break*.

Perfect Smoothness—a Perfect Roll—*Yours*.

Bake anything, make anything.

Use FIVE ROSES—*bread and pastry*.

Melting puff paste—flaky pie crust—crinkly fritters—tooth some rolls.

FIVE ROSES for anything—*everything*.

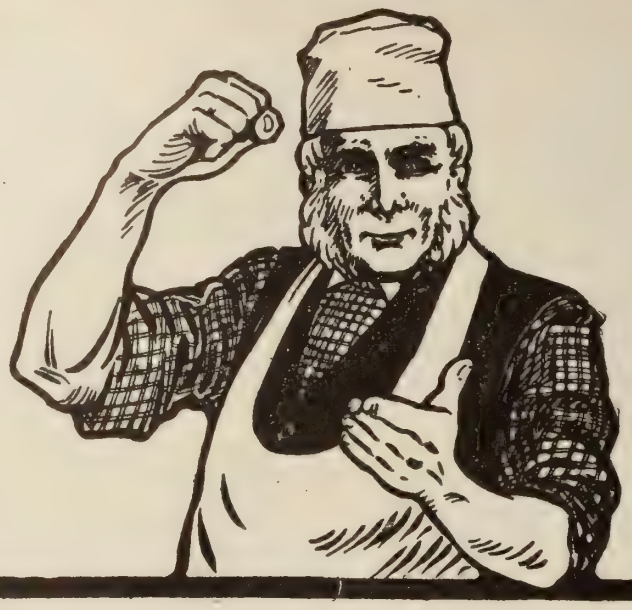
Be flourwise.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED KEEWATIN TRADE MARK REGISTERED

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED MONTREAL



I'm the Cream of the West Miller, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll guarantee your next batch of bread

I WILL guarantee it to rise away up out of the pans, and make as delicious bread as you ever tasted. The loaves will be the biggest and most wholesome you ever baked with the same amount of flour. I'll guarantee it or you get back the money you paid for the flour! Now see:

Just go to your grocer and buy a bag of Cream of the West Flour. Take it home and bake it up.

Give it a trial.

Give it a couple of trials. Your oven or yeast might not be just right the first time.

Now when you give it a fair trial, if you honestly feel that you have not had splendid satisfaction with Cream of the West Flour, return the unused portion of the bag and **get your money back.**

Just tell the store man your bread didn't come out right and you want your money back as guaranteed.

It's not the grocery man who loses. It doesn't come out of his pocket. It is the Campbell Milling Company, Limited, of Toronto, who pay, and they are satisfied to pay if you'll be satisfied to try Cream of the West Flour.

Ask your store-keeper about this guarantee. He knows. He will tell you. Try a bag next baking day.

Cream of the West Flour

The hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

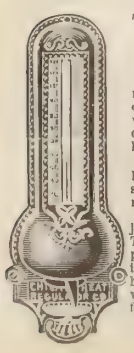
Guarantee

WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if the flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto.
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT

CREAM OF THE WEST

100



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Saves on Your Coal
30 Days to Try—60 Days to Pay

Prove it for yourself. We send it all ready to put up on 30 Days Free Trial to convince you it will do just what we say it will. Anyone who can use a screw-driver can attach it to any furnace, steam or hot water heater.

The Chicago Heat Regulator keeps even heat, whether the weather outside be below zero or above freezing. That means health and 25 per cent coal saved.

The Thermostat keeps the temperature just as you want it during the day. Set the Time-Set at night and it will open the dampers at any hour you desire in the morning. No getting up early to warm up the house. Send for Free Booklet A today, which gives full particulars—Don't wait for zero weather.

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Otterville, Ontario

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Metal Weather Strips
KEEP OUT
DUST - NOISE - DRAFTS

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A postal will bring prices and the names of satisfied users in your neighborhood

Toronto Office---598 YONGE STREET

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Around the Hearth

Continued from page 14

and so she bravely conquered the tantalizing voice that would insist on telling her, "I knew you couldn't hold out."

MR. HOLDEN drove up to the door, and received the list of groceries and provisions from his wife. He was off for town twenty miles away, so he kissed wife and little ones, and sprang into the sleigh, Mrs. Holden calling after him not to forget to call at the express office. Then she swept and dusted, cleaned and scrubbed all day, for the intervening days until Christmas would be filled with baking and cooking, and, of course, the usual guests, the childless couple on their right, and the lone bachelor on the left would come for dinner. A good, hot supper was ready when the merry jingle of sleigh bells was again at the door, and the boxes were carried in, among them the special one, hidden among the other parcels, not to be opened until the little folk retired.

The last day of anticipation was over. Four expectant little ones went to bed with hopes beating high; four pairs of "clean stockings without a hole" were hung, or rather pinned, with large safety pins to the velours couch, hung according to age, and at respectful distances. Mr. Holden had gone over to sit a while with the bachelor, who had been housed in with rheumatism. "Do not wait for me, Margaret, I may be late, as I will help him out a little." He had not seen the row of stockings, but at eleven o'clock when he came home, without disturbing them, he placed above Georgie's a mouth organ, new skates all ready fastened on new boots; and beside Nettie's a lovely doll, and set of blue and white dishes. Billy-boy's woolly dog, on wheels was there, and a tin trumpet, with a rubber doll for baby that whistled when squeezed. At the head of the couch was a large parcel addressed to Mrs. Holden from Santa Claus.

"Don't be long out to the barn, Daddy, we want you, too."

"All right," he called cheerily. When the mystic door was opened their delight knew no bounds. Mr. Holden placed himself in front of the box until all the gifts had been examined, then took baby from his wife's knee, and placed the box there. "Open it, mother," said Georgie, "see, from Santa Claus," spelling it out, as his mother's trembling fingers untied the cord. A handsome set of furs, kid gloves, and a box of chocolates. She smiled her gratitude just then, and all day long there was a glad light in her eyes, and a song in her heart. When the happy day was ended, and they were alone, she said, "James, you have been so good and kind," and her voice broke, "and I never gave you anything in return." His arms held her close as he said, "Yes, dear, you have given me the grandest gift of all, your forgiveness for what I have always regretted, and that is something, isn't it?"

Another View of George

A MAN but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the suburban road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea; and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the woman turn a horrified look upon him and then hurry away; and the idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all, and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

When he returned home he found his wife awaiting him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

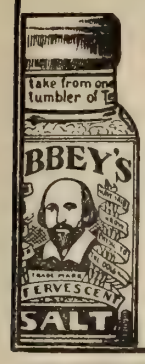
"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me, and said: 'All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you were out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain, when an idea came to him.

"What sort of man was it?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped on every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—*Boston Post.*



Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

A clean stomach and a clear head are the guarantees of

Abbey's Salt

25c and 60c bottle.

Sold everywhere.

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Baby's Own Soap

unequalled for toilet and nursery use.

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Refuse all substitutes.

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The Big Newspaper that gives all the news of all Canada. Features—Colored, Comic, Magazine, Ladies' Home, Farm, Stock Raisers' and Market Sections.

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The Popular Family Magazine of Western Canada. Edited to interest every member of the household. Special articles by well known writers, departments standard, entertaining fiction and original photographs.

Northwest Farmer $1.00

The Leading Agricultural Semi-Monthly. Invaluable to every farmer. Special articles by experts, embracing every branch of agriculture.

Canadian Home Journal $1.00

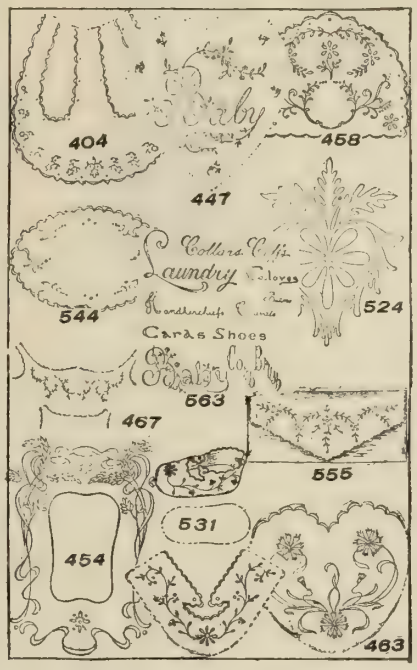
An Exclusively Ladies' Monthly Magazine, containing articles and departments dear to every feminine heart. Particular attention is devoted to household and fashion articles.

Send in your order to-day to Canadian Home Journal Toronto

Papers may be sent to one or separate addresses.

For Holiday Gifts

THERE is not a household where there is not a work-basket in full activity in the days before Christmas. Here are some patterns which will help you to make up dainty toys or trifles to gladden your friends. Number 404 is a design for an embroidered apron; 447, a design for embroidering a baby's pillow in heart shape; 458, a design for embroidering a tea cosy cover; 544, a design for embroidered bread tray doylies; 563, a design for embroidered words, adapted to different purposes; 524, a design for a braided corner; 467, a design for embroidering a corset cover; 555, a design for an embroidered handkerchief case in envelope shape, ten inches in length; 454, a design for embroidering a photograph frame; 531, a design for embroidering an infant's shoe, transfer for two shoes are given; 463, a design for embroidering a fancy bag in heart shape.



Then there is a variety of dainty aprons, among which you will be sure to be suited. Number 6480 is a fancy apron, one size; 6164, a fancy apron, one size; 6563, a circular and fancy work apron, one size; 6148, princess aprons, small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 bust; 6158, fancy aprons, one size; 6477, a collapsible sewing basket, one size; 6484, tea cosy with adjustable cover, one size.

An Important Game

IN a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door. "Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checkerboard. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."

PREVENTION

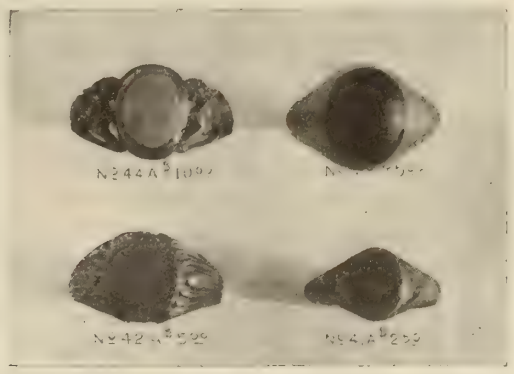
THE MODERN DOCTOR'S WATCHWORD

To prevent disease is easier than to cure it, and Bovril and Bread and Butter are a great team to keep the system in shape to repel disease.

A Cup of Bovril, or a Bovril sandwich between meals or at night will dispel fatigue and keep one "fit".

BOVRIL

A-11-11 *All that is Good in Beef is in Bovril.*



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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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may cost a few cents more on the hundred pounds than other lump sugar. Good things always cost more than inferior quality.

However, ST. LAWRENCE "CRYSTAL DIAMONDS" are really the most economical Sugar, because they go further on account of their matchless sweetness due to perfect purity.

To appreciate the superiority of St. Lawrence Sugar, compare it with any other sugar.

St. Lawrence Sugar

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited
MONTREAL. 31

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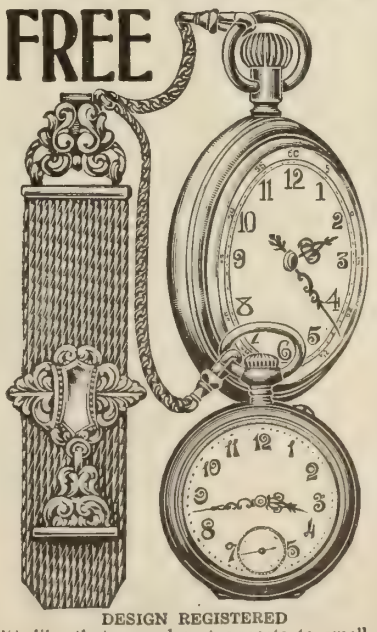

DESIGN REGISTERED

This unprecedented offer is now open to every Boy and Girl, every Lady and Gentleman, to take advantage of promptly. We will give you *absolutely free* your choice, or both, of these handsome and accurate Watches with Fob attached. The Gentleman's Watch is the latest **thin model,** stem wind and stem set, with a genuine **Swiss Precision Movement,** Solid Silver Nickel Case, highly polished, fancy Dial with ornamented hands protected by a heavy bevelled French Crystal. The Lady's size is also the newest **thin model,** stem wind and stem set, with the same quality **Swiss Precision Movement** as in the man's size, highly polished Solid Silver Nickel Case, beautifully ornamented Dial with fancy gold hands, and clear French Crystal. The beautiful **Fob** is the newest design, Solid Rolled Gold Plate throughout, fancy **Mesh Pattern** with Safety Chain attachment. The Suspension Clasp, Ornament, and Pendant Signet are all handsomely engraved. For selling only **$3.60** worth of our high-grade Floral Motto Pictures, we give you your choice of either of the above **Watches with Fob attached**. Words fail us to give more than a faint idea of the quality and beauty of these Pictures, the Floral portions of which stand out clearly from a delicate satin-finished Solid Gold Background. The rich, natural colors of the flowers are so life-like that one almost expects to smell their sweet perfume. These Mottoes are full size, **16** inches long and **12** inches wide. The deep, rich coloring, and beautiful homelike sentiments of the Illuminated Text portion, will make a set of these desired by all who see them. These refined Motto Pictures sell regularly in Art Stores at **50** cents each, so that at our **wholesale price** of **15 cents** each you can sell the entire lot in an hour. To **assist** you to **make** your **sales quickly** we will send a **Prize Coupon** to **give** with every Picture you sell, which will entitle your customer to receive an **extra present** from us **absolutely free**. Order right now. We will send the Mottoes by **return mail Postpaid.** When sold return us our money **$3.60**, and your choice of either of these beautiful **Watches with Fob attach d complete,** will be sent to you at once **Postpaid.** Address:

COLONIAL ART CO. Desk 04 TORONTO, ONT. 124

Dress Requisites for Xmas.

Either for Yourself or for Gift Purposes.

Note illustrations above and then read carefully the following descriptions. Where else can you obtain such values? Yet each of the articles is taken at random from **The Bon Ton Fall and Winter Catalogue** every page of which contains a bargain—a bargain which, price, quality, style and workmanship considered, cannot be duplicated. We make everything for women, girls and children from a fancy collar to a fur lined coat.

571—Lady's Cheviot Coat, 50 inches long, lined with quilted satin, large Mink Marmot collar. Price **$17.95**

5502—Child's White Lamb Stole, 36 inches long, with muff, satin lined ..... Price **$3.25**

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5361—Corset Cover of cotton, trimmed with lace and tucks..... Price **15c**

5276—Infants' Sweater of soft wool. Colours, navy with white, red with white or white with red. ..... Price **75c**

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5214—Misses' Black and White striped Messaline Silk Dress, trimmed with Black Pailette Silk, edged with red piping **$8.98**

Why not have more and better clothes for the same money by buying from the Bon Ton Co. ? Buy from us and buy direct from factory at factory prices—save all retailers', jobbers' and other profits.

If, on receipt, the goods do not come up to your expectations, either in quality, or price, or fail in any way to satisfy, return them and we will not only refund your money promptly, but pay shipping charges both ways. Remember every price in our Catalogue includes transportation charges direct to your home—you simply send us Catalogue price and we deliver goods free. Write at once for our 1911-1912 Fall and Winter Catalogue.

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With Ainslee's and World To-day	5.45
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With Woman's Home Companion and Delineator	4.35
With Cosmopolitan or Good Housekeeping	3.05
With Success and Pearson's	3.35
With House Beautiful and Delineator	3.45
With Canadian Home Journal and Canada Monthly	2.65
With Western Home Monthly and W. Free Press	2.75
With Family Herald and Weekly Star	2.00
With Canadian Mag. and Pearson's	4.35
With Canadian Courier and Etude	5.65
With Musicain or Etude	2.65
With American Boy and American Motherhood	3.35
With Sunset and Field and Stream	4.15
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CANADIAN MAILING & SUBSCRIPTION CO. Limited

311 Somerset Building - - - - - - - - - WINNIPEG

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

House of Windows

Continued from page 10

things about which we think? I can't believe it. You and I could speak without fear of laughter, and we shall guess the other things which lie too deep for words. It seems to me that all my life I have been looking at things wrongly. I have been taking always the easy way. When I see my uncle I am going to tell him so, and show him that, while never lacking in gratitude to him, I must not be a slave even to gratitude. This will be Greek to you—but I shall find words to make you understand when I see you."

Christine laid down the letter with a quick little catch of the breath. The broad man who had protected her from observation had gone and she was already one full block past the Stores' corner. But it didn't matter. It wouldn't matter even if she were late. Nothing mattered. When she tied on her scissors and took her place at the counter more than one of the girls looked curiously at the brightness on her face.

CHAPTER XXII.

IF Adam Torrance had neglected the Stores in the past, if he had put them aside carelessly, as a thing of small import, which he steadily declined to perceive within his mental horizon, it is certain that in these days the Stores took a full and fine revenge. From being an incident of mere financial importance, they became a haunting nightmare; from being below the horizon altogether, they suddenly loomed large and threatening shutting out the view; from being nothing, they became all. It is not an exaggeration to say that he thought of them all day and dreamed of them all night. He could not bear to go near them, he could not bear to stay away, he hated to look at a shop girl's face, but it was agony not to scan each one eagerly. It speaks well for him that his work lacked nothing in efficiency and that he never spoke of the tortures he endured. Naturally he was always fancying likenesses, and that was almost insupportable. Once he saw a girl's face, coarse-lipped, black-browed, which looked at him it seemed with the very eyes of an aunt of his, an aunt whose very name had been stricken from the family annals. What if—such things are not impossible. He lived in hell until it was proved beyond all dispute that this black-browed girl was really the daughter of her black-browed parents. Then there was little Miss Ellis, an adopted child, in whose white face and timid eyes he thought he could trace a likeness to his dead wife. He was greatly drawn to this girl, and when he found out beyond doubt that she was the daughter of a sister of good Mrs. Ellis, who had adopted her, his despair deepened.

Meanwhile, the sifting went on rapidly. Johnson and his trained assistants worked almost night and day. Mark had been telegraphed for and might be expected now any day—but not a single clue led anywhere.

Christine often saw Mr. Torrance in those days, and wondered at his white and drawn face and at the keen and yet furtive look in his eyes, eyes that seemed always searching and yet fearing what they might find. And he often saw her, too, and every time was pierced anew by her strange and haunting resemblance—another trick of imagination he supposed, yet a most persistent one. And often he thought what a disappointment would have been his had he not seen her in her own home before the search was started and known her for whom she was.

So strange are the things which really happen that, of all the girls in Angers' Stores, the Misses Brown were the only ones who escaped the vigilance of Mr. Johnson and his half frantic employer. And this simply because the human mind is remarkably tenacious of a suggestion received in good faith. This is why it did not occur to Mr. Johnson, trained to suspicion as he was, that Mr. Torrance did not know what he was talking about when he told him that the Misses Brown were outside the scope of the enquiries. It never occurred to him to waste time on anyone so well vouched for. And, stranger still, it did not occur to Mr. Torrance himself that he really knew nothing about the Browns. He had called there, he had seen them, he had gathered from their conversation that they were sisters, and the idea of sifting this statement

H.P. SAUCE

is made in England in the world's largest Malt Vinegar Brewery.

It has a new and delicious flavour, different — quite different — from any other sauce or relish you have ever had before.

All Stores keep H.P. Sauce on their handiest shelf—it saves time—it sells so freely.

never for a moment obtruded itself. Another reason for this negligence was the secrecy of the investigation. Outside the searchers there was no one who possessed more than the most vague idea that a search was being made. One day one of the girls at the ribbon counter laughingly asked Christine if she was a foundling, adding that foundlings seemed to be at a premium now-a-days, for she had heard that someone was looking for a missing heiress. Christine had replied lightly that she was nothing so interesting, and it so happened that Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, the only two now in the Stores who might have contradicted her, heard nothing at all of the investigation, for the simple reason that they had no children to investigate.

Meanwhile, the offer of the reward for information as to the person who had brought the letter had also ended in a blind alley. The letter-bringer might have been invisible for all the trace that had been left to guide anyone. Barefaced efforts to obtain the money by false information were, of course, frequent, but of any real clue there was not a vestige. And as days went by without result, another anxiety was added by the non-appearance of Mark. This could have been explained quite simply, for, as Mark's impatience had insisted upon starting the "Shuswap" on her voyage before the schedule time, and as the Misses Macgregor were not in town, the telegram was still following the travelers.

It must have been a fortnight after Christine's return to the Stores that the most promising clue was unearthed. It was found that in Mr. Torrance's own store there had been employed, until within a couple of months, a young girl of sixteen or thereabouts who was known to have been adopted under peculiar circumstances. The girl's name was Alma Stone. Her adopted parents were dead, and the girl had supported herself for some litle time. No one knew where she was now, and the enquiry seemed to be threatened with another blank, until someone remembered that if anyone would know anything about Alma Stone that person would be Miss Celia Brown. Christine, on being questioned, remembered having heard her sister mention the girl's name, and stated that Celia was so far better that it would do her no harm to be interrogated.

It must be said that the detective was rather surprised at the eagerness with which Mr. Torrance elected to visit the Misses Brown. He would have preferred to have attended to this promising clue himself, but as employers' wishes are paramount he had to be contented with providing the interviewer with as full a list of questions as his professional mind could compass.

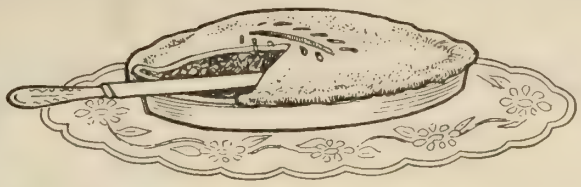
It was a dreary day that had been chosen for an interview. The glory of the autumn was almost dead and vicious, slanting rain pelted the dying leaves from the trees, and the heavy feet of passers-by printed their frail ghosts upon the muddy pavement. Brook Street, under such conditions, was not lovely. The rain seemed never to clean anything here, but only to add to the dirt and dreariness. Even the children looked dirtier and less cheerful and Ada's garden was more than ever an abomination of desolation.

Celia, who had been warned of the coming visitor, was lying, propped with pillows, upon the couch, her tired eyes watching the steady beating of the rain. Celia did not get well as rapidly as they had hoped. There were times when they almost feared to realize how slow her progress was. "Want of recuperative power," said the doctor; but, after all, that is only another way of saying want of the will to live. People who feel that life has cheated them are chary of taking up the cards again. They would often rather slip out of the game.

To Mr. Torrance the little room seemed a haven of peace. So little do we see into each other's lives that he mistook Celia's despair for the lassitude of convalescence and envied her her quiet sofa and the soft ministrations of the blind girl. How lovely Ada Brown was, he thought again. Impossible to believe that those beautiful eyes were sightless. As he watched her eager pleasure in the flowers he had brought, a sense of relief to which he had long been a stranger came over him.

Celia, who for sixteen years had wondered so often what Mr. Torrance might be like, now looked at him without interest. He was part of life. But he only saw the quiet courtesy of her greeting, noticed that she still seemed very weak, and hoped that his questions would not tire her.

(To be continued)



Make your pastry with PURITY FLOUR It will be delicious

WE tell you frankly that it will likely cost you slightly more to make pastry with PURITY FLOUR than with an ordinary flour. But thousands of home-cooks, who have tried both, willingly pay the difference.

Because of its *extra* strength and *extra* quality *more* shortening must be added to PURITY FLOUR than to blended or soft wheat flours, when making pastry.

PURITY FLOUR gets its *extra* strength and *extra* quality from the *high-grade* portions of the hard wheat berries. There is no low-grade hard wheat flour, nor no soft wheat flour, mixed with PURITY. It is *all high-grade*.

But think of the added delicacy of flavor, the extra deliciousness of the pies and the cakes! Surely it is worth paying a little more for greater enjoyment.

Naturally, such a high-class flour will cost you slightly more. It costs more to make. It is worth more money.

And the pleasure of using such a high-class, reliable flour for all manner of cooking and baking purposes cannot be counted in mere dollars and cents. And remember that PURITY FLOUR makes

"More bread and better bread"

It takes more water because it's a strong, thirsty flour. It goes farther in the baking. Get a pencil and add

PURITY FLOUR

to your grocery list right now.

101

Is Your Wife Deaf?

Then you can appreciate what an Acousticon will mean to her. It will enable her to hear perfectly.

You will be able to have your evening chats together. You will be able to read aloud together. She will be able to have her friends in and to call on them without embarrassment. She will be able to go to church, enjoy the sermon and music, and take part in the services. She will enjoy the pleasures of which deafness has been robbing her.

The Acousticon

has brought joy to thousands of deaf people in Canada, England and the United States. It is a scientifically constructed electrical device which does not go into the ear at all, yet leaves both your hands entirely free.

The Acousticon is neat and easily used.

Write us for full description and with copies of letters of clergymen, and business and professional gentlemen who know about the wonderful work the Acousticon is doing.

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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
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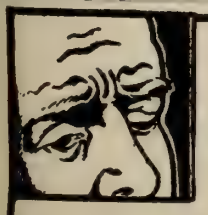


That Splitting Headache

will vanish if you take

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists'.

NATIONAL DRUG and CHEMICAL CO. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 26A

"De right ting for de Missus Christmas Gift"

¶ A woman appreciates a sensible gift from her husband or son at Christmas.

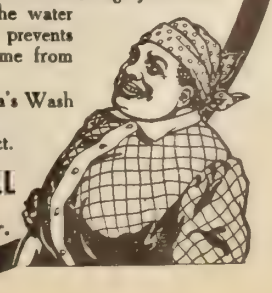
¶ Something that will relieve her of the back-breaking and nerve-racking worries of ordinary household duties— something that shows her you really care—

A New Century Washer

for instance. It sweetens a woman's disposition. It enables her to get cheaper help and keep them longer. It saves the clothes and thoroughly cleanses them, because it forces the water through the fabrics. It prevents disease entering your home from public laundries.

¶ Write for "Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy."

¶ At all dealers or direct.



CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
HAMILTON, - ONT.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never Becomes Hard. Every Particle Can Be Consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

For Sale By All Grocers

MANUFACTURED BY

INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

CANADA

PERFECTION IN MINCE MEAT

CLARK'S MINCE MEAT IN CANS AND IN GLASS JARS CARRIES CLARK'S REPUTATION WITH IT

CLARK'S MINCE MEAT is absolutely guaranteed, made from the finest of selected fruits, peels and spices, and being thoroughly cooked, is ready for immediate use.

CLARK'S MINCE MEAT will keep because it is thoroughly sterilized

Order a trial can or jar from your grocer.

W. Clark, Montreal

MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED "CHATEAU" BRAND

SOUPS

CHRISTMAS COMES LIKE FLOORGLAZE

To brighten our homes and make life more pleasant.

You who expect company for Christmas

You who expect home-comers

You stay-at-homes

MAKE HOME BRIGHT and CHEERFUL for CHRISTMAS

Perhaps the chairs—cupboard—bed—floors—or some other part of home or furniture has become a little worn or shabby, since last Christmas. Freshen them up with **Floorglaze.** This wonderful preparation not only makes home look brighter, but makes housework easy, and gives to the surface a lasting look of newness.

Sold by the better class paint dealers in all parts of Canada

Plenty of colors to choose from to suit every taste.

Floorglaze is the only Perfect Floor Finish

Imperial Varnish & Color Co. Limited

WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Alum an Unseen Danger in Food

NOTED food scientists have decided that alum is an unseen danger in food, and as a result of their investigations, rigorous laws have been enacted and are now being vigorously enforced in England, France and Germany, prohibiting the use of alum in foods.

Until suitable laws are passed in Canada prohibiting the use of alum baking powders, every housewife should be careful to buy only a baking powder that has the ingredients printed plainly on the label.

To Open Kitchen Sink

IF the kitchen sink becomes clogged the cause may come from grease accumulating on the inside of the drain pipe; the lead pipe being cold the grease adheres or freezes, as the plumber would say, and soon causes the drain to be stopped up. This happens frequently with families who do not use soap for washing dishes and kitchen utensils. To remedy, open trap located about two feet below the sink drain; see that it (the trap) is perfectly clear of all deposits; clean sink thoroughly, and close the trap. Have ready about two gallons of boiling water, in which has been dissolved two pounds of common sal-soda (can be purchased at any grocery store). Pour the boiling solution down the drain pipe until full to the level of the sink, cover drain with sink stopper or cloth to retain as much heat as possible, and leave for an hour or longer to eat its way down. As soon as it works away add more of the boiling solution and keep working in this manner until the drain pipe is clear. It will take a little time, but will save a plumber's bill and much inconvenience. Try it.

Cleaning Hints

COFFEE stains on colored goods can be removed if at once sopped with a clean sponge wet with cold water.

Place the damaged spot over a thickly folded cloth or a basin and keep changing the water in the sponge until the coffee disappears.

To clean white paint, rub well with a damp cloth dipped in oatmeal, wipe with a damp cloth, and lastly, with a dry duster. This is especially useful treatment for finger marks on doors.

Brass bedsteads can be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth dipped in sweet oil. Afterwards polish with a soft, dry piece of leather.

To remove grease spots from wall paper, sprinkle a piece of blotting paper with baking soda and hold it over the spot while you press the paper with a moderately hot iron. The blotting paper will absorb the grease and the soda prevents injury to the colors in the wall paper.

Wear and Tear Savers

Pails and tubs may be kept from shrinking by painting them with glycerine.

If a teaspoonful of sugar is put into the teapot the tea will infuse in one-half the time.

To remove paint from linens rub with turpentine, then clean with French chalk dampened with alcohol.

When starching Holland pinafores put a little tea into the starch. It will help them to keep their color.

Always place citron in a moderately hot oven for a few moments before cutting it up for cakes or pudding.

To heat dishes quickly, don't put them into a hot oven, but let them be for a minute or two in hot water.

By soaking oatmeal over night it can be cooked in fifteen minutes and have the flavor of cooking many hours.

If boiled water is used for drinking purposes, care should be taken that the water boils for fifteen minutes before it is poured off.

Tumblers that have contained milk should be washed in cold water, as washing in hot tends to cloud the glass permanently.

The gasoline that is left after a garment is washed can be allowed to settle, and the clear gasoline at the top used again.

To prevent patent leather shoes from cracking, warm them before putting them on. Warmth renders the leather soft and pliable.

When bedsteads creak with every movement of the sleeper, the slats should be removed and the end of each wrapped in newspaper.

When washing tan colored clothes or stockings, or the khaki colored suits, put a little brown dye in the rinsing water and in the starch.

Articles of old furniture are sometimes made to appear like new by washing them with lime water and then applying a coat of oil.

Scorched fireproof dishes should be soaked in strong borax water till the unsightly brown marks upon them can be rubbed off with a cloth.

When anything you have been cooking has been heated to the boiling point turn the blaze low enough to keep the heat just at that point.

Sufferers from indigestion should take the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred into a wineglassful of cold water after each meal.

To get the best results from shredded cocoanut when it is to be used in cake icing or candy, soak it for a half hour in warm water before adding.

How to Bake Bread

AT bedtime put one cake of yeast foam to soak in one-half cup of warm water. Measure and then sift eight and one-half cups flour. Put two and one-half cups of sour milk over fire to scald, the same as for Dutch cheese. Add one tablespoon each of sugar, salt and butter and a pinch of soda. When cool to lukewarm add the yeast. Stir well together, then add seven cups of flour and mix smooth with a large spoon to a very stiff batter. If not quite stiff enough add a very little more flour. Put into a six-quart measure and set into a pan lined with a newspaper or cloth; cover up with cloth and set away for the night. First thing in the morning stir down and take out upon the well-floured board and cut to pieces with large knife and work flour in by cutting and kneading until right consistency to knead well and not too stiff. Place back in same dish and cover. Will rise in one hour. When light enough so that by pressing in dough a dent will remain, take out upon lightly floured board and cut into three pieces and just carefully shape to fit bread tins without working in any more flour. Place in well-buttered tins and set to rise upon a cloth. Place dishes over them and a cloth over all, so as to keep dough soft and moist. When light so as to leave a dent in dough when pressed with finger, place in previously heated oven and bake one hour moderately for first twenty or thirty minutes. Then gradually increase heat till loaves begin to have light brown crust. Turn loaves around once while baking last fifteen minutes to brown evenly. When done, place upon dish drainer and butter top crust while hot. When cold place in stone crock with stone cover. This bread is more delicious, healthful, and will keep better without moulding than any other bread made. Try it, and you will be pleased.

MAPLE PUDDING

Mix one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of finely chopped beef suet, two cupfuls of flour, sifted with two level teaspoonfuls baking soda, one-half cupful grated maple sugar, one teaspoonful of pulverized cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of pulverized cloves, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of large raisins, three-fourths cupful of dried currants, one-half cupful of shredded figs and three-fourths cupful more of flour; beat together well; then pour into a buttered mold, filling but three-fourths to the top; cover and steam or boil for two hours.

Sauce.—Cream one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of light brown sugar and mix until smooth; then add one stiffly beaten white of egg and enough grated nutmeg to suit the taste.

GOOD WAFFLES

Sift three cupfuls of flour, add one teaspoonful of salt and into this rub two rounding tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat the yolks of three eggs light, and add to two cupfuls of milk. Stir this into the flour and beat until smooth. Add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff, dry froth, with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir lightly and quickly, and bake in a hot greased waffle iron.

BOILED TROUT

Take a good-sized trout, clean and lay in salt water for half hour; take out and boil in clear water in a cloth for one hour; turn out on platter while fish is boiling. Make the sauce as follows: Fry one small onion in butter until light brown; strain one can tomatoes and put in a stew pan; add the onion and pepper and salt and some chopped parsley; let it boil and thicken; pour over fish after removing from cloth, and serve.

PLUM PUDDING

Mix in a bowl one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of clean currants, half a pound of citron, shredded, one cupful of brown sugar, a quarter of a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two cupfuls of chopped nuts—either peanuts, pecans, walnuts or hickory nuts. Sprinkle over this mixture one cupful of flour and one pint of stale bread crumbs, and mix again. Beat three eggs without separating, until light. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of baking soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water; add it to half a cupful of New Orleans molasses; add this to the dry ingredients;

RASPBERRY JELLY

add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and—if you have it—half a cupful of grape juice. Mix thoroughly, pack into a kettle or mould, stand in a boiler, partly surround with boiling water and boil continuously for ten hours. When done, lift the lid, cool the pudding, remove and stand it in a cold place until wanted.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Put six tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin with a pinch of salt, and add sufficient milk to make it into a stiff batter. The mixing must be very gradual, and any lumps that form must be crushed out with the back of a wooden spoon. Beat two eggs with one pint of milk, and add to the batter, and beat until the surface is covered with bubbles. Let the batter stand for at least one hour. Put two tablespoonfuls of hot fat from under the meat into a pudding tin; stand it in the oven, and when the fat boils, pour in the batter. Cook for one hour, and serve on a very hot dish.

CHEESE DROPS

Chop two ounces of butter into a saucepan and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Have ready a cupful each of grated cheese and flour seasoned with salt, cayenne, and a little mustard. Add this slowly to the hot water and butter, stir it smoothly and boil it for five minutes. When it is nearly cold add four unbeaten eggs one at a time and beat it slowly for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Drop the result on to baking tins with a teaspoon, and bake them in a slow oven for a quarter of an hour.

SWISS CAKE

This recipe calls for one-fourth cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, and two and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with any preferred flavoring. The batter should be prepared for the tin in the following manner: Cream butter and sugar with the hand (the temperature of the hand seems to melt the butter just right), add the yolks of the eggs and beat thoroughly, then the milk. To this add the flour, which has been previously sifted with the baking powder five times. Then the flavoring (say one-half teaspoonful vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon). Finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites, put in the pan (one with a tube in the centre), and bake in a quite hot oven until by inserting a broom splint it will come out clean, if done. It usually requires from one half to three quarters of an hour for baking. It is the way the cake is put together that makes it such a success, so do not shorten the process. By the addition of a package of mince meat, you will have a very nice fruit cake. This recipe, using three deep layer cake tins, makes as fine a layer cake as one could wish for.

BANANA TRIFLE

Here is a very simple sweet that may be got ready beforehand. Take some bananas, some custard and some jam that is liked. If strawberry is appreciated it is a very good kind to use. Peel the bananas, slice them, and put a layer of them in a glass dish, then a layer of jam, and then another layer of bananas. Pour the custard over and serve the sweet either hot or cold, though perhaps for this purpose cold will be preferred.

"The Star" ASBESTOS PAD FOR DINING TABLES

The original and patented Dining Table Pad. The best Pad manufactured. Made of a special grade of Asbestos of sufficient thickness and weight to assure protection from damage by heat and moisture, covered with double faced cotton flannel to make it soft and noiseless. Pads and leaves made to fold to convenient size to lay away when not in use. Doily, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats of same materials, size 5 to 18 in., round, square or oval. Ask your dealer to show you the **STAR** Pad. All Pads and Mats bear our trade mark "Star."

These Pads For Sale By

John Kay Co., Limited	Toronto, Ont.
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Most Folks Crave a Wheat Food

The craving of the normal system for wheat food is natural. Wheat is the most perfect food given to man—his "staff of life" for four thousand years. The whole wheat berry contains ALL the elements needed to build the healthy human body.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit is the whole wheat prepared in its most digestible form. Nothing added—nothing taken away.

The crispness of the shreds compels thorough chewing and a thorough mixing with saliva, which is the first process in digestion.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit every morning for breakfast, served with milk or cream, will build sturdy, robust bodies—best for children or grown-ups. Delicious in combination with fruit. Your grocer sells them.

ALL THE GOODNESS OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT.

Made by

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

D65

Yorkshire Relish

"The Most Delicious Sauce in the World"

Tempts the flagging appetite—makes the plainest fare enjoyable—adds the final, necessary touch to more elaborate dishes.

20c. a bottle. 3

CHAS. GYDE, MONTREAL.

Sole Agent for Canada.

OXO Cubes are the greatest advance in food invention since men began to eat and women learnt to cook.

Each cube is measured exactly—the right size for a cupful—uniform in nutritious properties, in quality, taste and flavor.

To make a meal, simply drop an OXO Cube in a cup, pour on hot water and stir.

55

10 for 25c.
4 for 10c.

UPTON'S PURE ORANGE MARMALADE

with toast or rolls and coffee should be your Christmas breakfast.

Upton's Marmalade is such a delicious and nourishing preserve that once used it becomes a table necessity.

Upton's brands have passed the most rigid Government tests and have proven absolutely pure. The name "Upton" on the 1 lb. jar or the 5 lb. pail that you buy is a rock bottom guarantee of pure goods, produced in an absolutely sanitary factory under the most perfect conditions.

Your Grocer Recommends Upton's H37

Modern Business Courses

The courses in commercial subjects offered by this school are strictly up-to-date and practical and produce the very best results. All instruction individual. A copy of our handsomely illustrated catalogue sent on request.

British American Business College
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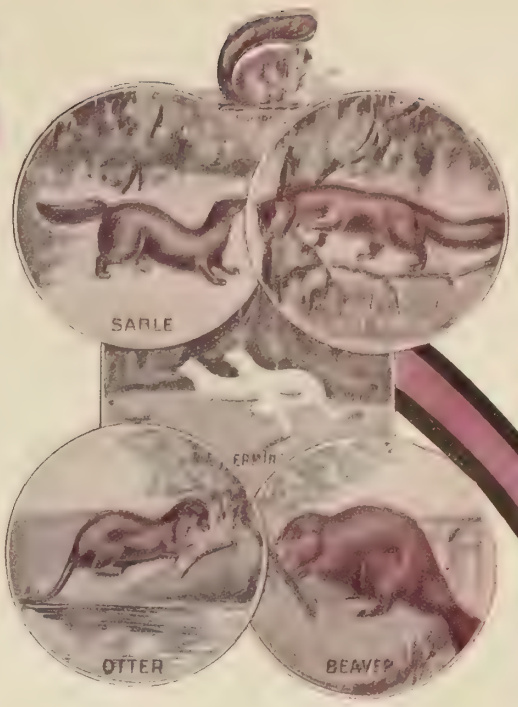
A complete, practical and thorough course of instruction prepared by and taught under the supervision of one of America's ablest Writers and Tutors.

The Magazines go Begging
for bright interesting stories. This appeal is to YOU. Cut out this ad and mail to-day for particulars.

Name ... ...

PAQUET FURS

Through This Factory From Trapper To YOU

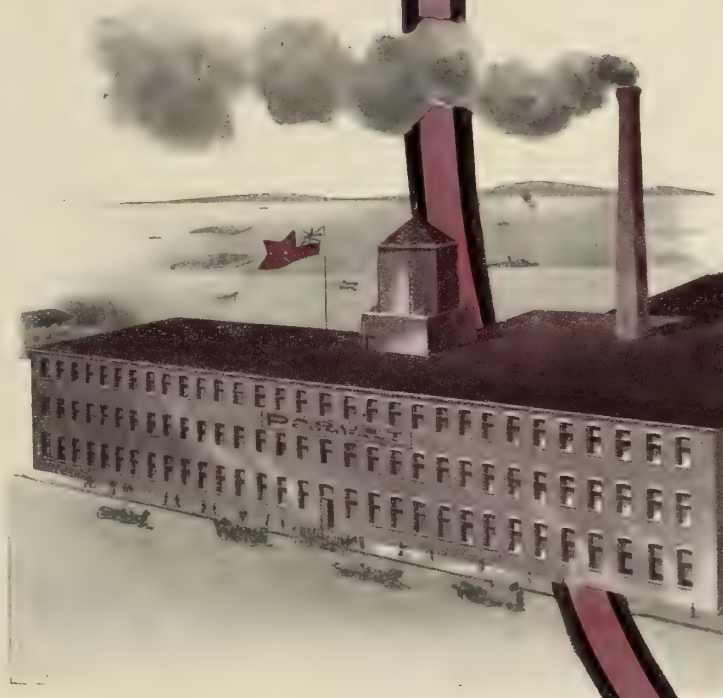


Once a Luxury Now a Necessity

FURS have long been regarded as a luxury—we've made them a necessity. Through our new method of selling direct from the factory, the man or woman of limited means may now enjoy the comfort of rich and luxurious furs without extravagance.

PAQUET FURS have long been acknowledged to be the *best* furs on the Canadian market. The reason is not far to seek.

PAQUET FURS are bought in the raw by men who know their business. They are carefully dressed, under the direct supervision of trained specialists. Then they are dyed in the immense Paquet dyeing tanks, and are dried in rapidly-revolving cylinders. When dry the inspectors get in their fine work, and woe betide the skin that fails to come up to the Paquet standard. The perfect skins are sent upstairs to the cutting room, where they are stretched, cut, and passed along to the operators, who know how to put the edges together so they can't come apart, and so neatly that the join cannot be located except from the back.



FURS COST MONEY

You must be absolutely certain that you get all the value you pay for, otherwise you are wasting money. There are so many qualities in fur that it requires an expert to detect the difference at sight—anyone can find it out in wear and service. There is one safe way to make sure of getting the greatest possible value for every dollar you spend, and that way is to deal *direct* with Canada's Greatest Fur Factory—the only fur factory in *America* where every process, from the raw skins to the finished product, is in operation under the one roof.

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CANADIAN
HOME JOURNAL

JANUARY
1912

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

EDITORIAL CHAT

The REBUS COMPETITION could not be decided in time for an announcement in the page for the Juniors; but we are able to make an editorial announcement concerning it, which will keep our young readers from waiting in suspense until next month. The winner of the Rebus prize is Miss Mildred Burns, of Hampton, Ontario, whose letter was numbered sixty-eight. We had a curious experience this year, as the prize winner was the only one out of scores of contestants to have a solution exactly corresponding with the author's text. There was one group in the rebus which gave most of the trouble. Some interpreted it as "orphans," some as "families," some as "the poor," and we decided to adhere absolutely to the author's words, "poor families." There were one or two other pictures in the rebus which proved confusing to some competitors. However, it has been a most interesting contest all around, and we have received solutions from all points in Canada, from Cornwall, P.E.I., to Victoria, B.C. As a rule, the answers were most neatly written and were a pleasure to read.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST was the most cheering feature of our Christmas menu. We hardly hoped to exceed last year's record, when one week brought a thousand subscriptions through the mails, but such a happy condition has come true, and we have been kept busy sending out receipts and Christmas cards to accompany them. Many of these subscriptions were sent as gifts of the season, showing that our friends appreciate our efforts to give them a JOURNAL which will be welcomed in the Canadian household. Thousands of subscriptions came in during the fortnight before Christmas and made our mails satisfactorily heavy. While such results are most gratifying, they urge us to renewed effort to prove worthy of such confidence and make the record of 1912 even more creditable than anything of the past. From every one of our nine provinces come these good Canadian dollars, with assurance of appreciation, from Prince Edward Island to the Pacific Province. We trust that our old friends may long continue our readers, and that the new friends will come to the conclusion that

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EDITORIAL CHAT

a yearly subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is a good habit.

OUR DEPARTMENTS will be as ably filled as ever. Through some mistake, probably a delay caused by Christmas mails, Jennie Allen Moore's letter for "Around The Hearth" did not reach us in time for publication in our January issue. However, it will greet you once more in February, and, we hope, for many months to come. We are glad that our readers are feeling a personal interest in this department and are writing about their various needs, as the members of the staff wish to come into personal touch with those for whom they write. Miss Rorke's articles on "Household Decoration" are such as will prove valuable to all readers, as they are essentially practical, being concerned with the everyday home and containing sensible and original suggestions on a subject which is of interest to every woman. "The Dressing-Table" is always supplied with a question drawer, and the editor of "Matters Musical" is glad to answer inquiries.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS have been unusually profuse in their attention during the last month, and we should like them all to observe certain editorial requirements, in order that the greatest general comfort may be secured. It is not necessary to send a letter with manuscript. In fact, it is much better merely to write the name and address on the manuscript, as a letter may be mislaid easily. A stamped and addressed envelope ought to be enclosed for return of manuscript, should it prove unavailable. It is quite impossible for an editor to give specific criticism in the case of returned manuscripts, and such return does not imply that the rejected story or article is without literary merit. It merely indicates that it is not suited to the purposes of this JOURNAL. We are asked sometimes what class of articles we wish to secure. At present, we are desirous of obtaining illustrated articles of a domestic or household nature. Articles descriptive of historic towns or villages, unless written with special vividness, are not in demand. We have found that our readers are essentially practical and are anxious to read about actual conditions and doings.

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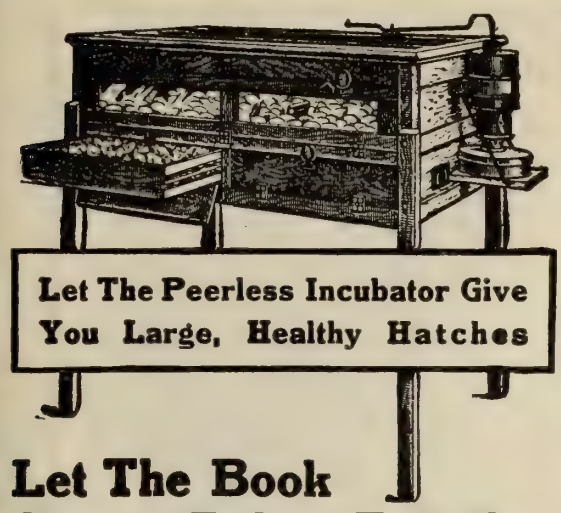
Readers of the "Canadian Home Journal" are fully protected when buying from any of our advertisers. We know that every advertiser in this issue is reliable, and that our readers will be dealt with fairly and honorably. Should any of our readers have an unsatisfactory dealing with any of our advertisers we will undertake to have a satisfactory adjustment made or the money refunded. This absolute guarantee is good only when our readers tell advertisers when dealing with them that their advertisement was seen in the "Canadian Home Journal."



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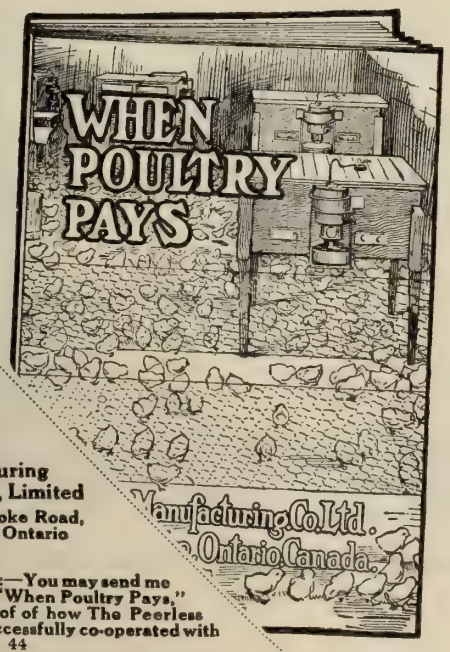

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

The Household at Rideau Hall

CANADIANS have been most fortunate in the representatives of royalty who have come to Ottawa and made themselves at home in the Dominion. Earl Grey and his household were so genuinely useful and popular that their departure was an occasion for deep regret. There has not been a Governor-General who has not shown a sincere interest in our land, who has not sought, on his return to the Mother Country, to foster the best social and trade relations between Great Britain and Canada.

The growing importance of Canada in the Empire has been recognized in the appointment of the uncle of King George, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, as our present Governor-General. Since their arrival in Canada, "the Connaughts," as they are commonly called, have made themselves popular among all casses by their consideration and graciousness. The presence in our capital of a royal representative mitigates the asperities of political life and affords a social centre for all national interests. The fact that the Duke of Connaught is the son of Queen Victoria has aroused anew our loyal remembrance of that sovereign whose reign was proof of woman's ability to adorn the highest position in the British Empire. The coming of Princess Patricia is naturally a matter of interest to young Canadians, who have hitherto regarded a princess as a fairy-tale personage. That this sweet-faced granddaughter of Queen Victoria may have a royal "good time" in our happy land is the wish of all of us.

Princess Patricia of Connaught

* * *

A Hint to Fathers

IT can hardly be stated with justice that the business girl is not receiving her share of attention from editors and other general advisers of the public. Residences for the business girl, cheap lunch rooms for the business girl, and other aids to her comfort or amusement are topics of conversation in all our large cities. It is all in vain to protest that woman's place is the home. The girl whose father has but a small income feels quite early in life that she can lighten the domestic burden by earning a livelihood, and so she joins the army of wage-earners, with the laudable desire to be independent.

A business man who is anxious that his only daughter shall not enter the world of commercial competition, recently said to a friend: "I intend to offer my daughter a good allowance as soon as she is able to understand the value of money, arrange that she shall do definite work in the house, take dressmaking lessons and otherwise fit herself for an essentially feminine life. I am going to make it worth her while financially to remain in the home."

This may be taken as a hint by those fathers who are deploring the unwomanliness of a daughter's entering business life.

Minding One's Business

THE advice—"Mind your own business"—has a simple ring which echoes in a fashion not easily misunderstood. In our childhood we heard it from our elders whenever our curiosity became inconvenient. As we grew older, we found that it was the safest policy which we could adopt. However, we are sometimes confronted with conditions which make the terse bit of counsel rather perplexing. After all, it is not invariably an easy matter to tell just what is one's business. We are eminently social beings, and, consequently, there arise occasions when it seems as if our neighbors' affairs demanded our intervention. Yet, it is well, even when from motives of kindness or charity, we enter into the affairs of others, to respect the individuality of anyone we may elect to help or befriend.

The old English saying about an Englishman's house being his castle is founded upon a certain sense of proprietorship which has its fine uses. Too often, in trying to better social conditions, we forget this feeling for one's own, which is seldom absent, even from the poorest. A shanty or a tenement room may have a certain attraction for the humble dweller which must be taken into account. Wherefore, we should go carefully about our charities, or we may meet with such a reception as was accorded a condescending visitor by one of the "submerged,"—"I hope ye won't expect me to return the call—ma'am—for I ain't got any time for slummin'."

* * *

The Good Old Days

WERE they so very good, after all—those old times which we hear our venerable friends deplore? If we may take legal records as testimony, they were no more the Golden Age than these early years of the Twentieth Century. Compare the present criminal laws of England with those of 1812, and then take courage for the future. When we read in the morning paper all manner of crimes and casualties we are sure that this is a very wicked world, forgetting the many righteous and comfortable citizens whose condition remains unchronicled by the papers. We should remember that it is the business of the press to notice the unusual.

While we cannot shut our eyes to the misery and wrong doing, we must not allow such conditions to depress us so that we cannot "see Life steadily and see it whole." There is always sunshine somewhere, and the truest philosophy is that which recognizes the better side of humanity as the normal. The old men and women who keep young are those who are always hopeful for the best, who are not scornful of the new, but are anxious to find in it something of progress and betterment. Do not let yourself become out of sympathy with the youthful and the buoyant, over-critical of their good spirits.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AUTOCRAT

An Answer to "Public School Teachers Versus Mothers"

By ISABEL BEATON GRAHAM

IN the October issue of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, under the courtly caption "Public School Teachers Versus Mothers," appears a paper written by a teacher who enters therein her comprehensive plea against the Canadian mother. Among the many grave charges presented, the following stand out most conspicuously: "The mother has criticized and censured the teacher since the world began"; she "has no sympathy"; "the average class of forty-five pupils has one hundred and forty-five varieties of dispositions," all presumably, directly traceable to the mother; "the mother exerts a perpetual handicap upon the teacher because she lives in constant fear without which teaching would be a joy"; "the mother regards the teacher as a stepmother, and is suspicious lest she inflict barbaric torture upon Johnny"; "the mother questions Johnny after school to entrap the teacher in indifference and general misdoing." At this stage in her arraignment, the teacher who penned this article ceased *for a moment to arraign*, while she "blushed for the Canadian mother" after which operation she promptly admits feeling a mild measure "of contempt for herself for imputing such unworthy motives to the mother," but justifies her exposure of the mother by affecting to cherish an incipient conviction that such accusations driven well home publicly, will induce the mother "to consider seriously." Arrived at this interesting and logical sequence, the teacher now presents what is supposed to be a verbatim report of a sample dialogue ("actually overheard by teachers boarding"—within earshot) in which the mother is alleged to have encouraged Johnny in falsifying reports of school happenings. Indeed, so altogether diabolical is the conduct of Johnny and his mother that "the distracted teacher asks herself wildly: Are mothers possessed, and all Johnnies liars?"

From this distraction the teacher recovers poise somewhat, only to find the mother "shaking a metaphorical fist in her face and with clenched teeth daring her to touch darling Johnny." As though this were not bad enough, the mother now resolves to "force the teacher out of the profession" by means of "a suspicious and inimical regard." But the teacher is "game," apparently, for Johnny has now to come to his mother's aid with a full measure of "tantrums, noises, leg-pinchings," and even the "mud of Johnny's boots grinds with a screeching and excruciating torture" peculiar to no age but this. Since "misfortunes never come singly" it is quite to be anticipated that "two or three" Johnnies should contract a corresponding number of coughs in their own right with the preconceived purpose of "jarring every fibre of the teacher's body." The teacher's testamentary climax quite naturally arrives with "the determined knock of an irate mother at the classroom door." The foregoing is a very much boiled down summary of the teacher's charge against the mother, and by the same authority the immediate and inevitable result of the mother's iniquity will be "that teachers' chairs will soon be vacant, for they will keep silence" no longer *unless* "the mother takes to her heart the admonition found here," and makes prompt reform.

Exhausted, but resolute still, the teacher now hands the knotted lash to the Education Department, and causes that hitherto inoffensive and pacific body to declare that "the home has been a failure," inferentially because of the mother, and "therefore, to the teacher is given the most delicate and sacred of the mother's duties." With this vigorous and overwhelming upheaval of all recognized social laws involving "mothers' duties," regardless alike of wreckage and obstruction, this scalp and gory hunting teacher sweeps fiercely on to demolish the last fragment of "the mother's rights" by taking over the garment making "for Johnny's doll," and telling him the fairy "bedtime stories," so many centuries the inalienable prerogative of motherhood. But whether the mother or the Education Department is most to blame for this "last straw" that broke, not the camel's back, but worse, the teacher's fealty to the Heart and Head of Learning, is not very clear; but, whether one or both, certain it is that imposition could go no further, and so the teacher is in revolt, rising upon Rebellion's very crest, by the added super-indignity thrust upon, or at, her by "Public Opinion" (that changeful, unchastened Mrs. Grundy before whom all else is grass), "the teaching of self-knowledge" to little Johnny.

This seems to close the plaintiff's case.

Is the bill true?

Let Public Opinion be the judge, after the mother puts in defence.

Not because of the teaching fraternity, nor yet because of the chastized mother, does it become a compelling duty to enter the courtroom of "Public Opinion" to give evidence in the case, but wholly and solely because of little Johnny. For where is Johnny while the court sits?

To begin then, in order that the judge may quickly render his decision, and restore peace, so that Johnny may safely come from hiding, and return to the classroom, let us go back to the first charge laid, "the silence" and inaction of the teacher under the public censure and criticism of the mother." During a period covering over three decades of miscellaneous reading, never, with one exception, did there cross my path a press complaint made by a mother. During the same period every such reader must have seen in newspaper, magazine and journal, and heard in and out of teachers' convention, numberless papers treating upon the mothers' infirmities of temper and reason —her faults commissive and omissive, "twice told tales," always reported by the teacher.

Pity it is if these prime forces, mother and teacher, are at variance, as it means loss to both, and worse, means inevitable and irretrievable loss to Johnny. But are these forces really at variance, and if so, why?

Antiquity sustains the adage: "Teachers are born, not made." Because enough teachers are not "born," many have to be "made"; hence many imperfect ones; hence difficulty in adjustment to either perfect or imperfect mothers; hence Johnny's imperilled predicament.

The "born" teacher knows that the school was made for Johnny, not for Johnny's mother, nor for Johnny's teacher. Both the school and the teacher are bought with the mother's money, and Johnny also is her property. It would seem then that when the teacher and Johnny cannot, "like birds in their little nest agree," that the teacher would do wisely "to fold her tent like the Arabs and silently steal away" to another school in a far country. Should the teacher still find herself unreconciled and irreconcilable to the mothers and the Johnnies there, and having also tried elsewhere, she can then quite reasonably rest assured that she is one of the "made" teachers, and a very poor job.

Mut friction and heartburnings would come to an end if the "made" teacher saw eye to eye with the "born" teacher in the particular that Johnny, his mother and the school are fixtures; the teacher only is the peripatetic. Conclusive evidence, if such is necessary, that the teacher who fails is "made," lies in the fact that the "born" teacher succeeds where a succession of "made" failures preceded her.

In her vague and blind gropings after the cause of her bondage (for she is in bondage), it is deplorable that the talons of the teacher should have struck through Johnny and "the home," and therefore straight into the mother's heart.

To the teacher falls the most blame, for, practically speaking, every teacher was brought up in a home, the average home, and knows rather well the mother's labors there. Few mothers, comparatively speaking, were trained to, or fully comprehend, the teacher's arduous duties. The teacher is trained to do her work, and paid for it. She should be tactful, strong, resourceful, patient, magnetic, a veritable radiator of cheer, good-fellowship and mixed reserve. She does not embody these attributes. Why not? Because she is overworked and underpaid. She has to compete on equal terms with her brother in the classrooms, at the teachers' examinations, in the extortionate payment of tuition and other requisite school fees; in the years of heavy application to books. When qualified at exactly the same monetary expense and labor as her brother, she is not paid as much for doing in the same way (often a better way), the same work as her brother. All the plums of the profession fall into his lap; what he cannot or will not eat are infrequently available to her, but usually her portion is the unripe crab. When there are not enough Canadian brothers to devour all the plums, brothers are imported from foreign lands. A fixed principle is, plums for men, crabs for women teachers. This is probably due to the exclusion of women from school boards. The girl teacher is compelled to qualify at the same expense of energy, time and money as her brother, though there is practically no probability of her ever being privileged to occupy a school position equal to his. Her expenditures in education hold no promise of equal monetary recompense. To illustrate more fully: A degree in mathematics costs not one dollar or effort more to acquire than a degree in history, English or moderns. The price is set high for teaching mathematics. (Why?) A woman can seldom get a position even as assistant. Many have qualified. Many have tried. This is unjust. Either her investment should have as high an earning power as her brother's, or she should not be compelled to qualify as high as he. Having then less salary but as heavy work, the teacher must live less comfortably than her brother. She must eke out her insufficient revenue by home and home-made economies of disappointing apparel, instead of like her brother, sloughing off the clinging worries of the schoolroom day in outdoor, care-free, healthful abandon. Like the barnacles that rivet themselves to the vessel's hull, so are the irritations of the school classroom. And poor Johnny is the victim, his mother, the accused before the court! Neither is guilty. To-day's Johnny pays the penalty of his own misdeeds with principal and interest on the heap of yesterday's Johnny.

To-morrow's Johnny? Ah, well! Let us hope morning will dawn in time for him. Mothers may some day appear on the school boards. Meantime must Johnny pay the penalty, and his mother stand accused? And meantime what of the teacher? She (or he) is curious sometimes, illogical often.

To illustrate: A teacher toiled minutely through a tale of woe over that *bete noir* of the fraternity "the lates." On opening morning class her custom was to read a thrilling tale, ceasing each day at a critical juncture. "The late missed what he was not in time to hear. The classroom door was locked. The teacher began to read. Breathless quiet reigned. A "late" knocked at the locked door. The reading ceased. A pupil was requested to move forward and unlock the door. The "late" entered. The door was relocked. The two pupils resumed their seats. The reading was resumed. Another knock. "We had to interrupt the reading every time to unlock that door. Now just look at all that," mourned the teacher.

"But why did you lock the door, if you intended to unlock it each time, and admit every pupil?" questioned her listener. A flush and confusion occupied her face. She had been locking and unlocking that classroom door for nearly two years.

Another case: A teacher had "lates." She locked the school door and kept two little girls on the street. Eventually they went home and reported the cause of their early return. The mother complained to the trustees. "The mother was a little sick, of course, and kept those girls late just to wash the dinner dishes. Who cares for her old dishes?" indignantly queried the teacher. Two little girls punished by a half-day suspension because they obeyed their mother. In the same district (same teacher) lived a Russian family, the father a section foreman, the mother and nine children were living—Vira, the eldest, thirteen years of age. They "had moved last fall from a section in the wilderness near Fort William," because the mother "had heard there was good water and a school in X—" but, oh! the teacher was so cross about the lessons, and I no Inglich but little, an' Vira, she scared so she cannot know anything, and I spare her there for the school, but I so need her, an' she want to stay with me, the teacher so cross. I know not how to help, I do anything for Vira to go to the school, but—." A visit to the school revealed Vira standing in the middle of the floor, face tear-wet, shaking in every limb, making futile struggles to spell "thorough," the teacher towering over her, menacing her with ruler and raucous voice. In hopeless confusion Vira was dismissed to her seat and a younger brother took the rack on the floor, failed as miserably as Vira, and both had to "stay in."

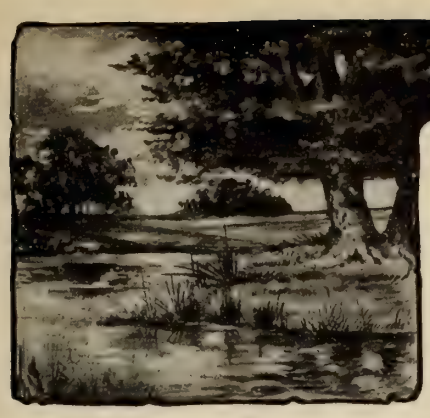
Another case—the teacher told her own tale thus: "And would you believe Minnie Jones' father wrote me a note asking me not to keep her in after four, as he needed her at home. I just wrote back and told him I was running that school, and if he thought he could do it better than I, let him come up and try, and I'll go drive his horses, but while I'm in this school Minnie will get her home work or stay in till she does." Minnie was an only child, twelve years old, kept house (all the keeping it got) for father and two hired men. Father was so anxious for Minnie's school work that he got dinner himself, but Minnie faced a table of dirty, dried-up dishes every night, and no mother. Many a night Minnie couldn't get a minute at her lessons until after ten p.m., but she was kept in, and the teacher "bragged" about it.

The lessons to be drawn are various: One teacher can do a great harm in a school; one mother very little harm. One teacher can do a great good in a school; one mother considerable good. But one good teacher and one good mother *combined* in any school can make a paradise for Johnny that all the powers of darkness can never smirch, and at life's close our Johnny will be still the knight, both true and strong, the faithful worshipper at mother's shrine and at the teacher's too.

The initiatory move should be the mother's care; her interest is incomparably the greater. But Johnny "late" need not be a deadly personal insult to the teacher; it *may* only have been that baby was sick over night, or the cows strayed farther than usual. Though not a premeditated insult to the teacher, neither need Johnny "late" mean a careless mother; mother has many suddenly imperative duties, among which she must be allowed to choose. But if careless, still it does not become the servant to rebuke the mistress by punishing her child. It is the mother's privilege to determine how early and how often Johnny shall appear at the school. It is the teacher's duty (for which she is paid) to teach Johnny whenever he presents himself.

System, says the martinet, would change all that. Perhaps, but system has been known to change more than that, and Johnny was the loser.

The teacher "born" discovers Johnny's graces rather than his faults; sees a possibility of slowly-budding genius in Johnny's dullness, a fair bright promise of the man that is to be, and then she leads both Johnny and his mother by a single hair.



THE GATES OF MEMORY

The Story of an Interrupted Proposal

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE morning air and the fresh scent of the fields worked like wine in their veins. The wheat shook its millions of bristling spears in the sunlight. They had just heard a lark trilling sunward, and the Sabbath was still young. It was summer in the world, but spring in their hearts.

So John Ogilvie, with Bessy Marvin beside him, flirted his whip sportively above the glistening flanks of his jaunty mare, and the little dog-cart bowled merrily along the road out of Orthridge. The young man turned his head toward the fair girl beside him. Blue-eyed and tawny-haired was she, her round cheeks flushed with an inward joy—some rare exuberance of the spirit. She sat on the tufted seat of the dog-cart, clad in white, the incarnation of happiness, a young queen upon her throne of youth—the predestined mate, as it seemed, chosen by Nature and Destiny for the lithe and comely young farmer at her side.

"But the day, dearest! You know it's as terrible for a lover not to know the day of his happiness as for a criminal not to know the hour of his execution," said John.

"Well, that is a pretty comparison, I must say!" replied the young woman, pouting her red lips.

"Dear Bess, do tell me the day when——"

A rabbit flashed across the road; the horse swerved, and the next instant there was the roar of a gun and a cloud of sulphurous smoke in whose centre loomed the figure of a man. The mettlesome mare reared and plunged, and backed toward the edge of the road. The girl screamed, and Ogilvie sprang to his feet, one hand upon the reins, the other upholding the whip. But ere it fell upon the startled horse the left wheel of the dog-cart had passed backward over the dusty margin of dry grass which bordered the embankment; and, the next instant, cart, horse, man and woman lay, a confused heap, amidst the briers and brambles of the field below.

The man with the gun ran hastily forward; the rabbit lay quivering in death some yards away. For a moment a strange, sinister light blazed in the eyes of the new-comer, like some flash of fire from the underworld. It was Henry Barton, and in the heart of him a fierce desire, a mad, secret hope suddenly burned like a red-hot thing.

Ogilvie was lying huddled up under the cart, his head against a stone which protruded from the ground. He was bleeding from a deep gash in his forehead close to his brown hair. His hand still grasped the reins. Bessy, who had fallen free of the vehicle, was seeking to stanch the blood with her handkerchief. Barton swiftly unharnessed the restive, struggling animal, and with one wrench of his powerful arms righted the little cart. He then lifted Ogilvie, still unconscious, and placed him on the seat of the cart, where the girl supported him, his head upon her breast. Then, reharnessing the mare, he led her back to Orthridge, to Ogilvie's home. No word was spoken, only the horse whinnied as if concerned for her master's life.

John Ogilvie died—or rather the personality, the human entity, the memories of the individual being known by that name suddenly ceased to exist. His body lived and recovered from its wound, and was vigorous as before; but from the brain of that body all retrospection, all mental links with the past, all traces of association with his former life and friends were suddenly wiped away and expunged like writings on sea-sands.

When John Ogilvie, in the afternoon of that fateful Sunday, opened his eyes once more upon the world about him he was, but for the gift of language, like unto a new-born babe. He gazed blankly around as if suddenly awakened from some stupefying dream, looked curiously and strangely into the faces of his relations, and felt the bandage encircling his head. Then, staring vacantly at the young woman who sat close to his bed, he spoke.

At the first words that fell from his lips some deep terror seized upon Bessy Marvin, and, trembling from head to foot, she sprang from her chair and looked down upon the prostrate man. For the voice that came from the lips of John Ogilvie was not his own, but that of some other being! And some other soul was peering out of the unresponsive eyes he bent first on this face, then on that.

"Where am I? What has happened?" were the words that were struggling through the laboring lips. Then came the astounding query: "Who am I? Tell me who I am."

Again he raised his hand to his head and felt the bandages. Then he seemed to lose himself in some measureless vastness of time and space far removed from the pleasant room into which the warm sunshine burst, and where his astonished sweetheart, his father and mother, and his sister Esther were standing silent as if under some iron spell. Then the girl cried, as she clasped his arm:

"Why, you're my John, dearest. Don't you remember, we met with an accident this morning? Molly backed off the road. Don't you know your Bess, dear?"

But John Ogilvie that was merely shook his head and wearily closed his eyes. Then, for an instant, as if by some miracle, his features relaxed from their strange expression, the tension of the facial muscles was smoothed away, and he appeared again as of old.

"He will come to himself to-morrow," said the doctor, who had been summoned. "His faculties of recognition are temporarily suspended, due to shock to certain brain centres. That is often the way with cases of concussion."

But neither the next day nor the day thereafter, nor the week following, nor in the months nor the years that succeeded, did John Ogilvie ever come back to John Ogilvie. His past life was cut off as if by the shears of Fate, and nothing remained of the twenty-five years of his life save his native speech. He now spoke slowly, in a voice entirely strange, and with an accent that was slightly foreign.

"The years seemed to fall from him."

Thenceforth the fact that his name was John Ogilvie, that he was the owner of a splendid farm with unfailing acres of golden wheat, and with superb prize cattle, that he had lived all his life in the beautiful region of Orthridge, remained as darkly unknown to him as a book he had never read. And he who had been the happiest of all living men until the morning of that fateful drive, because of his having won the heart and hand of beautiful Bessy Marvin, retained not the faintest memory of the tender ties and sweet communion of hearts that had bound him to his betrothed. For hours Bessy would sit by his bedside incessantly searching his eyes for the slightest sign of recognition. But the eyes remained dull and lustreless, and no longer held the old familiar light of love she had always found there. The fond heart, the warm impulsive soul of John Ogilvie no longer shone through them. His demeanor and remarks were truly those of one who had no past knowledge of things nor events—one whose prior life was a dark baffling blank. To all her questions and remarks the man upon the bed would reply, as if in great mental distress and confusion:

"Im sorry, but I do not know you. I am sure I never saw you before. I do not even know myself! I cannot tell how I came to be here!"

And when for the thousandth time the girl in her passionate, broken voice had cried to him:

"Why, you are my John—John Ogilvie—oh, can't you remember me—can't you remember your Bessy?—who loves you! Here is the ring you gave me down by the river-side that afternoon. And the very moment before the accident you were asking me to set the day of our wedding!" John Ogilvie stared fixedly in front of him as if into endless depths of space.

The distress of those about him was beginning to work upon him. He appeared and acted as might a child which had been lost in some huge, thunderous city. Having knowledge of nothing, save the immediate present and the few days since the mishap, his soul and mind were adrift as on some misty, uncharted ocean, or wandered, as it were, through some wild, sand-tossed desert.

Soon he was about once more, somewhat dazed, acquainting himself with places and persons. Outwardly, at least, he was again almost the living image of John Ogilvie, but the personality of Ogilvie had vanished like a trace of dew in the sun. In time he came to know, though he could not understand, that the venerable, lace-capped woman was his mother; the white-bearded, hale, blue-eyed man, his father; the smooth-haired girl, with the sweet placid face his sister; and Bessy, his beloved. Although his mind accepted the knowledge of these relationships, his heart was unable wholly to respond to them. Bessy was affected to the profounds of her nature. His voice was no longer the same, his mannerisms were those of an utter stranger, his stride was different from that of the man she had loved; his very expression was charged with something entirely alien.

The thing that now lived in the brain and dominated the man and his thought soon brought into play a different set of facial muscles. These so altered his features that his mother at times remarked that she no longer knew her son. The spirit of John Ogilvie had been joyous, free, even boisterous; but the spirit that now dwelt in his body was silent, grave, and haunted by brooding dreams. Ogilvie's pet setter bristled and snarled whenever the transfigured man passed by.

Yet easily and naturally enough the new John Ogilvie began to adapt himself to the life about him. Something apart from intellect or memory seemed to help him to acquire his former skill in the management of the farm. Material conditions were altered little more than if there had merely been a change of overseers. His demeanor toward all was pleasant and kindly, and he accepted the devotion of his parents and sister with heartfelt appreciation. But ever there rested a shadow upon his relations with the folk about him—some remnant of the darkness that had blotted out his memory of all he had been to these persons and they to him.

Slowly the fervent affection of Bessy Marvin began to wither under the estranging shyness of the man who had once been her lover. In the new individuality even time and renewed association seemed unable to arouse a response to the love that was still cherished in the heart of the bewitching girl.

The girl realized that she was the chief victim of the extraordinary fate which had overtaken her loved one. Like the man who had lost his past, she seemed to change into another being. Two years dragged slowly and heavily along.

Finally, Bessy left Orthridge to spend a few months with her aunt in London. When she returned she was again the same lovely and cheerful creature as before. She now came but seldom to the home of the Ogilvies, and then only to visit John's sister. A new pair of lovers soon began to engage the tongues and attention of the people of Orthridge. It was observed that Henry Barton, an old suitor of Bessy's before John Ogilvie had won her hand, was again paying court to her. It was also observed that Matthew Olcott, who had for many years wooed Esther Ogilvie, seemed strangely disconsolate.

One summer evening, when Barton and the girl were strolling along the road and the new-mown sheaves lay pallidly under the glowing moon, they came to the spot where the mare Molly had shied at Barton's shot. Thoughtfully, Bessy pointed out the rooted rock against which Ogilvie had struck his head when the dog-cart was overturned three years before.

"That one stone, Henry," said the girl, mournfully, "has changed two lives—John's and mine!"

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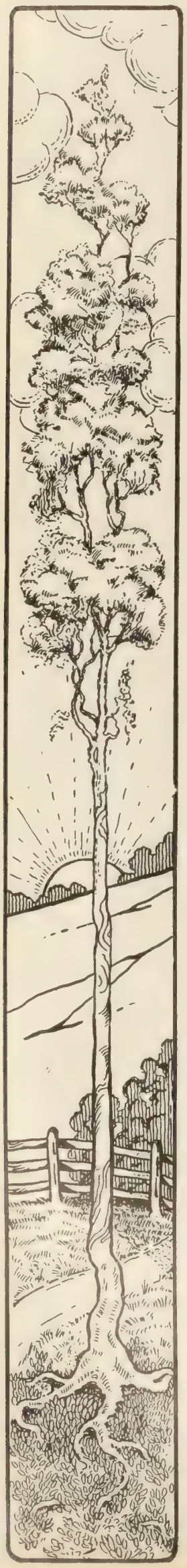


THE PATH OF GOLD

A Story of Love and Endeavor

By ETHEL KIRK

"HELLO, you fellows! Heard the news?" McAllister burst impetuously into the living-room of the Kappa Delta Fraternity, and the several members assembled therein greeted him in characteristic fashion. Langford raised his eyes, but immediately lowered them to his perusal of Hartman's "Materia Medica"; Ross, with a deep sigh of relief, tossed aside a musty volume of bound examination papers, and Graham removed his feet from the mantel and assumed a fresh interest in life.

"I suppose that you're going to tell us that the final dinner—"

"No chance. Jack Granger is the distinguished man once more. Did a great surgical stunt at the General this morning, and on the strength of it old Doc Mathers has offered to take him into partnership next year. What do you know about that now? Biggest practice in the city—in three years Jack will be a consulting physician on his own hook, have his own motor and private yacht—"

"Is he going to accept it?" asked Ross thoughtfully.

"Accept it! Why, man alive, who would ever dream of refusing? Windfalls don't come every day."

A cushion came whizzing through the air. "Not every day," repeated McAllister as he hurled it back again. "What makes you talk of him refusing it, Ross?"

"Oh—oh nothing. Only Jack is different, you know—ideals and all that sort of thing."

"Anything particularly lowering to a man's ideal in the mere fact of a partnership with Mathers?" queried Graham, in his most caustic accents.

"Certainly not," returned Ross with dignity. "Most chaps would jump at it, I know, and perhaps Jack will too. But—"

"Of course," put in McAllister decisively, "it is the only fitting climax to his career. Rugby champion, gold medallist, now house surgeon in the General, fine sport and all round good fellow—it's the natural outcome of the whole darned business. As for the rest of us, we third rate fellows (saving your presence, Langford) well, we'll have to take the world as it is handed out to us. Half of us missed our calling, anyhow—I should have been in the ministry."

A roar of laughter ensued. "Not too late yet, Mac," said Graham, with a most expressive grin. "There's still the little girl belonging to the minister, away down home in Blueberry Creek."

The hubbub that ensued was interrupted by the entrance of Jack Granger himself, the popular young doctor whose future had just proved so engrossing a subject of conversation.

"Hail the conquering hero, Hail!" shouted Graham.

"Heartiest congrats, Doc. Don't forget little Willie when it's two hundred to look in."

"Glad to hear of your luck, old sport."

"Oh, say, fellows, this is awfully good of you, really. Well—er—no, it's not decided yet, of course, Langford. What are you at now? Plugging away, I suppose—exams. in the air. Say, Ross, I just dropped in to see if you would walk over to the library with me, and we'll look that matter up. Why, thanks awfully. I'd like to come back to dinner, but have another engagement, unfortunately—Thanks, then I'll come to-morrow. Are you ready, Ross?"

Ross, who had long enjoyed the distinction of being Granger's special chum, rose and followed with alacrity. There was a slight silence in the room.

"Jack was all fussed up," exclaimed McAllister suddenly. "Bet it's Rosedale to dinner for him—"

"Rosedale," repeated Langford. "Sure! Awfully hard case with Miss Orme—she's a queen, too. I saw her at the last dance, and really—"

"Jimmie!" exclaimed Graham, with severity, "chase that far-away look out of your eyes. If the minister's daughter at Blueberry Creek—"

And McAllister's fighting blood was aroused once more.

□ □

IN the meantime the two friends were busily making their way to the medical library. It was a perfect afternoon, late in March. The grey old towers of 'Varsity were bathed in mellow sunlight, and the campus was beginning to show a quiet but lovely hue of emerald green.

They talked of desultory matters for a few minutes. Granger, a tall, lithe-limbed fellow, with a fine, clear-cut countenance, and deep blue eyes. The scientist had not yet overshadowed the boyish attractiveness of his nature, although lines of thought were beginning to carve themselves about the firm, yet flexible mouth. His companion was the typical medical student; dark-haired, dark-eyed, and slight of build. A rather jaunty manner could not conceal the fact that he was an ardent seeker after cold, unvarnished truth, and that he dearly loved an argument.

"This is a great chance you're getting, old boy," he said presently.

"Yes," said Granger slowly, "it's a great chance all right—but—I don't know about it, Syd."

Sydney Ross was too keen a student of human nature to make any further remark just then. After a moment Granger continued: "It's the biggest chance I'll ever get—I know that, Syd, and I've been working for a chance like this all along; at least, till lately. Then I got tangled up in that work down in the Ward, and when I came to a realization of just how much misery there was in the world—"

He paused and looked out over the campus. "I've had another chance lately, Syd. No one knows about it—to go up into a mining camp in the north—it's a tough place, and they need men. I don't think a consulting physician would answer—"

He stopped and smiled, and Ross became somewhat indignant.

"See here, now, Jack, just because you had to go and get interested in the Settlement work is scarcely a decent reason for you to bury yourself in some mining hole, miles away from civilization and all your brilliant prospects. You say men are needed; well, then, there are plenty. No need for a lot of the fellows to start here, because they'll never be noticed, and if they go away they won't be missed. But you—come now, Granger, be sensible. Why Jack"—and he struck his friend's shoulder forcibly—"you're one of the men of the century."

Granger laughed. "Well, Syd, I did hope you would understand. I'm not carried away by sentiment; you know me well enough for that. But a call of duty comes once to every man—and it's come to me. It calls me up north, to an obscure work, but a big one—"

"A man's work," concluded Ross. "Well, if you like."

"And what is the name of the 'lone wandering, but not lost' hole you think you're called—"

"Dogwood Valley," said Jack ruefully.

"Sounds poetic. But Jack, for heaven's sake, think it over—"

"I have. I tried not to, Syd, but in the end I had to face it. Hundreds of foreigners, poor wretches, no decent accommodation, and no medical attendance. Not much chance for them; but I've had one, and now I want to make good."

"Jack," said Ross suddenly, "there's one other phase to this matter. Kick me if you think it's none of my business; but what does Constance Orme say?"

There was a moment's silence. "I don't know, I haven't asked her."

"Not asked her?"

"Why should I?"

"Why—I thought—I understood—"

"Yes, I know. You thought I might ask her to share my destiny some day. Well, Syd, that was a good old dream of mine, too. But I have concluded that a mining doctor, and a girl from a Rosedale home, like hers, are not compatible. So that phase of the matter is settled—not an easy phase, either," he added softly.

"Granger," said his friend, "I always knew you had ideals—told the fellows at the Frat. so. No slam on them. But say—you'll give her the chance to—you'll ask her once, Jack?"

Jack turned a smiling face. "Ask her, Syd? Why, what have I to offer?"

Ross did not reply. Presently, "This is a new country, Jack, and men, and women as well, are out to carve out new destinies. Don't you realize that? And Constance Orme is just one dandy Canadian girl—"

Granger turned quickly. "I know, Syd, but she's also a daughter of luxury. I've made my sacrifice—I'm not going to ask her to make one too. Besides—she may not think about—oh, pshaw! Well, here we are, old boy."

□ □

IT was a lovely afternoon in May, and the terraced gardens of "Fernleigh," the home of the Ormes, depicted a charming scene. Early summer had thrown a delicate veil of green over the trees; the hedges were snowy with bridal wreath. Lilacs and flowering almond stood wrapped in a fairy mist, in blended hues of soft amethyst and palest rose.

Several white-clad enthusiasts were indulging in a game of tennis, while from the broad piazza came the sound of gay voices and laughter, mingled with the pleasant tinkle of tea cups, and incessant chatter of cake and strawberries.

"I say, Miss Orme, these Friday lawn parties of yours are the jolliest things I know. When I think that this is the very, very last one we'll ever see—"

"See here, McAllister, just because a lot of you chaps flatter yourselves that you are going to graduate and quit the country is no reason why Miss Orme should cut all her acquaintances. I, for one, still expect to remain in the city, carrying on a lively law practice on King Street West. And the Friday afternoons will keep on just the same, won't they, Miss Orme?"

The young hostess laughed merrily. "Why, of course they will continue—for the special benefit of Mr. Hamilton Dennison, youthful attorney-at-law. But, dear me,, we certainly are going to miss all you college boys. More tea, Evelyn? Let me see—how do you take it? Oh, yes—very strong, with the merest drop of cream, and absolutely no sugar. Here, Harold—will you take this to Miss Marden, please?"

"What a deliciously overwhelming dish of strawberries," exclaimed McAllister. "You know my tastes exactly, Miss Orme."

"Yes," she responded gaily, "I am trying to be nice, for I know that when you're a struggling country practitioner—"

"Country practitioner, indeed!" A groan went up from several among the merry group on the piazza. "Miss Orme, that's sheer cruelty," said Austin Graham. Then, in a slightly mischievous tone, "Does it apply to all of us?"

There was a low ripple of mirth. Constance busied herself with the tea urn, but a deeper pink stole into her cheeks. "Time alone will tell, Mr. Graham," she answered with becoming gravity, "and I am not a witch."

"No?" said Graham, with a provoking rising inflection; "but if rumor speaketh truly, Miss Orme, here comes a worthy scion of his profession who is destined for higher things—Dr. Granger, flushed and elated from four sets of tennis. More than conqueror, Doc?"

Granger laughed. "With the invaluable assistance of Miss Lindsay, Austin, Constance, you will never know just how thirsty we are."

"You will be better able to express yourself after you have had some tea," she answered gaily. Then, as he took the cup she added in a lower tone, "I want time to congratulate you on that splendid offer, Jack. And I only heard of it to-day—what a morose creature you are!"

He started slightly at her words, and the smile died out of his eyes. Constance was busying herself elsewhere, and did not see. Only one person, indeed, did note the change, and that was Sydney Ross. He observed the way in which Granger's glance wandered abstractedly around, but ever came back to rest, lingeringly on the slight, girlish figure in white linen, with the broad white hat crowning soft dark masses of hair, and the laughing, rose-flushed face beneath.

"And he'll go away and never a word," he thought disgustedly, "and she'll think it was all a bluff and throw herself away on Graham. Oh—er—yes—were you speaking, Miss Rivers? Please excuse my absent-mindedness. I was just admiring that bush over there. Pretty thing, isn't it?"

Thus the afternoon wore merrily on. It was about half-past five, when the guests began to take their departure, waving laugh-

ing audieus and assuring Constance that they would see her at the dance the following week. Jack Granger lingered a moment.

"What a relief!" said the girl brightly. "And now we can have a real good old talk. Jack, you don't know how glad I am—"

"I can guess, Constance," he answered slowly, "and I'm sorry. The disappointment must be so much the greater."

"Disappointment!" she echoed.

"Yes. I—the fact is, Con—I'm not going to accept Mather's offer."

"No?" Her tone was still incredulous. "You see, it's this way," and in simple, yet graphic language he proceeded to relate his plans for the future, and to tell of the rude life he had chosen up in the north. The girl listened in silence. At length, "It must be a big, big life," she said slowly.

Granger caught eagerly at her words. "That's just it, Constance. Big and pulsating, not what I once dreamed of. I think," and he smiled boyishly, "I think I must have been looking for something easy. It's different now. I know that everyone thinks I am throwing away my chances. Perhaps I am, but it's meant sacrifice. Do you remember, Constance," and he turned and smiled at the girl who was absently playing with some violets, "do you remember how we used to read Browning together? And that favorite quotation of mine:—

'Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's brim,
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.'

"It always appealed to me, but I never knew what it meant, until just lately."

"And so you have felt the need of a world of men, Jack! And I—am I listed for the path of gold?"

Granger did not reply for a moment. Then he turned and looked at her. The old, sweet look of comradeship looked out clearly from her eyes.

"I suppose, at one time or another, Constance, we come to the parting of the ways. I'm glad you know now, and you've taken my decision as I knew you would—best old chum ever!"

Just for one instant her eyes wavered, but they met his again, dark and clear and true. "That's right, Jack—never forget that. I shall see you again before you go, but this is really good-bye, isn't it? And the best, the best of luck!"

They clasped hands warmly, and in another second he was gone. The girl stood watching until he was out of sight. Then she heaved a sigh, the deep, deep sigh of girlhood, and began to ruthlessly pluck the violets to pieces. Once, a whimsical smile played about her lips.

Spring ripened into summer. Convocation was over, and the companions of four years were scattered to the four corners of the earth. Late in June, his year at the General Hospital having expired, Dr. Jack Granger made his way up into the north country, and there, busily fighting death and disease in the crude life of the mining camp, striving to bear up his lofty standard of ideals in those primitive wilds where nature's laws were all, daily learning more of the hearts of pioneer humanity, he became immersed in his arduous tasks, and the old life became a phantasy of the past.

Sometimes, indeed, in the red glow of the camp fire the old scenes rose before him, and a sweet-faced girl seemed to smile from out the embers. But that firelight picture was the only relaxation he allowed his fancy. "I cannot go back," he would say firmly, "I have chosen."

Thus it was, that far away from the haunts of civilization, with long intervals between the mails, and even longer distances dividing him from his friends, he did not hear the big financial disaster that had befallen the firm of Orme, Mason and Company.

Constance Orme was seated in her favorite nook on the piazza, when she was told of the calamity. When the first rather severe shock was over, a strange, sweet thrill, half pleasure and half pain, seemed to permeate her whole being. "Oh, Jack, Jack," she whispered, "if you only knew! It may be that mine is not 'the path of gold,' either, but the big, big 'world of men.' You poor, dear, chivalrous Jack!"

□ □

THE pines stood black and gaunt against the dusky red-gold of the autumn afternoon. A warm wind blew restlessly across the clearing, laden with smoke and fine dust, and sometimes a whirling cloud of yellow leaves. Constance Orme stepped quickly out of the little log house, locked the door and gazed searchingly around, her face pale and drawn with anxiety. She was thinking of the terrible fire at the mine—the awful disaster which had kept the children away from school that day, and which had cast such a gloom over the little mining town of C——"

"How dead the place is," she exclaimed, with a little shudder. "The very wind seems to moan. There—yes, it must be. They are turning in at the church; they are going to turn it into a hospital, and they are taking the injured there now. I wonder if they need help; why, of course they must. Constance Orme, is this all you are made of? Why did you come to this country anyway?"

She ran over the rough ground in nervous haste, and in another minute she was at the door of the little frame church, flushed and breathless. "Oh, please, Mr. Allan, may I come in? I know something of bandaging—"

The mine owner turned quickly at the sound of her voice. "Why, it's teacher!" he exclaimed, and a relieved smile crossed his face. "Yes, yes, come right in, Miss Orme. That is, if you think you can stand it. A good many fathers of the youngsters you teach are in here I guess. Yes, we need help. Easy, now there, Jimmie—Smith, another pail of water."

For one instant Constance experienced a wild desire to run away from the awful scene. "Then," as she wrote afterwards in a letter to a girl friend, "I remembered that my great grandfather died at the battle of Waterloo, and sailed in." And in the same letter, "I never knew of just how much value those First Aid to the Injured stunts were going to be, which we used to take at Madame Henriette's school. But they certainly were practical—"

And indeed it would have been hard to have discovered a more practical young person on that September afternoon than the slim, white-clad girl who moved so swiftly and so lightly among the long rows of injured men. The spirit of the ancestor at Waterloo deepened the rose in her cheek, and lent a rare sparkle to her dark eyes. Other women were there, too; but all instinctively looked to "Teacher," and Constance bandaged, and bathed with cold water, made use of simple devices, and resorted to every possible plan to relieve the suffering. The doctor would not be able to get there till next day, Mr. Allan said, and in the meantime they must do their best.

Infinitely more, the girl's presence imparted a feeling of happiness. Stern faces smiled at her approach, and she was able to utter many a word of cheer. "You're the little teacher the kids talk so much about," said one of the men, as she paused near him. Then his face kindled into friendliness. "And it ain't much wonder."

Constance did not once leave her post during the long hours of that September night. "There is absolute need of me, Mr. Allan," she said, when the mine owner ventured to protest. "I am young and strong, and needed to look after these men."

Her eyes swept around the long, narrow building, and rested on a grief-stricken woman. "And comfort those whom I can no longer help," she added softly.

It was dawn-break, the hour when vitality sinks to its lowest ebb. A deep silence reigned in the rude hospital. Constance, weary with the long vigil, and the mental stress, and awed by that unseen presence of Death which might be hovering so near, stole quietly to the door. It was the "darkest hour," and while she stood and drank in the cool, fragrant air, an impulse seized her to step out into the night. A few moments more, and she was standing in the shelter of a cluster of pines by the roadside.

"The dawn is coming," she whispered to herself, "and the night is fleeing away. And in that hospital over yonder men are playing the game of Life and Death. I never knew what life meant before—but I know now, and those women in there know. It is toil, and service, and suffering, and up here in this great north country—"

□ □

A cool breeze swept through the pines. "It is the shiver of the dawn!" she murmured ecstatically. Away in the east a faint pink light appeared.

Then the sound of buggy wheels, and a man's voice rang out through the gray darkness.

"Hello! is that you, doctor? Yes—drive this way. Pretty well—pretty well—in the name of wonder—Why, it's Miss Orme! I was quite startled by your white dress."

Constance stepped out from among the trees. "Yes, Mr. Allan, I just came out to see the sun rise. Shall I go in now? Has the doctor come?"

"I am glad to say that he is here in person. Dr. Granger, let me present Miss Orme, the Florence Nightingale of the C—— mining disaster."

"Dr. Granger and I have met before, Mr. Allan. I did not know—"

"Constance, Constance, it really isn't you!" Granger's voice had the old boyish enthusiasm, and he sprang out of the rig and caught her hands eagerly.

"I will run up and let them know you've arrived, doctor," said the mine owner courteously, and strode briskly away, half smiling, half perplexed.

"But, Constance, I don't understand—" The girl smiled tremulously. "Have you never heard, Jack? When the firm failed I came up here to teach school—but since yesterday I have been acting in the capacity of a trained nurse, and—Jack, why Jack!"

His strong arms closed around her. "Oh, Constance, is it true? Can I claim you at last? I have dreamed of you so often, dear—at night, by the camp fire, and now—"

She raised her face to his. The rose-light of the dawn had cast over it a lovely radiance; her eyes were dark with joy. Away in the east the clouds kindled into crimson flames.

"See, Jack!" she cried, "the sunrise! And there, right through that cloud—"

His eyes followed the motion of her hand. Low in the horizon he saw the piled drift of a mass of soft, purplish pink clouds, cleft through the heart by one broad band of burnished gold, like a rare flaw in some splendid jewel.

"It is the 'path of gold,' Jack,' 'the girl exclaimed.

"The path of gold," he repeated, "up in the new north, Constance, and for both of us to follow. Perhaps, it, too, leads to the 'world of men,'"

TO KIPLING

In reply to "The Female of the Species," a poem by Mr. Kipling, which appeared in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for November, 1911.

When the Soul of Man awakened, when the Woman that God gave,
Stood revealed his wife and sweetheart, not his chattel or his slave,
Then he formed his own conception of what Woman ought to be,
And he made a Plaster Image, and he told her it was She.

For the Woman as God made her wasn't good enough for Man;
He invented large improvements upon Nature's cruder plan;
And he made that image nice and white, and put it on the shelf,
Where he kept assorted virtues that he did not want himself.

Man might govern, fight, and reason, to his perfect satisfaction;
Woman's work it was to cheer him when his mind was out of action;
Woman, good and kind, and clinging, timid, soft, anaemic, pale,
For the female of the species was an adjunct to the male.

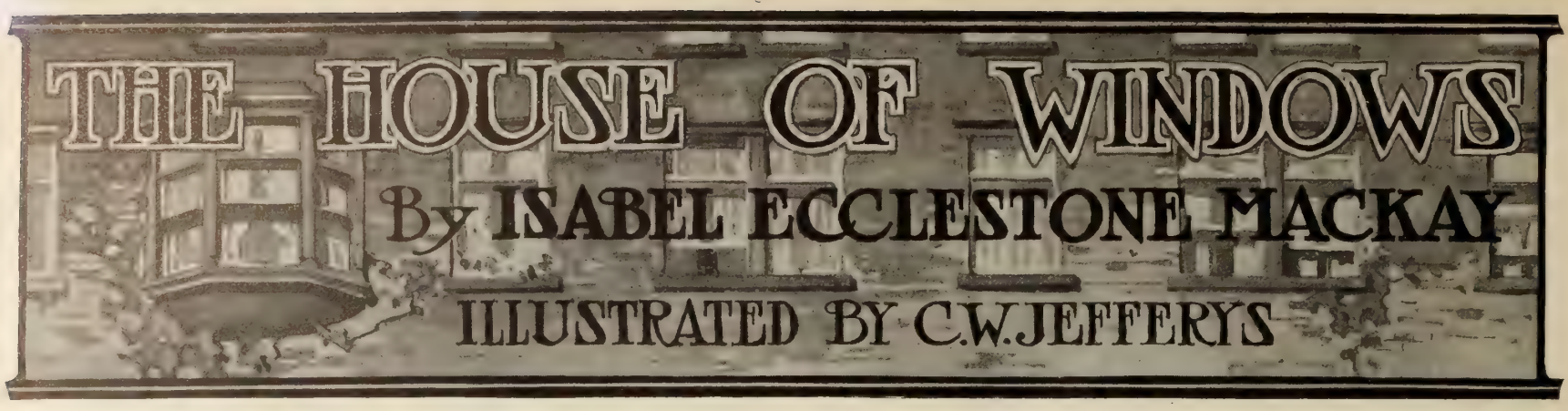
But the Woman as Man made her scarcely suits our modern notions,
With her nicely guarded instincts and her primitive emotions;
We have dropped the weaker vessel and the tame domestic pet,
And our taste finds something wanting in that saint-like statuette.

So our literary gentlemen have touched it up afresh,
And have changed the plaster image to a Demon of the Flesh,
Half Mother-Fiend, half Maenad: lest the generations fail,
"Armed and engined," fanged and poisoned, for the hunting of the male;

With the morals of the hen-coop, with the Jungle's code of law,
As described by Rudyard Kipling after (some way after) Shaw.
'Tis no doubt a graceful fancy; but the Woman Time has made
Doesn't recognize the likeness so ingeniously portrayed.

And Man knows it, Mr. Poet! Knows your singular ideal
Does not bear the least resemblance to the Woman that is real;
Knows that Woman is not fiend, nor saint, nor mixture of the two,
But an average human being—"most remarkable like you."

—Sydney Low, in *The London Standard.*



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attentions of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress. He shows them great kindness. On his return home he finds a letter informing him that his daughter is alive and in peril.

SHE answered him that she was quite able to help him with any information which she might have, and that talking did not tire her at all.

"I want to ask you, Miss Brown," began Mr. Torrance, "whether you remember a girl called Alma Stone, and if you can tell us where she went when she left —er— my employment? I may say that my enquiries are entirely for the young lady's benefit— in short, and not to make a mystery, we have learned that she is an adopted child, and it is believed—that it is possible, that we may be able to restore her to—" he hesitated, "to—her home."

Ada looked up with quick interest. How good he was, she thought. How kind of him to take such an interest in the stores. His kindness to Christine had been only the beginning. Even Celia brightened a little as her naturally generous nature realized the prospect of good fortune for a friend.

"I knew Alma quite well," she told him, "though I cannot tell you where she is. Surely it ought to be an easy matter to trace her, but as she often confided in me, perhaps I may be able to tell you some things you wish to know. It is quite true that Alma was adopted when a baby by Mrs. Stone, and she never knew who her real parents were."

"Ah!" The exclamation was almost a gasp and both girls looked up. Celia noticed that her visitor's face was very pale.

'Pardon me! You see, this enquiry is a very important thing. The finding of this young girl means a great deal—to me. I think I am hardly myself when I speak of it. Will you continue, Miss Brown?"

Celia was now thoroughly interested; for the first time since her breakdown she tried to sit up straighter of her own free will. "I think I can tell you all that Alma knows herself," she went on. "She often spoke of it for, though Mr. and Mrs. Stone were very good to her, Alma had the idea that she was—that they were—well, not as high in the social scale as her own parents."

"I don't like that," said Mr. Torrance uneasily. "It sounds rather—"

"Snobbish? Yes. But girls will romance about a mystery. Alma is not really snobbish. And you see even Mr. and Mrs. Stone knew nothing of Alma's parentage, and they rather encouraged her in imagining things. It lent color, I think, to all their lives. Mr. Stone was a country clergyman, and Alma was left at his door when she was a baby about—well, just cutting her first teeth."

Mr. Torrance wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"As far as she can guess she is now about eighteen years old—"

"Eighteen? Are you sure of that?"

"Yes—Alma has often told me. It was eighteen years ago and just before Christmas that she was deserted on the Stores door-step. Ada, dear, get Mr. Torrance a glass of water."

"Thank you, I do not need it. I am ashamed of myself. These enquiries unnerve me. I think I shall leave the more serious enquiries to an agent after this. I used to pride myself upom my self control, but you see I have none. When you began your story I thought we might have at least come upon the right clue. But the young lady's age proves differently. If you are sure of the eighteen years it practically settles the matter. We shall not drop the case, of course, until we are quite sure; but what you have told me is fairly conclusive. She can scarcely be the young girl for whom we are looking."

"I am sorry," said Celia, "for she had a hard life since her adopted parents died. She could not stand the work in the Stores and had to give it up. I did not know where she went. I ought to have kept in touch with her but I was not well myself and at night I was always so tired"; she sighed. "She was a dear little girl."

"Well, we shall find her and see that she is taken care of."

Celia looked up with a touch of her old bright shrewdness. "If you are going to father the Stores you will have a large family," she said.

"I know that," he answered soberly. "And a month ago the idea appalled me. Now it seems an easy thing. If only—if only this other anxiety were lifted I think I could father all the world and not feel the burden heavy."

When he had gone, the blind girl left her knitting and came over to the sofa where Celia lay. For a moment the two clasped hands without speech, as they often did, and then Ada said softly:

"Oh, Grandma, what great eyes you have!"

It was the old childish formula with which Celia had taught her to ask when she was a little child for information which her lack of sight shut out.

"The better to see with, my dear," answered Celia, smiling. "What is it, dear? Mr. Torrance?"

The blind girl nodded.

"Well, I think you would like his looks, Ada. He is tall but not stiff. His face is pleasant, even handsome. His eyes are dark and his hair also, except for a dash of grey at the temples. It is a distinguished face, straight nose, firm mouth. He looks very pale and worried just now."

"I wonder why?"

"I don't know," listlessly. "About the search, perhaps. His interest seemed very keen."

"Isn't it odd," mused Ada, "that since we adopted Christine we have always been hearing of other people who have done the same thing. Adopted a baby, I mean? Sometimes it seems as if half the world were adopted!"

"It is on the same principle that when you go to have a tooth out, all the world appears to be at the dentist's. We notice more the things which interest us, that's all. I wish you wouldn't talk of it, Ada. Christine is our own—she was never anything else."

The blind girl nodded. "Yes, I feel like that. Of course Christine is different. Do you suppose they will find Alma? It is odd that Mr. Torrance should be so worried. In any case, the lost child could not be anything to him. Tommy says he has no children."

For the second time that day Celia raised herself out of her cushions. A soft red of excitement glowed in her cheeks. "Why, how stupid of me! Of course he had a child. I remember long ago hearing about it. Long before anyone knew that he was the owner of the Stores. He had a baby—why! I remember it all now—it was kidnapped!"

The girls' hands clasped tighter.

"How strange!" said Ada. "Oh, Celia, what if he were looking for his own daughter?"

"If he were, that would explain why he looked as he did—like a man under torture."

"Oh, *Celia*, how dreadful he must have felt!"

Celia had gone very pale. "I am glad I did not tell him quite *all* I knew about poor Alma," she said.

Chapter XXIII.

ONE wonders what psychological fact lies back of such commonplaces as "It never rains but it pours," and "Troubles never come singly." Is there indeed a power in trouble to attract trouble? Has sorrow some sad affinity for sorrow? Or is it all just chance that joy so often comes to the joyful and grief to those already stricken? To Adam Torrance making his way slowly home from Brook Street, it seemed that he at least was safe from new calamity. Fate had surely expended all the slings and arrows that the most outrageous fortune might demand. Things would brighten soon; Johnson would find a clue, Mark would soon be home; this nightmare of uncertainty and suspense must end before long! He heard the newsboys calling "Extra!" as he went along, but so sure was he of the safeguard of his own misery that he did not even glance at the paper.

As he entered the hall of his own home, Benson, the solemn butler, came forward with something almost like anxiety upon his well-trained face. "What is it, Benson?" The question was uninterested.

"Mr. Mark is here, sir. He arrived on the afternoon train, sir!"

"Mark! That's good news—"

"Excuse me, sir. Mr. Mark has had a little accident, sir. He has been hurt. Not seriously, we hope, sir. We tried to get you everywhere on the 'phone!"

Fortune had evidently not finished with Adam Torrance yet. "Mark hurt!" he repeated in a dazed way.

"Not seriously, sir, we hope. The doctors are with him at present. Miss Torrance—"

"Come in here, Adam!" sounded the unmistakable voice of Miss Torrance from the library. "You can't go up to the boy yet. The doctors are making an examination."

Mr. Torrance handed his hat to the butler and went slowly back into the library. After the sharp shock of the news about Mark the presence of Aunt Miriam seemed a minor wonder.

"There's nothing to look so white about!" said that lady sharply. "The boy isn't dead! He'll be as good as ever in a week or so."

"How did it happen?"

"Dear knows—or the street railway company! Didn't you hear about the accident? The newsboys have been shouting it for the last hour. A street car collision, no one killed."

"And Mark?"

"Not seriously hurt, the doctors say—not that they know anything about it. Benson telephoned me, said he couldn't get you anywhere. I suppose you are wondering how I got here? It just goes to prove what I said all along, that I am not such an entire invalid as it suits the doctors to suppose. My place was here—and I came!"

Mr. Torrance smiled faintly. "You were always wonderful, Miriam," he said.

"What puzzles me," continued Miss Torrance, "is how Mark happened to be in the car at all. Why didn't he telephone for the auto? Although I suppose that if he had done so the auto would have exploded. I am not a fatalist, but I believe in fate in those cases. And why weren't you at the station to meet him? Didn't you know that he was coming home to-day?"

"No, he did not telegraph. I expected him any time."

"That's odd; Adam, is there anything between you and Mark? Any unpleasantness—over that letter of mine?"

"No, nothing! Mark knew nothing about it."

The little old lady gave a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness! I was beginning to imagine things. It is against my principles to interfere in other people's business. I wrote that letter in spite of my principles and I am surprised that I did not do more harm. I am not a pessimist but I suppose the trouble is yet to come."

"There will be no trouble. Mark would not quarrel with me for the sake of a girl."

Miss Torrance closed her eyes. "No one has ever quarreled with anyone for the sake of a girl, of course!" she said sarcastically. "The question is—hush! I hear the doctors coming!"

The quick ears of the invalid were not mistaken for there was a murmur of voices upon the stair and next moment the two doctors entered the library. Their faces were grave, but not, as the anxious watchers were quick to note, sombre.

"He will do well, I think," said the older doctor, shaking Mr. Torrance's hand. "The broken arm is a simple matter and the injury to the head is not of so serious a nature as we at first supposed. In fact, I think we may relieve you of all anxiety."

"That is good news indeed," said Adam Torrance. "You say there is an injury to the head?"

"Yes, but you must not let it alarm you. There will be delirium. Try to keep his mind at ease. If he has any fancies, gratify them. He must not excite himself. Otherwise there is really no cause for anxiety. The nurse has arrived and knows her duties."

Miss Torrance sniffed audibly. She did not approve of nurses.

"If the patient appears to worry she will let you know at once," went on the doctor. "Although I think it unlikely. So fortunate a young man is not likely to have many ungratified fancies."

"Think so?" snapped Miss Torrance. "That just shows how little you doctors know. Mark is just as likely as the rest of us to want something that he can't have." She threw a slightly malicious glance in the direction of her brother, who calmly ignored it.

"Well, well!" said the doctor, smiling. "We will hope not. People with broken heads must be indulged. A deplorable affair, this accident, Mr. Torrance. This street railway company is the curse of our city. Their negligence of the most elementary precautions is notorious. Shameful!"

"I am afraid we do not think of it save when our own suffer," said Mr. Torrance. "I must confess to the common failing. Is the boy conscious yet? Might I—will it be possible to see him soon?"

Dr. Mackenzie looked at his colleague, who nodded solemnly.

"Perhaps for a few moments," he decided. "But do not allow him to talk. He may know you or he may not. In the latter event do not show alarm. It

is a natural consequence of his present state. The nurse will be present—a most capable woman. I shall call again later. Miss Torrance, if I may have the honor of driving you safely home—"

"Thank you, doctor. No, I shall stay here. My maid can make me comfortable, or if not, then I shall have to be uncomfortable. I do not budge until Mark is better."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the doctor. "Your spirit is wonderful, my dear Miss Torrance. I only hope your body may not suffer for it afterwards."

"My dear man, don't fuss! You know I cannot stand fuss. If you miss your daily call at Amberley Avenue, go and call on Jane. She has been eating too much sweet stuff and thinks she is getting the measles." She waved him away with quick gestures of her transparent hands and the big doctor accepted his dismissal with good grace.

"Miriam," said her brother, "It is like you to want to stay, but if it will injure your health—"

"It can not injure what I haven't got, and I am going to stay. Give me your arm, Adam. I want to go and see the boy. I must get a look at the nurse. I don't believe in nurses. Never saw one yet who didn't need more waiting on than the patient. I hope you have plenty of servants? With a nurse to do for, one might just as well prepare to entertain royalty—", and grumbling in a voice which she tried in vain to render subdued, she toiled up the wide and shallow stair case leaning upon her brother's arm. The nurse (who might easily have heard the remarks upon her possible character) met them at the door and motioned her into silence.

Mark was lying upon the bed. Such a strange Mark, with bandaged arm and white swathed head and restless eyes, bright with fever. Mr. Torrance thought with quick concern that even without the bandages he looked thinner and older than when he went away. There was a peculiar odor, also, in the room. An odor which recalled to him with strange vividness the room in which his wife had died. He shuddered.

"Pshaw!" said Aunt Miriam. "It's only antiseptics!"

"Hush!" The nurse raised a protesting finger, but the patient on the bed laughed weakly.

"Hullo, Auntie!" he said, but his eyes wandered past his adopted father unseeingly.

"Mark," said Mr. Torrance.

"I can't attend to you just now, Mr. Macgregor," siad Mark, in a matter of fact tone. "I want to talk to Auntie."

"Don't you know me, Mark?"

"Certainly, Macgregor. I'd know you anywhere. But don't bother me. I'm not going any farther with you this trip. I'm wanted at home."

"But, dear boy—"

"Don't argue with him!" warned the nurse.

Again the sick man's fancy veered. He looked up into his Uncle's face with a mischievous smile.

"Sly old Auntie!" he whispered, "Weren't you afraid to tell that fib?"

Adam Torrance drew back with a sigh. "He doesn't know me at all, "he said. "You try, Miriam."

The little old lady bent tremulously over him.

"Do you know me, Mark?"

Her voice seemed to touch a train of memory. "Did you bring her?" he asked, anxiously. "You had her, you know. Where is she?"

"You are exciting the patient," said the nurse coldly. Miss Torrance waved her away.

"Who is it you want me to bring, Mark?"

But he had lost the thread again. "I want a bun," he said. "No, not a bun, a red waggon—no, that doesn't sound right. How funny!" He began to laugh weakly.

"I must ask you to leave the patient now," interposed the nurse. "Excitement is bad for him."

"If he wants anything, he ought to get it. The doctor said so," declared Aunt Miriam, stubbornly.

"Certainly—if you know what it is he wants. I presume," with a little prim smile, "that it is not a bun or a red waggon."

"I used to give him buns when he was a child," said the old lady with a suspicious choke.

Suddenly the unbandaged arm on the bed shot out and Mark's hand grasped hers convulsively. For a moment his eyes seemed clear. "Auntie! Did you bring her?"

"Say '*Yes*,'" commanded the nurse.

"Yes, certainly," said Aunt Miriam. "Go to sleep!" A faint smile spread over the invalid's face. "Good old Auntie!" he said, but as she bent over him to say good night, he did not know her. Calling her Miss O'Hara, he warned her not to forget the "O."

The nurse motioned them both away, peremptorily, and following them into the next room, closed the door.

"He is showing more excitement than the doctors expected," she said thoughtfully. "It will be well to quiet him if we can. Perhaps it would be possible to have the young lady in the house in case he frets for her again."

"What young lady?" asked Miss Torrance sharply.

The nurse seemed mildly surprised.

"The one he asked for," she replied. "I presumed that you would know."

"I don't know. I have no idea. I know of no one whom he could possibly want! Do you, Adam?"

Mr. Torrance shook his head.

"Then it is someone whom you do not know," concluded the nurse placidly.

The brother and sister exchanged a quick and guilty look. A look which the nurse saw and interpreted in her own way. "It may not be absolutely necessary to send for her," she said practically. "Perhaps I can quiet him. I'll try." She disappeared into the patient's room.

"What impudence!" snapped Aunt Miriam.

"What did she mean?" asked Adam Torrance. 'Did she think that we were deliberately—"

"Lying? Yes, she did. She evidently thinks that we know of someone whom Mark—do you suppose he might be wanting to see Alice Van Slyke, Adam?"

"No. In fact I may say that I am quite sure that it is not Miss Van Slyke. He told me as much before he went away."

"Perhaps he has met someone in Vancouver," suggested Miss Torrance nervously.

"Perhaps—I don't know."

They exchanged another guilty look and then Aunt Miriam gave in.

"I am afraid you do know," she said ruefully. "I am afraid we both know that he does not want anyone in Vancouver."

"You think it is—"

"I am quite sure it is."

"You are sure he was really taken with Miss—er—"

"Brown. Yes, Adam. I'm afraid I'm sure."

Adam Torrance smiled, but he was not the man to remain undecided in such an emergency. "Then we must send for Miss Brown," he said drily.

"Do you know where to send, Adam?"

"No," still more drily, "but I shouldn't be at all surprised if you do."

Miss Torrance had the face to blush. "Well," she declared, "perhaps it's lucky for us all that I do know. I thought I was a sentimental fool for taking the girl's address, but she interested me. I'm sure the address was enough to frighten anyone. She lives in Brook Street—actually! Number 1620, I think, room 26—fancy living in a room with a number!"

"Brook Street!" exclaimed Mr. Torrance. "You can't mean *Brook* Street? Why, it is in Brook Street that some of my employees live. (I was there this afternoon). Those other Miss Browns of whom I told you live there. It can't be the same? You said yourself they were not the same! You remember? When I asked you if she worked in a store? You said, No." Mr. Torrance's excitement was making him slightly incoherent.

"She didn't work in any store—when I saw her," said Miss Torrance. Her brother eyed her sternly. "But she may have afterwards. How was I to know?"

"The young lady of whom I spoke to you," said Mr. Torrance, "was called Christine."

Aunt Miriam tried to look surprised. "How very strange! I believe that the young lady of whom I spoke to you was called Christine, also."

The opening of the door interrupted his answer. "Excuse me, Mr. Torrance," said the nurse. "But the patient is very restless. The lady he seems to wish to see is called Christine. I don't know—"

"Thank you, nurse. I think that is all that is necessary. She shall be sent for."

"You need not look like that!" said Miss Torrance, recovering. "I really did not know whether the Miss Brown in whom you were interested was the same Miss Brown in whom Mark—was interested! I may have suspected. But it was quite true that, when I saw her, she did not work in any store. And you said yourself that you wished to consider her case without prejudice."

"I am not blaming you, Miriam. It is probably as well that I did not know—I can hardly realize it now that I do know. It seems too fantastic. I feel like a child who has frightened itself into a bogie which never existed.'

Meaning?—"

"Meaning the other Miss Brown! I may as well say at once," he went on simply, "that if Mark is in love with Miss Christine, I can wish him happiness. She is as sweet as she is beautiful and, Miriam, whatever her name may be, she is a lady!"

"Hoity, toity!" said Miss Miriam, "Whoever aid she wasn't?"

Mr. Torrance's grave face brightened. One threatened calamity had not turned out so badly after all. One cloud had already cleared and the bogie of Miss Brown had vanished for ever. In her place stood Christine! He wondered why the mere thought of her made his heart feel warm.

"Do you think she will come?" he asked.

Miss Miriam thought that she would. Even if she did not care at all for Mark she would probably not refuse to see him.

But fate, tireless in concocting evil, had still another blow in store; for when the automobile returned she did not come. Instead, there was Ada, very pale, her poor eyes red with tears, and Tommy with bad news in every line of his anxious face.

Christine, they said, was gone. She had not come home as usual from the Stores. She had sent no word. She was not with any of their few friends. Christine had disappeared!

Chapter XXIV.

"BUT where is she?"

Even as he spoke Adam Torrance realized the foolishness of his words. Tommy's stern face and Ada's tears were eloquent of that unanswered question.

"She can't possibly be really gone, you know," said Aunt Miriam. "She may very well have a friend ofwhom you have not thought. It is not late yet. She may have had dinner somewhere and gone on to the theatre."

Ada gave a half hysterical laugh. "Oh, no," she said. "You do not understand. One does not have dinner and go on to the theatre—in Brook Street!"

"We have been searching since half past six o'clock," said Tommy. "Were there any natural explanation of her absence we should have found her long ago."

"But my dear Mr. —"

"Burns," said Tommy.

"My dear Mr. Burns, what can possibly have happened?"

"We do not know. When this message from Mr. Torrance came we thought at first that it brought news; but as it was only a request for her to come here we thought it wise to come and tell you."

"We thought," said Ada softly, "that you might be able to help us."

"We shall certainly do that," said Mr. Torrance, and to give his assurance greater weight he drew his chair closer to hers and let his firm hand rest a moment upon her trembling one. "There must be a very simple explanation somewhere. But it may need a trained mind to find it. Fortunately, the very man we need is in the house—or should be." He rang the bell and when the butler appeared, "Benson, is Mr. Johnson here yet?"

"Yes, sir. He said he had an appointment, sir. He is in the small reception room."

"Ask him to kindly step this way."

"You see," he explained to his puzzled guests, "I am engaged at present in a search myself and this is the hour at which Mr. Johnson makes his report. If we tell him your difficulty—"

"Oh!" Ada drew a deep breath of relief, but Tommy's face grew more troubled.

"Must it be made public?" he asked uneasily.

The blind girl's sightless eyes turned to him in surprise. "Why not?" she asked.

There was something in the simple question which made the blood rush into Tommy's round face. "Only that publicity is not pleasant," he answered stiffly.

"But it need not be made public at all," Mr. Torrance answered them. "Mr. Johnson is a private detective and—"

"Mr. Johnson, sir," announced Benson, throwing open the door.

The big detective surveyed the agitated group with a benevolent air and the effect of his entrance was not unlike that of a doctor into a sick room. He brought confidence into the midst of fear. True, he was only a man with a brain like other men's and no abnormal faculty for the solving of mysteries; but his strength lay in the fact that mystery did not appal him or rob him of his confidence. He lived, as it were, on mystery and long familiarity had, as usual, bred contempt. This serene being listened to Ada's faltered story with an air encouragingly blase. He did not falter into surprised and purposeless questioning, like Mr. Torrance, nor did he suggest dinner and theatres, like his bewildered sister; instead, he merely said, "Ah!" and one felt immediately that this was the acme of wisdom.

"We will, first of all, get the facts," said he, briskly, producing a serviceable note book. Ada, who had just finished telling her story, looked slightly bewildered and Mr. Torrance interposed with—

"I think that Miss Brown has already told you all she knows."

The detective smiled. "And also a great deal that she does *not* know," he agreed, blandly. "When one knows very little one naturally theorizes a great deal. But at this stage theorizing will not help us. We must get nothing but the facts. Therefore you will excuse me if I put a few questions.

"How long has your sister been employed in Angers & Son?"

Ada gave the required dates and they saw them duly recorded in the note-book.

"Her age?"

"Sixteen—or thereabouts."

"Or thereabouts?" in surprise.

Poor Ada blushed. "I am not absolutely sure within a few months," she faltered.

"Surely a month or two does not matter, Johnson?" Mr. Torrance's tone was impatient.

"Perhaps not, in this case; but in some cases even a day or two might make every difference. Well, then—was the young lady pretty, homely, or—just ordinary?"

"I can answer that," said Miss Torrance. "Miss Brown was far more than merely pretty, she was, in fact, unusually lovely."

"Ah!" said the detective. Tommy moved uneasily.

"In what part of the Stores did her work lie?"

"At the ribbon counter."

"That is the counter just opposite the main entrance?"

"Yes."

"Had she ever, within the last few weeks or months, spoken of going away anywhere?"

"No."

"Where would she be likely to visit had she had such a holiday in view?"

"Nowhere—really, there is nowhere. We know so few people— none whom Christine would be likely to care to visit."

"No school friend?"

"Christine had school friends but she never went to their homes, because they might not have cared to come to ours."

"How about relations?"

"We are absolutely alone."

"And I understand you to say that you have already enquired at every place where you think she might possibly have gone?"

"Every place."

"And now, pardon me, but you know one must have no secrets from a detective—was there a young man in the case?"

"Oh!" Ada's exclamation was a gasp. "Certainly not," she added with dignity.

The detective made a note and then looked up. This time he looked at Tommy, who was very red. "You had better speak out if you know anything," he advised him.

"I! Why I can't—I—I don't know anything!" stuttered poor Tommy.

"Oh," said the detective, with a meaning glance. "Well, see you later! In the meantime—" But Ada's voice broke in sharply—

"Tommy—what is it? Oh, Tommy, do you know anything you haven't told?"

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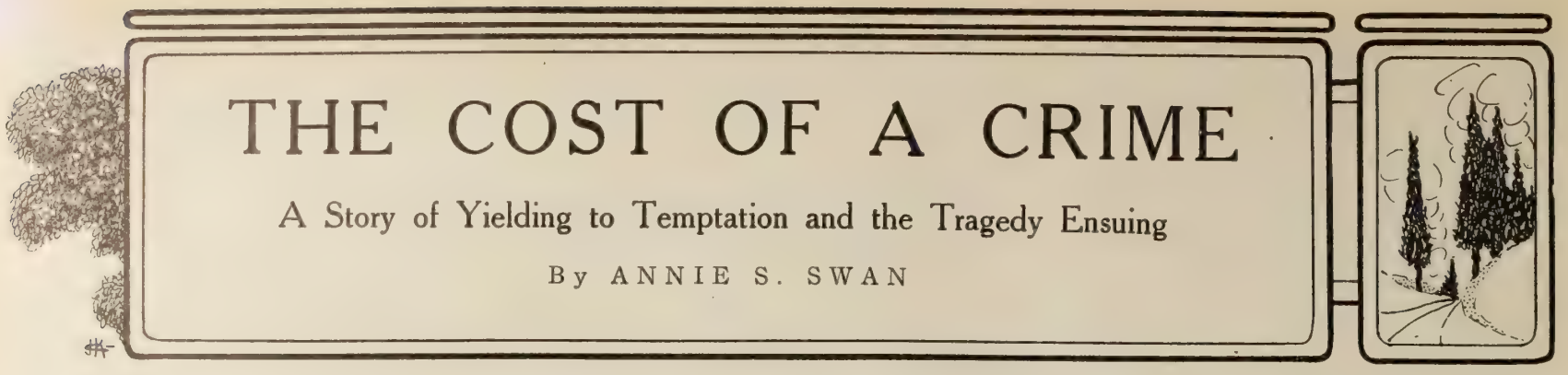


THE COST OF A CRIME

A Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company, in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton. He obtains employment with Archibald Currie, a brother of his former partner and is unrecognized.

"HE has left his situation," he added, and in a word explained what had happened. Her eyes filled with tears.

"He is so loyal to his father's memory, it is a perfect passion with him. And so jealous he is, too, about it. I believe he would cease to care for me if he thought I could forget."

"It is a fine trait, later he will get more sense of proportion," observed Lidgate quietly. "I'll do what I can for him to-morrow, I promise you. And wherever he may go he will not find the time he has been in the Clapton shop lost. It will have taught him to appreciate better things. And now, let us talk about yourself. You are sadly changed. You have had a terrible year."

"Not quite terrible; there have been gleams of peace," she said, but her eyes did not meet his. "How did you like America?"

"Oh, it is not new to me, I went as far as the Argentine," he added carelessly. Her lips parted in breathless interest.

"That is where you thought John would go. You did not hear anything, I suppose?"

"No, I made very full enquiries. Of course, it is difficult to find a man there, and he might easily evade recognition, but I am nearly certain that he never left this country."

"And equally certain that he is dead, perhaps," she said in a dispirited voice.

Lidgate made no reply.

He could not tell her of the visits he had paid to mortuaries, where unclaimed and unidentified bodies could be seen, neither could he say that certain news of John Reedham's death would simplify life for a good many people.

"I must go on hoping with Leslie that something will happen, that things will be cleared up; though the sort of life I have been living lately does not conduce to cheerfulness," she went on, after a brief space.

"You have had a terrible year, and Leslie tells me you have sordid anxiety now."

She neither denied nor admitted. Lidgate sat forward in his chanr and began to speak rapidly.

"I cannot bear to see you like this, and there is no reason why I should bear it. I am, comparatively speaking, a rich man. I cannot, even if I would, spend my money on myself. I have few ties, none of them binding or obligatory. You must let me help you for old acquaintance sake, if for no other reason. Try to think of me as a brother, and let me order you to leave Clapton."

He tried to speak with a sort of bantering gaiety and an assumption of naturalness which did not in the least deceive her.

"You have already done too much in becoming guarantee for my rent. I am afraid you will have to make that guarantee good this time. I have not been able to get the money together."

"For heaven's name don't speak of it. I can't bear it. I tell you it is a mere bagatelle. Don't let it ever be mentioned between us. But honestly, now, do you think it is any good keeping on this house, or in pursuing the life which you admit can't bring you in a living wage?"

"Can you suggest a substitute for it, one which would come within the region of possibility?" she asked with a faint smile.

"I will think of it. Meanwhile the first thing is to get something better for Leslie. Have you ever met Archibald Currie, Mrs. Reedham?"

"Once or twice at Fair Lawn. A delightful man, I thought him, and I often said to John it seemed incredible that he and James could be brothers."

"Many have had such a thought. It would be a fine thing for Leslie to get into his office in New Broad Street. I shall call there to-morrow morning and see if he can suggest anything. It is the sort of thing he would delight to do. The record of his good deeds in the city would fill a book."

"Thank you very much., I shall indeed be grateful if you will do that. It would be the making of Leslie. He does not lack brains, Mr. Lidgate."

They used to be George and Bessie to one another in the old days of their friendship, but in the last year had adopted by common consent the more formal address. In Lidgate's case at least it was a safeguard.

"I am sure that Leslie has plenty of brains. He is a bit fiery and impulsive, and takes strong likes and dislikes. He does not care much about me for instance."

"Oh, I am sure you are mistaken," she said, but her color faintly rose.

"No, I don't think we make mistakes of that kind, but I understand his feelings, partly at least, and can respect him for it."

She did not ask him to explain, and when she spoke again it was of a different theme.

"Miss Wrede came to see me twice after it all happened, once just before I left Norwood and once here. But I am afraid I was not very cordial to her when she came last."

"Don't you like her? Everybody reports her charming, and Stephen Currie is madly in love with her."

"She is very clever and bright I think and—and dangerously sympathetic. I did not want to become intimate with her, Mr. Lidgate, and if she had gone on coming it must have ended in that."

"You were quite frank with her, then?"

"Yes, I told her I would prefer that she did not come, that I should always be grateful to her for her sympathy and would send for her if I were in any special trouble."

"And she understood?"

"She quite understood. That is what I say, she is dangerously sympathetic; one would talk too much to her. It is better not to see her."

"But for you it would have been good."

"No, bad, thoroughly bad, and besides I wanted to be detached from all those who knew me in happier times. But I cannot conceive of her and Stephen Currie."

"I don't think she encourages him, but everyone knows of Stephen's infatuation. In fact it won't hide."

Bessie Reedham sat still for a moment, and then looked him more straightly in the face than she had yet done.

"Tell me truly. Is the loss so great as was said at the time John disappeared?"

"Yes, it was in no way exaggerated."

"And how was it met?"

"The firm met it," he replied evading her straight look.

"Then it is Sir Philip Lowther and James Currie and you who are actually out of pocket."

"Yes, I suppose so, if you put it like that."

"And how much? Tell me the exact sum."

"Why open up all this painful business again?" he asked almost impatiently. "It can make no difference now."

"Oh, yes it can. It will be Leslie's debt. He has set it before him as a goal. Poor boy, it is a dreadful millstone about his neck even now, but I believe that it is a debt he will live to discharge."

"I hope he will not allow it to trouble him unduly; to be a millstone as you describe it," observed Lidgate, as he rose to his feet. "Well, I must go, and I will write to you to-morrow after I have seen Archibald Currie."

"You are very, very good to me," she murmured. Lidgate merely shook his head.

"I have done very little. Good-bye. You will hear from me to-morrow."

He left the house rather abruptly and retraced his steps to the station in doubt whether the visit had been a success. At least it had stayed the longing he had had to see her once more, and convinced him, if he needed any convincing, that he had not forgotten her in the smallest degree. She was ten thousand times more attractive to him now in her poverty and loneliness than she had ever been in the days of her happiest fortune.

He reached his chambers in the Albany half an hour late for dinner, a most unusual occurrence in his methodical, well-ordered life. His valet, Grimston, regarded him with a furtive anxiety, as he waited on him, fully conscious that something ailed his master. He ate sparingly that evening, and had very few remarks to make. Grimston saw that he was preoccupied, and full of serious thought, and began to fear that further business troubles might be looming ahead. Grimston had proved, even in his uneventful life, that misfortunes come not as single spies, but in battalions.

The real trend of his master's thoughts would have surprised and dismayed him had they suddenly been revealed. Grimston's fears regarding the amenity of that comfortable bachelor establishment had not received any shocks for a long time, and he had arrived at the definite conclusion that Lidgate was not a marrying man.

He went out immediately after he had drank his coffee, lighting a favorite cigar as he left the house. In the street he hailed the first hansom, and gave the address of Hyde Park Square, where he arrived soon after nine o'clock. He was not on terms of sufficient intimacy with Archibald Currie to warrant dropping in of an evening for a friendly visit, but he knew enough of the man to feel assured at least that it would not be resented, and that the nature of his errand would be sufficient to justify a departure from the usual routine. In the daytime they were both busy men with their time fully occupied, and a quiet half an hour at night would be infinitely better for arranging something concerning the future of Reedham's son.

Mr. Currie was at home, the butler informed him, but was engaged for a few moments. Would he step in? As Lidgate put his hat down in the inner hall the door of a room at the further side suddenly opened, and Katherine Wrede appeared. She started a little at the sight of Lidgate, and, then recognizing him, came forward with a ready smile.

"Mr. Lidgate, isn't it? You wish to see my uncle? He is engaged for a few moments. Will you come in here?"

Lidgate thanked her with his pleasant smile, and followed her into the room she had just left; once the morning room, but which Katherine had converted into a small drawing-room, where she sat a great deal. The big double drawing-room on the first floor was now seldom used, except on the occasion of the large and rather stately dinner parties which Archibald Currie gave once or twice in the course of a year.

"We have not met for a very long time, Mr. Lidgate," she said. "Did I hear from someone that you had been to America, or have I dreamed it?"

"You heard aright; I have only just returned—last Saturday, in fact."

"You had a pleasant voyage, I hope. My uncle won't be long. He is engaged with a gentleman from the office. He dined with us this evening, and they have had a little private matter to discuss. They may be back here again. Has the man taken your name to uncle, I wonder?"

"It doesn't matter," said Lidgate quickly. "I shall be very glad of an opportunity to talk to you. You might even be interested in the matter about which I have come to-night."

He could not help admiring her as she sat under the soft shade of the lamp, the delicate light falling on her beautiful face and giving wonderful sheen and richness to the folds of her brown velvet gown. It was a very simply-made gown, all straight lines and folds, but it had true artistic effect.

"I am sure I shall, if it interests you. Tell me about it."

"I have been this evening to see Mrs. Reedham—you know who I mean?"

Her face instantly assumed an expression of the deepest interest.

"Mrs. Reedham—why, yes, of course. Tell me about her, all about her, at once. I would like to go to see her sometimes, but—but she told me quite frankly it would be better not; and when she said it, from her point of view, it really seemed better. But I often think about her. How is she getting on?"

"Not well," he answered without hesitation. "It is a frightfully sad case, and a case which it is difficult, if not impossible to help."

"Is—is she in need of any kind?" she enquired, with a wistful, eager note in her voice. "It is dreadful to associate her with such a question; but you know how I, and a great many other people, feel about her, and how terrible it is to stand by and do nothing."

"I quite understand. She has had a very bad year. She has had boarders at her house in Clapton, but she is not the sort of woman to make such a business pay. She gives them too much for their money. I am afraid she is very poor. I wished to talk over her affairs with Mr. Currie, if he would give me a few minutes of his time. If he would take the boy and give him a helping hand, that would mean everything to them. I would take him myself at London Wall, but, as you know, I am only a junior partner, and I would not dare to suggest it."

"Don't I know it?" she said, with a little grimace. "It is a very sad case, hedged about with every conceivable kind of difficulty and hardship. She is so innocent and so sweet. It is hard how the innocent have to suffer in this world. The injustice of it all often stings me."

Her voice quickened, and her eyes were full of eloquent feeling.

"I am so glad you have come to Uncle Archie. He will think of some way. He always does. At

Christmas he sent her twenty pounds anonymously, and he has sometimes spoken about her. But when I saw her she was doing well with her boarders, and she told me quite frankly she was not in need of anything, except to be left alone to live her own life."

Lidgate nodded.

"She told me that to-night—I mean what passed between you—but I think she may have regretted it. She is very lonely now, it is easy to see."

"Then I will go again. I should like to go to-morrow, perhaps," said Katherine eagerly.

"I would wait a little," he counseled. "At least till we have settled something between us. You understand how more than willing I am to help her, only in my case it is even more difficult than in yours."

"I can see that. You were very intimate with John Reedham, were you not?"

"We were like brothers once. We lodged together in our young manhood for seven years, and —and we both loved the same woman."

The words were out before he could keep them back, and though his face flushed a little, he was conscious of a sudden and sweet relief.

Of one thing, at least, he could be sure that Katherine Wrede would not misunderstand. She possessed in a very rare degree the gift of sympathetic intuition, which so often dispenses with the need for words.

"Oh, how you interest me!" she said, leaning forward with a soft beautiful light in her eyes. "And yet how terribly sad it all is! I have never understood how a man like Reedham could go wrong. He had everything to keep him right. Has the mystery ever been cleared up?"

He shook his head.

"It will never be now, I fear."

The significance of his words were not lost upon her.

"You believe that he committed suicide," she said, with parted lips.

He nodded.

"In my own mind I have not the slightest doubt of it. How else could he have eluded the vigilance of the police?"

"It has been done," she suggested. "One night Major Polock, from Scotland Yard was dining here, and it made me quite creepy to hear him talking about the number of mysterious disappearances there are in London. Men, and women too, simply fall out, and are heard of no more. They go out from their homes in the morning apparently in good health and spirits, and without any pressing cares, and they never come back."

"They have ulterior motives, I should say, in every case. They leave London and hide themselves in other countries."

"The Major says not. He says more than half create new personalities, new careers, new environments for themselves, in fact, become different people."

Lidgate did not seem credulous.

"Such a course would not have been possible to poor Reedham. I am forced to the conclusion that there were wheels within wheels, a portion of his life that we never suspected. And I am certain, as certain as one can be of anything for which there is no ocular proof, that he is dead."

"It would be better so, perhaps, and one day in the future you may perhaps comfort his poor wife."

"I would marry her now, Miss Wrede, but I dare not ask her. She is still absolutely devoted to his memory."

"Ah, but one cannot live forever on memory," she reminded him. "I do hope it may come to pass. You have been so truly a friend to her, you deserve happiness. And I shall always be glad that I have known this."

"I had no intentions of telling you. I betrayed myself because you are so sympathetic. I have not yet ceased wondering at myself."

She smiled, and at the moment held up a warning finger.

"Hark, I hear them coming out of the library."

At the moment the drawing-room door opened and Archibald Currie, a fine and picturesque figure in his velvet coat, appeared. He nodded pleasantly to Lidgate.

"I shall be with you in a moment, Mr. Lidgate. Charlton is going, Katherine, come and bid him good-night."

They left the door ajar, and Lidgate could see out into the spacious hall The man they called Charlton stood under the hall lamp, a figure of ease and grace. His clean-shaven face showed clear-cut as a cameo against the bright light. It was not familiar to Lidgate, yet somehow it interested him deeply. As Charlton turned to bid Miss Wrede good-night, he glanced back and saw Lidgate where he stood before the fireplace in the inner room. He turned away with such sharpness that Katherine Wrede was surprised. Almost before the door closed upon him he took out his handkerchief to wipe the cold sweat drops from his brow.

CHAPTER VI.

A BUSY EVENING.

"WHO is that man?" enquired Lidgate bluntly. The unusual question naturally surprised them, but Mr. Currie replied frankly enough.

"One of my clerks, of whom I wished to know a little more than can be learned in business hours. His name is Charlton."

"Charlton!" repeated Lidgate, musingly. "I thought I knew him, I must have made a mistake. Pray excuse the question."

"Why, certainly, and how are you after your American trip, Mr. Lidgate? You look very fit."

"I am all right, thank you."

"I hope you enjoyed it?"

"Yes, I think I did, but I am not a keen traveler. I am afraid London hos got me body and soul, I am restless away from her, and she quickly lures me back."

The elder man shook his head.

"That I can't understand. Has my brother mentioned that I have serious thoughts of retiring one of these days?"

"Don't, Mr. Currie. Recall to your remembrance all the men you have known who have quitted active life at your age, and the results. I think that you will find that these results have been almost without exception disastrous. Slacken off a bit by all means, and take this young lady to see a bit of the world, but don't retire."

"Do you hear that rank heresy, Kate?" enquired Mr. Currie, with a smile, which had a certain amount of triumph in it. "Yes, she is the culprit."

"Women usually are," answered Lidgate with an answering smile. "And very often they merely prepare a rod for their own backs."

"Oh, you wicked man!" cried Katherine, shaking her finger at him. "Just when I had got Uncle Archie nearly persuaded, you come in with your horrid warnings! Don't you see how he is pining for the country and fresh air and quiet occupations?"

Lidgate laughed outright.

"I don't see anything of the kind, I am glad to say, Miss Wrede. I gaze upon a remarkably hale and handsome man, with more energy in his little finger than most men, and myself, perhaps," he added with a touch of gay banter, "have in my whole anatomy."

"That may could be true of you; I could very well believe it," she replied demurely. "But by admitting it you damage your case. He ought not to be so full of energy. If he could rest more and take it easy the necessity would not be so urgent. But, as you know, he simply lives every moment of his days with his whole might."

"The only way to live, believe me, Kate. A short life and a full if not a merry one, is surely the most satisfying for every man."

"And he fills up the very scanty leisure he permits himself with doing things for other people. Even you, Mr. Lidgate, would be astonished at the sum of them."

"Perhaps not; I hear of them too often," he answered. "And I am afraid you will look askance at me because I have come to ask him to do one more."

"You may regard it as done," she said with an affectionate glance at her guardian. "Well, if you will excuse me, I shall go to the library; I have two notes to write. I shall see you before you go, Mr. Lidgate."

Lidgate's eyes followed her to the door.

"A most beautiful creature," he said with a faint, involuntary sigh, which seemed to embody regret over his lost youth.

"She is indeed, and all heart. The combination is rare; so often the beautiful casket is empty of soul. I bless God for having sent her to me at a time when I must necessarily have begun to feel more acutely that sense of personal loneliness which is the cross of a solitary man. You ought to marry, Lidgate, before it is too late. Why have you never married?"

He leaned back in his chair as he put the question with that kindly solicitude which so often compelled confidence, and which could never be in any circumstances offensive.

Lidgate's face flushed a little.

"Well, sir, since you have asked the question, I will be frank. The only woman I have ever cared about married another man."

"Ah," said Archibald Currie with an understanding nod. "Pray excuse me, I did not pause to remember that perhaps I might be probing an old wound. I am very sorry, but doubtless you have had your compensations?"

"No," said Lidgate, with a sudden fierceness, "I have not had any compensations. And of late I have had to stand by and see her suffer acutely, and know myself powerless to help, precluded, indeed, by my position from offering any help."

"A trying experience; very tryin. I had no idea of this, Mr. Lidgate; I offer you my sincere sympathy. You bear it like a man."

"I doubt it very much," said Lidgate gloomily. "May I now tell you what I have come about?"

"Surely, and if Katherine said, if to help you, or any protege of yours is in my power, you may look upon it as done."

"It is about John Reedham's boy I have come. He wants to be taken by the hand; I would like to do it myself, to take him in at London Wall, but you can appreciate the difficulties in the way."

"Ah, surely, of course I can," replied Archibald Currie, as the vision of his brother's stern face rose up before him. "What age is the lad? Bless me, I had forgotten about him. I have often spoken to my ward about his mother, but I might have done something for the boy before this."

"He has not required it. Up till June of this year he was at school in Surrey with some friends of his mother, the school he had been at for the last four years. He was very loth to go back, the youngster had the chivalrous desire to help his mother, and it was only when it was pointed out that another year at school would better equip him for his purpose that he consented to remain. When he came home at midsummer, three weeks before the usual time on account of an epidemic that had broken out in the school, I was in America. There was no one to hold him back. The young rascal went out on his own, so to speak, and took a book-keeper's place in a petty tradesman's shop out Clapton way."

"I like that, it showed a manly spirit, said Archibald Currie, with a well-pleased look on his face.

"It was not a suitable place for the boy, however, and he has never been happy there. Last night I saw him, and he had been paid off."

"Ah, poor lad, then he is in immediate need of a situation?"

"Yes. He is almost fifteen, I believe, but he is very well grown for his age; a fine, intelligent, handsome boy, though he has inherited his father's impulsive temperament and quick temper."

"These may help him, if they are properly guided," said the old man musingly. "They go hand in hand usually with other and more valuable qualities. It was a tragedy that! Poor Reedham! Have you any theory about him?"

"My theory can be put into few words. I believe him to be dead."

"But how? when? where?" enquired Currie, struck by the confidence with which the words were spoken.

Reedham shook his head.

"These questions, of course, I can't answer, but I have the conviction. There are many suicides in London in the course of a year that are never identified, and some even that never come to light at all."

"It sounds ghastly. How is his poor wife bearing up?"

"Not well; she has had a hard year. If you can do anything for the boy you will lighten her burden, Mr. Currie. If you could take him to Old Broad Street I should be most grateful. I hardly like to suggest it, but if it is the custom of your office to take premiums I should be only too glad to pay, because I can't take him as I should like to do at our own place."

"Tut, tut. I am the head of my concern. I can do as I like, and Reedham's boy shall come most certainly. I'll hand him over to Charlton, and tell him to keep a special eye on him."

"Thank you very much. I felt sure you would be willing to do something," said Lidgate, in tones of relief.

"The longer time goes on the more inexplicable appears Reedham's defalcations," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Have you any theory about that, then?"

Lidgate hesitated a moment.

"At first I was dumbfounded, and naturally leaped to the conclusion that he had been leading a double life. But I have parted with that belief. I think there are two explanations which, when put together, may suffice. Reedham had several impecunious relatives, one of them most disreputable, who was a constant drain upon him. Part of his defalcation may have gone to cover some disgrace into which this person got himself. That is only surmise, suggested by various things Mrs. Reedham has said to me from time to time. The other is the extraordinary jealousy and antagonism that existed between him and your brother James."

The old man knit his brows, and nodded understandingly.

"I did not know Reedham well; in fact, I don't think I have met him more than half a dozen times, and then it was in the most casual way. But putting two and two together, the thing becomes plainer. I can easily understand how my brother would act upon a warm, impulsive temperament. Between ourselves, Lidgate, I have felt it myself, and we could never have been in business together."

Lidgate continued, finding his task of explanation much easier than he had expected.

"Reedham was very jealous of his position in the firm, and he constantly made himself wretched imagining slights were being put upon him, especially by Mr. Currie. Then he thought Mrs. Currie and her daughters were offensively patronising to his wife. The very idea of it maddened him. My own belief, in view of all these sidelights, which have become clearer with lapse of time, inclines me to think that Reedham was ambitious to make a clever coup-d'etat on his own account, to force recognition, as it were, from the senior partners. When he discovered that disaster had ensued, he could not face it, of course."

"Ay, ay; a most feasible explanation. I believe it is the true one," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Poor, poor chap. It was not worth it. He was happy in his home; he had enough for his needs, and what else mattered? He had lost his sense of proportion. Ay, ay; what a number of catastrophes there are in life which the exercise of a little common-sense could avert!"

"You are right, sir; but I must not keep you longer. Then I may tell Mrs. Reedham to send the boy to you?"

"If you will leave me her address I will write myself to-night. I am glad you came to me. The boy is evidently worth saving, and I am only too pleased to be able thus indirectly to be of service to his mother."

Lidgate took a card from his case, wrote Mrs. Reedham's address on it, and almost immediately took his leave.

Archibald Currie sat still, pondering in his mind the thing he had heard. His face was wearing its most preoccupied expression. When his ward returned to the room she glanced at him anxiously.

(To be continued.)

CANADA AND WOMAN

A Consideration of the Work of the Canadian Woman and the Industrial Opportunities Afforded Newcomers

By R. E. VERNEDE

BY permission of the publisher, WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, we are reproducing a chapter, "Canada and Woman," from the book, "The Fair Dominion." The author, Mr. R. E. Vernede, is an English journalist, who visited Canada during the year and wrote his impressions for the London weekly, "The Bystander." The chapter to which we have referred has much that will interest our readers, especially those of the West.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

FEW books are complete nowadays without a chapter on the woman question. Man can be treated of in between; one would not as yet care to write a book without mentioning man in it. As a subsidiary agent for keeping the world going man is still not without his importance. But woman, as I have said, must have a chapter to herself. And since I unwittingly arrived on the last page at the subject of woman's work in Canada, I will pause—even on the threshold of the mountains—and go further into the matter.

The most noticeable thing about woman in Western Canada is that she has not yet arrived there. If any one wished to get an idea of how the world would arrange itself supposing there were no women in it at all, they would have to go a little further north and west, into some of the British Columbian valleys or into the Yukon country, and look around.

What a simple world it seems. No clothes question, no washing, the simplest cookery, one man one plate (and that plate never washed), one knife for eating with or for skinning a grizzly bear, no carpets or curtains in the houses, no dustings or spring-cleanings, no knick-knacks to knock over or break, no flowers without or within except such as grow wild, no luxuries, in short, either to enjoy or to pay for, and a terrible amount of dirt. That is the physical aspect of the world without women.

The spiritual side of it is less easy to arrive at. These bachelors you see in the backwoods are a silent people, lacking in self-consciousness, and, I daresay, in manners, but law-abiding and amiable and peculiarly handy. All men are handy who have not women to steal that talent from them; and most womenless men are silent too. One knows, of course, that bores may be found among men at times, but never chatterboxes. There is something to be said for the view that speech arose by women putting questions so often that men were driven, in sheer weariness, to make answers.

Does it seem an unattractive life that these hardy bachelors have perforce to live? Perhaps. But you will not find them bemoaning their lot. That is not the way of bachelors. We know they are to be pitied, but they do not pity themselves. Seriously, the trouble with these men is that they have none of these inducements to consider the future which make a man better than a machine. They take the world as it comes, which is well enough for themselves but not well enough for the world. I doubt if it is well themselves really. true, they have nothing to worry them so long as they are in health. They can make big money when they choose and take holidays when they choose, conscious that when their money is spent they have only to set to again. Their wages are indeed to them little more than trinkgeld—and this means that those splendid workers have no real reward for their work, leave no successors to carry on the traditions of their toil, enrich only the barkeepers and the rogues who live on the folly of honest men.

CLEARLY the most honourable opening for women in Canada is marriage. Only wives are capable of putting down the drink curse, preventing the growth of a particularly odious plutocracy, establishing a permanent instead of a nomad population in the West. Nor might it be a bad thing (but for Anglo-Saxon prejudices) if provincial governments there could start marriage offices, due attention being paid to eugenics. Even in so small a matter as the following, the presence of wives should make all the difference. All down the Columbia valley, I found the cattle ranchers, who were bachelors, drinking tinned milk, while scores of cows ran wild and went dry. When I asked if it wasn't worth while to keep one cow milking, I was always told, "No, we haven't time to bother about it," till I came to the shack of a married Swede, whose wife had time to bother about it. In his shack tinned milk was anathema, as it should be everywhere.

As prejudice would undoubtedly prevent the formation of governmental marriage offices, marriage can only be considered as an indirect opening for women. What are the directer openings? A great deal depends on what part of Canada immigrant women make for. In the East there is no such lack of women as in the West. The sexes are fairly balanced. In the big towns there is the usual demand for domestic servants, but not many more openings for educated Englishwomen than there are in big towns at home. There are a few more, because those cities are going at a faster pace than our English cities, and because all work there is more valuable than in England. Women skilled in the arts that have to do with personal decoration, such as millinery, dressmaking, etc., could make their way there.

Factory work in Canada is hardly worth going into here, the chief point about it being that wages are of course higher; nor did I notice any unusual professions engaging the attention of women, unless it were the checking of parcels and the playing in hotel orchestras, neither of which requires a man's strength.

FRENCH Canada offers employment to but very few. Western Canadians sniff at the Habitants because they let their women work in the fields, haymaking and hoeing. But the idea of using women as outdoor workers is not so uncivilised as it looks to those unaccustomed to seeing it. Ethnologists are agreed nowadays that the tribes in which women do the field work are not the least but the most civilised, and maintain that the position of women among such tribes is higher than among any others. Women began to work out-of-doors because the primitive peoples believed in a connection between their fertility and that of the earth; and where they do such work, women are always the keepers of the grain store—hold in their hands, that is to say, the food upon which the life of the tribe depends. The most honourable primitive customs are not always the best in modern times, but there can be no doubt of the fertility of the French Canadians.

As one goes West, woman becomes more of an indoor creature; and this may be due to the greater chivalry of their men folk. But one has to remember that the great charm of Canadian life, especially on the prairies, is an outdoor charm—working in the exhilarating air—not cooking over a hot stove indoors. One hears of a few cases in which women have taken up farming or vegetable gardening and made a success of it, but no one could honestly say that the fortune awaiting women who take up such work is usually a great one. The work is too hard, especially in the winter time. Chicken-ranching is perhaps easier; but the real demand in the West is for women to do that housework which the men have not time for. At such work capable women can earn from three to five pounds a month with board and lodging; and while they are likely to find it rather harder—certainly not less hard—than similar work at home, it has compensations besides the money to be made by it. For one thing there is none of the odium that attaches to it in the older countries. The cook is as good as her employer, who probably did the cook's work for years before the cook was to be had. It is natural that the work which most ladies have to do for themselves, because neither love nor money can obtain them substitutes, should lose its menial and unpleasant aspect, and the finest ladies in western Canada do it unashamed. Often their guests will help them to wash up, and even prepare the dinner. Personally, I found myself becoming quite expert at cleaning fish for a hostess who thereafter cooked it and dished it up, and yet appeared at table as fresh and elegant and apparently leisured as any lady who keeps a staff of servants in the old country. And I found as I got on that I rather liked cleaning fish.

It stands to reason that the lady help is not wanted. The precise duties demanded of such a lady are always a little misty, but I imagine that they include a little sewing and a little reading, the ability to chat pleasantly, to be good-tempered (and possibly a Protestant), to feed the canary, and, at a pinch, even to clean out its cage. None of these talents are needed in a new country, and I heard of forty women who were on the books of an employment office in Calgary, all wanting to be lady helps and all likely to go on wanting it till Doomsday.

ONE hears a good deal of discussion (not in Canada) of the openings in the colonies for educated women. There is an English committee—the Committee of Colonial Intelligence for Educated Women—which, "recognising the crying need of our colonies for the best type of educated women," undertakes to furnish them with detailed, practical and up-to-date information, before advising them to go out. This committee hopes later on to found settlements in the colonies, where training, suitable to the needs of each colony, can be given, and centres can be formed to which the girls can return in the intervals of employment. There is much sense both in the recognition of the need for educated women in the colonies and in the perception that the most educated woman will be lost there unless she is prepared to be practical. The truth is that that same adaptability which is required of men in Canada is required of women also. They must first suit the country before they can hope to leave their mark on it. Educated women can leave their mark there by their inward, not by their outward, superiority.

Centres to which the girls can go in the first place, and to which they can return in the intervals of employment, are an excellent idea, and one which central or local government authorities in Canada would do well to support. Of course the Young Women's Christian Association already gives much help in this direction, but it cannot be expected to have branches everywhere. New towns and settlements are planned and put through very quickly in Canada, and wherever they result in creating a demand for women's work, some such centre for girls as near the railway depot as possible should be started. For one thing it would facilitate the engagement of girls, for another it would attract a better class. Probably the best openings of all for women in Canada—educated women, I mean—are in the big cities of the furthest West. In Vancouver and Victoria wealthy people reside who can afford to pay for such luxuries as private schoolmistresses and governesses. And the supply of women is not so great there. Women also seem to be more employed there as hotel manageresses and under-manageresses, and as cashiers in hotels and offices. I never heard of women being real estate agents, but in a profession in which the arts of persuasion play a leading part, there seems no reason why they should not shine. Of bachelor girls, living their own lives, I have also never heard in the West. They could hardly have the hearts to do it with so many bachelor men wasting their lives around them.

On the whole, the position of woman in Canada is one of honourable toil lightened by the high consideration in which they are held. They have hardly as yet obtained that dominant super-man eminence which American women are said to occupy. That is, perhaps, because they have not gone in so much for that culture and social fastidiousness by the lack of which in themselves some American husbands are made to feel their inferiority. On the other hand they seem to keep their men folk contented, and remain contented with them. Divorce is, I believe, uncommon in Canada.

The Question of Color

WE were asked recently, says a writer in *The House Beautiful*, by a subscriber, to approve her scheme of decoration for her new house. It was the same old story—hall in buff with white staircase and mahoganized balusters, a red dining-room with brown woodwork, a soft green living-room, one pink bedroom, another blue, and so on through all the tints of the rainbow; and then, while we were fairly gasping over the proposed array, she finished with: "I want to keep it very simple and colonial-like, you know."

Gently, but firmly, we insisted that she had too many colors; that her house would have no repose, no unity; that it would look like a patchwork quilt, without the quilt's compensating utility and comfort. Then for her guidance was described a very successful interior where the color scheme was white woodwork and a strong colonial yellow throughout the entire first and second stories. "Yellow," she repeated aghast, "why, I have purposely avoided such a garish color!"

There was little more to say; she went away unconvinced, to order her wall paper. The most she could be prevailed on to give up was the red and brown dining-room, for which she substituted the buff and white of the hallway. Thus our triumph was limited to only one room, but as red and brown dining-rooms are nearly always a serious decorative offence, this one-room victory is not to be despised.

Meanwhile the fact remains that this matter of one color throughout is worth experimenting with. The yellow interior held up as a worthy example is surprisingly successful. Its rooms are not separate units, but produce that feeling of breadth and relationship that a house should have. They are tied together, and the house seems half as large again as it really is. Provided only that the color chosen is a background, and not a foreground, one cannot go far wrong in adhering to it throughout at least one storey of the house. It is well known that the great eighteenth century architects insisted upon designing the furniture as well as the house. In the present-day revival of good taste in furniture, the architect's personal influence on his client is again playing an important part. There is an ever-increasing willingness among the latter to be persuaded that the man who designs the home may be safely entrusted to either design, or at least select, the furniture that goes into it. For the relation between the architecture of any period and its furniture is a close one; and those ignorant of it have, over and over, converted an interior (so far as movable decorations go) into a travesty of the architect's intention. He, therefore, is justified in playing the dictator in this matter. This does not mean to the extent to which a prominent architect played the role when, calling for an axe, he broke irreparably a wretched, over-ornamented chandelier that had been purchased and hung without his approval in a room of his designing; but it does mean that the architect is quite right in representing how unfair it is to him to "queer" the result of his efforts.

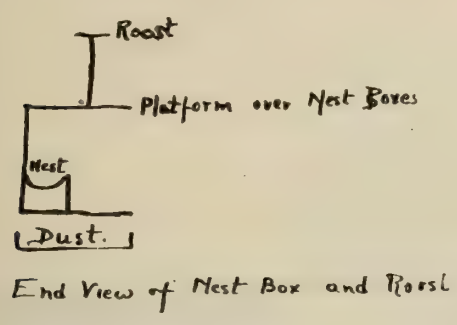
THE GIRLS ON THE FARM

A Friendly Talk With All of You

"FROM ONE COUNTRY GIRL TO ANOTHER"

DID you ever try to talk to a person to whom you had never been introduced, or to force yourself into a position where you didn't know whether or not you would find a welcome? If you have ever felt either of those uncertainties you can readily understand the state of my mind when I wrote that first letter to "all the girls on all the farms." I felt like a shy young man trying to call on a girl at boarding school—if he isn't a brother, or a cousin, or an uncle of the girl, he finds it hard to explain to the lady principal just why he is where he is. However, the editor deemed me eligible for an introduction, and now I feel free to work my way toward your sympathy, and your approval of my ideas and sentiments.

Please bear in mind, if you consider the matter at all seriously, that I am not setting myself up as capable of giving advice or dictating as to the proper course anyone should pursue—no indeed!



End View of Nest Box and Roost

I'm merely giving you some of my opinions and theories, and surely everyone who has a mind at all, has some independent ideas concerning the things which most closely touch his or her own life. I don't ask you to agree with me, but you are quite free to question me, my notions, and anything that I have said. I'll stand by my guns and try to prove that I meant what I wrote, and that my statements, although perhaps a bit conflicting, in some minds when the utterances of one article are compared with those of another, are tucked away in my mind in unison and harmony. And now we're ready to be friends, so let's to business.

In my last (and first) letter, I talked of generalities, trying to look at this quiet country life of yours and mine in such a way as to get the most out of it, and not have our minds too much trampled upon by the common round. It was only the lack of space that kept my enthusiasm tied down to the discussion of hobbies alone, for I wanted, as I told you, to go on and talk of that indefinite quantity, our special talent. However, I have decided to be very practical this time, to leave theories and mental adjustments strictly alone for a season, and, in short, to talk about the subject of hens. Hens, chickens and eggs are always in demand from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so it surely is a subject which will appeal to one and all of those who have the necessary facilities and requirements for caring for a feathered flock.

I WAS calling on a woman once who lived in another part of the country from me, in what I thought was an ideal situation. Her home was on the side of a long, gentle slope of ground which came right up from the river. In the stream were several small islands, which brought Ellen Douglas to my mind at once, and on the other side of the water, hill after hill showed all those wonderful greens of late summer. When my hostess complained of loneliness and dissatisfaction I could not but draw her attention to the beauty which she had at her very door, and which I was sure would rest and sooth. She gave me such a pitying look, and exclaimed: "I never heard of anyone living on a view." Of course, that is very true and very practical, so let us go back and roost with the chickens a time.

I have raised hens and taken charge of hens in each and every season of the year. I have never made any great amount of money from the venture because I did not go into the business seriously enough, but I know, if I had given up more of my time and attention, I would have had a greater measure of success. That reveals one of the first principles—to get thoroughly grounded before going into the hen business. Your flock must have a good share of your time and intelligent attention. The following of that rule will bring pleasing and satisfactory results.

I cannot give you definite figures of the cost of a flock of hens or the cost of their keep, or the profit you should have. Prices, both of feed and of eggs vary in different parts of Canada, and I can give you only an approximate idea of the expense and profit of keeping hens.

I have laid down the first rule—Be prepared to give your hens a generous share of time and attention.

Secondly, I would say—Have hens that are worthy of your best efforts. Have a flock of which you are proud, and if you have only a single-roomed henhouse and one general run, have but one variety, and keep that strain as pure bred as possible.

The choice of a special breed of hens is influenced by the object one has in view, whether the market nearest at hand offers better opportunities for eggs or chickens.

For all round flock, the egg basket and the dinner platter both considered, I think fifty Buff Orpington or Rhode Island Red fowls should delight the heart of any proud owner. The Buff Orpington is a gentle, placid fowl, always of the same clean light brown color, and the spring chicks develop into the plumpest, most satisfactory table fowl one can imagine or find. The Rhode Island Red is but a handsome, much showier edition of the Orpington.

The White Plymouth Rocks or Barred Rocks are of the same high class as the above-mentioned breeds, but will give better results as egg producers than the chicks will as early broilers or for general market. Of course, there are many varieties of fancy fowls, but, as I said before, the ordinary hen raiser will do much better to get a flock of good reliable fowls best suited to her needs, and work with that variety and that alone.

I am sending with this the plan of a henhouse which is ideal, and would make it possible to keep more than one variety of flock. It is quite a pretentious building which would cost seventy-five dollars to build, and which would moreover require a large piece of land, not to mention the wire, for the runs. The plan, however, is a splendid one and could be simplified to meet individual requirements. The separate rooms in this house are most convenient when the hens are setting, as it gives them an apartment quite by itself, while the third room may be used for the baby chicks. I have never used an incubator—an encourager of race suicide—and had naturally hatched chicks in April of this year, which made excellent broilers in June. I am sorry I haven't space enough to dwell on the merits of this henhouse and to tell you of an excellent plan for caring for the young chickens, whether from the hen or an incubator, when one has not a regulation brooder. However, I must keep to the subject in a general way.

HAVING chosen your flock in general, the number of fowls to purchase is the next question. If you want to make a business—and a profitable business of your hens—have a large flock. It is almost as easy to care for fifty hens as for twenty-five or thirty, and your additional profit will overbalance the extra cost and effort.

I seldom winter the same fowl twice, and a year-old fowl is always in good demand in the market, so it is easy to keep one's flock in a flourishing condition. When one is thinking of eggs only, this may not be a good plan, but I think it is.

I will give you a few figures, calculated in accordance with the conditions in my vicinity. To keep a flock of sixty fowls (of any of the varieties I have mentioned) for a year, and pay for their entire maintenance, would cost about one hundred and ten dollars. These hens, if they are doing their part of the contract, should produce eggs to the value of one hundred and thirty-five dollars. The fertilizer would put five dollars more on the credit side of the sheet, giving you a profit of thirty dollars for one year. Now, don't be disgusted at the smallness of my figures: that is your actual profit. Each of you can for herself figure up her possible profit.

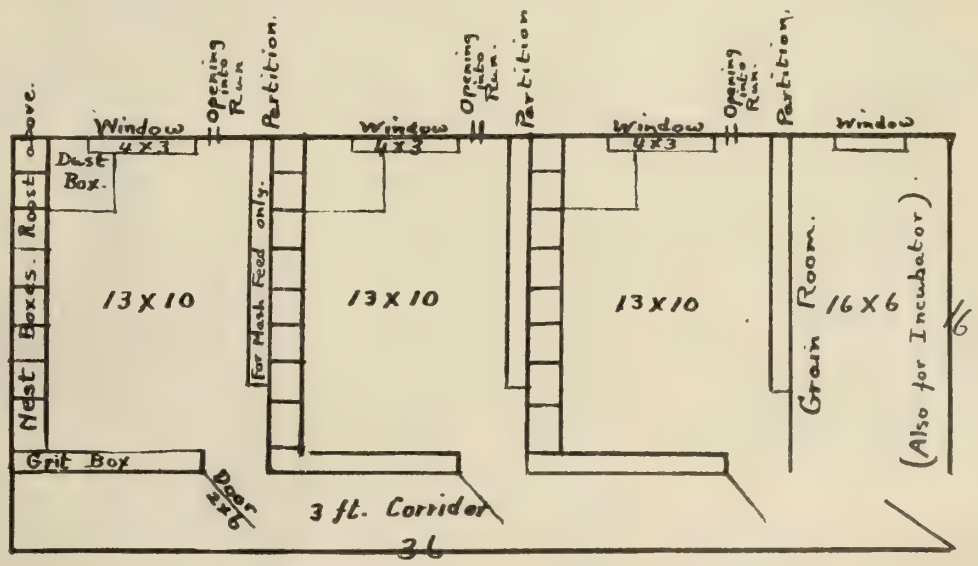
Food for a flock of hens includes grain, such as oats, buckwheat, barley, wheat or corn—some ground, some whole; vegetables, as potatoes, mangles or turnips; meat, raw or cooked, such as the liver, heart or waste portions of any domestic animal; gravel, oyster shells and ground bones. Look over this list and see how many of these articles are grown or procurable on your own farm or homestead. This lessens the expense of raising hens materially, as you can readily see, and simplifies the problem. One can procure ground oyster shells, bone foods, and other preparations from poultry supply manufacturers. There are several excellent farm and poultry journals published in Canada, which deal extensively with the raising of hens and the proper care of a flock. When one has made the start, has discovered that her private income can be satisfactorily increased by giving up some time and attention to fifty or more or less hens, and has got a proper house and a suitable flock, then she is in a position to profit intelligently by the advice offered in the columns of a poultry journal.

Trap nests, for instance, are explained explicitly, and one can readily appreciate their practical effect on one's profit after a little experience, but my idea is merely to arouse interest and to point out that many a girl and woman, who longs for an opportunity to go to a larger field and earn a wage, may stay at home and be happy in an occupation which can be made profitable and pleasant.

Have a good henhouse, a good flock, and use judgment and common sense. Don't starve your hens nor feed them until they are sluggish and stupid. Keep them active and cheerful and ready to appreciate such a treat as a raw turnip or a cabbage suspended by a string. Give them the variety of food which the hen nature craves. Keep everything in connection with your flock and its abode clean and sweet. Do all these things and you'll be so satisfied with yourself and your acquirement that you'll want to learn more and more of the subject and the best methods to pursue. You cannot expect to get that all at once any more than you can expect to learn all the reasons why you should keep hens or all the fundamental principles of the business, in one small article.

I've been so very practical that mayn't I digress in one paragraph? Have you been enjoying the autumn sunsets and the wonderful alluringness of the autumn atmosphere? I wish I had the space to quote you Bliss Carman's poem "Vagabondia," it is so thrillingly applicable and appropriate to our Canadian autumns. These sunsets of September and October must surely appeal to you girls who live in the free, uncramped open—the sunset of the mountains which ceases so abruptly but leaves such a marvellous afterglow on the fresh white peaks, or the sunset of the prairie with its "long light" so like Tennyson's "Bugle Song," or the quiet, peaceful, beautiful sunset of the East.

You girls can one and all do two things at least—you can raise hens and you can enjoy the sunset. Don't overlook the latter in the excitement of the former occupation. Make all the money you can with your hens and enjoy it, but don't forget to take time to marvel and be inspired by the glory of the setting sun.



Hen House for 60 Hens.
36 X 16

Consumption of Candy

"THIS feminine craze for being slender has knocked the bottom out of our business," said the man in charge of the down-town branch of a big candy concern in New York the other day. "Some men who were good for at least $10 worth of candy each week never come inside the door now, and when I see them trudging past the store with a package of fruit I make up my mind their wives and daughters or sweethearts have taken a stand against candy. One man with a wife and four daughters who used to be a splendid customer, told me the other day that he'd as soon come home with a viper as a five-pound box of candy."

Just WHY

Old Dutch Cleanser

Polishes

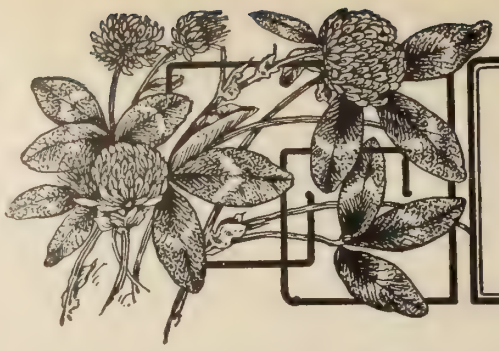
METAL { Taps, Pipes, Fixtures, Railings, Pans

Quickly

Because the Cleanser immediately takes off all rust and tarnish, and the metal surface then readily takes a gleaming lustre with a few moments' rubbing.

Apply some Old Dutch Cleanser with a wet cloth or brush; rub slightly, then wipe dry. Use dry as a polish. In this way you can easily keep brass, nickle, copper, steel, tin and aluminum bright and shining. (Not recommended for silverware.)

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Rebus and Puzzle

UP to the time of our going to press, the prize for the Christmas rebus has not been awarded, so we must postpone the announcement concerning it until our February issue.

The prize for the picture puzzle, one year's subscription to this publication, goes to Miss Isla Stewart of Teeswater, the solution being: "The Canadian Home Journal."

We are submitting to our young readers a New Year's Puzzle. The prize is two dollars, but there is a condition attached, this time. Everyone sending in a solution must enclose also a year's subscription for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. This, we are sure, our young readers can readily secure. The following is the text of the New Year's puzzle.

If guessed correctly, the initials and finals (read downwards) spell a well-known greeting.

1. A continent.
2. A popular bird with housekeepers.
3. That indefinite place where tourists go.
4. A well-known fruit.
5. A favorite flower.
6. What we do when tired and sleepy.
7. A person of no account.
8. A city in Scotland.
9. Without parents or home.
10. A pleasure boat.
11. A prophet of old.
12. Just what you see.
13. The king of the flock.

Address reply to Puzzle Editor.

Holiday Letters

SOME of the remaining letters in our holiday competition are so good we do not like to leave them unpublished. We have decided to extend further the closing date for the next competition, so you may send letters on "A Winter Adventure" as late as March 1st, 1912.

Sheho, Sask., Aug. 27, 1911.

Dear Editor:

Seeing that a competition on "Summer Holidays" was open, I decided to send in a description of my present holidays.

I, with my sister, had been going to school at my Aunt's, up to the dismissal, when we came home. We had been let off a week earlier than usual on account of a few of the scholars trying their Entrance, so came home a while before the first of July (our town's sports day), but this was for nothing but the best, as we were here to help our mother the morning of that day. It proved, however, to be a very nasty day, and we did not get started off until after dinner, which left us rather late.

However, we started off to have as much fun as possible, but just in the midst of it a heavy rain storm came up; but, as we were quite a way from town we stayed out, in the shelter of an umbrella.

This rain soon passed and we enjoyed another hour or so of fun, when it began to look like rain again, so my father hitched up and drove us back to town. So that day's fun or, rather, fun and misery, was over. But my sister and I got the permission of our parents to stay in town for a few days, which we enjoyed immensely. After coming home again things went on very ordinarily for a week or so, when my mother, who had not taken a holiday for a long while, went down the line a little way to visit her father and mother, leaving my sister, little brother, and myself at home. Of course, Dadda was here too. My mother did not intend being away quite a week, but circumstances caused her to stay longer.

Well, we had a great time that little while. Here is my programme, which I planned out for the day. First, breakfast to get, which generally meant something spilled, but I got along very well at it. After breakfast dishes were washed, and then floors to sweep and beds to make, after which I got the potatoes and peeled them, which was so much towards dinner, and then a couple of times I had a little fruit to put up. This I got very thick and rich. (I got through both those tasks without a spill, which was pretty lucky.) By this time it would be dinner time, and this I would have to get ready. One day there were two men came along just in time for dinner, which caused a little extra work. After dinner there would be more dish washing and floor sweeping, and then I would have time to sew. Then supper time would come, after which work a little, time to read, and then to bed. We ran out of bread, though, while she was away, so Dadda did the baking. He also went to town twice, in the same day, a trip of six miles. The second trip he took us, but before going he put the bread in the oven, and you can imagine what it was like when we came back. Just the same, it was very good under the circumstances. The only thing which troubled Dadda, at least that's what he said, was that when Mamma saw how well we got along she might pick up and go any time. But she hasn't shown any signs of it yet, and she has been at home for almost two weeks. She is now getting us ready to go away for a holiday of a week or so, which I expect to enjoy to its fullest extent.

Aged 11. MARION AULD.

This is to certify that the above letter is original and written by my daughter, Marion Auld.

S. B. AULD.

* * *

Dear Marion:

You are a most industrious little girl in your holidays. I am sure that your mamma must have been very pleased with you. For a girl of eleven, I think you have a great deal of housekeeping ability.

OUR NEW YEAR'S PUZZLE

It was the last day of June, and the summer holidays had begun. We went home from school all delighted with thoughts of the beautiful time we had planned to have. We began to pack up a few of our summer dresses. My sister and I left on the steamer at eight o'clock.

In about two hours we arrived at our friends' summer resort, which was a very pretty place, with a path winding up a little knoll, on the top of which stood a cool summer cottage. In front, the name Stoney Beach was formed on the lawn in white stones. On the veranda were hammocks, easy chairs, and Chinese lanterns hung about the supports.

The first day the girls showed us around the place and the next day all the fun began. We slept in tents, and in the morning we got up about eight o'clock and dressed. We went into the cottage, where breakfast was prepared for us.

We went in bathing some afternoons, and fishing. We had long rambles through the woods. One day we went up the lake to spend the day. On hot afternoons we would sit in the hammocks and read one of our favorite books. In this way we spent many other days.

Near the end of our holidays one of the girls received a letter from a friend saying that she was coming down to the lake to be married at the cottage. We all helped to decorate the place, we made an arch of evergreens, and decorated the cottage with flowers and trailing vines and flowers. The day they arrived we had everything in order. After the wedding they stayed for a few days, and when they were leaving we showered them with rice and confetti.

And the next day we left on the steamer for home, and our delightful holidays were brought to a close.

Ryerson, Sask. IRENE GARWARD.

Certified by MRS. WM. G. GARWARD.

* * *

My dear Irene:

I am so pleased to hear from a little cousin in far-off Saskatchewan. A holiday by the water is one of the best in the world.

A NEW YEAR'S LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEND

THE January hostess is offered unusual facilities in the way of entertaining, for at this season of the year the markets abound in delectable goodies, and the matter of providing a suitable and appetizing menu is, in consequence, easily solved. The luncheon is the popular form of diversion, as it is the simplest and most informal. It requires but little thought in arrangement, after the menu has been satisfactorily thought out, save as regards table adornment—a feature, by the way, that is one of the luncheon's most important assets, though not always given careful attention.

A prettily decorated table adds much to the quality of any luncheon course, and the little time spent in its arrangement is amply repaid by the pleasure given. Simple, dainty effects should be striven for, rather than elaborate or ornate ones, with the abundance of lovely greenery, obtainable for the gathering in any woodland tract, the securing of this desired result should not be difficult. A large basket filled with small sprays of pine or evergreen, with clusters of red berries tucked here and there, or a birch bark receptacle, placed on a mat of hemlock, and filled with crimson pinks interspersed with pine or evergreen, or any like effect, is all that is needed, and the completed result will be wholly artistic, and a distinct addition not only to the table, but to the luncheon as well.

The suggestion of New Year's may be appropriately introduced in the favors or place cards, and included in the novelties for these uses are clock-shaped candy boxes, with the face sketched upon the cover; leaf-shaped booklets, hinting of the adage about turning over new leaves, dainty calendars, and bell-shaped receptacles with the figure of the New Year or Old Father Time seated upon it.

Of course the all-important consideration is the meal itself. Even with such an array of tempting goodies as the January markets show, it is not always an easy matter to determine which will afford the most suitable and pleasing concoctions, and it is with the idea of aiding in this respect that the following simple suggestions are made.

Compote of Pineapple
Tomato Bisque
Fried Croutons
Olives
Lamb Circles with Peas
Baked Beets with
Butter Sauce
Shrimp Salad
Banana Buns
Coffee
Mints

COMPOTE OF PINEAPPLE—Pare, core and quarter one tart apple of medium size for each guest. Cook until tender in as little water as possible, adding enough fresh lemon peel to give a decided flavor. When done, remove from the fire, and add a tablespoonful of diced pineapple for each person. Chill very thoroughly, and serve very cold, with or without whipped cream.

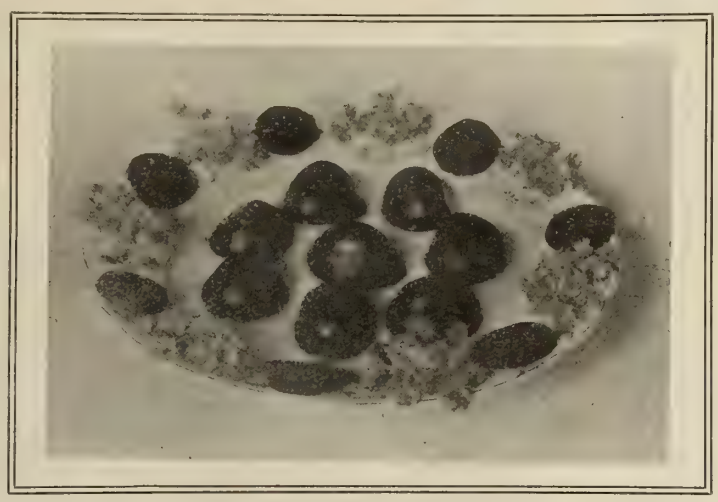
TOMATO BISQUE—To one quart of strained tomato puree, add an equal quantity of rich milk. Heat these two ingredients separately, and when the puree reaches the boiling point, stir in one-fourth teaspoonful of saleratus. Do not put the parts together until ready to serve. Season with salt, pepper, and a dash of clove. Serve with croutons that have been fried in deep fat. The

LAMB CIRCLES—Make a well-seasoned croquette mixture of lean cold lamb put through the meat chopper, and an equal quantity of bread or cracker crumbs. Moisten with good meat stock or with rich milk. Make into small flat cakes, no larger than a silver dollar, and fry light brown in deep fat. Serve with hot buttered peas.

BAKED BEANS WITH BUTTER SAUCE—Parboil rather small beets of uniform size until they are fairly tender. Set them into the oven in a buttered pan for half an hour.

SHRIMP SALAD—Open a can of shrimps and allow Serve with a sauce of melted butter, and garnish with them to soak in ice water for thirty minutes. Drain and wipe dry on a clean napkin. Break in small pieces and arrange in a lettuce-lined salad bowl. Mask with mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with whole shrimps and small sweet gherkins.

BANANA BUNS—Mould good bread into tiny balls, sprinkle with sugar, and when they have risen sufficiently bake a delicate brown. While they are still hot, cut a circle from the bottom of each and remove the soft inside; fill the crusts with diced bananas, to which a few chopped maraschino cherries have been added. Place each bun upon a generous spoonful of whipped cream, garnish with slices of banana and cherries, and serve immediately.



BAKED BEETS WITH BUTTER SAUCE

SHRIMP SALAD

BANANA BUNS

DISHES OF MANY LANDS

PERHAPS no State in the Union can boast of as much variety and as many surprises in its cuisine as California, says a writer in the *Epicure*. Ships from every port pass the Golden Gate, and their crews bring to many of the little restaurants new ideas in cookery. The Spanish and Mexican cuisines are most prominent, but with the great numbers of Chinese and Japanese the cooking of Oriental lands has also come to be known and adopted by Californians.

From Australia and New Zealand, from the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, from India with the new invasion of East Indians into the state, and from many another far away land have come new dishes that have found their way into California menus, and with the dash of Creole cookery and the New England dishes that are clung to by the '49ers and easterners who have migrated to this sunny clime, one has much to choose from.

If, perchance, he strays into a California restaurant and has a keen-edged appetite, as likely as not he will glory in the possibilities of a California crab, which he may elect to follow with Boston baked beans and Virginia waffles with Vermont maple syrup, then end his repast with some wonderful strange fruits from Hawaii and wash it all down with a glass of native or Mexican wine.

San Francisco was a city of restaurants before the great calamity which befell it, and wiped out the temporary existence of such famous restaurants as Zinkand's the Techau Tavern with its Hawaiian dishes, its velvet-voiced Hawaiian singers and sadly beautiful native music; Tait's mammoth underground palace, the Palace of Art with its collection of paintings, including a Rosa Bonheur, the old and new Poodle Dog—the latter one of the show places of the coast—and the Oyster Grotto, where nothing save shell fish was served, and where mammoth specimens of the California crab served four persons each.

Bohemians will recall the Italian cafe of one Coppa on Montgomery Street that had been decorated by the famous San Francisco artists, and where painters, writers and musicians met to drink Chianti and eat spaghetti, ravioli, and frittura, and admire, through their wreaths of smoke, the wonderfully clever and suggestive frescoes and mural decorations recalling Gelett Burgess and his "Goops," Jack London and other celebrities. The restaurants of the Flowery Kingdom and the Celestial Empire passed by: there was the famous Mexican restaurant of one Matia, which was unique of all dining places in the Golden West.

Passing through the Barbary Coast to the Telegraph Hill region, one found Matia's place, where the little Austrian presided proudly and served his patrons in two clean, shabby little rooms. They smelled of garlic and were decorated with colored prints imported from Spain, which showed bull fights in every stage, from portraits of handsome matadors awaiting calmly the onslaught of Taurus to the gory finish with rivers of blood.

Add to Strength

STRENGTH

TO THE STRONG:

During the Season of Festivities, appetite usually overruns reason, and some special care is needed to rid the system of the surplus.

Grape Juice

is not only a pleasant beverage, but is also helpful to the system as a body builder.

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Lemon Juice Teaspoonful
Water - Tumblerful

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Furnishing a Home on a Moderate Income

By JESSIE E. RORKE

THE HALL.

THAT the hall should be pretty and attractive is more important than we might at first suppose. To be sure, but little of our time is spent there, but it is this room that gives the first suggestion of what the house will be to all who come, and they carry that impression with them, unconsciously adding or detracting from the effect of the other rooms. The planning of a hall has its difficulties also, as it opens into many rooms and must harmonize with each, while keeping a character of its own.

MISSION WRITING TABLE.

Usually there are a few windows, and the colors should tend to the warm cheerful tones; not necessarily light shades but bright enough to avoid all suggestion of gloominess. The yellows, yellow and red browns, reds and the warmer greens may be depended upon to give this effect. Of these, red is the most difficult color to handle, for though a warm color it is inclined to absorb the light, and though very rich and brilliant, in sunshine, may be even gloomy in ordinary daylight. Both the upper and the lower halls should be treated in every way alike, and the color scheme must be considered in relation to the rooms on both floors. Papers with inconspicuous designs are the most pleasing. The fabric effects are very pretty, as are some of the strictly conventional designs in self tones, or quiet harmonious colors. If the ceiling is at all high, papers with stripes should be avoided on account of the long stretch of wall at the stairway. A narrow hall may be made to appear wider by using the same paper that is hung in the adjoining rooms. It is rarely economical to buy cheap paper as the price per roll is small compared with the price of putting it on, and a good durable paper will prove less expensive than one that must soon be replaced.

So little furniture is necessary for the hall that it is usually wise to be even

HALL SEAT

what may seem a little extravagant in the outset and have it good. It is better to have a really good mirror provided with a few hooks for hats rather than a cheap hat-rack. In selecting a hat-rack, choose straight, simple lines and good material, if possible the same wood as the woodwork of the hall itself. A little table to hold a card tray and a comfortable chair or two, complete the necessary furniture, though if the hall is large enough a couch or window-seat will make it more attractive. The hall is more exposed to dust and draught than any other room in the house and appropriateness, which is essential to beauty, demands that its furnishings shall be substantial, dainty draperies and delicate colors seeming entirely out of place. Where upholstery is used, leather is the most durable and satisfactory, but any of the plain heavy materials that are used for the purpose, would be suitable for a window-seat.

Little can be done in decorating to improve a defective stairway, though this is the most important part of the hall, either adding beauty by its strong, graceful lines, or making the whole hall appear awkward and ungainly. The stairway of the Colonial period was one of its greatest beauties, with its broad, low arch in the hall below, framing in the stairs with their wide white steps and spiral spindles with mahogany rail and panelling. The window at the top of the stairs was always particularly effective, repeating the graceful, curving lines of the arch below.

The hall window is frequently of stained glass and, if there is not a good view to exclude, this may be very beautiful, the subdued light that comes through the colored glass being quite sufficient for the purposes of the room. But all stained glass is not beautiful, and even the softening influence of the sunlight will fail to harmonize crude contrasts of brilliant colors that have no beauty in themselves, and introduce a clashing note into the harmony of the other furnishings; a plain glass with some simple and pretty

TREATMENT OF LIBRARY WINDOW

arrangement of curtains is much to be preferred. The curtains would have a substantial effect rather than that of daintiness. The plain or printed linens or Russian crash are good materials, but if more light is desired madras will be found more satisfactory than the thinner nets. If the window is low and wide, the curtains will be pretty shirred over a brass pole at the top and falling only to the sill; or they may be hung with a valence which brakes the long line between the curtains when they are drawn back. The crash and linen are both very pretty with some simple design in embroidery or a stenciled border. The valence may be used with the high, narrow windows if one desires, but it is not needed unless the cutrains are hung well apart for the sake of admitting more light. If the window in the door is plain glass, net shirred at both top and bottom makes a pretty and inexpensive curtain.

PORTIERES are frequently used in the doorways from the hall, and if different color schemes are used they must form the connecting link between the two. If browns are to be used in the hall, and greens in the drawing-

oom both colors should be found in the portieres; but if the hall were done in tan and green and the drawing-room in green and gold the portieres might be of the plain color. In our desire for costly fabrics and elaborate arrangements, we are inclined to forget that color, which is a more important consideration in a beautiful home, is almost entirely independent of expense, and its greatest beauties may be ours simply for the trouble of planning and carrying out a harmonious scheme of color. It matters little whether we prefer to use doors or portieres between our rooms, but, having decided upon the curtains it is most important that they shall introduce an added note of color that will complete the beauty and harmony of the room. Homespuns, monks cloth, velours, tapestry, and repp are all satisfactory materials for portieres, and some of the canvases, while less expensive, give very pretty and artistic effects.

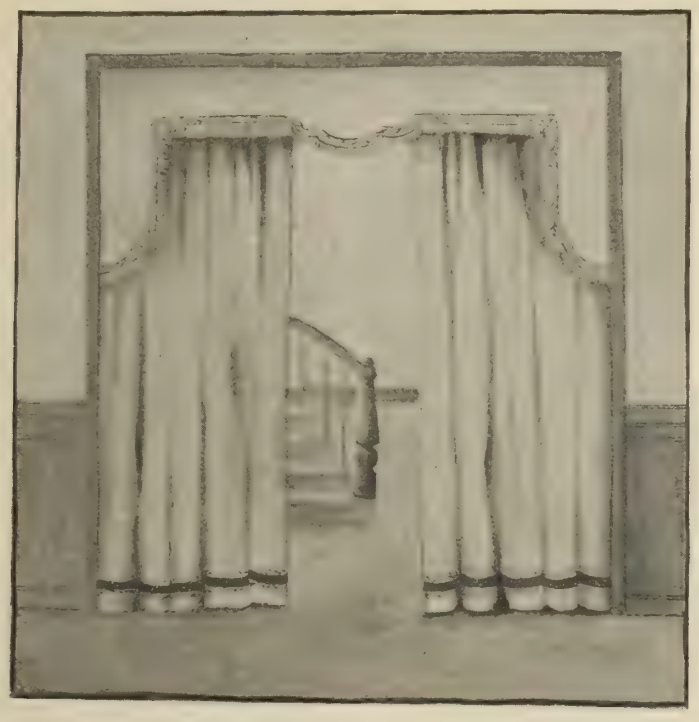
Some very pretty lanterns are to be found for the hall, and the best of these are characterized by their lack of ornament rather than by its abundance—depending for their beauty on their simple, pleasing lines, and the rich, glowing colors of the light reflected from the brass or copper from which they are made. Another type is made from bronze and leaded glass and is very quaint and pretty in design. Shades of colored glass that give an unnatural appearance to whatever the light falls upon should be avoided.

Though any good pictures may be hung in a hall, etchings and engravings seem particularly suitable and so few are needed that these are not usually too costly. Though bare walls are unhome-like, they are not so trying as those that are over-crowded and tire the eyes while dividing the interest so that it fails to centre on anything.

paper alone for the decoration of the walls; but certainly in a room where so much of our time is spent we cannot afford to do without our pictures and we turn instead to the quieter self-toned papers in simple conventional designs or fabric effects, that make a suitable background, not only for the books and pictures but for the other furnishings of the room.

The curtain materials that are offered now for sale in the same designs as the wall paper are not as satisfactory as the salesmen would lead us to suppose, as curtains in plain colors are in better taste with a figured paper; very artistic results, however, are obtained by repeating some motif from the paper in a stenciled or embroidered border. Figured materials may be used with the plain papers and give an opportunity of introducing the brighter shades of our scheme of color where the subduing influence of the play of light and shadow softens their crude effects and makes them infinitely more beautiful. It is entirely a matter of choice whether one or two sets of curtains shall be used, but if the material is opaque and heavy its hard lines will be softened by the use of sheer curtains next the glass.

The question of light is an important one in either a library or living-room, and the curtains should be so arranged that they will slip easily on the rod and may be drawn back to the full extent of the window. They should reach only to the sill unless the casement extends to the floor. There is no better artificial light for working or reading than the low reading lamp, either oil or electric, that may be moved at will, and shines over the left shoulder upon the book or work, the room itself being lighted by a low hanging lamp.



ARRANGEMENT OF PORTIERS WITH A VALANCE

THE LIBRARY AND LIVING ROOM

IN a small house, the same room must frequently answer the purpose of both library and living-room and even where this is not the case the treatment of the two is so similar that they may be easily discussed together. In these rooms beauty must be attained without any sacrifice of comfort, but the restriction which this imposes, instead of adding to the difficulties, sometimes leads us to the desired results by a surprisingly simple way, and we find ourselves wondering why the living-room is so much more attractive than the drawing-room where we have displayed our daintiest embroideries and choicest bric-a-brac.

The warm colors are to be preferred for these rooms, being both more serviceable and more cheerful than the coolor, more delicate shades. Tans, browns and dull reds and greens that incline rather to brown than grey shades, are all good colors, and the soft shades of old blue are so pretty that one is sometimes tempted to use them but only in a very bright room, and if possible, with yellow as a contrasting color. The warm weather tempts us so much out of doors, that it is better to choose furnishings that will be most attractive for the longer part of the year when we use the rooms the most.

So many exquisite papers are to be found among the years' offerings that the difficulty is in choosing among so many, rather than to find one that would be suitable. Some of the most elaborate designs are so beautiful that one is almost tempted to have them hung and depend upon the shoulder upon the book or work, the room itself being lighted by a low hanging lamp.

Strong, simple lines, good workmanship and little or no ornament should characterize the furniture for the living-room. Large comfortable chairs that look strong enough to sustain any weight, a couch that is really made for resting, on and a table large enough to be serviceable where one might work or write or read with ease will go far toward making a attractive room. To these, in the library, must be added the book cases. Those which are built in are probably the most satisfactory, but some very beautiful ones are to be found in the shops.

The cheery comfort of an open grate seems almost indispensable, and though we may be quite as warm in a room that is heated by steam or hot air, we lack the agreeable companionship of the flickering blaze of glowing coals. Either brick or tile fireplaces may be used in the living-room. The brick is almost always harmonious in color and dull soft colored tiles that harmonize with the wall tones are even more beautiful, but those with a high glaze are always to be avoided. Stone fireplaces are very attractive, but are only appropriate in large rooms that have an effect of space and strength in their appointments. They seem most suitable in rooms with dark woodwork and beamed ceilings. The same simplicity that characterizes the furniture should be found in the mantel and its ornaments. The latter need be very few. One good cast to which it would be a real pleasure to raise our eyes sometimes from work or book might be quite sufficient and give more pleasure than several ornaments of less interest. Candlesticks or decorative pieces in china or pottery are other suitable onraments for the mantel. Cut flowers or a potted plant are always beautiful, but they should be arranged with care.

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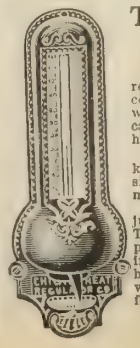

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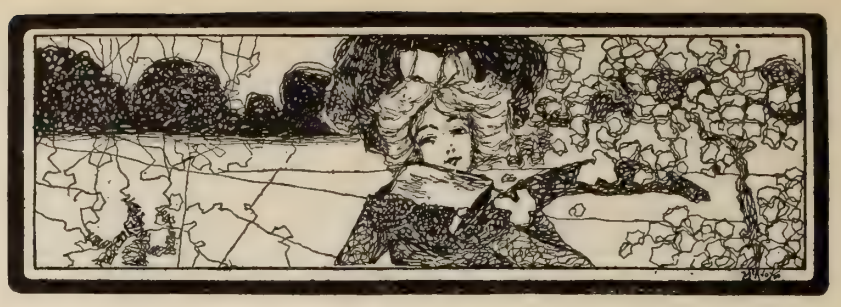


CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

Planning for a Wonderful Club Organization for 1912

Will you help us get 500 new members? Those who will send a few subscriptions ask to have a sample copy sent to a friend, especially some one in a small town.

I WANT to thank you all for the splendid success of the Club during the past year. These last two months especially have been notable ones, and you can imagine it was a joyous sight to me to see so many of our blue order blanks in the order files each day.

WHAT OUR SUCCESS PROVES

We have proved that our Canadian girls will give their hearty support to a magazine of our own country. We have proved that the boasted energy, enthusiasm, aggressiveness, willingness to take up new interests, of the girls in United States is no greater than these same qualities in our Canadian girls. We have shown that the Girls' Club can be one of the most important factors in the success of the JOURNAL.

WHAT OUR SUCCESS BRINGS

In 1912 we will have a more separate and permanent organization than we have had before. We will have a little newspaper of our own, and I hope you will all contribute your experiences to help make it interesting. We will have our own stationery and a club emblem. I want every member not only to be proud of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, but of belonging to the Club which is helping make the JOURNAL the equal of any magazine published in any country.

THE 10,000 WATCHWORD

Will you take this for your watchword? The JOURNAL has shown wonderful improvement in these past two years, and we are confident of its future success. Every Canadian woman should lend her support, and we belong to an organization that is to tell every one of them about the JOURNAL and secure 10,000 new readers in 1912.

ENTHUSIASM ALWAYS WINS

"Dear Secretary:

Will you send copies to these subscribers now. I'll have more very soon. Every one of my subscribers has liked the Journal even more than she anticipated. My enthusiasm won their orders in spite of their doubts, and now they are as enthusiastic as I am.

"People say I am such a thorough believer myself that they can scarcely refuse to give the Journal a trial. I must say I enjoy persuading people into believing as I do, and the satisfaction of every one has been a great pleasure. I only wish I had more time to work.

"Very sincerely,

"A Busy Home-maker."

"Dear Friend:

"I am sending you renewals for last year's subscribers and several new names. The subscribers have been delighted and have told all their friends, so it is not half so difficult to get orders now as last year, when only my own enthusiasm and a sample copy was all they had to depend upon.

"You are certainly treating us well in allowing the same rate on renewals as on new orders. It encourages one to build up a circle of subscribers. In a small place like this after a few years one would have all the new names she could possibly get.

"Very sincerely,

"_____"

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

We want every girl who can get us ten or more subscriptions to join the Club. You don't have to get great big lists to be a member. It isn't necessary to make a regular business of it. We want hundreds of members who will get subscriptions from their immediate friends and relatives.

You will be surprised how many attractive things you can earn with a few orders; later you may be encouraged to increase your work and rise through the ranks of those who earn $40 or $50 a year to those who earn several hundred dollars.

TO ENLARGE THE CLUB

If you think you may be able to get many or few subscriptions, write to us. If you positively cannot join, will you suggest it to some one else? Do you know of some one living in some small place where we probably have not a subscriber? I will be glad to send a marked copy calling attention to the Club.

Just think, if we can get 700 members sending fifteen or twenty subscriptions each, 200 sending fifty, 100 sending all the way up to five or six hundred, what a tremendous help it will be in building success for the JOURNAL. Doesn't that make you realize better what an organization can accomplish if each member does a little?

START WITH THE NEW YEAR

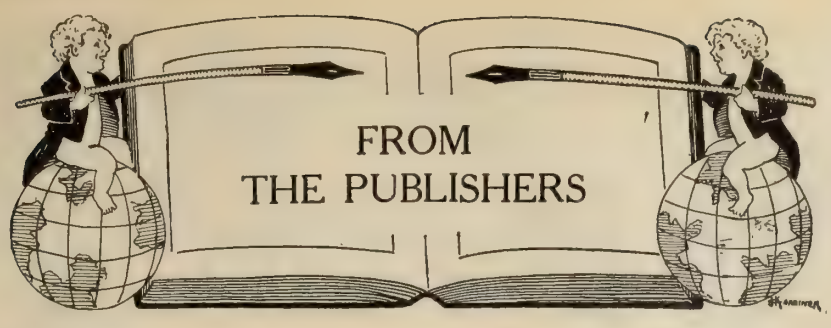
First—because these next few months are splendid subscription months. People are deciding what magazines to take, and this is the psychological time to tell them of the JOURNAL. And next—because you do not want to lose any time in starting in the race for the yearly prizes. It doesn't take such a lot of subscriptions to win a prize, because we know that a great many of our workers have not the time or opportunity to get great big lists, and we want them to have a chance.

So will you write me to tell you all about the Girls' Club? Send a post card right now while it is fresh in your mind. Remember about that old and famous robber, "procrastination," who steals time right under one's nose.

Very sincerely,

The Secretary.

Canadian Girls' Club,



THE reader who is satiated with the ordinary modern novel will find a cure for ennui in "The Gates of Hell," a story of frontier life in the United States and Canada, by Alfred Fitzpatrick. Those who are familiar with the revolting conditions which prevail on our frontier will recognize that a master hand has portrayed the scenes in this book. To those unacquainted with the frontiersman's modus vivendi the book will prove a revelation. It is a thrilling narrative, full of unique incidents, and has a charming love story running through it. The author of the book is very generously donating the proceeds to the betterment of the frontier toiler. It will be ready for the Christmas trade. Copies may be secured from the Reading Camp Association, Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, and from all booksellers.

For eleven years this association has been doing its utmost to improve the lot of our frontier toilers. The method is to send an instructor, usually a college graduate or undergraduate, to a camp, where he works with the men during the day and conducts informal educational classes in the evenings. On Sundays he holds a song service. They provide current magazines, books and usually an organ or gramaphone.

□

A DELIGHTFUL story, with two old sweethearts for hero and heroine, was "The Loves of Pelleas and Elarre," by Zona Gale, which won popular favor some years ago. There followed "Friendship Village," by the same author, in which forced cheerfulness played almost too overwhelming a part. Now, we have another contribution from this vivacious writer in "Mothers to Men," in which the chief "speaker" is Calliope Marsh, a philanthropic old maid, who appeared in "Friendship Village" also. Calliope is a vivacious creature, withal, who is too deadly sentimental for daily food. The activities of the Friendship Married Ladies Cemetery Improvement Sodality are the subjects of the various narratives which make up the volume. This kind of book invariably introduces a deserted baby or a forlorn child, who in real life would be sent to an orphan asylum, but who furnishes a whole community with material for philanthropic endeavor. In this case, the forsaken child is a small boy, whose drunken father betakes himself to life in the open, leaving his offspring to make the best of a lonely lot. The child, Christopher John Bartlett, is adopted by Mis' Eleanor Emmons and her niece, Robin Sidney, who regard him as a gift of Providence. There is a masculine philanthropist, who sets himself to playing an all-the-year-round Santa Claus to Friendship Village, and who preaches on every occasion in an improving fashion, although he seems to have no regular work to do. There is a good deal of homely philosophy in the stories of the various enterprises undertaken by the Friendship ladies, and many will find the book quite readable. There is too much of the saccharine element in most of the "workers," and one turns with some relief to Alex. Proudfit, a young man who is alleged to be selfish and worldly, but who seems to be the most sensible citizen of them all. There is also a chapter on the woman suffrage question, in which an ultra-modern young woman bears a prominent part, enlightening the village fathers after a fashion to strike awe to the masculine heart. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, of Canada.

□

MOST Canadians have heard of Father Lacombe, the missionary who went to the Blackfeet in 1849, and who has seen a great, lone land become the Golden West of transcontinental trains and vast prairie provinces, with a welcome such as no other land extends to the newcomer from crowded Europe. Miss Katherine Hughes, one of Canada's capable journalists, has written the story of the life of this "Black Robe Voyageur" with a sympathy and vivid charm which make its four hundred and fifty pages a most interesting narrative. Here will be found the record of a life of simplest and yet most heroic endeavor, among the Indians of the West, a life full of romantic and moving incident, in a country where only the strong and fit are needed. Father Lacombe is presented as an essentially human and lovable ecclesiastic, who has given of his lavish affection to the dusky "Children" among whom he ministered, and whose twilight days are gladdened by the establishment of the "Home" on which he had set his heart. This is a book to be read by all who are interested in the development of our wonderland—the West. Toronto: William Briggs.

□

"THE HEALER" is a novel by Robert Herrick, who is one of America's foremost writers of fiction. Mr. Herrick is always in earnest, and usually has an obvious purpose in his novels. "The Healer" is concerned with an unconventional and even extraordinary character, who possesses the gift of healing, as if it were a possession akin to musical or literary genius. This gift becomes obscured through the vices of "The Healer," who betakes himself to a lonely northern wood, somewhere in Canada, and leads a primitive existence among lumbermen and miners. He encounters there the daughter of a rich man, who has all youth's charm and helplessness. Their marriage is a romantic incident in "The Healer's" career, but his wife is too conventional to understand his wild longings for "unspoiled Nature," and the inevitable drifting apart begins. "The Healer" becomes a fashionable physician and eventually becomes addicted again to drug habits. He is rescued from this condition by an unattractive spinster of doubtful virtue, and turns finally to his early aims of true healing. The book is of more than ordinary interest, and is written in a style which possesses far more of clarity and terseness than that of the "popular" magazine serial writer. Yet there is a lack of unity in the narrative which leaves the reader with an impression of incoherence. Mr. Herrick's later novels have not equalled in poise and finish one of his earlier efforts. "The Common Lot." But "The Healer" deserves careful reading and is very much up-to-date in its study of the psychic aspects of disease. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

□

ANOTHER novel with a maternal title, also a Macmillan publication, is "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, a much more wholesome and refreshing story than the Zona Gale production. The young heroine, Margaret, rebels against her lot of monotony and hard work, as one of a numerous family, when along comes a "millionaire lady," who whisks Margaret away to a life of luxury and idleness, which that young person naturally enjoys. She learns to regard her mother with compassion, as a toiler without recompense, and reflects with half-contemptuous compassion on the sordid trials of such a lot. After years of travel and novelty, Margaret returns to her father's house, where, by a process of gradual enlightenment, she comes to see that her mother is leading a broader and more useful life than her friends of more pretentious aims. There is a tender little romance inwoven with Margaret's home-coming, and the story closes in the conventional fashion, with a prophecy of wedding bells. Perhaps the reader might desire a happy medium between the "Mother's" household, with the shabby furniture and unremitting toil, and the luxurious inanity of the Carr-Boldt's existence. "Mother" is a charming story, brightly told.

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PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

A woman often does not notice what a cold day it is so long as she is bustling around the house. But when she sits down to her sewing and mending, she soon feels chilly.

It is then she needs a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Its quick, glowing heat warms up a room in next to no time.

That is the beauty of a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. It is always ready for use; you can carry it wherever you please; and you light it only when you want it.

The Perfection Oil Heater is smokeless and odorless — a patented automatic device insures that. It is reliable, safe and economical — burns nine hours on one filling. Handsome, too — drums finished either in blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

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Doors and Windows tight enough to keep out winter storms—will keep down the cost of fuel.

Write for advice and plans for protecting your home. Many in your locality are using our system.

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HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at **12 cents each.** Send cash to **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada
Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. **PAPER PATTERNS TWELVE CENTS EACH POST PAID.**

Fashionable Winter Costumes

STREET costumes are unusually attractive this season, and more varied than common. Tailored suits are shown both with regulation coats and with more fancy ones in Empire style, and little girls are wearing coats both of full and three-quarter length, finished with collars of different sorts. The three costumes illustrated are typical and all are smart.

The suit to the extreme left shows one of the favorite herring-bone suitings with collar of velvet. The coat can be made in length illustrated or to wrist length, as preferred. The skirt is six-gored. It can be made with two panels at the front and two at the back, or with one at the front and one at the back, or with panel at the back only, and these panels can be made round or square at their lower edges. Also the skirt can be finished at the high or natural waist line, and the collar of the coat can be made pointed or round at the back. For the medium size the coat will require 4½ yards of material 27, 2⅜ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ½ yard of velvet for the collar; for the skirt will be needed 6¾ yards 27, 5⅛ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is 2¼ yards. The pattern of the coat, 7176, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7166, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The second costume shows a skirt of quite different cut from the preceding one, but one that is equally smart. It is made in three pieces finished at the lower edge with a tuck, and beneath this tuck is attached a straight band, while this band is opened at the sides over wedge-shaped panels. The coat is very smart in Empire style. It can be made with three-quarter or long sleeves, and with collar that can be pointed or round at the back. In this case broadcloth is combined with striped suiting, and such combinations are much in vogue, but the suit is equally well adapted to one fabric throughout, or to other combinations that may be preferred. For the medium size the coat will require 4⅜ yards of material 27, 2½ yards 44, 2⅛ yards 52 inches wide, with ¾ yard 44 for collar and cuffs; for the skirt will be required 6¼ yards 27, 3¼ yards 36 or 44, with ½ yard of any width for the panels, the width at the lower edge is 2¼ yards. The pattern of the coat, 7185, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7182, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The little girl's coat is one of the prettiest possible. In this case it is made from one of the new checked suitings, and the collar and cuffs are of broadcloth, trimmed with velvet. The sailor collar is fashionable, and in every way desirable and it can be made from any preferred material, but many mothers like coats that are buttoned well up to the neck, and this coat can be finished as shown in the small view if better liked. Also it can be cut off to three-quarter length, although the coat that completely covers the gown is apt to be the preferred one for cold weather. For the 10-year size will be required 4 yards of material 27, 2½ yards 44, 2 yards 52 inches wide, with ⅝ yard of broadcloth and ⅜ yard of velvet for the collar. The pattern, 7180, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

No. 7176 No. 7166 No. 7185 No. 7182 No. 7180

New Evening Gowns

EVENING gowns for the winter season are always most interesting, and this year the exhibit of models is so varied, and in many instances so unusual that even those individuals who rail against society and the present inordinate love of dress are forced to bestow admiration, unwilling though it be, upon the latest example of the designer's art.

Oddly enough, there is more change in the evening gowns this season than in any others, and while it will be possible to remodel some of last year's designs, the latest styles are most distinctive, and in marked contrast to last winter. Some of the more eccentric styles of last season are again to be used this year, with only a slight modification, or, it might be said, exaggeration, of those of last winter. The one-sided effect is, for instance, in favor again; one side of waist and skirt of one material, such as lace or net, and the other of satin, taffeta or velvet. The design is often worked out in one material, but two colors. This is most effective, albeit somewhat too striking to suit conservative taste. Draperies of silk or satin or velvet in long double skirt or shawl effects, sleeveless coats and bands or folds are one and all most fashionable when two materials or two colors are combined. A most charming color scheme can be worked out in this fashion in net or lace and taffeta in white, for the different materials take on different shades, and yet all blend. This is most marked when the lining is of satin, for then the lustre of the satin gives almost another color in white.

There is no one color that is obligatory this winter for evening gowns, and both light and dark materials are in fashion. There are more vivid colorings than ever, and some wonderful shades of rose pink, empire green, royal purple and blue in satin, velvet and soft-finished taffeta, and there are trimmings woven expressly for these colors and fabrics that in themselves are beautiful and which seem to deepen the colors and accentuate them in some marvelous way. The iridescent of facts, the rhinestones, pearl beads, jet, steel, silver and gold woven into or embroidered in the fine net are or appear more brilliant than ever, and often two or three will be most cleverly combined.

There are few absolutely simple evening gowns, so far to be exhibited. Almost all are made with draperies or have double skirts, and while the embroidered and jeweled tunics are smarter than ever they are worn over skirts so fashioned that the double skirt effect is well defined, and the tunic can be either draped or left to fall in straight lines.

Draping is a marked feature in all evening gowns this winter, but it may only be seen in the draping of the long sash at the side or back, the idea apparently being to break the straight line. At the same time straight lines are not out of fashion, and the slender lines are just as obligatory as they were, only the draping is the latest fashion, and must be recognized accordingly.

Broadcloth with Velvet

BROADCLOTH combined with velvet makes many of the smartest costumes of the mid-winter. Here are two that are admirable from every point of view.

The young girl's dress is made from cloth in the favorite coral shade combined with velvet that is a little darker and with white lace and embroidered net for the yoke. The combination of materials, as well as the style of the gown, is smart in the extreme, but the model is of the available sort and can be utilized for many fabrics and for many occasions. With the blouse made as shown in the back view, the sleeves matching the main portions, it becomes much simpler in effect and can be utilized for cashmere, French serge or any similar material. Made after the manner illustrated it is excellent for broadcloth, velvet, velveteen and all fabrics of the kind. The blouse is cut in two sections that are overlapped at front and back and arranged over a chemisette. The sleeves are sewed to the big armholes, the main portions of the blouse being lapped and hooked into place invisibly. The skirt is cut with a two-piece upper and two-piece lower portion, but the lower portion is lapped on to panels. It can be finished with high or natural waist line. The blouse pattern is No. 7242, the skirt No. 7232.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require 1¾ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 2 yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide, and ⅜ yard of embroidered net; for the skirt will be needed 3 yards 27, 2½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of velvet for the panels and piping. The width at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The gown shown on the figure to the right combines one of the newest skirts and blouses. The skirt is simply circular. In this instance it is faced with velvet below the first row of fringe, but such treatment is entirely optional, for it can be left plain if preferred; in place of the fringe can be used any other trimming or the lines of the pattern can be disregarded and the skirt left a plain circular one if a simpler gown is wanted. The blouse is cut in two pieces only, seamed at the back, but the separate sleeves are stitched to big armholes. The collar can be made just as illustrated or shorter, terminating below the bust line, with square ends. In this case the neck is slightly open but the blouse can be made with chemisette and under-sleeves, if liked. The model is an excellent one for many materials. Broadcloth suits it to a nicety, but it also is good for velvet and for velveteen, and for simpler materials, as cashmere, henrietta cloth and the like.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3¾ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide, and 3 yards of fringe, 1¼ yards of lace for the sleeve frills, for the chemisette and under-sleeves that can be used when liked will be needed 1⅜ yards 18 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 4 yards 27, 3⅝ yards 36, 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of velvet and 10 yards of fringe. The width at the lower edge is 2⅜ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7223, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 bust; of the skirt, No. 7253, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

In Fashion's Realm

OF materials much has already been said. Among the handsome stuffs superb brocades and velvets multiply. A very large number of the most beautiful brocades have gold in combination with color, the gold more or less in evidence according to the design. Sometimes one is but conscious of a gleaming thread here and there or of a general shimmer of the background upon which the design is woven. Sometimes the gold is more boldly handled. There are wonderful chiffons and mousselines in color over whose surface run graceful designs entirely in gold. These in vivid color are stunning under shadowy veiling or plain diaphanous material, but the French designers do not hesitate to use even the most gorgeous of the brocades unveiled and in combination with plain monotone material or lace.

The velvets used for evening coats may be described as regal, and it seems rank heresy to say that results obtained with them are not always so good as those developed in simpler materials. The fact remains, however, and it is equally true in relation to frocks. An artist hand is necessary for the successful manipulation of brocades and embossed velvets, and even the artists have often achieved results about which there may be criticism. Much is done in velvet embossed mousselines and chiffons and these are much more easily handled than the velvets.

The Oriental colorings and many motifs are emphasized by a number of the French houses. There are wonderful trimmings in dull metal and rich Oriental colorings and many beautiful brocades and figured materials have a distinctly Oriental character.

Wool embroideries, which were launched in the summer, have assumed the proportion of a craze, and are in imminent danger of being overdone, though they are undeniably effective and interesting when artistically designed and used. In millinery one finds whose meshes gleamed green satin. The tiny brim was of mole fur, and there was for other trimming merely an Oriental looking ornament and tassels of wool embroidery in many colors. This is extreme, but it gives an idea of the length to which the fad goes.

Chiffon costume blouses embroidered in Oriental design and coloring with wool yarn are to be seen everywhere, having taken among the ready to wear jumper blouses the place occupied by bead embroidered chiffon last season. Where the wool embroidery is cleverly done these chiffon blouses have considerable smartness, but they are appearing in cheap and tawdry form and that threatens their life.

Blouse Pattern No. 7242
Skirt Pattern No. 7232

Blouse Pattern No. 7223
Skirt Pattern No. 7253

crocheted wool flowers and garlands, coarse and fine, large and small, used upon felt, velvet, fur, any and every material. There are cockades and rosettes, made of soft, heavy wool yarn, and crocheted hat bands of similar wool yarn, tassels of yarn, ornaments of cloth or velvet on fur boldly embroidered in yarn. A little toque had its entire round crown covered by an open crochet of green wool yarn through

The Old Sewing Room

IT may surprise most women to learn that it is not conducive to good health to sit in a rocking chair while sewing if the material has to be kept in one's lap. A rocking chair throws the body out of balance by pitching it backwards at an unnatural angle. In it the muscles of the front of the body —the muscles of the chest and diaphragm—are contracted, the chest is made hollow, the ribs are pulled down, and the back is rounded.

A chair with a straight back should be used, and the body should be held in the same erect position that the cutting table requires—chin and abdomen in, back straight, chest out. Of course it is necessary when sewing on the lap to bend forward, but the bending should be done from the hips—the back should not be rounded. Sewing at the machine properly conducted is an admirable exercise. Be sure to sit erect, bending only at the hips, and you will find the rapid pedaling will be beneficial as a healthful exercise.

Correct sewing is really governed by a few simple rules, which, if followed out, make the plying of the needle and thread an exercise which deepens the chest, improves the carriage, strengthens the back and shoulders, clears the complexion and brightens the eyes.

In the first place the sewing room should be well ventilated. The air in it should be as fresh and pure as the air out of doors. Three operations go on in the sewing room, viz., cutting, the seamstress standing at the table; stitching, seated at a machine; sewing, with the material in the lap. In cutting the manner in which the seamstress bends over the table is everything.

The following exercise taken two or three times a day is a wonderful help toward correct bending at the work table, that is, bending without constricting the chest or abdomen. Stand perfectly erect with the heels together, the chin and abdomen in, the chest out, the back straight. Slowly filling the lungs with air, raise the arms, held stiff, from the sides outward, until the hands meet over the head, and at the time the hands meet the lungs should be filled to their fullest extent with air. Slowly exhaling the air, lower the arms to the sides again. Repeat this movement twenty times.

There is a right way and a wrong way to sew, and she who pursues the right way arises from her sewing after a day's work greatly benefited. She may be weary, but her weariness is that derived from healthful work, like the weariness which follows a game of tennis, for instance, but the woman who habitually takes the wrong position runs a great risk of developing indigestion, to say the least, if not more serious lung trouble.

Smart Models for Mid-Winter

THE present is essentially a season of the entire gown, and models of this kind are worn both within doors and upon the street beneath long coats. The designs are extremely smart and the models adapted to many materials.

The skirt that gives a tunic effect is one of the very newest and best liked. This one is eminently simple while it provides the most graceful possible lines. It is fitted at the back with little tucks that are new and pretty. The blouse suits it to a nicety. It is made over a lining; it includes the new sleeves that are stitched to the armholes on the long shoulder line and it is finished with the pointed revers that make one of the very latest finishes. In the illustration a novelty silk and wool material is combined with velvet and with lace. The blouse is made over a fitted lining in which the undersleeves are inserted. There are frills arranged over the front and again over the sleeves that are to be seen between the revers, and the closing is made invisibly at the back. The upper portion of the skirt is made in three pieces and the foundation in two. It can be cut either to the high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 1⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of velvet, 1 yard of lace 5 inches wide and 2⅝ yards 2½ inches wide, and 1¼ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide; for the upper portion of the skirt will be needed 3½ yards 27 or 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, and for the foundation 1½ yards of any width.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7268, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7269, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The gown to the right is made of fine French serge and trimmed with braid ornaments and worn with a lace collar. The blouse is closed at the front and the back portions are lapped on to the front in a distinctly novel manner. It includes kimono sleeves, but of the new sort that are separate from the blouse. There is a fitted lining and the sleeves are attached to it while the blouse is finished and arranged over both. The skirt is made with an upper portion that is cut in four gores, the back gores being extended to full length and with a two-piece lower portion. This lower portion is overlapped for several inches at the front and provides comfortable freedom for walking. The finish can be made either at the high or natural waist line. The blouse is made with three-quarter sleeves, but it can

The Famous Rayo Lamp

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Beware of wall finishes that cannot be removed by washing; they are neither practical or sanitary. Will eventually peel off, leaving your walls in ruined condition.

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Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

be made with long sleeves if preferred, and if a simpler finish is wanted the collar can be of the material or silk, or in place of the round collar can be used a regulation stock collar.

For the medium size the blouse will require a 3⅝ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of lace for the frill and 1 lace collar or ⅜ yard of lace 18 inches wide, and 1½ yards of edging; for the skirt will be needed 4¼ yards 27 or 36, 3¼ yards 44 inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7265, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 7261, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

Fringe Trimmings

FRINGE, as I have repeated again and again, says Miss Belgravia, in *Ready-to-Wear*, is a very fashionable feature. Coats are trimmed with fringe, and even fur and fancy stoles and muffs. The latest hand bags are hung with fringe. It is not to be recommended for a hard wear trimming, as it is apt to get tangled and untidy, but the fact must be recorded.

Lace is a craze, and all kinds are worn. Berthas and collars which have been put away for years are being looked over, and, in some cases, cut up to trim gowns and coats. The old macrame lace which used to be used for trimming furniture, and a few years ago was put on garments, is again to the fore for clothes, combined with eyelet embroidery. It is worth noting, for its effectiveness and the charm of novelty combined will make it a good feature for summer coats and even blouses, when combined with something else. Veiled with chiffon, this coarse lace would make a stunning blouse. For blouses, silk crepons are very good and come in lovely shades to match coats and skirts.

One-Sided Trimming

IN accordance with the general tendency of fashion to trim to one side of the garment, one-sided effects appear in increased numbers among the new blouses. The productions bearing out this idea show further uses and different arrangements of the side frill and side rever. Pleatings and ruchings are used to quite an extent, as trimming on the new lines. Fichu effects are still with us and continue for spring.

Belted and peplum styles will in all probability figure to no uncertain extent during the spring season. During the past summer many peplums were to be seen in New York and Paris, and manufacturers in the former place will take up the idea with new vigor for spring, and its influence will bear upon the Canadian trade. The arrival of this style will add a desirable novelty to the range.

Waist Pattern No. 7268
Skirt Pattern No. 7269

Waist Pattern No. 7265
Skirt Pattern No. 7261

For Evening Functions

THE models designed for evening wear are exceptionally graceful this season. A great many tunics are being worn and also a great many draped skirts. In the illustration is shown a young girl's frock made with a simple skirt and straight tunic, and a

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Get Your Copy

See list to your right.

It offers many suggestions.

We want just plain, ordinary, everyday recipes—economical recipes.

Your reward will be a copy of this book just as soon as it is off the press, a souvenir of the **combined** efforts of the very best Canadian housewives.

The lists will close on **January 15th, 1912,** and all recipes should be in our hands on or before that date.

The name of each contributor will appear after each recipe submitted in the cook-book.

Please write on only **one** side of the paper. Do not fail to sign your name. Give full address: No. and name of street, city and province.

Don't delay—remember the edition is **limited** and we expect a big demand—get YOUR name in early.

Write out your contribution NOW—mail **to-day.**

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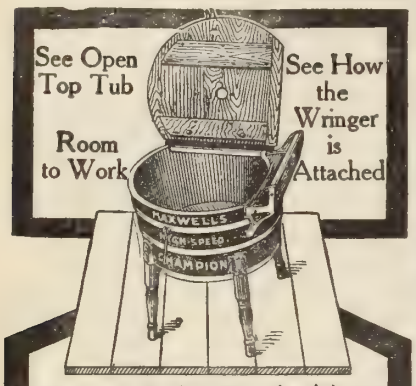

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gown for a more mature woman with train and draped skirt.

The girl's dress in this instance is made of lace flouncing over satin. The tunic consists of only two straight pieces. The blouse is made in peasant style and the fichu is arranged over it. Any pretty soft material could be used quite as well as the lace. Satin over satin is extremely fashionable and the frock could be made of that material in two colors, as coral over white, with perfect success. Again the model can be utilized for day-time occasions by adding the yoke and under-sleeves. The skirt is a simple one, cut in three pieces.

For the 16-year size the tunic blouse will require 4 yards of lace flouncing 30 inches wide, with ¼ yard of chiffon for the frills to make as shown in the front view, 5½ yards of plain material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 with 2 yards of fringe and ⅞ yards of all-over lace to make as shown in the back view; for the skirt will be needed 3½ yards 27, 2⅜ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of the blouse with tunic, No. 7247, and of the skirt, No. 7149, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and are well adapted to small women.

The costume to the right combines brocaded silk with velvet and is trimmed with fur and with beaded banding. Both materials and style are in the height of fashion, but at the same time the model can be utilized in many ways. Chiffon velvet is much liked for evening gowns this season. Satin is essentially smart, crêpe météore is being much worn, and the gown suits all these materials as well as it does the brocade. For the trimming can be used any preferred banding, or the skirt can be finished with a little edging of iridescent nail heads or any similar edge, in place of the fur, while the bodice could be finished with bead banding or embroidered with beads applied over a simple design. As shown in the back view the blouse is made with high neck and under-sleeves and becomes suited to quite different use. Treated in this way it can be combined with any preferred skirt.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3¼ yards of material 21, 2¼ yards 27, 1⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of velvet and ¾ yard of banding; for the skirt will be needed 8⅝ yards 27, 6¾ yards 36, 5½ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard of velvet, and to trim the entire gown 5½ yards of fur banding.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7255, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 72B, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

Blouse Pattern No. 7247
Skirt Pattern No. 7149

Blouse Pattern No. 7255
Skirt Pattern No. 72B

Much jade now comes from New Zealand, where many superstitions attach to it. Grotesque figures of jade, having glaring red eyes, are worn on the breasts of warriors in North Island, and hatchets, sabres, and daggers of jade are owned by every Eastern soldier of rank.

Velvet Suits

THIS is to be a great velvet season, the finely striped velvets being very much liked for tailoring as are the very heavily ribbed velvets and velours on the order of corduroy. Paquin has turned out a likeable coat and skirt costume in a rather dark grey velvet of the corduroy type, but with cord still heavier than that of corduroy. There seems to be a little black woven

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Have you ever thought why your hair is falling out? It is because you are starving your hair. If this starvation continues, it will continue to fall.

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HAIR REJUVENATOR restores gray and faded hair (medium brown to black) to former color in ten days. Not greasy or sticky, contains nothing harmful, clear as water. For hair less than half gray, $1.00 express paid. Sample on request.
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14

in with the grey, for one gets a slight impression of shot effect in some lights.

The short loose coat crosses from right to left and fastens from throat to bottom, a straight collar of skunk being attached to the coat, encircling the neck closely, and falling in short ends over the shoulder. The sleeves are bordered with bands of skunk of the same width as collar, and there is no other trimming except big fastenings formed of cord made from the velvet. The coat is lined with a beautiful white crepe meteor brocaded in black velvet, which shows when the fronts are thrown open.

Set of Velvet and Fur

A GREAT many fancy sets of collarettes, muffs and hats are being worn this season and, indeed, a great many scarfs and muffs with hats of different material. Velvet with trimming of fur is especially fashionable, but there are many materials used. Satin is liked for some occasions, for evening wear brocaded silk is used, and in some instances are to be seen such materials as Oriental embroideries with bands of fur. This scarf and muff suit such treatment especially well. They are absolutely simple and easy to make. At the same time the model can be utilized for fur skins and for fur cloth, if liked. In fact, fur cloth is exceptionally handsome this season and makes up most attractively. The collarette is made with front and back portions that are joined at the back and over the arms and it fits comfortably and smartly about the neck. The muff is made in one piece and is designed to be lined and interlined. It is soft and flat, in conformity with the latest style.

To make the scarf and muff will be required 2 yards of material 21, 1¾

Collarette and Muff, No. 7241

yards 52 inches wide with 6 yards of fur banding and 4 tails to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 7241, is cut in one size only.

When a Girl Travels

THE girl who made the gift is one who has little money to spend and whose friends are among a wealthy set, who have everything that money can give. But the girl in question has exquisite taste and deft fingers, and she works out ideas and makes her presents eagerly received.

For a friend who is going to Europe the clever one has just finished a set of bags and wrappers for dresses which are both pretty and practical.

The material is heavy rose pink linen and each piece in the set is embroidered with the girl's initials elaborately done in cipher.

There are eight bags in the set, their size being six inches by fourteen long. The narrow part is the top, and the cipher is placed in the middle, just below the edge. There are two ribbons at the top for tying the bag together and all are intended for shoes. One is lined with oilskin and intended for a damp pair of shoes should one be so unfortunate as to be obliged to pack them in that state.

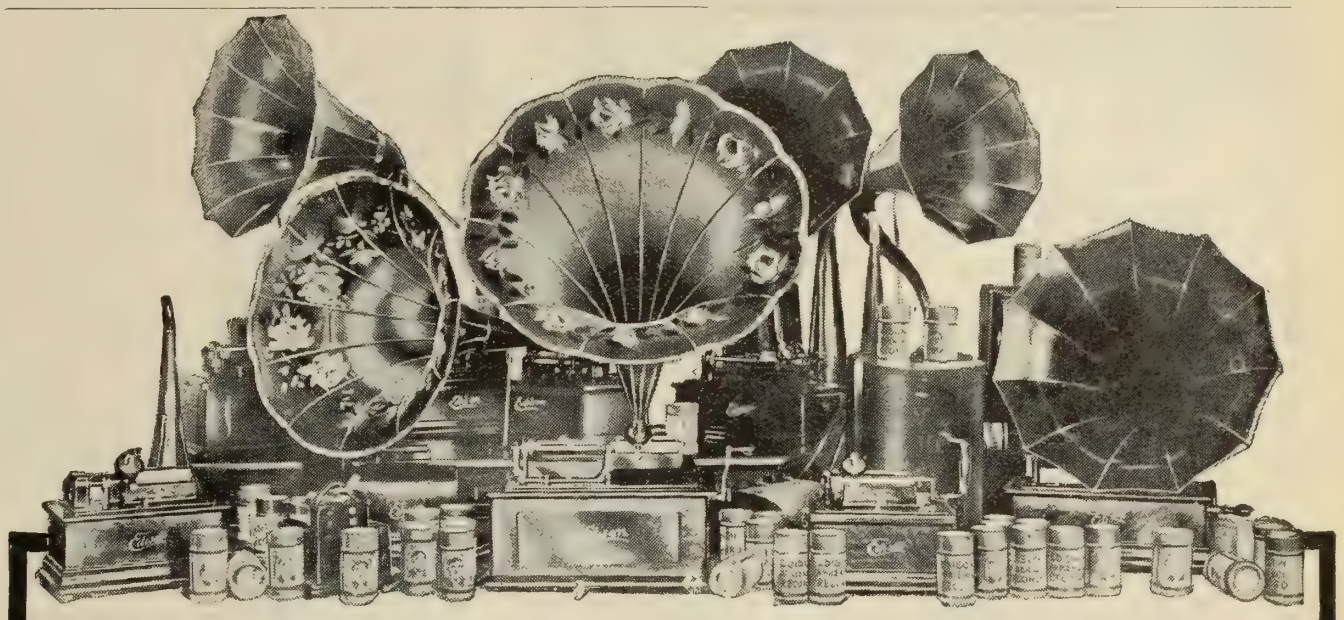
The wrappers are squares of linen the width of the material. The edges are turned for a hem and feather stitched with white embroidery silk instead of being bound. In the very centre a large cipher is done. Dresses folded smoothly and snugly, placed in the centre of one of these squares, the linen lining then tightly pinned along the edges and ends, will keep their freshness for many days and take far less room than when in boxes.

Modern Millinery

ALTHOUGH far less garnish in the way of feathers and flowers is put on the head this winter, yet that part of the anatomy is receiving fully as much, if not more, attention than ever. Coiffeurs declare that hair is the best decoration for the head, and they are keeping themselves busy with pretty wigs, curls, fringes and plaits to transform things. The modish head must be quite round until it reaches the back, where there is a small shower of curls. The big erection that has been built on the head to make it assume large proportions is seen no more. The search now is for the head that is most mignon and dainty—without being too small.

The Fur Redingote

THE fur redingote is one of the characteristics of this year. It is made of seal or tailless ermine, and it is as supple and light as velvet. Such redingotes are worn over handsome cloth, velvet or satin gowns. Some of the trimmings lavished on these long fur garments are very beautiful, with bright colors and motives outlined with gold or solid with gold. Some of the shawl collars cross so low at the front that they come well to the knees; and one side is often round while the other is square. It is amusing to see the efforts which furriers make, under the limitations of a law that compels a spade to be called a spade, or, in fact, that makes him call skunk "skunk," and rat "rat," to salve the feelings of the women who buy the skins of these humble little brothers. Rat skin is as a fact employed, but the furrier says it is not the common house rodent which lives from the garbage pail, but the sleek little prairie rat, which feeds on nectar. After all, what is chinchilla but a simple South American rat, which, being far fetched, has acquired caste as he has traveled northward. Two of the handsomest combination fur coats seen this year had Hudson seal as one of the conspicuous parts. One was of moleskin, the skins put together to make a sort of watered effect, and the seal outlined the long shawl collar, made the cuffs and the shaped band which went around the skirt and up one side the front of the coat. The buttons were covered with seal trimmed with heavy silk cord. The other coat was of Hudson seal with the big square sailor collar of the same fur, and the shawl fronts of the collar of ermine. These shawl fronts were very wide and long, crossing at the waist line, but one side extending far below and ending in a loop which fastened over one big seal-covered button. The deep cuffs were also of the ermine. The muff was of the ermine with seal ends.



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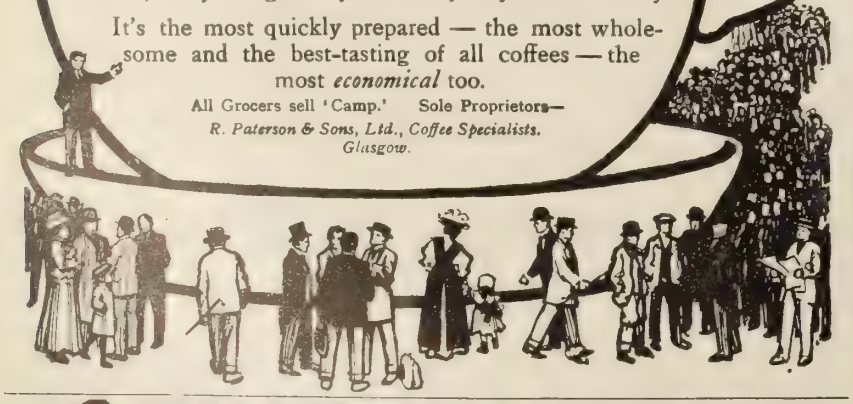

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Following our own scientific methods, the Institute treats the CAUSE of stammering —not the habit itself. It teaches the patient why he stammered, and once he understands that, it is comparatively easy for him to learn, in from five to eight weeks, how to speak fluently and naturally, without any of the objectionable mannerisms commonly taught. As he knows **why** he is speaking correctly, the cure is permanent.

If you know anyone who stammers or stutters, in kindness to them advise them to consult the ARNOTT INSTITUTE.

BERLIN, ONTARIO, CAN. 7

NOW come the happy days of bargains in model gowns and suits. Velvet and cloth suits, motor and walking coats and charming afternoon and evening gowns are among the attractive "reduced" features in the large shops. Velvet is the most imposing fabric for winter wear, and, when worn with furs, is the ideal costume for the days when snow is on the ground. Violet and crimson are the most imperial colors in this effective material, and, when worn with ermine, make a fit setting for any feminine loveliness.

The laces for this season are extremely rich in effect and give one an impression of Oriental magnificence. Gold is seen everywhere, on fringes, braids, collars and lace. The metallic "idea" has certainly taken possession of the world of adornment, and laces, with copper, bronze, ruby, emerald or turquoise touches are the most popular and effective trimming. Royal blue still holds its own as a popular color, and is veritably fit for a queen, when combined with gold lace or filmy net with gleaming spangles. Perhaps, we owe all this iridescence and radiance to the Durbar, but we are assuredly reminded at the trimmings counter of the poet's lines on the gorgeous East with its "barbaric pearl and gold."

The sales before Christmas made attractive display of silk hosiery. Even the woman who regards economy as a cardinal virtue is likely to weaken when she surveys a counter filled with silken hose in the most alluring "evening" shades. Nor are the prices such as need alarm the thrifty. A pair of good silk stockings, with lisle tops and soles may be bought for seventy-five cents, while the more expensive styles and weaves run as high as five dollars. However, we are more fortunate than the ladies who lived in the days of King George the Third, for a modern story of those picturesque days informs us that for a gala occasion in Bath, the fashionable dames paid as much as twenty guineas for a pair of green silk stockings embroidered in butterflies.

LEATHER goods, especially in the smaller articles for wear or toilet use, may be bought at very reasonable prices at this time of the year, and the wise purchaser may find in the shops after Christmas many a tempting bargain in collar bag, pocket-book or shopping bag. This is truly the day for bags, which may be seen in all sizes and fabrics, from tapestry to satin. The suede bag is a favorite with many women, and very dainty bags of this material, in brown, grey, green and tan may be bought just at this time for three or four dollars. An objection made by some is that these bags soil very soon; but a sponging with gasoline very soon remedies this condition, and gives you a bag which is practically new.

In these long winter evenings, there is nothing more comfortable for the "father of the family" than a good, warm house coat or dressing gown, and the most cheerful and substantial styles are shown as the winter days grow colder in grey, red, olive and brown. In fact, the very sight of them is enough to make a man forswear the club, the lodge or any other masculine gathering, in favor of the comfort which awaits him at his "ain fireside." Then there are neckties of dainty coloring—but she is a brave woman who buys a necktie for a man relative.

AMONG articles of wearing apparel which attract women shoppers at this season, none are more irresistible than furs. And such a showing as there is this year in muffs, stoles, four-in-hands and shawl-like arrangements resembling the old-fashioned pelerine! January sees many of the best articles, which will no doubt remain in fashion for more than one season, reduced in price and quite within reach of the woman who cannot afford mink or astrachan. Some of the cheaper furs, such as chinchilla and fox, are as pretty and cosy as anyone need desire. A "trip" to the fur department is well worth your while.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

A wise person knows when to use Abbey's salt.

Don't you think it time to get a bottle?

25c and 60c.

Sold everywhere.

82

TO submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

127

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ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 310

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

VAPO CRESOLENE CO.
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The best stove polish on the market—and the biggest can for the money. "Black Knight" is a paste—no mixing—no trouble—no dirt. Convenient, economical—shines quick as a wink—and the shine stays on. Just as good for pipes, grates and ironwork as for stoves.

If your dealer does not carry "Black Knight" Stove Polish, send us his name and 10c. and we will send a full size tin by return mail.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish. 33

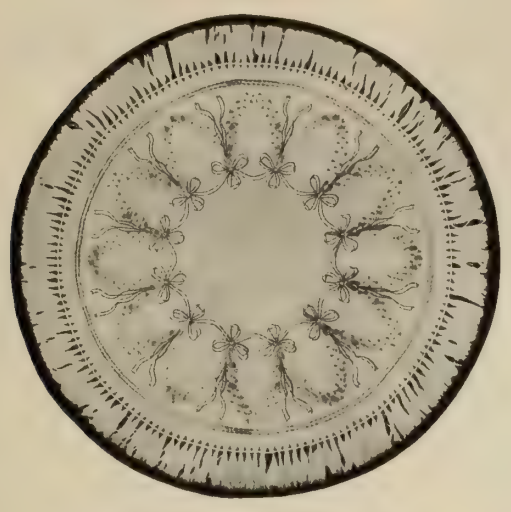
Winter Term

In the Central Business College of Toronto begins January 2nd. Commercial, Shorthand, Telegraphy or Civil Service Courses —26 teachers—151 typewriting machines—multigraphs, roller copiers and filing cabinets—Everything to thoroughly equip our graduates. Write today for catalogue.

W. H. SHAW, PRESIDENT,
Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

ARTISTIC EMBROIDERIES

SOME of the newest ideas in artistic embroideries are illustrated on this page, and we are sure our readers will be interested in the variety shown. It is of course impossible to convey the beauty of the articles from which these illustrations have been made, as the artistic colorings are, of course, lost in the reproduction, but we think with the description of the method of working and the shades of embroidery silk used our readers will have



No. 5886—27-Inch Millefleur, 55 cents

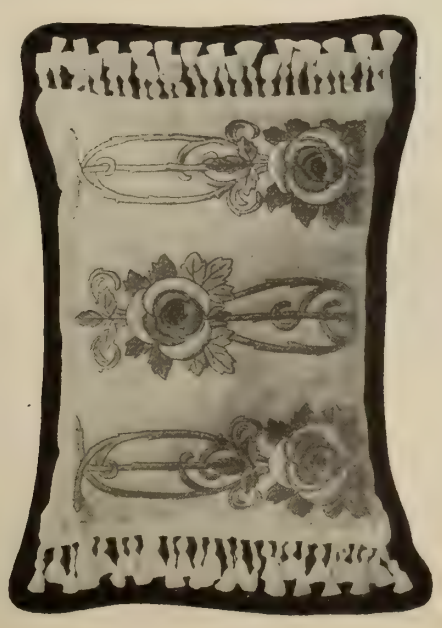
no difficulty in reproducing any of the designs illustrated.

The Millefleur centrepiece and cushion is a very graceful arrangement of this popular style of embroidery, which was described in our columns before, but we will repeat this to avoid any possible misunderstanding. Two strands of Royal Floss are threaded together in a needle, and the petals are made by one long straight stitch which fully covers the stamped line. A better result is obtained if each stitch is taken from the centre of the flower outwards instead of carrying the thread from the outer edge to the next petal, this method of working rounds the petal distinctly. The centre of the daisy forms are composed of a large French knot made by using two strands of silk threaded together, one gold and one black. The bow knots on this design are worked in solid padded satin stitch, a pale shade of green is used, and a black outline around the outer edges brings out the bow knots effectively.

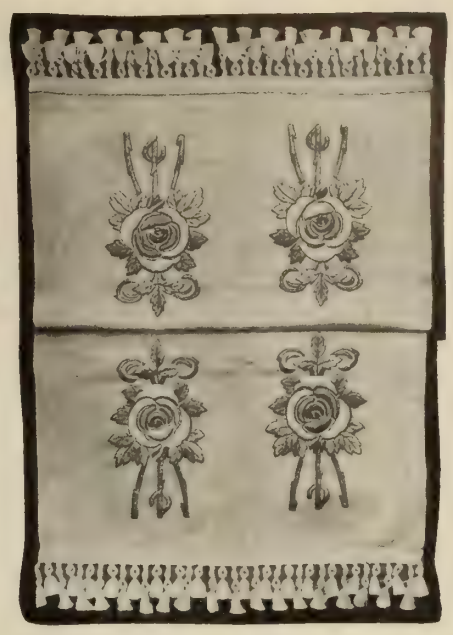
No. 6550—Cushion, 50 cents

The festoons of daisies are worked in shades of pink with small leaf forms worked in greens; these are worked in the same straight stitch as used for the daisy petals. Any preferred colorings may be used for this centrepiece and cushion, blues and tans, greens and browns are all effective. These designs are stamped on a special cream-colored linen.

A very handsome cushion and scarf suitable for a library or living room, are shown as Nos. 8055 and 8088. These designs are stamped on green burlap, and the roses which form a portion of the design in solid padded satin stitch, every portion of which



No. 42—Cushion, 60 cents



No. 64—Scarf, $1.50

is outlined with black. The pale greens are used for sign are stamped on velvet appliques which come already fastened into place. The designs illustrated are embroidered in dull olives and pale greens, the most effective combination. The design is worked the roses, and the olives for the scrolls and leaves.

No. 8055—Green Burlap Velvet Applique, $1.25

Fringe dyed to match completes the scarf, and the cushion is already eyeleted for lacing.

Another beautiful cushion and scarf is shown, designs 42 and 64. These are tinted on heavy tan linen with handsome design of Dutch roses, leaves and scroll work. This design is solidly embroidered in beautiful shades of pink and greens. Every portion of the design is afterwards outlined with

No. 8088—Green Burlap Velvet Applique, $1.50

black; this method brings out beautifully the coloring. Heavy Russian fringe completes these. These scarfs and cushions are very fashionable at present, as they are admirably adapted to the mission style of furnishing.

Any further information regarding the working up of these designs will be furnished upon request.

Silks may be supplied to embroider any of these designs at 55 cents per dozen, also fringes suitable to finish these designs may be had. Samples and prices furnished on request.

If readers cannot obtain these articles from their dealers, write the Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Linen Department, Montreal, for further information.

IF YOU WILL SEND US

— 35 CENTS —

we will send you

8 SKEINS OF EMBROIDERY SILK

which is sufficient to finish a

15 INCH CENTRE PIECE

which is stamped for

"THE NEW HEATHER EMBROIDERY"

This is the very latest embroidery which will be fashionable for 1912.

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sufficient lace to edge this Centre Piece, and the diagram enclosed will furnish full instructions for this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

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Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

The Annual Convention

SUCCESS appears to be the happy lot of the Women's Institutes, and especially is their good fortune manifest on the occasion of an annual convention. It was feared when the place of meeting was changed from Guelph to Toronto last year that the interest of the delegates might relax, as the Royal City had for so long been associated with large and enthusiastic gatherings. But 1910 saw goodly crowds of Institute delegates in Toronto, and this year has seen the most enthusiastic meetings ever held—a circumstance which must be most comforting to the superintendent, Mr. G. A. Putnam. The Guild Hall was the scene of meeting for morning and afternoon sessions on November 15th and 16th, and the University Convocation Hall held the audiences at the evening meetings.

The song "O Canada" appears to be firmly established in the affection of the Institutes, and formed the opening number on the programme. Mr. Putnam presided at the session the first morning, when the business methods in the Institute were dealt with. He gave a long report of the work that had been done by the Institute in the past year, and outlined a programme for the future. Three thousand members have been added, and now there were in all 654 branches and 19,091 members, with a total attendance in the year of 150,000. The institute was democratic, and women of all denominations and social standing came together and united in their work. In the past year many branches, such as Whitby, Lindsay and Hespeler, had provided permanent quarters where meetings were held, and young girls of the town came together every Monday evening for the purpose of interchanging suggestions on branches of domestic work. An interesting feature of the work of the Institute was the programme successfully presented last year, containing addresses by doctors, lawyers, dentists, bankers, butchers, grocers, etc., on topics relative to their profession or business. An endeavor should be made to accomplish something definite, and with this purpose in view the subjects chosen should be correlated. Mr. Putnam said that the programme for systematic instruction for a group of six institutes in Haldimand and Norfolk, which was proposed at the last convention, was being carried out successfully. It was intended only as an experiment, and would soon be extended to other institutes.

Miss M. U. Watson of the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, outlined the Demonstration Lecture Course of six weeks which has been tried with success in certain Institute districts. Five Institutes in a group will be able to do the most effective work, and it is well for each Institute to have one lesson a week. In places where it is difficult for the women and girls to come to afternoon meetings, it may be possible to arrange for evening sessions. A course of practical instruction costs each Institute about thirty-three dollars, and, where materials are supplied, the cost is reduced to twenty-five dollars. So far, cooking only has been tried, but such courses in nursing, dressmaking, etc., are likely to follow. This experiment has been so successful so far, that a memorial was drafted asking for an additional Government appropriation for the work.

At the afternoon session, Mrs. H. Endacott, of Orangeville, made an efficient presiding officer, referring to the broad scope of Institute aims, and emphasizing the necessity for sentiment and work going together. Mrs. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, whose platform ability is well known, gave an enthusiastic address of welcome, to which Mrs. D. O. White, of Kingsville, replied. Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, gave an address on "Social Service," which was in her usual happy and practical vein. In the course of her remarks, Dr. MacMurchy said:

"Do you take as much interest in the election of your school trustees as you should, or do you even prevent your own husband from running for office by saying: 'No, not with that bunch?' 'If you do, you are really committing a grave crime. Social service consists in looking ahead as well as in setting things right, and when so many immigrants are coming to our country there is no doubt but that they need you and me to look ahead for them." The speaker said that the greatest social question of all was the housing problem, and to emphasize this point she showed several lantern slides of shacks outside the corporation limits of some cities. "Do you think," she asked, "that a plan is more necessary for a house or farm than for a city? Should squatters be allowed to erect any kind of buildings outside of the city limits, which when taken into the corporation are bound to make nothing but a slum area? At the next session of the Legislature we are going to draft a bill permitting us to buy land outside of the corporation where decent dwellings may be built, and when that bill comes before the House I ask you to give it your support."

Dr. MacMurchy said that the Church should be socialized if it were not so already. The public schools could be used far more than they have been. In the winter fires were often kept up all night, but the buildings remained dark, haunted, as it were, whereas if girls got together, debates and other meetings could be held in the schools. "Maybe you think this is not your business to get them together, but it is," said she.

The evening meeting in Guild Hall was presided over by Mrs. E. G. Graham, of Brampton, whose pleasant smile and manner would be worth a thousand a year to a political magnate. Miss Guest, of Belleville, gave an earnest address on "The Woman of the Twentieth Century," contrasting the position of the woman of to-day with the woman of a generation or two back. Many women now went out into the world and earned their own living. There are 7,500 women teachers in Ontario, besides many thousands more in office, store and factory, and still others in the nursing, medical and other professions.

The result, said the speaker, was that women not only became more independent, but they gained a wider outlook and a knowledge of the world—including the dangers and handicaps under which women have always lived. This knowledge and the wider outlook on life gained by the women who went out into the world was gradually disseminated among their sister women throughout the country.

Woman's greater independence today also made it unnecessary to marry for a living. She was more particular about the matter, and considered her own welfare more than she was able to do under former conditions.

The motherly instinct of the young woman of to-day, however, was as strong as before, and she was able to take her place in the home just as well and more intelligently than a generation or two ago. She had become more of a thinking woman, and she carried into the home some of the business ideas and initiative and independence which she had learned while in business life. She was a jealous guardian of everything that affected her home. The full control which she had over her children ceased only when they began to go to school. This made women earnestly interested in the management of the schools, because it affected the health and welfare in every way of her children. Consequently she believed women should be on the school boards.

In the same way women were interested in temperance work, in whatever will make for the safety of young women who go to towns and cities, in an equal moral standard for both sexes, and finally in the granting of the franchise to women as a means of wielding the influence which they claim a just right to, in regard to the many subjects in which women are vitally interested both on their own account and for the sake of their homes.

Hon. Adam Beck, Minister without portfolio in the Whitney Government, gave an up-to-date and illuminating address, "Electricity on the Farm and In the Home."

"Within a year the Hydro-Electric installation will mean for the principal cities a saving of $2,000,000. Within five years Ontario will have saved enough to pay for the whole project," said the speaker.

In a brief outline of the history of the project, Mr. Beck proceeded to show a great saving as its striking feature. Electric energy now produced at $9 per horse-power in exactly one-fifth of the cost of steam-generated power. Moreover the "white coal" now utilized does not fluctuate in price, because of strikes and strike-breakers, or because of import duties which vary at the whim of a United States trust.

There is no governmental revenue in this connection, nor does the policy favor sectional advantages, but a universal provincial system of lighting.

The wholesale criticism which greeted the inception of the scheme demanded caution on the part of the promoters. That was the reason of the Niagara district municipalities being first supplied. But now that success was assured, and public confidence invested, all Ontario shall benefit, and that, too, at a rate between Government and people, the cheapest in the world.

Never a complaint had appeared since the beginning, never a suggestion of change in the principle of the scheme.

A surplus of $85,000 out of the estimated cost remained after all construction had been completed, and all obligations disposed of. Furthermore, of tangible results, Ottawa shows prices simply cut in two, London, which had been charged 9 cents per kilowatt hour, now pays 4½, even Hamilton, the "power city," benefits to a marvelous degree, and every one of these cities, regardless of the slashing in price, enjoys an annual surplus of $250,000, $150,000 and $250,000 respectively.

"The Hydro-Electric policy is going to be of great consequence to the farmers of Ontario," declared Mr. Beck. "The great question to-day is: 'How can we keep our boys and girls on the farm?'

"They must be encouraged to stay there," agreed the speaker, "for agriculture takes the first place in enriching the province."

The crying need is for more comfort, more attraction on the farm, and less drudgery. The farmer's children in seeking the comforts of the city have made labor scarce and costly. Now is the agriculturists' opportunity to remedy the exodus. The Government is installing the transportation lines and a uniform apparatus; the only duty of the townships is to connect it with the homes.

"In two ways," continued the speaker, "will the system aid the farmer. Firstly, by a marked stimulation in his neighboring markets, and secondly by modern improvements and comforts installed in his own homestead."

By means of the lantern, Mr. Beck illustrated farm life in Germany, where

ANNUAL CONVENTION, WOMEN'S INSTITUTES, TORONTO, 1911.

electricity is used to a vast extent in pumping, threshing and dairy work, and yet at a cost of double that in Ontario.

"I am not going to guarantee every farm," concluded Mr. Beck, "but the majority of farms, and especially those lying between connected towns will receive power easily and in abundance.

"As to the eastern counties and Huron, Grey and Bruce, the commission hoped to get a Federal permission to utilize local water power for the benefit of the section. Surely with power and lighting so cheap, so practicable, and so abundant, an era of comfort and prosperity was dawning for the Ontario householder and farmer."

Short addresses were made on the special work of institutes by Mrs. W. Dawson, of Parkhill, and Mrs. Dorrington, of Alton, and Miss M. U. Watson answered a number of stimulating questions.

On Thursday, November 16th, the attendance and enthusiasm were well sustained. Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, of Port Credit, presided at the morning session, and Miss Laura Rose, of Guelph, at the afternoon meeting. Mr. C. J. Atkinson, of the Broadview Boys' Institute, Toronto, gave an address, "What We Can Do for the Boys," and Miss Holston, of Parkhill, dealt with "The School; Its Relation to the Community," discussing the school problem from a woman's viewpoint. "Should women have a place on the school board of trustees?" was a question handed to her, but she did not go so far as to answer "Yes" to it. The point she made was that "Since everything a child learns or does in the school falls more upon the mother than the father, the mother should have a 'say' in every school question." Her solution for the

MRS. E. G. GRAHAM, BRAMPTON.

whole question was co-operation, and on her suggestion a Committee of Child Welfare was appointed. The members nominated by Mr. Putnam were: Miss Hotson, Miss E. Guest, Mrs. Norman and Mr. C. J. Atkinson.

Dr. C. J. Copp, of Toronto, told of how the Women's Institute might take up the work of the St. John's Ambulance Association. He explained the lectures on "First Aid to the Injured," and there is a possibility that some of the Institutes will begin this new work.

Dr. W. T. Connell, of Queen's University, Kingston, gave an instructive and well-illustrated address on "Water Supply," showing clearly how defective arrangements lead to infection and disease. Since most cases of typhoid fever can be traced to impure water supply, it behooves Canadians to remedy this evil as soon as possible, for such an epidemic means that there has been gross neglect and inertness. Judging by the interest with which Dr. Connell's hearers followed his remarks and watched the changing lantern slides as they depicted satisfactory and unsatisfactory conditions, the members of the Women's Institutes are alive to the importance of this question.

"The water of the villages and rural districts of Ontario is bad, very bad," said the speaker. "Out of one thousand samples of well water of eastern Ontario I found two-thirds of them to be polluted, and in one village eighty per cent. of the wells were polluted. In eastern Ontario nearly all the wells are surface wells, and this accounts for the bad condition of the water. There is more typhoid in our rural districts than in any of our cities, and the cause of this is that in many cases the wells are too near to the pig pen, the horse stable, or, worse still, the barnyard."

Miss Hotson, a school teacher of Parkhill, discussed the school problem.

At the evening session, Miss M. U. Watson, of the Macdonald Institute, presided with that business-like grace which makes her a welcome acquisition to any Institute gathering. Miss Watson remarked optimistically, "This is the most successful Institute convention I

MRS H. PARSONS, FOREST.

have had the pleasure of attending, and I have attended them all."

Mrs. H. W. Parsons, of Forest, gave an address entitled, "A Woman's View of Life," which contained much that was helpful and suggestive. The speaker gave a sketchy review of the ground covered by former speakers, remarking, "Woman and her responsibility in the home have been emphasized very strongly. I want to speak of Joy in Life.

"We have not enough joy in the home. We are apt to think of it as a place to eat and sleep. There is enough inevitable sadness in the world. We meet it wherever we go, and are overcome by the contagious gloom of it. For the child's sake, make the home bright, make it a place to be glad in. Let there be a legitimate outlet for the children's exuberant spirits. Keep their anniversaries. They serve the double purpose of giving pleasure at the time and leaving memories they will love to look back upon. 'Make a child happy, and you will make him good.' If we are going to help build up a beautiful character we must begin at the beginning.

"Let your children learn the great facts of life from you, through the life of nature, which reveals the story through flowers and birds, thus leading the child up to the heights of Creation.

"Young people should be allowed to meet and allowed freedom to enjoy each other's company in the home. Don't be afraid, mothers, that you are not wanted where young people are. Be a companion, keep young and sweet yourself. If you do not, you are likely to lose their comradeship. A young man often feels he is the object of adverse criti-

MRS. H. ENDACOTT, ORANGEVILLE.

cism and antipathy of the whole family. We expect a peculiar attitude in young men. We must not expect them to court us, too. They have neither time nor inclination. Let the young man who visits your home feel that you are his friend."

In giving some excellent advice to girls the speaker urged: "Never marry a man you cannot honor, nor a man who

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You take more interest in your own welfare than anybody else, or than you do in anybody's else.

What you do, and how you do it determines your success or failure.

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"Remember my face—you'll see me again."

Cook's first aid

The handy packet of Edwards' desiccated Soup is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare. It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

There is not a kitchen in Canada where Edwards' Soup isn't needed; not a day when it does not aid the cook, and not a dinner which it will not help her to improve.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from prime beef and fresh vegetables. Buy a packet to-day.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup, prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

5c. per packet.

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A pure, rich, high grade, flavory coffee. The kind that makes you linger over your cup—such is

Seal Brand Coffee

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Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only.

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Have you received one of our Premium Lists showing many pleasing gifts for securing new subscriptions for the Canadian Home Journal.

Write for a copy to-day.

Do You Bake Your Own Bread?

Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction and I won't take money for less. A crust, brown, crisp and sweet; a crumb, white, light and even. Get a bag and bake a batch or two.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.

Guarantee

WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee—money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Co., Limited, Toronto. 103
Archibald Campbell, President

CREAM OF THE WEST

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

belittles you at home. Never cheapen yourself. No man is worth it. Stand upon your honor. If you have had good mothers and right training, you will do so instinctively. Do not flirt after you are engaged. Man is apt to think pretence is not all pretence. There is truly nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream. Girls are not sufficiently trained in business methods. They should be careful about outlay until they know how everything is to be financed." The speaker gave some humorous but shrewd advice as to marrying a quiet man, since the woman can usually do the talking for the household. Gentleness towards those who have erred was dwelt upon. Girls should be taught that honorable motherhood is a great opportunity for service to the race.

"Be exponents of a gospel of joy and love. Let us remember that we belong to a nation with a future of great promise. Let us be wise, as women, as mothers, as leaders. Let us take our part in the making of a glorious future for Canada."

Mr. Harris, in an address on "Our Dumb Animals," dwelt upon the fact that the Humane Society exists for the prevention, rather than for the prosecution of cruelty to animals. He emphasized the importance of giving children kindly ideas regarding the dumb animals, and their care. Many other protective institutions have sprung from the Humane Society idea.

Mr. Putnam gave a few closing remarks on the success of the convention, referring to his own responsibility as superintendent, and urging the importance of co-operation in achieving the utmost possible benefit. There was a need of more assistants, so rapidly had the work progressed. He wished the members of the Institute every success and progress during the coming year.

It was noticeable throughout the convention that emphasis is being placed on the work being done for the next generation. In Dr. MacMurchy's address, the aspect of "Social Service" which looks towards the betterment of conditions for those who come after us was optimistically displayed. In Miss Guest's talk on "Young Women and the Twentieth Century," the scope of present-day opportunities was described. In Mr. Atkinson's practical and suggestive address on "What We Can Do for Our Boys" the way in which juvenile restlessness and activity may be turned to account was sympathetically indicated. Miss Hotson showed the conscientious teacher's regard for the young persons who are being trained for citizenship. Mrs. M. N. Norman, of Toronto, in the address, "My Child's Future," dwelt upon the value of the forces of heredity and environment, urging the importance of perfect trust and confidence between mother and child. Mrs. Parsons, in "A Woman's View of Life," gave a comprehensive talk on the home circle. Altogether, the members are keeping close to their motto of "Home and Country."

District Meetings

The following is list of January meetings to be held in association with Farmers' Institutes:—

Division 1. Dr. Margaret McAlpine, Toronto, Jan. 18 and 19; Durham Town Hall, South Grey, Jan. 3; Hanover, Telford's Hall, South Grey, Jan. 4; Wiarton, Town Hall, North Bruce, Jan. 5; Oliphant, School House, North Bruce, Jan. 5; Hepworth, Gate's School, North Bruce, Jan. 6; Hepworth, Spring Creek, school, North Bruce, Jan. 6; Parkhead, Orange Hall, North Bruce, Jan. 8; Tara, Vandusen's Hall, West Bruce, Jan. 9; Port Elgin, Town Hall, West Bruce, Jan. 10; Walkerton, Township Hall, South Bruce, Jan. 11; Gorrie, Town Hall, East Huron, Jan. 18; Brussels, Town Hall, East Huron, Jan. 19.

Division 2. Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, Strathroy—Mt. Carmel, Mt. Carmel Hall, North Middlesex, Jan 12; Greenway, Wilson's Hall, North Middlesex, Jan. 13; Parkhill, Town Hall, North Middlesex, Jan. 15; West McGillivray, Town Hall, North Middlesex, Jan. 16; Thorndale, Harding's Hall, East Middlesex, Jan. 17; Harrietsville, I. O. F. Hall, East Middlesex, Jan. 18; Alvinston, Council Chamber, East Lambton, Jan. 19; Aughrim, Lower Aughrim Hall, East Lambton, Jan. 20; Shetland, Town Hall, East Lambton, Jan. 22; Inwood, Orange Hall, East Lambton, Jan. 23; Petrolea, Town Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 24; Sarnia, Town Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 25; Bunyan, School House, West Lambton, Jan. 25; Beecher, Forester's Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 26; Brigden, McKenzie's Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 27;

Division 3. Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Brampton—Aylmer, Town Hall, East Elgin, Jan. 13; Middlemarch, Grange Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 15; Talbotville, Orange Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 16; Dutton, Town Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 17; Rodney, Town Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 18; Middlemiss, Village Hall, afternoon, West Middlesex, Jan. 19; Walker's Schoolhouse, West Middlesex, Jan. 20, Eberts Hall, West Kent, Jan. 22; Louisville, School House, West Kent, Jan. 23; Baldoon, Church Hall, West Kent, Jan. 24; Bear Line, Forester's Hall, West Kent, Jan. 25; Croton, Young's Hall, East Kent, Jan. 26; Kent Centre, K. C. Hall, East Kent, Jan. 27; Morpeth, A. O. U. W. Hall, East Kent, Jan. 29; Guild's School House, East Kent, Jan. 30; Comber, Town Hall, North Essex, Jan. 31.

Division 4. Mrs. M. M. Norman, Toronto, Jan. 5 to 31.—Waterdown, Township Hall, North Wentworth, Jan. 5; Freelton, North Wentworth, Jan. 6; Rockton, Township Hall, North Wentworth, Jan. 8; St. George, Library Hall, North Brant, Jan. 9; Onondaga, Township Hall, North Brant, Jan. 10; Cainsville, Hanley's Hall, North Brant, Jan. 11; Tranquility, School House, North Brant, Jan. 12; Burford, Cornish Hall, South Brant, Jan. 13; Mohawk, Methodist Church Basement, South Brant, Jan. 15; East Oakland, School House, South Brant, Jan. 16; Scotland, Forester's Hall, South Brant, Jan. 17; Ancaster, Town Hall, South Wentworth, Jan. 18; Stoney Creek, Institute Hall, South Wentworth, Jan. 19; Campden, Redden's Hall, Lincoln, Jan. 20; Queenston, School House, Lincoln, Jan. 22; Niagara Falls, South, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 23; Willoughby, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 24; Ridgeway, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 25; Humberstone, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 26; Pelham Centre, Town Hall, Monck, Jan. 27; Silverdale, School House, Monck, Jan. 29; Caistorville, School, Monck, Jan. 30; Camboro, Town Hall, Monck, Jan. 31.

Division 5. Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest, Jan. 4 to 25.—Aberfoyle, Town Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 4; Morriston, Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 4; Eden Mills, Town Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 5; Rockwood, Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 5; Alma, Alma Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 6; Drayton, Town Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 8; Glen Allan, Coot's Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 9; Mt. Forest, Allen's Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 10; Cedarvale, Orange Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 11; Conn, Orange Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 12; Conn, School House, East Wellington, Jan. 12; Kenilworth, Township Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 13; Chatsworth, Forester's Hall, North Grey, Jan. 15; Desboro, Town Hall, North Grey, Jan. 16; Kilsyth, Township Hall, North Grey, Jan. 17; Shallow Lake, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 18; Kemble, school, North Grey, Jan. 19; Brown's School, North Grey, Jan. 19; Owen Sound, Council Chamber, North Grey, Jan. 20; Annan, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 22; Leith, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 22; Bognor, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 23; Strathnairn, School House, North Grey, Jan. 24; Meaford, Town Hall, North Grey, Jan. 25.

SUPPLEMENTARY MEETINGS.

Division 2. Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby, Jan. 3 to 26.—Crown Hill Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 3; Craighurst, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 3; Mitchell Square, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 4; Jarret, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 4; Warminster, McKinley's Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 5; Uhthoff, Waring's Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 5; Washago, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 6; Ardtrea, School, East Simcoe, Jan. 6; Rosemount, Hannah Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 8; Everett, Orange Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 9; Creemore, Leonard's Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 10; Lavender, Temperance Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 11; Singhampton, Ross' Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 12; Badjeros, School House, Centre Grey, Jan. 13; Dundalk, Town Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 16; Hopeveille, Allan's Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 17; Flesherton, Town Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 18; Maxwell, Orange Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 15; Eugenia, Orange Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 19; Kimberley, Union Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 20; Ravenna, Town Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 22; Heathcote, Orange Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 23; Rocklyn, Agricultural Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 24; Walter's Falls, A.O.U.W. Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 25; Holland Centre, Township Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 26.

Division 11. Miss Gertrude Gray, Toronto, Wellesley Opera House, North Waterloo, Jan. 22; Crosshill, Township Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 23; Heidleberg, Steiss Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 24; St. Jacobs, Wildman's Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 25; Floradale, Steddick's Hall, North Waterloo, Jan.26; West Montrose, Jupp's Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 27; Conestego, Township Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 29; Waterloo, Library Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 30.

Division 12. Miss B. Gilholm Bright,—Stroud, Orange Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 3; Thornton, Temperance Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 4; Churchill, Orange Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 5; Thompsonville, South Simcoe, Jan. 6; Loretto, Orange Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 8; Sand Hill, Church, Peel, Jan. 9; Castlemore, O'Leary's Hall, Peel, Jan. 10; Cheltenham, Harris Hall, Peel, Jan. 11; Belfountain, Church, Peel, Jan. 12; Hillsburg, Town Hall, Centre Wellington, Jan. 13; Cumnock, School House, Centre Wellington, Jan. 15; Bethany, Methodist Church, Centre Wellington, Jan. 16; Palmerston, Town Hall, West Wellington, Jan 17; Moorefield, Township Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 18; Rothsay, Temperance Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 19; Arthur, Town Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 20; Damascus, Township Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 22; Monticello, Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 23; Grand Valley, Chatfield's Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 24; Shelburne, Town Hall, Dufferin, Jan. 25; Orangeville, Public Library, Dufferin, Jan. 26; Duntroon, S.O.S.Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 27; Batteau, School House, West Simcoe, Jan. 29; Stayner, Town Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 30; New Lowell, Township Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 31.

Division 13. Miss S. Campbell, Brampton.—Kleinburg, Temperance Hall, West York, Jan. 12; Woodbridge, Township Hall, West York, Jan. 13; Weston, Township Hall, West York, Jan. 15; Islington, Society Hall, West York, Jan. 16; Elia, Forrester's Hall, West York, Jan. 16; Maple, Masonic Hall, West York, Jan. 17; Nobleton, Music Hall, North York, Jan. 18; Schomberg, Market Hall, North York, Jan. 19; Kettleby, Temperance Hall, North York, Jan. 20; Queensville, Presbyterian Hall, North York, Jan. 22; Keswick, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 23; Mount Albert, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 24; Vandorf, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 25; Bethesda, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 26; Victoria Square, Public Hall, East York, Jan. 27; Thornhill, Victoria Hall, East York, Jan. 29; Wexford Methodist Church, East York, Jan. 30; Box Grove, Forrester's Hall, East York, Jan. 31.

Division 14. Miss A. M. Hotson, Parkhill.—Sanford, I. O. O. F. Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 3; Zephyr, public hall, North Ontario, Jan. 4; Sunderland, Town Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 5; Beaverton, Town Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 6; Gamebridge, Grange Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 8; Brechin, School House, North Ontario, Jan. 9; Udney, Orange Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 10; Woodville, Village Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 11; Hartley, Village Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 12; Little Britain, Temperance Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 13; Valentia, Forrester's Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 15; Cameron, Orange Hall, East Victoria, Jan. 16; Burnt River, Orange Hall, East Victoria, Jan. 17; Dunsford, Old Church, East Victoria, Jan. 18; Omemee, Opera House, East Victoria, Jan. 19; Bethany, Town Hall, East Durham, Jan. 20; Manvers Station, Orange Hall, East Durham, Jan. 20; Cavanville, Old Church, East Durham, Jan. 22; Mount Pleasant, Forrester's Hall, East Durham, Jan. 22; Solina, Temperance Hall, West Durham, Jan. 29; Columbus, South Ontario, Jan. 30; Whitby, South Ontario, Jan. 31.

Division 15. Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.—Norwood Town Hall, East Peterboro, Jan. 8; Havelock, Town Hall, East Peterboro, Jan. 9; Tweed, Town Hall, East Hastings, Jan. 10; Roslin, C.O.O.F. Hall, East Hastings, Jan. 11; Philipston, C.O.F. Hall, East Hastings, Jan. 12; Foxboro, School House, East Hastings, Jan. 13; Turner's School House, West Hastings, Jan. 15; River Valley, School House, West Hastings, Jan. 16; Roseneath, Township Hall, West Northumberland, Jan. 29; Baltimore, Chapman's Hall, West North, umberland, Jan. 30; Centreton, Methodist S. S. Methodist S. S. Hall, West Northumberland, Jan. 31.

Division 16. Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Westbrook, Town Hall, Frontenac, Jan. 12; Queensboro, Orange Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 16; Eldorado, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 17; Madoc, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 18; Ivanhoe, Orange Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 19; Moira, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 20; Stirling, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 22; Springbrook, Forrester's Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 23; Marmora, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 24.

Division 17. Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Lucan.—Maynard, Methodist Church, South Grenville, Jan. 8; Roebuck, School House, South Grenville, Jan. 9; Brouseville, School House, South Grenville, Jan. 10; Shanly, Workman's Hall, South Grenville, Jan. 11; Ventnor, School House, South Grenville, Jan. 12; Williamsburg, Boyce's Hall, Dundas, Jan. 13; Winchester Springs, Orange Hall, Dundas, Jan. 15; Iroquois, Town Hall, Dundas, Jan. 19; Summerton, Public Hall, Glengarry, Jan. 20; Bainsville, Sangster & McCraig's Hall, Glengarry, Jan. 22; Wales, Connoly's Hall, Stormont, Jan. 23; South Branch, School House, Stormont, Jan. 24; Cornwall Centre, Township Hall, Stormont, Jan. 25; Northfield Station, Arbuthnot Hall, Stormont, Jan. 26; Finch, Massey Harris Hall, Stormont, Jan. 27; Avonmore, Beaver Hall, Stormont, Jan. 29; Moose Creek, Gagnois Hall, Stormont, Jan. 30.

Division 18. Miss Ethel Robson, Ilderton.—Beachburg, Town Hall, North Renfrew, Jan. 19; Westmeath, School House, North Renfrew, Jan. 20; Alice, Presbyterian Church, North Renfrew, Jan. 22; Maberly, Town Hall, South Lanark, Jan. 24; Perth, Town Hall, South Lanark, Jan. 25; Richardson's School, South Lanark, Jan. 26; Balderson's School South Lanark, Jan. 27; Lanark Village Town Hall, North Lanark, Jan. 29.

West Korah Branch

SINCE our meeting together one year ago, at the annual Institute convention, I am pleased to be able to report a growth and improvement in our Institute. Not only have we grown in membership, which one year ago numbered thirty-six, and to-day numbers forty-seven, but I am sure we have grown in wisdom, efficiency, and ability to carry on the work, "for home and country."

Our Institute believes it to be the best plan to hold regular monthly meetings, and we have not missed a meeting all year. Although our members are very much scattered, we try to hold our meetings from month to month at homes in opposite directions, in order to bring them within reach of all the resident members. We have several non-resident members, women who have gone from this part to the far West, who, although there are no Institutes where they have gone, wish to be identified with the work.

The social side of our Institute life is very enjoyable, and affords many opportunities for becoming acquainted with the women of our community. But, better still, and even more helpful, I believe, is the thought and study that must be expended in order to produce the very excellent and practical papers, written by our members. These papers, accompanied by discussions and addresses delivered by some of our prominent citizens, and professional men, with an occasional literary programme, or competition for prizes, is a very fair general outline of our programmes.

We have found the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, the official organ of the Women's Institute, very helpful in securing new members. We made an effort this year to place the paper in every home in our community, with the result that there are now fifty subscribers, forty-one members, and nine non-members, who every month receive into their homes that good, bright, helpful, clean Canadian magazine. We are endeavoring by this method to do away with the reading of trashy literature, and cultivate a taste for that which is helpful and uplifting.

We appreciate very much the delegates sent us from time to time by the department. They are a great help and inspiration, coming, as they do, from beyond our own little circle, and telling us new ways and means and methods used by those in other parts of the province. When they go away, they leave us better equipped for the carrying on of our work.

Financially our Institute is in good standing. Since the beginning of the year we have expended over thirty-two dollars on magazines for the benefit of members and those whom we wish to interest in the work. We donated ten dollars to "The Children's Aid," Sault Ste. Marie, and five dollars to the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, apart from our running expenses, and have still over thirty dollars in the treasury.

We have had programmes printed for the remaining months of the Institute year. One feature of new work, at least new to our Institute, that we purpose taking up, is the offering of prizes at the fall fair for work along domestic or agricultural lines, done by the boys and girls belonging to the homes of our Institute members. In the name of our Institute I wish all Institutes and branches success and prosperity for the future.

A KODAK LESSON
From Motion Pictures

The exactions of the motion picture film business are unequaled in any other department of photography and, we believe, in any other line of manufacturing on a large scale.

The maker of motion pictures requires high speed in the emulsion, for every exposure is necessarily a snap-shot and must often be made under poor light conditions. He requires absolute dependability in the product, for he frequently spends thousands of dollars to produce his picture play, and a failure to get good negatives would mean not merely the waste of a few hundred feet of film, but the loss of the thousands of dollars spent for special trains, and actors, and settings, and the weeks, perhaps months of time, spent in preparation.

The motion picture man must have a film that is free from the minutest blemish. The picture that you see upon the curtain, say 15 x 20 feet in size, is approximately seventy thousand times as large as the tiny film upon which it was made. A spot the size of a pin head upon that film would show as large as your hat upon the curtain.

The requirements then, are extreme speed, fineness of grain, absolute freedom from mechanical defects and dependability. The price of the film is a secondary consideration. First of all, it must be right. The competition for this business is purely a competition of quality and reliability.

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A Word of Thanks to Institute Members

For my department I wish to thank the Institute members for the very cordial support given. Never have we received so many subscriptions from institutes as during the last months of 1911. Branches large and small have sent their share of a very large total. It proves that the officers and our readers have taken an active interest in convincing others of the value and satisfaction which the Journal will give them.

THE BANNER LIST in numbers to the present time has come from Burlington which has sent ninety subscriptions. Others of the large branches are close competitors. Many branches have sent us a subscription for every family.

Especially we thank the member who has secured the club in each branch. It would be impossible for us to give a special rate if it were necessary to deal with each member separately.

We hope and believe that during the coming year the Journal will deserve your continued support both as the Institute Organ and as a valuable home magazine.

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THE HOUSEHOLD EXCHANGE

By "MISS OPHELIA"

IN the winter months, the furnace problem is what confronts most citizens. Those who live in flats have no need to take thought for the heating apparatus and the method by which it is kept in action; but, in Canada, fortunately, flats are not as general in the United States, and we are therefore much concerned in the heating of the house. This hint from a New York writer may be useful.

It was our custom to close the furnace tight at night, because any other way seemed like wasting coal while the household slept. The result was that, during the many hours when the fire burned low, the walls became very cold, and we had a very shivery breakfast. Now our walls are kept warm all the time, so there is never any occasion to rush the fire, and in the morning little time and attention are needed (even in the coldest weather not more than half an hour) to raise the temperature the few required degrees.

How did we accomplish this? So simply that we wonder why the old way was endured so long.

At night have a good clear fire free from ashes and clinkers and bright red underneath. Cover it to the capacity of the firebox with coal. When the weather is not extremely cold the top layer may be old coal. After the gas has burned off, close the chimney draught nearly tight and open the door under the fire, little or much, according to the weather predictions in the evening paper. For instance, if a continuation of the same temperature is prophesied, your house, being already heated, will keep warm with a very small draught; but if a great fall of the mercury is expected during the night it must be met with a hotter fire, and so leave your draught wider open.

In the morning, shake little, or none at all, but open the furnace draughts wide, and in half an hour you are ready to close the furnace, and save coal during the day, when any sudden change in temperature can be easily met.

Cold walls absorb an enormous amount of heat, and still leave the room cold, and it takes less coal to keep a house warm than to get it warm. Our present method gives us an even temperature all the time and also lessens our coal bill.

ENGLAND has taken up the subject of "paper bag cookery" with much enthusiasm and Canada is following with happy culinary results. Those who wish to know about it are enquiring anxiously if the food tastes as well as when cooked in the ordinary way. Blanche St. Clair, in *The Quiver,* writes a valuable article on the origin and operations of this method:

It must not, however, be taken for granted because the system has now, for the first time, been brought within the reach of all those who wish to avail themselves of it, that it is the outcome of a sudden inspiration. This is by no means the case. Rather is it the result of many years' experiments based on the old and well-known French custom of cooking *en papillote*—i.e. wrapping small articles (fish, chops, etc.), in buttered paper and baking them in the oven.

Some fifteen years ago it occurred to M. Soyer (the worthy grandson of the world-renowned chef of that name), that this method of cooking might be applied with advantage to other and more numerous branches of the culinary art. His series of experiments always met with the same result: the food thus cooked was deliciously tender and most appetizing to look upon, but spoiled by the flavor of paper which it had absorbed during the cooking process. So sure was M. Soyer of the merits of paper bag cookery that he betook himself to the offices of a great paper bag manufacturing firm and begged them to carry out investigations with a view to discovering a suitable paper. After encountering and overcoming many difficulties a paper was produced which in every respect fulfilled the requirements. Then followed an exciting period of new practical tests, all of which answered M. Soyer's wildest expectations, and corroborated his previous opinion as to the three chief merits already found in the system:

1—The immense improvements in the flavor of the viands thus treated.

2—The reduction in shrinkage and consequent waste.

3—The lessening of time necessary for cooking, and saving of heating fuel.

It will be readily grasped that these three advantages, useful as they are, do not by any means exhaust the list of profits to be gained from paper bag cookery. The reason for its adoption that will appeal most to the busy housewife is the great saving of labor: no pots or saucepans to be cleaned, no basting or attention to be bestowed on the food whilst it is in the oven, and no smell of cooking pervading the house.

Against these advantages must be placed the expense of the paper bags and a grid; but the makers assure me that with the rising demand for these necessary articles a reduction on the original price will be speedily affected, and they will be placed within the reach of the humblest housekeeping allowance.

The following instructions for using bags must be followed:

1—Select a bag which "fits" the food to be cooked. It is better to choose one that is too large than too small.

2—The inside of the bag must be either greased with butter, dripping or oil, or water must be added to the contents. The greasing applies to fish, meat and poultry cooking. The water is added to vegetables, stews, etc.

3—Prepare the food according to the recipe, place the bag on the table, lift the uppermost edge, then put in the ingredients, taking care not to tear the edges of the bag.

4—Double the edges of the bag over two or three times, and secure them with a pin or clip. (M. Soyer used a clip composed of a long loop of wire with another piece of wire which clipped into one end, something like a huge safety pin with a blunt point).

The ends of the bag should also be turned over in case of leakage. If a bag leaks or bursts the aperture can be healed by the application of paste made by mixing the white of an egg with flour, or if this is not handy slip the burst bag with its contents into another which is slightly larger.

ALL the way from Sturgeon Creek P.O., Manitoba, Mrs. Alfred Vialoux sends us instructions how to clean "not grimy, dirty, but soiled" lace.

Many girls have some beautiful old lace handed down from their great grandmothers, and the difficulty is how to clean it successfully. Having done some myself, I think I can help them.

Take a large sheet of blotting paper, white, of course—you can buy it in very large sheets, then a sheet, or perhaps two sheets, of blue tissue paper; spread the blue paper over the blotting paper upon a board or table you can spare for a few hours. Sprinkle the paper thickly with powdered magnesia; put more of the magnesia in a bowl, and run the lace through it several times, very gently, of course, but taking care that every particle of the lace comes in contact with the dry magnesia; then pin the lace upon the blue paper, cover again with a sprinkling of magnesia and pin two sheets of blue paper over all. Cover with another sheet of blotting paper and then put something on to press the whole—large books or weights of some kind. Leave it over night, or even for a couple of days. Then, without unpinning the lace, shake it gently, still covered, unpin, remove the paper. Have ready some blue paper without magnesia; shake the magnesia out of the lace as well as possible, pin again on the clean blue paper and cover with another sheet. Press again and then you will find your lace in beautiful condition. But, of course, it needs care and gentleness and time.

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E. R. ZIMMERMAN
Consulting Accountant Chicago, Ill.

THE January days are almost here, and while they are not the most melancholy of the whole long year, there are none more trying to the woman who desires to keep a fair and smooth skin. Roughened cheeks and chapped hands are not to be admired in any one, and the girl who wishes to be saved from them will find it necessary to take certain precautions and not relax in them.

In the first place do not wash your face and hands in hot water, and immediately afterwards expose them to the wintry air. Such proceedings will assuredly result in chaps and creases, to say nothing of the discomfort of smarting skin. Before going out on a very cold day, rub a small quantity of good cold cream into the face and hands, then dust lightly with a rice powder or talcum if you prefer it. If you return from a walk or a drive with your face stinging from the cold, wait some time before washing it. In fact, before washing it would be well to make another slight application of cold cream and wipe the face off, before applying water. "Ever so much trouble," says someone. It does not mean more than five minutes' attention, and it secures comfort and a pleasing appearance. Girls who do not grudge two hours of an afternoon, spent over a cheap novel, will complain of a little time given to securing a good head of hair or a desirable complexion. Let us be quite honest about it, and admit that we are too lazy to take care of ourselves. A girl away up in the North asks if glycerine is hurtful to the skin. There are many women who find that pure glycerine is darkening and "toughening." However, glycerine, rose water and a few drops of carbolic acid make an application which scores of Canadian girls find beneficial.

Another girl complain of dishwashing and says that it "spoils her hands," and that she simply hates washing dishes. Now here is an opportunity for a nice, proper little lecture on the beauties of dish washing and the joy of doing one's duty in the right spirit—with a quotation from Dr. Watts' little hymn on "the daily round and common task." But I do not intend to inflict any such advice upon you. To tell the truth, I also "simply hate" washing dishes, and find it difficult to believe any woman who declares a fondness for the operation. However, there are alleviations in the lot of dish washing if we will only look for them. I once knew a woman who, as a girl, had been much admired for her fresh complexion and daintily-kept hands. After her marriage, some of her dear friends prophesied: "Now that Bessie has to do all her own work, she won't have time to look so nice." But the years have gone merrily by, and although Bessie does most of the housekeeping, her hands are as white and soft as ever.

"How do you manage it?" asked a friend despairingly, "my hands always look like graters. They are either red or rough and look so stained beside yours."

"It isn't easy," said Bessie encouragingly, "but I am never ashamed to admit that I take good care of them. I never could see any sense in giving up taking care of one's looks just because one is no longer young. In fact, youth can afford to be a little careless, where middle-age is perfectly dreadful, unless it looks out for wrinkles and sallowness. You see, I wear gloves whenever I sweep or do rough work, and I use a small mop when I wash the dishes. I use good cold cream or some emollient every night and wear ventilated gloves while I am in dreamland. It isn't, really, as much bother as it sounds."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. J. S.—From what you say regarding complexion difficulties, I should judge that the trouble is with the digestive organs, rather than with the skin. Do you have outdoor exercise every day, and do you sleep with the window open? Perhaps you are eating too much rich or greasy food. Try lemon juice in hot water as a dose every morning and eat a good deal of fruit. Massage before going to bed will be found beneficial to the skin and restful, disposing one to sleep. The trouble you refer to, unless it take the form of eruption, is hardly ever a "skin" affliction. The disordered stomach is the cause of it all. I wish everyone could read "The Letters of Little Mary," epistles supposed to be addressed by the stomach to other organs, describing just how sadly it is misused by the "Master."

M. B.—As you refer to a *very* quiet wedding, I suppose you mean there are to be no guests, but immediate relatives of bride and bridegroom. In that case, the bride should not wear a veil. As to the bridesmaid, it would not be "incorrect" to have one, although it would be quite in good taste and custom to dispense with her services under the circumstances.

In order to answer your second question satisfactorily, it would be necessary to know something as to the shape of the face. Judging from other details I should say in the simplest style, with parting in the centre and coiled quite low, as you evidently do not need to add to any appearance of height.

A simple hair tonic which I have found beneficial is: Eau de Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of lavender, ten drops. Rub in well at night. The hair should be given regular "exercise" if you wish to keep in condition. It should not be too much curled and puffed, if it is to preserve natural strength and lustre. Let me know if there is any improvement in its condition. If one may judge from your letter, you are thoroughly healthy, and your "raven locks" ought to be silky and abundant.

COUNTRY GIRL.—You are not breathing in the right way—but, then, hardly any of us do; so you need not feel at all discouraged about your failure to inhale properly. Try deep breathing, early in the morning and late, and see if you do not feel better. Try it for a month, just by way of experiment. Most of us are simply starving for oxygen, and we are not aware of the need. Get a good supply in your lungs, and you will wonder why you have only felt half alive before. You know the word "inspiration" merely means "breathing in," and after a few moments of inhaling Ontario country air you ought to feel "inspired."

ELSIE.—Very possibly the dull feeling after an hour or two of work at your desk is directly due to the lolling position you describe. How can you expect to be at your best when, day after day, you sit like the "crumpled horn" of our childhood song? If you could see a few X-ray pictures of your vital organs cramped as they are by this daily, slouchy posture, you would need no more arguments to induce a determination to cultivate a normal posture.

MARGARET.—When the use of powder is desirable pulverized orris and other vegetable powders are preferable, as a rule, to carbonate of magnesia or oxide of zinc. Carbonate of magnesia is a good dusting powder on account of the large quantity of water that it can take care of—five and one-half times its own weight. Oxide of zinc takes up only one-fourth as much.

E. S. R.—Bathing is perhaps more important to prevent than to cure conditions leading up to an unwholesome-looking skin. The chief use of the daily bath is its refreshing, invigorating effect. In the largest number of cases a cool morning bath is productive of the most beneficial results. After many years of experience in treating skin disorders an eminent specialist says that a person "who works hard and perspires freely will have a far healthier and a really cleaner skin than he who eats heartily and leads a sedentary life, even though he may scrub continuously." The main benefit of a daily bath is due "not to its cleansing properties, but to its stimulating effect upon the nervous system."

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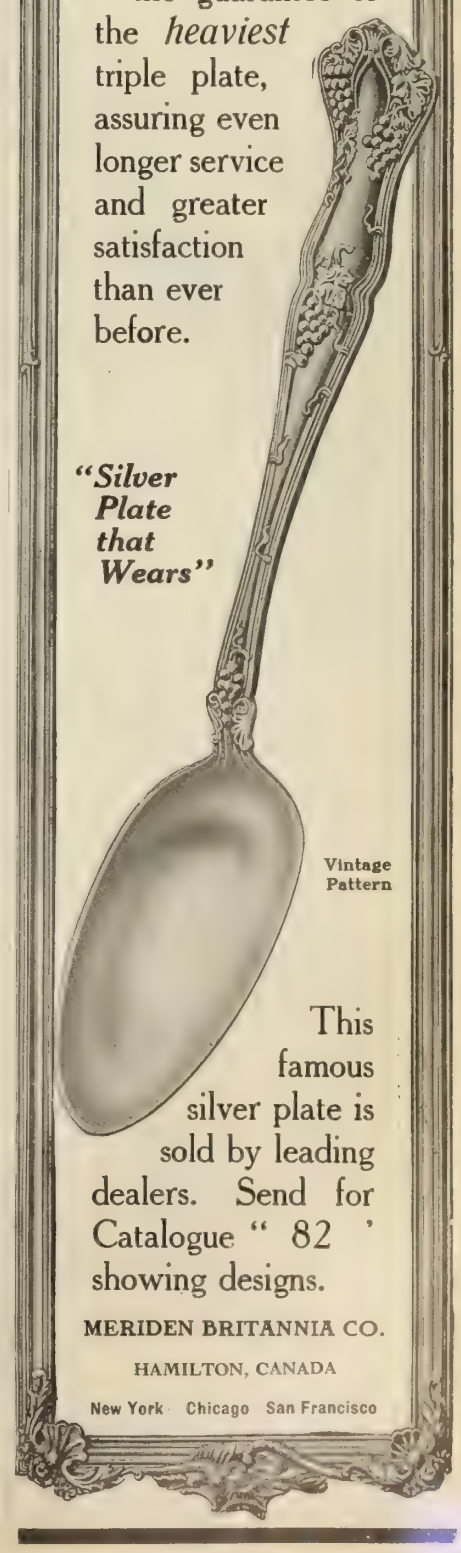

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THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

Continued from page 11

"Might just as well tell it now," nodded the detective.

"It isn't much," said the miserable Tommy. "And it can't have anything to do with her disappearance, but she told me the other day that a man had spoken to her in the street."

"Oh," gasped Ada.

"What impudence!" said Aunt Miriam.

The detective only smiled. "It probably meant just nothing at all—or she wouldn't have mentioned it," he said comfortably. "Did she happen to say who the friendly person was?"

"No she did not."

"Do you know of any other time when she was spoken to upon the street?"

"No—that is—"

"May as well tell it all."

"Well, then, once I met her talking to a—friend"

"Gentleman friend?"

"A gentleman—yes."

"Oh, Tommy!" There was heartbreak in Ada's voice.

"Do you know who that young man was?"

"Yes. He was a piano agent. He seemed," grudgingly, "a nice fellow. They had met by accident. She intended presenting him to her sisters but he was unexpectedly compelled to go away."

"Did they correspond?"

"I believe there was a letter—or two." (Tommy did not look at Ada as he said this).

"Ah, now we are getting it! There is at least one possible place where the young lady may be. Don't feel upset, Miss," to Ada. "Lots of runaway matches turn out well! I give you my word for it. If Mr. Burns can remember the young man's name—"

"But I can't! I only heard it the once—or stay! I remember being surprised because it was like another name—now I have it! His name was Wareham."

"A piano-man with a name like Mark!" exclaimed Miss Torrance.

"I don't see how—" hesitated Mr. Torrance.

"Well, I don't see just how, either," beamed the detective, "but I think we may take it for granted that we have our hands upon the mystery. Find this Mr. Wareham, piano agent, and we probably find the missing lady. Bless you, Miss, matches like this are common as gooseberries in our business; and very well they turn out; remarkably well, I assure you."

"But," began Mr. Torrance again. "Suppose there is a flaw in your reasoning? Suppose I happen to know where this Mr. Wareham is and can assure you that the lady is not with him?"

"Do you mean that you can assure me of that?" in astonishment.

"Yes, absolutely."

"Then," said Tommy, springing to his feet. "I want more than an assurance. I demand to know where this man is?"

"He is upstairs, in this house. A victim of this afternoon's accident." Mr. Torrance turned quietly to his sister. "I think you agree with me, Miriam, that the Mr. Wareham whom Mr. Burns saw talking to Miss Christine could have been no other than Mark?"

"Must have been," said Aunt Miriam. "It is not a common name. Fancy, Mark, a piano-man!"

"But—he went away," said Tommy.

"Yes. My nephew has been absent, at the coast, for some time. We knew before he left that he was interested in a Miss Brown. He returned this afternoon—with the result that I have mentioned. It was to quiet him that we sent for Miss Christine to come here tonight."

Tommy sat down again. The puzzled look upon his good-natured face was almost funny. "Then—" he said helplessly, "Where is she?"

The detective was watching him narrowly.

"I take it, Mr. Burns," he remarked briskly, "that although you had said nothing, you had yourself entertained the idea that the young lady might have run away with Mr. Wareham?"

"He had done nothing of the kind!" declared Ada loyally. "Mr. Burns knows Christine as well as we do and he knows that such a thing would have been impossible. Tell them so, Tommy."

"Certainly. It would have been impossible. It was only in the absolute lack of anything whatever to go upon

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that I thought of Mr. Wareham at all. Had I not been too anxious to think clearly, I would have known that he could know as little about this mystery as any of us. I did not know that Mr. Wareham was anything save what he professed to be—a piano agent—but I believed him to be an honourable man. Even had I known that he had met Christine under false pretences I know Christine well enough to—"

"We understand, I am sure," interposed the detective, cutting short Tommy's halting explanation. "In the face of a disappearance like this everything, however unlikely, must be considered. But in this case we were evidently upon the wrong scent. We must reconstruct our ideas entirely. I wonder, Miss Brown, if you have noticed anything at all peculiar in your sister's manner of late. Has she seemed at all—er—different?"

Ada hesitated. "Hardly different," she answered. "She has been a little more quiet, more self-contained—she seemed a little older, but I think that is all naturally accounted for by her increased responsibilities since my eldest sister's illness."

"Just so. But has she seemed to be at all worried about anything?"

"I do not think so."

"Think well, now both of you—and try to remember if she has ever said anything, however trivial, about any kind of outside worry. There must be something, you know. This disappearance did not happen without a cause."

They were all silent for a moment or two.

"Try to think," he urged them, "of anything she may have said about the Stores or of her experiences there on going to and fro from her work. You said, Mr. Burns, that once she was spoken to by a man whom she did not know. Did she seem worried by this?"

"No. She joked about it."

"And were there absolutely no other experiences of the same kind?"

"No, except that once an old woman spoke to her." He glanced at Ada who looked distressed.

"What kind of woman?"

"A beggar. She asked for money."

"Did the young lady give her anything?"

"She had nothing but car-tickets.

"And you think she was alarmed?"

"No—o. Only she did not like the beggar's looks."

"U—m. There seems to be nothing in that. The man looks more promising. You say you do not know who he was?"

"I said that she did not tell me who he was. But I found out. I wanted to—warn him. It was Gilbert Van Slyke. He saw her in the Stores and more than one noticed how impressed he was. I do not think she knew anything of it herself until the afternoon he spoke to her. I do not think that he would ever have repeated the annoyance. In fact, when I went to see him, he was away arranging for a contemplated trip to Europe. I believe he sails from New York in a day or two."

"That is interesting!" The detective sprang up briskly. "If you will all excuse me I should like to do a little telephoning. Somewhere where I shall not be disturbed—shall not be long."

□

It seemed long to those who waited, and when he returned his face was grave. He glanced uneasily at Ada who sat very still. "Well," he said. "I've found out all about Van Slyke. He left for New York to-night on the seven o'clock flyer. There was no lady with him. All the same I may as well tell you that it is common talk that he did not go alone. He has, I am sorry to have to say it, taken these little trips before. And somehow, in some definite way that I cannot account for, Miss Brown's disappearance has got about. The newspapers have it—they must be silenced at once!"

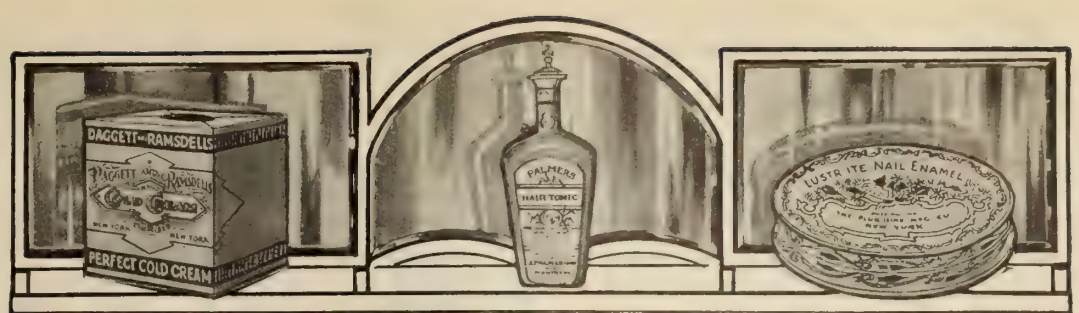
The little group looked at each other with startled faces. But the blind girl rose quietly from her chair.

"Come, Tommy!" she said. "We are wasting time here! I am sure, sir," turning to Mr. Johnson, "that you do not desire to insult my sister. I realize that, to one who did not know her, some such explanation as you have hinted might seem possible; to those who know her it is so impossible as to be preposterous. Mr. Van Slyke could scarcely have kidnapped Christine; and to consider any other possibility is an insult."

She turned with gentle dignity and moved toward the door.

"Quite right," boomed Aunt Miriam. "I declare I think all men are fools! There is more behind this affair than an elopement. Even if Miss Christine had been of the eloping kind. Adam! What are you staring at? Why don't you do something?"

(To be continued.)



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GATES OF MEMORY

Continued from page 7

"Yes, and mine, too, though I thank Heaven it was for the better!" the man replied with sudden vehemence, "for had the horse not thrown you both, it's likely I'd have done for John with my gun—yes, as soon as for the rabbit! I was in a black mood that morning, at the sight of you both—"

"Oh!" cried the girl, moving a step away and gazing with wide eyes at the frowning face of Barton; then, in a softer tone: "You loved me as much as all that?"

"Yes, more than life—more than my life—or his!" replied Barton, as he seized her hand and drew her close.

They walked slowly on in the steady lustre of the moonbeams, and the silence, until the shadows of clustering trees embraced them. Six months afterwards Henry Barton and Bessy Marvin became man and wife.

Ogilvie himself attended the wedding, serene and self-possessed of his second nature. Without a tremor of emotion, he saw the beautiful girl he had once loved made the wife of another. His former love for Bessy and the old enmity between him and Barton existed no more than the dream of one long dead.

Peacefully, the years rolled on over Orthridge. The fields were sown and bore their rich harvests season after season, and the life of the community went on all undisturbed by the tumult of the greater world without. One by one the older inhabitants went to sleep soundly upon the pleasant tree-crested hillside where the setting sun rested gloriously in a mellow haze as it rolled down the West. In their time the old father and mother of John Ogilvie died calmly and beautifully, one soon after the other. The last words that John Ogilvie spoke to his mother were in the nature of a lie, but a lie that sent a final thrill of happiness through the aged woman.

"Tell me, Johnny, that you remember me as your mother—your mother who brought you up! Say you remember when you were a little child!"

And though impenetrable blackness arose before the groping, baffled vision of the son, he answered:

"Yes, mother, I remember—it all comes back to me now!"

A daughter was born to the wife of Henry Barton—fair-haired, blue-eyed as Bessy herself. The child was named Camille, and grew strangely fond of the tall, silent, and grave-mannered John Ogilvie, the neighbor of her parents.

Esther Ogilvie felt a sort of uncertain, yet sacrificial duty imposed upon her by the weird spell that rested upon John. She told the faithful and devoted Matthew Olcott that until her brother was entirely recovered she would never marry.

Those who had known Bessy as a child remarked upon the marvellous resemblance Camille bore to her mother at the same age. As she grew up into young womanhood this resemblance increased until there came a time when mother and daughter might almost have been taken one for the other. But the daughter's rose-like beauty brightened and bloomed and that of the mother slowly faded. Then Henry Barton died of a sudden illness—a strong man whiffed out like a candle flame.

When Camille was twenty—the same age her mother had reached when betrothed to John Ogilvie—the wonder-working hand of Fate, which had left its victim so long undisturbed, once more reached down from the clouds and blotted out the records of twenty-four years of Ogilvie's life. He was now in his forty-ninth year.

It chanced one afternoon, as he was felling a young oak upon his farm, that the tree fell crashing, and rested upon its branches, its trunk still clinging to the stump by the twisted fibres. Ogilvie's axe glittered in the sun as he raised it and with one blow cut through the bent and straining wood. The heavy trunk, suddenly released, shot upwards as the branches sank rustling together. Then, with a wide sweep like some gigantic club, it lurched violently sidewise and struck Ogilvie full upon the forehead. It was as if the doomed tree sought to drag its destroyer down with it to death. The man sank limply into the branches of the tree—a tiny rill of red began to trickle over the green leaves.

They carried Ogilvie into the house and laid him in the old tester-bed which had stood in his chamber for more than forty years. Esther Ogilvie and Camille Barton busied themselves frantically with the injured man. A physician was hastily sent for.

"It is a fracture of the skull," gravely announced the man of medicine, and left soon after to summon a specialist for consultation.

Night fell, and the two women sat alone in the chamber by the bed of the helpless farmer. He lay with eyes closed, his head swathed in linen. The watchers spoke no word. Then—

"Look! Look! Esther!" exclaimed Camille. "His lips are moving!"

Even as she spoke, the eyes of John Ogilvie opened slowly and fixed themselves dimly upon those of Camille as she stood revealed in the lamplight before him.

"We shall be one?" spoke the lips, and it was like the fragmentary ending of a question asked by an automaton, and pronounced as though the speaker knew not the meaning of his words. But the voice was the old voice of John Ogilvie. His sister, sitting in the shadow at the foot of the bed, pressed her hand over her pounding heart. Like a flash of unearthly light, it came to the two women that he was completing the sentence he had left unfinished just before the dogcart had been overturned twenty-four years before! The uncompleted phrase, perfect in its thought and impressed by a deep and eager yearning upon his consciousness, had lain dormant in the brain of John Ogilvie during all this time. Now, released by the shock of the second accident, it burst

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into the light of the living present, and the two halves were made whole. Often had Camille heard her mother repeat the story of the accident and the last words Ogilvie had spoken to her: "Dear Bess, do tell me the day when—" Instantly the girl seized upon the clue.

"In October," she murmured, bending her head; "we shall be married in October," and laid her warm hand against his cheek.

John Ogilvie sat up in bed. The years seemed to fall from him like some worn-out garment. His eyes grew bright once more. The tense muscles of his face relaxed and rounded out into the familiar features Esther recognized as those of her brother John before his affliction. The flush of the fever that was coming upon him brought back the colour of youth to the sallow cheeks. His voice rang clearly again like the resonant voice of his young manhood.

"A pretty tumble we've had, Bessy!" said the farmer; "but I'm happy to know you're not hurt. How long have I been this way? And how's that fool brute, Molly? Has Jackson examined her carefully?"

"You've been unconscious a long time," answered Camille, "and Molly—Molly isn't hurt at all."

"It's an odd way you've dressed your hair to-day, Bess," said Ogilvie; "yet I think it most becoming. Ah! so you have set the day for October! It's worth having your head knocked to know that! A little more, however, and the wedding would have been a funeral. This head of mine feels like a mashed melon."

His eyes wandered to his hands lying outstretched upon the counterpane—hands yellow, thin, and gnarled, no longer like the firm, full-fleshed hands of four-and-twenty years ago. Wonder and alarm dilated his eyes.

"Heavens on earth! What has happened to my hands?" he cried, holding them out in the lamplight.

"It must be the fever and the loss of blood," replied Camille Barton with a quaking voice.

"Yes," hastily added his sister, still keeping fearfully in the obscurity at the foot of the bed, "you lost a great deal of blood, John. That makes you feel weak—you must rest."

"Bring me a mirror, Esther," he pleaded. "I must see how badly I'm damaged about the face."

"No, John, not to-night," faltered his sister. "To-morrow—when it is day."

"Bessy, come sit by me and give me your hand," murmured the injured man, and Camille sat on the edge of the bed, her face half in shadow and half in light. He began to speak of things that had occurred ere the girl was born—of their love, as he imagined it, of the dear days of delight in store for both. He rejoiced that his father and mother had not remained awake to watch over him. He inquired after his setter, which had died long ago. Crops that had been garnered and fruit that had been plucked over two decades ago—he spoke of these as present things.

"Be sure," said he, "that Jackson looks after Molly—her knees are tender. And if I'm to be kept abed for any length if time we must have Lafleur up to spray the freestone peach trees. I've ordered a new trap for the old folks—a present for their anniversary. See that it is taken into the barn at night, Esther, so we can surprise them with it. But where's the ring, Bessy?" he remarked suddenly, as his feverish fingers fondled the hand of the girl. With half a laugh and half a sob Camille replied:

"Oh, I left it at home, John, while working this afternoon."

Silent tears ran down the cheeks of Esther Ogilvie as she listened in the half-darkness, not daring to speak lest she reveal the age in her voice, not daring to move lest the light disclose it to her brother's eyes. She knew he was again revelling in the joy of his fresh, lusty manhood, and though the worn and broken frame of flesh invested and walled it about, and twenty-four added years of life rested wearily upon it, all this, the spinster realised, was unknown to the re-awakened memory of the real John Ogilvie. He who had been lost had now come back to his own once more.

When he slept, the women, in hushed voices, debated the question of how the tragic truth was to be told him, and by whom.

"It must be your mother, Camille," whispered Esther. "The shock will seem less to him, hearing it from her lips. We will send her to him after the operation."

The surgeons came and did the delicate work upon Ogilvie's brain and skull. He would be quite himself again, said they. When at length Ogilvie opened his eyes. he found a handsome, middle-aged woman, evidently his nurse, seated beside him in the twilight. Strange she was, and yet not entirely strange. She seemed much perturbed—more than a nurse of her age ought to be. Her voice, her face, her eyes—all were strangely familiar. When she spoke her voice trembled; when she looked at him her eyes filled with tears. The old leaven of an early love was again at work. When he persisted in asking to see Bessy—when, rather querulously, he wondered why she did not come to see him, Mrs. Barton burst into tears. Then slowly, as Ogilvie revived, she began to unfold the past. In the tenderest manner she told of the effects of the accident, of his changed personality, of the new life he had led, of the change that had come over his heart, and then over hers; of her marriage to Henry Barton, of their daughter Camille who resembled her, of Barton's death ,of Ogilvie's second accident, and the restoration of his former self.

John Ogilvie lay there as if stunned, only half comprehending the stupendous intelligence. Bessy Barton took a mirror and held it up before him. He started at sight of the altered features that stared into his own, then hid his face in his hands and said nothing for a long time, the while she gently stroked his hands. At last he muttered, despairingly:

"I thought I was coming back to the old life—the old love. I thought your girl was my old sweetheart, my old Bessy."

"John, I am still Bessy," said Mrs. Barton, smiling; "if not *'the* old Bessy,' at least *an* old Bessy."

"Would to Heaven I had never awakened!" murmured the man despondingly. "If only that tree had finished me! This is worse than death. To lose all those years—to lose you, too! Oh, God!"

"John," said Mrs. Barton, with shaking voice, "John, Camille will remind you of me—she will be a daughter to you."

He turned his pale, drawn face toward her. A pathetic eloquence was in his eyes.

"And you," he said faintly, "—you?"

She bent over him and kissed him on the brow.

"I will not leave you," she murmured, "if you need me. I will be your nurse—your—"

The years seemed to fall from him again. There came a swift magic and a bright wonder upon them both, as in the old days. For Bessy it was as if she too had suddenly lost a great tract out of her life, as if the present had once more merged with the remote past. When, a few moments later, Camille silently entered the room, followed by Esther and the faithful Matthew Olcott, she saw her handsome mother kneeling beside Ogilvie's bed. Their arms were about each other, and the invalid was saying:

"Oh, now I do not mind having lost all these years—now that I may spend the remaining ones with you!"

Wear and Tear Savers

When putting down your new linoleum or oilcloth have strips of moulding nailed about the linoleum where it comes to the board. This prevents dust from getting underneath, and also preserves the edges from moisture under the floor covering.

To remove hot water marks on japanned trays, use sweet oil. Rub it in well till all marks disappear, then polish the tray with dry flour and soft cloths.

To eat cucumbers without causing bad effects, eat plenty of raw onion with them. The onion contains an oil which neutralizes the poison in the cucumber.

To remove a bad corn make a poultice of bread soaked in strong vinegar, and put it on the corn at bedtime. After a few nights the corn can easily be removed. This is a simple remedy, but if persevered with never fails.

A waste paper basket should be part of the nursery furniture, and the children should be taught to use it for its proper purpose. The habit may be formed of putting in it scraps of paper and other rubbish which would otherwise litter the floor.

A kitchen table covered with zinc is a great labor saver. It is easily cleaned and saucepans may be stood, and vegetables, etc., cut up upon it without injuring it. The zinc costs little, will last practically a lifetime, and can easily be nailed on the table by any home carpenter.

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Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Alum is Unfit for Use in Food

IN Great Britain no one is allowed to sell alum hidden in baking powder, because the English law protects the people from this injurious acid.

Canada has not yet enacted a law against the use of alum, and as alum in baking powder cannot be detected by its appearance, many manufacturers are using this condemned acid because it is a cheap adulterant.

It is a fact that alum in your stomach produces the same disagreeable results to the delicate organism as you will feel in your mouth by putting a tiny piece on your tongue. Science shows that alum reduces the flow of gastric juices and weakens their power of assimilation, causing indigestion and the ills that follow.

No housewife should buy a baking powder made by a manufacturer that is afraid to print the ingredients plainly on the label of each can, and the wording should state that there is no alum in disguise inside.

About the House

WALL paper that has been soiled by a smoky fire or lamp may be cleansed by using a hard, dry sponge, the stiffer and harder the better. Rub the wall briskly with it.

When packing lay a sheet of tissue paper between the folds of your skirts, and if the trunk will not take them full length put a soft wad of paper where they turn over.

Tinware should be rubbed with flannel well soaped to remove all stains, brightened with a fine flannel dipped in whiting and finished with the ever-useful chamois leather.

A man who raised thousands of fine heads of cabbage every year said that the only secret he possessed was that he sprinkled them every week with water in which he put asafetida.

In the making of hot starch soapy water should always be used. This gives the necessary shine to the linen, while it prevents any chance of the iron sticking to the surface of the article.

Bread or potatoes should never be put in the mouth at the same time as fish, especially by children, or it will be difficult to detect bones in the fish, and they may be swallowed by mistake.

To make a good starch for curtains, mix a large cupful of flour with a little water and beat by hand to a smooth cream, then add boiling water to required consistency, stirring vigorously the while.

To purify the air of a cellar and destroy parasitical growth, place some roll brimstone in a pan, set fire to it, close the doors and windows as tightly as possible for two or three hours, repeat every three months.

Rinse silk handkerchiefs the last time in water with a little methylated spirits in it. Roll up in a cloth, iron on both sides, and they will have the gloss you desire.

Boiled water, when used for drinking purposes, should be prepared carefully. See that the water boils fast for fifteen minutes, then keep it covered till required.

Where paraffin lamps and stoves are used, keep a box of dry sand in the hall. If sand is thrown on burning paraffin it will extinguish it at once. Milk has the same effect.

Patent leather and kid boots will take a far brighter polish if they are first wiped over with a sponge dipped in milk. This must be allowed to dry before the polish is applied.

When preparing vegetables or fruits that stain the fingers, a very good plan is to previously rub the thumb and forefinger with a little grease, and it will prevent the stains that are so unsightly and difficult to remove.

Padding Embroidery Work.—For this lint cotton is much better than thread. Moisten the finger tips and roll the cotton the size and length wanted, and put in place and work over it. No shrinking required, as most thread does.

Cleaning and Cooking Hints

A piece of soft flannel is better than a brush for removing dust from silk.

To prevent the wash boiler from rusting, dry it and then rub the inside of the boiler with a bar of laundry soap.

Spots on plush will disappear if rubbed lightly and rapidly with a clean, soft cotton cloth dipped in chloroform.

When about to sweep a carpet, wet into a paste coarse cornmeal with water and ammonia, and scatter over the carpet. It takes up all the dirt when swept, without filling the room with dust.

The cheapest way of cleaning a white felt hat is to rub prepared French chalk well into it, and then brush off with a hard, clean, white-bristled brush. Block magnesia well rubbed in also cleans white felt successfully.

When frying potatoes have the fat very hot, if not actually boiling, before the potatoes are put in. Have each slice wiped quite dry, and when each is browned take it out and place on a paper before the fire to dry.

New lamp wick if boiled in vinegar and thoroughly dried before using will not smell bad when burning.

A weak solution of turpentine poured down the water pipes once a week will drive the water bugs away.

To rid your cellar walls of mildew try burning a little flour of sulphur in a tin plate. Paste up the door with strips of brown paper after you have set light to the sulphur and leave for at least twenty-four hours before reopening the door.

To clean a child's white coat rub it with equal parts of very dry flour and calcined magnesia.

At this season when chapped hands and face will give annoyance, treat the skin with carbolic soap instead of with carbolic salve. Melt several bars of pure castile soap and beat a small quantity of carbolic acid into it Pour it into greased pans and set aside to cool.

To remove grease spots from silk or wool place the grease spots between blotting paper and press with a hot iron. The blotting paper will absorb the grease and the most delicate shades can be cleaned like new in this way.

Oatmeal whitens the skin, and the girl who appreciates the value of the bath keeps a supply of oatmeal bags on hand, always using them whenever she takes a warm bath—and this is often.

Weights and Measures

IN order to facilitate quick division of recipes commit to memory or tack up over your kitchen table, the calendar for weights and measures. Knowing what each measurement weighs helps materially in using recipes.

One cupful is a half pint.

One cupful of flour weighs four ounces, and measures sixteen level tablespoonfuls.

One cupful of butter weighs eight ounces, and is sixteen level tablespoonfuls.

Sugar is the same as butter.

Ten medium-sized eggs weigh a pound.

One tablespoonful is an ounce of common liquids.

One teaspoonful is a fluid drachm.

One level tablespoonful of flour is a quarter of an ounce.

One tablespoonful of sugar is half an ounce.

One tablespoonful of butter is half an ounce.

One dessertspoonful is a half tablespoonful.

Four level teaspoonfuls equal one tablespoonful.

PLUM CAKE

Mix one cup flour with one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon each nutmeg and soda, one cup chopped raisins, one-half cup currants and one-half cup chopped nuts. Cream one-half cup butter, add one cup sugar, one egg well beaten, one tablespoon sour milk, the flour mixture and enough more flour to roll out. Mix soft, roll thick, cut out and bake quickly.

LEMON PUDDING

Ingredients: Boil one pint of milk, in which place two ounces of loaf sugar, the thin peel of half a lemon, two inches of stick cinnamon. Break in a basin four eggs, beat them well with a fork or whisk, then pour in the milk by degrees, not too hot. Mix it well and pass it through a fine sieve or piece of muslin. Fill a plain mould with it, and place this in a covered stew pan containing two inches of water. Set this pan on the fire and let the water only simmer for about twenty minutes or till set, which is easily perceived, then take it out and put it in the larder. When cold it will be ready to serve.

MOLASSES PIE

Here is a standard recipe for molasses pie, which is a favorite in many households: Nine tablespoonfuls of Porto Rico molasses, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, grated rind of one lemon, juice of one lemon, two level tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one level teaspoonful of nutmeg; moisten the flour with the vinegar and lemon juice, then add the molasses, rind, spices and butter, and pour into crust-lined tin. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

MARMALADE PUDDING

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound each of flour, chopped suet, bread crumbs, sugar, and marmalade, ¼ pint of milk, one egg, a pinch of salt, and ½ teaspoonful of baking-powder.

Mix the dry ingredients together then add the beaten egg and marmalade, and finally the milk. Stir slightly and thoroughly, put into a greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam for two and a half hours.

STUFFED APPLES

At this season apples are practically the only fresh fruit at the housewife's command. With the aid of varied stuffings, baked apples may be frequently served without producing monotony. The apples to be stuffed must have rather more than three-quarters of the core removed. It is a matter of personal taste whether the fruit is peeled

DUCHESS POTATOES

or not. The aperture from which the core is taken may be "stuffed" in one of the following ways: With orange or lemon marmalade; with a mixture of brown sugar, butter, and lemon rind. (Two ounces of sugar, 1 oz. of butter, and the grated rind of half a lemon will suffice for six apples); with sugar mixed with currants, sultanas, or chopped candied peel; with apricot jam or red currant jelly; If the apples are served cold, beat the white of an egg with as much sugar as it will take up, put this round the apples, and place in a cool dry larder to become frosted.

KEDGEREE

Made from the remains of boiled cod. Boil ¼ lb. of Patna rice. Slice an onion, and fry it in 1 oz. of butter or clarified dripping until it is a golden brown. Add the drained rice and 4 oz. of flaked cod, free from bones and skin. Stir well, and flavour with cayenne pepper and salt. Boil an egg hard, chop the white and grate the yolk. Mix the white and the kedgeree, pile on a very hot dish, and garnish with the grated yolk.

SPANISH RICE

Cover the bottom of the spider with olive oil. In this cook one-half of a small onion which has been chopped and one large green pepper cut in quarters. Add one-half can of four small tomatoes, cooking all together for twenty minutes. Then put in one cupful of rice, and just enough hot water to keep the mixture moist. Salt to taste and cook slowly for one hour, or more, if necessary. It is ready to serve when the rice is thoroughly done.

ORANGE SAUCE

Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one cupful of sugar and add gradually one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Put in a saucepan over the fire, and when the mixture boils, add one tablespoonful of butter and one orange, finely shredded. Boil until the sauce is of the consistency of thick cream, and serve either hot or cold.

VEGETABLE CHOP SUEY

Use one each of potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips and onions, cut in cubes. Add one head of celery and some finely chopped parsley. Put in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter or oil. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, and tumeric. About all the tumeric that will be required to tastefully season any dish will be one-fourth teaspoonful. Cover closely and cook until tender in the liquid generated from the steam. Only about fifteen minutes will be required for the cooking process. A little water may be added, if necessary, but there must not be a drop of liquid on the vegetables when they are cooked; neither must they be mushy. As soon as they crush readily between the thumb and finger, they are done.

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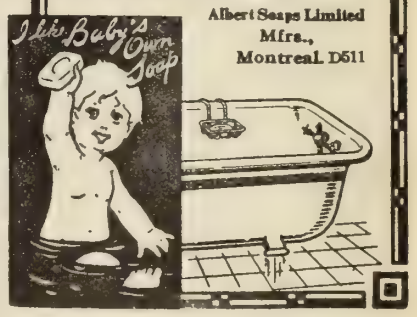

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Sterling silver cases with monogram, guaranteed seven-jewelled movements.

These are the daintiest, most attractive watches that anyone could wish. They will give pleasure and service for a lifetime. The reputation of **Canadian Home Journal** and one of the best known jewelers in Toronto is guarantee not only of their quality but of their beauty.

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15 Subs. Win A Watch

1. To every contestant who sends us 15 yearly subscriptions for the JOURNAL by March 15th, we will give a beautiful sterling silver watch, unless she wins a gold watch.

2. To the lady who sends us most yearly subscriptions for the JOURNAL by March 15th, we will give a splendid 18 karat gold watch.

3. For every 15 ladies who win silver watches we will give another gold watch to the next highest contestant.

4. For each 15 subscriptions we will send a silver watch or choice of its equivalent in cash or premiums. Thus, 30 subscriptions entitles contestant to two watches, etc., unless a gold watch is won.

5. Only full price subscriptions will count. One-year subscriptions at $1.00, count 20 points; six-months' subscriptions at 50 cents, count 10 points.

We are quite confident that at least 160 ladies will each secure 15 subscriptions, in which case 10 will receive gold watches, 150 will receive silver watches.

Enter Your Name Or A Friend's

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Enter Your Favorite Teacher

You can make a splendid gift to your teacher or Sunday School class leader. A few pupils can easily secure 15 subscriptions.

ENTRY FORM

Contest Department
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Enter this name in your gold watch contest. Send full information, sample copies and supplies:

Name .....

Address .....

Sent by .....

Address .....

.....

Send entry by Jan. 15th to have name listed in February JOURNAL among the contestants. It will help you get orders. Send your picture if you wish it published.

MATTERS MUSICAL

WE appreciate very much the many kind things that were said in comment on our December "Matters Musical," and the only other reward that we ask is that our subscribers will make still more use of this department, both in enquiries and with suggestions.

We find from the many letters received that a large number of our subscribers are interested in church music, and nothing would please us more than to be able to use our influence towards raising to a higher standard the musical part of our church services.

WOLF-FERRARI'S "La Vita Nouva," which is to be sung by the Mendelssohn Choir next February, has made a triumphant impression in Germany, Holland, England and America, and has been acclaimed by the critics as a new word in musical composition. Extraordinary demands are made upon the abilities of the choristers performing it, high C's and prolonged passages difficult of execution abounding in the first tenor and first soprano parts. The orchestration, too, is unusual in parts, and in addition to the regular orchestra demands, seven kettledrums, organ, big drum, tandam, two bells and a pianoforte. This last instrument is employed as a solo instrument, as an accompaniment, and also as an integral part of the orchestra. Once it is introduced with two harps, the string band and all the seven kettledrums in a movement entitled "The Angel's Dream," the effect produced being most remarkably beautiful. Throughout the entire composition the treatment of Dante's text is one that could only emanate from a master mind. The story of the poet's love for Beatrice, its influence, and its fruit, belongs to literary history and psychology. In his own words, "At that moment (the first meeting) I say most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secret chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith, and in trembling it said these words, 'Behold a God, stronger than I, who, coming, shall rule me.'" Thenceforth a reverent and worshipping love for the marvellous maiden "more fit to be an angel than a girl" filled the soul of Dante. It was the beginning of a "new life," the first fruits of which were his published sonnets.

MANY of our subscribers will doubtless be interested in a short description of an old-time concert given in Toronto recently, by the choir of one of our city churches, under the leadership of H. M. Fletcher, who is conductor of the Schubert Choir.

The main features of the evening were the old time costumes, and the quaint songs and choruses, which in every case portrayed life as it was at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The gowns featured by the ladies revealed the old-time hoops, basques, and such other fashions as grandmother might describe in telling some old tale. The men were also costumed in that period, wearing velvet suits, in knickers and long stockings, lace collars, and white wigs.

The music was characterized by the old-time jerk and emphasis, and the humor was increased by one or two finger accompaniments. Several members of the choir assisted in old-time recitations, solos and quartettes. It may easily be guessed that the amount of work necessary to produce this was indeed many times heavier than that needed for a modern concert. It certainly reflects great credit on the leader and the members of his choir.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Question—(Organist's letter)—F. K. R.—Please name some good organ preludes and postludes.

Answer—Owing to the limited space at our disposal we must give a rather brief answer to the above query, but the following might be considered an attractive list: "Communion," Saint Saens; "Peace, Perfect Peace," Willem Coenen; "Melody," J. A. West; "Cradle Song," F. Sohr; "Largo," Handel; "Hosanna," Paul Wachs; "Duke Street," George Whiting; "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," George Whiting; "March Militaire," F. Archer; "Pleyel's Hymn," U. C. Burnap. You might find Shelley's book (Gems for the Organs) very useful, and also many compositions by Henry Smart, Edwin Lemare, and H. A. Wheeldon.

CHOIRMASTER, R. W. B.—You will possibly find among the following some useful hints for your anthem work:

"Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul," Baumann. This anthem is introduced by a very pleasing baritone solo, followed by a pianissimo chorus, working up to a very fine climax.

"Hark! Hark! My Soul," Shelley, consisting of two contralto solos and a very attractive chorus, with a soprano obligato.

"Great and Marvellous," Turner. An exceptionally heavy composition, suitable for anniversary or thanksgiving services.

"Christian the Morn," Shelley. With soprano and contralto duet, also duet for male voices.

"Seek Ye the Lord," Dr. J. Roberts. Opened by a tenor solo, followed by a tenor obligato, with a soft accompaniment by the choir.

"Still, Still with Thee," Speaks. This is an anthem of much sweetness and pathos, with solos for contralto, baritone and soprano.

For a change, we give some suggestions for quartette work. One of the prettiest compositions recently published is "Vesper Hymn," Lonnie Rees; also, "Come Unto Me," E. R. Bowles; and, "Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace," E. R. Bowles.

G. E. H.—I have heard that the study of the violin interferes with the touch of a good pianist. Is this so?

There are two reasons why no one can play piano and violin equally well. The violinist strives to harden his finger tips in order to make his tone definite, while the soul of a sensitive and refined piano touch lies in the softness of the finger tips. The ear is another factor in the matter, for the acoustic pictures peculiar to the two instruments are so thoroughly different from each other that the ear must get accustomed to the tone quality of the piano to produce the best results by exploring its possibilities. The technic, literature and tone quality of the two instruments are too different to admit of a mastery of both.

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But be sure you *do* say H.P., because it is H.P. Sauce you want

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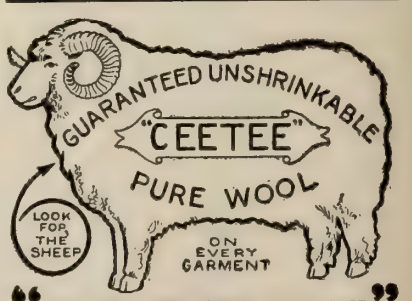

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After another searching inspection, they are sent to the finishing room there to receive the padding and lining—and, after a final examination, they are ready for the Order Department, where sharp-eyed inspectors stand ready to reject any and every fur piece or fur garment that falls short of absolute *perfection*.

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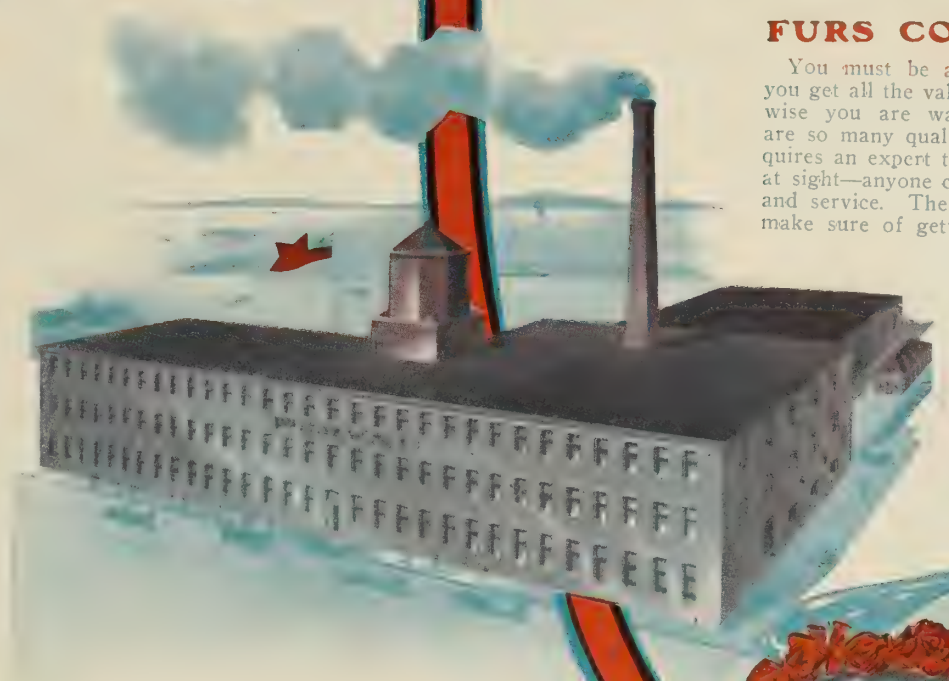

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4677-313—Lady's fur-lined coat, 50 inches long, shell of all wool imported cloth, semi-fitting back, box front, collar and revers of mink marmot lining of brown dyed Sushki. Factory price, *prepaid* ... **$32**

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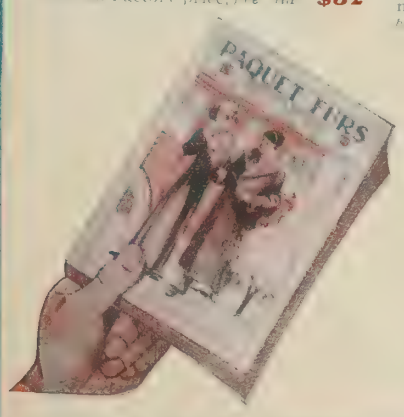

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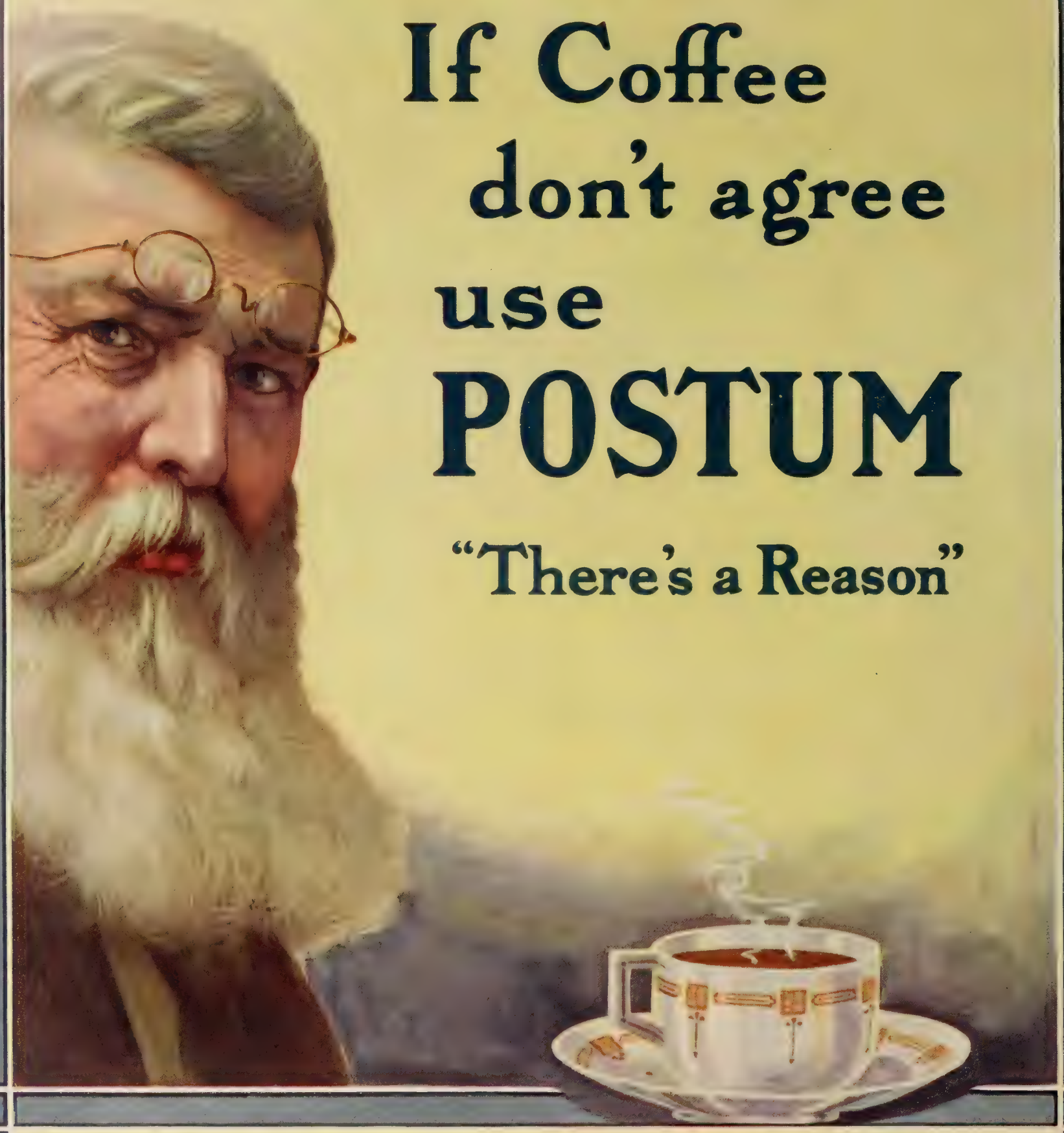

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CANADIAN
HOME JOURNAL

FEBRUARY
1 9 1 2

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Published on the 25th of each month preceding date of issue by
THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

Subscription Price

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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE COVER DESIGN is always a source of anxiety and much thought to the makers of magazines. Both advertising and editorial authorities are seriously concerned over "what we shall have for the front cover." We are happy to be able to assure our readers that during 1912 the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will present a pleasing exterior, of which our friends may well be proud. In January, we set out with a bright and seasonable depiction of a snow man and two happy young Canadian playmates who represented a typical scene of our bracing northern winter. This month, you will find a "February's Lady" on the cover who would be a fair valentine for any admirer of feminine charms. The "touch of snow" only makes the picture all the more attractive. For next month we have arranged for a "March cover," which will open the springtime most auspiciously. The artist who is giving us a cover design for this number is Mr. Norman Price, who has attained fame in both New York and London, and of whose work Canadians may well be proud, as he is a native of the Dominion. His illustrations of an *edition de luxe* of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" showed masterly imagination, and among his recent magazine work, none has been more noteworthy than the latest Christmas cover for the New York *Century*. We are congratulating ourselves on having secured the services of so eminent an artist, and we are sure that you will appreciate our efforts to have the best available talent for this publication.

SCHOOL PROBLEMS have been arousing general interest, and our educational system has been more discussed during the last year than ever before. Medical inspection is a feature of the modern public school management, which is claiming more attention every day. "Are not the parents quite capable of looking after the health of the children?" is a question which may be asked by many. Apparently not, if we may judge from the reports in our congested cities. We must remember that our public schools are for all classes, and that many pupils come from poor and overcrowded homes. The rural schools have been neglected, in this respect, and the public is slow to realize what is needed in the matter of medical inspection, throughout the rural districts. In this month's issue we publish an excellent article by Dr. A. A. Backus of Aylmer on this subject, which, we hope, will be followed by other papers from the same authority, amplifying the matter and appealing especially to the members of the Women's Institutes. Dr. Backus is well known among the members as a speaker of authority, and we know that you will read her articles with interest and profit.

OUR HOME BUILDING number, which is always our February issue, is unusually satisfying this year. We publish articles on heating, decoration and construction which contain much practical information and are eminently readable. There is a little chat on the woodland home, which anticipates the summertime, and there are illustrations of homes which will prove of stimulating interest to many a prospective home-builder. From an artistic standpoint, we hope you will find the various departments of this subject dealt with in satisfactory fashion, and we trust that the many hints as to the best modern methods of equipping the home will be of immediate value to all housewives.

THE FICTION is a strong feature of the modern domestic magazine, and we try to meet this demand with stories of good purpose which are also thoroughly entertaining. "Christine," the heroine of Mrs. MacKay's serial, is certainly a lady of many and extraordinary adventures, and our readers are deeply interested in her varying fortunes. "Captain Middleton's Mistake," by Percy James Brebner, in this month's issue, is a short story which should meet with general approval. It is an English romance of the good old-fashioned type and we are sure it will meet with appreciation. Then we have two "storiettes" this month which are by Canadian writers, and which depict playfully the lighter side of life. "The Dregs-of-Wine Silk" is a sketch which is quite true to everyday life and character, while "Where There's a Will" presents a situation which every woman will understand.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE work becomes increasingly interesting. As it spreads in the West, the enthusiasm becomes typical of that new land of great opportunities. In our March number we expect to publish an article, "Home-makers of Saskatchewan," by Miss Lillian Beynon, whose journalistic work is well known in Manitoba and the Prairie Provinces, and who has interested herself in the organization and spread of Women's Institutes in the new districts. Photographs from the West of prominent workers, or of special scenes, such as fairs or exhibitions, will be welcome.

FASHIONS FOR SPRING will be the leading feature of our March issue, and will be widely representative of the many departments of this "eternally feminine" subject. Gowns, hats, lingerie and all the frills and furbelows, dear to the most sensible of us all, will be discussed in our first spring number.

OUR INSTITUTE FRIENDS have been writing to us on a subject which seems to be very near their hearts, and which we are quite willing to include in our list of "attractions." However, the success of this new feature will depend altogether on he enterprise and enthusiasm of the nstitute members; so we appeal to them to show their sincerity by taking a practical part. We are going to have an Institute Question Box, in which any matter of concern to Institute members may be discussed and asked about, with the same reedom you would exercise in your own society. Recipes which have proved especially successful may be sent in or exchanged. Questions about any department of house-work or farm-work, in which women are interested, will be welcome. This question box must be kept up by members, who will give their names and addresses when asking or answering. If it is preferred, initials only will be published. The best way to learn is by trying to find out, and we hope our Institute friends will all show a disposition to help in this mutual information bureau.

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Medical Inspection in Rural Schools

An Interesting Paper on an Important Subject

By A. A. BACKUS, M.D.

MEDICAL inspection and sanitary care of the people is a very ancient custom. The Greeks and Romans were always interested in developing and caring for the body—baths, exercises, massage, special gymnastics for special development were a part of medical science well known before the time of Nero. For the Jews Moses gave a list of hygienic laws unequaled by any other code in the world.

In many European countries a system of medical inspection for schools has been in force for years. Japan introduced in 1893 medical inspection of schools, and in 1906 had eight thousand four hundred and twenty-four inspectors. Strange to say, the United States have been slow in adopting this measure, and it was not until 1896 that it was established. However, now New York City has the most thorough system of medical inspection of schools in the world.

Toronto—thanks to the good work and energy of Dr. Helen MacMurchy, has taken up the work in this province, and other cities and towns are giving the subject serious consideration—while the rural schools are just beginning to think that there is a need, and a great need, for the medical inspection of schools. This is conclusively proved by the statistics of New York. Sixty three per cent. of all children who enter the schools of that city require medical treatment. In Canada as yet we have no accurate information on this subject. But without doubt there would be found in our rural public schools at least fifty per cent. of the children needing medical advice and attention.

The parents should attend to this, many say; but the parents do not attend to these things, and the lack of interest in the physical well-being of the growing child is one of the sad and startling conditions in life, whether it is from lack of observation, lack of interest or a feeling of fatality—"What is to be will be." The fact is, that after the child begins to run about and care for itself a little, very serious physical changes can take place in that child without the knowledge of the parents, and a child may be considered dull, stupid, lazy, who is only ill-nourished or suffering from some physical defect, which if taken early, can be easily corrected, and the activity and brightness so a part of the normal child, return to it again.

The first thought of the mother when her babe comes into the world is for its physical condition: Is it all right in form and health? There is a pride parents display in the well-formed infant which is unfortunately often lost in the growing child, and the environment in our homes, whether in country or city, is seldom best calculated for the physical welfare, and the growth and development of the girls and boys.

Children acquire through unsanitary conditions in the home many physical defects, and unless those defects are discovered and corrected by proper medical or hygienic care in the earliest stages, the perfect physical development, and the best mental development can never be attained.

We have compulsory education, which is a great blessing, and in addition we should have compulsory sanitation in our schools, and the compulsory medical care of all children suffering from physical defects, defects which to-day in our rural schools are encouraged by the lack of care in the home and completed by unsanitary condition of our rural schoolhouses and their outbuildings. Girls and boys grow into men and women, carrying through all their lives the penalty of a weak body and inactive minds because of the indifference and ignorance in the home and in the school. The teachers, as well as the children, suffer; the remedy is regular and careful medical inspection by capable inspectors.

The medical inspector of a rural school should be an outsider, and sent direct from the Educational Department of the Provincial Government; one who has no wires to pull, and one who has an honest interest in the welfare of the children. There should be special training for these inspectors, and they should be thoroughly familiar with the laws of physical development as well as with the discovery of disease.

Every practitioner in the rural districts sees daily the frightful neglect of parents in looking after the physical needs of their children: malnutrition in every, form, enlarged glands, deformities of the spine, defective hearing, defective vision, defective breathing from adenoid growths and enlarged tonsils, defective teeth. And yet, because of their distance from a doctor, from lack of observation, or from the forlorn hope the children will outgrow these things, no heed is given to correct these conditions either by medical aid or sanitary conditions in home and school.

Probably fifty per cent. of the children in the rural schools are suffering from some physical defect, which if not attended to during these plastic years of their lives, can never be corrected, and will leave the trail of its malign influence in the mental and bodily conditions so long as life shall last. It is useless to try to educate children who are not in mental or physical condition for education, and the compulsory education of children is futile unless it is accompanied by environments for the physical and mental welfare of the children.

Faulty nutrition is the usual source of all ill health, and faulty nutrition is brought about not only through lack of proper nourishing food, but also by unsanitary conditions in the home and in the school. Medical inspection in the rural schools means that all children suffering from physical defects which can be corrected or improved will be put in the way of receiving the attention they require. Dr. Kelly writes: "Under the conditions of the present day a system of medical inspection of schools furnishes the most efficient methods for obtaining the facts which will enable any community to render the schools the best means for the development of the child and for its preparation to receive the greatest benefit from education." It is astonishing that the public have been so slow in recognizing the value of such a self-evident proposition.

Thomas Madden Moore says: "If the state for reasons of public policy, determines that all children shall be compulsorily educated from their earliest years, it should certainly afford the means by which this may be least injuriously and most effectively carried out, by providing sufficient food as well as education for every pauper child compelled to attend school.

In the rural districts of this province there are few pauper children; but there are hundreds of ill-nourished children, not from lack of things to eat perhaps, but from lack of nourishing food. Children cannot be expected to grow up properly unless directed, says Madison Taylor, and the medical inspection of rural schools include supervision of physical training and medical gymnastics. The physical welfare of the child is of so great importance because it means strong women and strong men. The physical welfare of the child to-day is the physical welfare of the children yet unborn, and the happiness of the human race.

The desired goal of every individual is happiness, and there can be no happiness without health; but, having health, it is easy to be happy, and to accomplish the tasks required with ease and comfort. The public schools of this country have often been accused of overworking their pupils, and some physicians have held this opinion. But when you consider the work accomplished, and compare it with the standard of German and English schools, our children do not have much overwork to complain of. It is not the work, but the conditions of school life in this country; too long hours in our schoolhouses (particularly for the younger children), lack of proper ventilation, bad lighting in the schoolrooms, causing eye strain and headache, improper seating, and consequently twisted and contorted positions of the body, not enough outdoor exercise of the active kind for either byos or girls. However, girls suffer most from the foolish idea they must not play outdoor games, and sit about the schoolroom while the boys are at play.

Dr. Edwin Chadwick, who has made careful researches in the mental growth of children, states that a child from five to seven years is able to attend to one subject for about fifteen minutes, which should be the length of the lesson; from seven to ten years, about twenty minutes; from ten to twelve years, about twenty-five minutes; from twelve to sixteen or eighteen years, about thirty minutes.

Every minute in school, after the power of attention is exhausted, is given to form the habit of inattention, which is a clear loss to education. That health must suffer is certain.

In 1881 the high school of Cleveland, Ohio, was investigated by authorized medical authority, and it was found that nearly seventy-five per cent. of the girls had left school on account of ill health or partly so, and that thirty-three per cent. of the boys were compelled to leave on account of physical troubles. *Ill health increased almost uniformly in proportion to the amount of outside study, and inversely to the amount of recreation indulged in.*

The confinement in close rooms, breathing air vitiated by respiration is bound to lower vitality, and is equally hard upon teacher and pupils. There is no doubt that breathing the vitiated atmosphere of respiration has a most injurious effect on the health. Persons soon become pale, and partially lose their appetite, and after a time decline in muscular strength and spirits. The aeration and nutrition of the blood seem to be interfered with, and the general tone of the system falls below par. Mr. Parkes, in his observations above quoted, might be looking into the average rural school of Ontario as he writes, and it is the breathing of a vitiated atmosphere day after day that sends teachers and pupils worn out and anaemic at the close of every school term.

The medical inspection of schools would necessarily make a great change in the matter of ventilation and exercise for the children. There is a tradition abroad—and like other traditions, we believe it without examination as to its truth—that country homes are more sanitary than the homes in the city, and country children stronger. Of course this is as it should be, and in the summer time, perhaps, is so; but in the winter, country homes are not by any means as sanitary and well ventilated as the city or town homes; nor are the country schools in any way to be compared with the sanitary conditions of the schools in city or in town.

To save a present dollar regardless of future contingency is the usual formula. Fox in "Sanitary Examinations of Water, Air and Food," writes: "Unventilated and crowded schools are, moreover, the nurseries of strumous diseases in general, which sap the strength of the community."

The medical inspection of rural schools would not only be of great benefit to the health and welfare of the children, but also a great educational factor concerning the laws of sanitation, which would go far towards establishing better conditions in the homes, better conditions in the schools, and a better idea of health and its preservation. "From labor health, from health contentment springs," but it must be labor under sanitary conditions or there will be neither health nor contentment.

There are continual calls for help for consumptives, and in many of these cases the foundation of the disease was the unsanitary conditions of the public schools which were attended. How much more expedient it would seem to prevent this trouble than to cure it! Keating speaks of school pathology, and gives the following affections as those which originate from school influences: dyspepsia, headache, nervous disorders, consumption, spinal neurasthenia, backache, menstrual disorders, consumption, spinal deformities and disease of the eyes. Surely if there is any method or system that can be introduced in our rural schools which will destroy or prevent influences that produce all these evils it would be well to consider them. In another article we will particularize some of these conditions and their results.

Captain Middleton's Mistake

An Old-Time Romance With Happy Ending

By PERCY JAMES BREBNER
Author of "Princess Maritza," "A Royal Ward," Etc.

Illustrations by Harold Denison

AT Almack's to-night the scene was a brilliant one. It was a masked ball, but whereas elsewhere in the town a gorgeous costume and a mask might conceal a person of no importance, or worse, one whose notoriety was too scandalous, here it was a matter of certainty that every visitor had at least some standing to give him or her a right to be present. That select committee of ladies which ruled at Almack's was not to be easily deceived, and all the world knew that cards of entry were difficult to obtain. Had not the Duke of Wellington himself been refused admission only a few nights ago because he was not in the regulation dress ordained by this austere committee?

Captain Middleton, of greater talent perhaps in the camp than in a ballroom, stood watching the dancers from a corner. He had danced half a dozen times; had acquitted himself with sufficient grace, and three times at least had succeeded in penetrating his partner's disguise. The sparkle of eyes through the mask, or hair or figure so perfect that they could only belong to one person in this parish of St. James', had led to the recognition; but the one person the Captain sought to discover he could not find. She was to have been present to-night, he was convinced of that; and he had looked upon this ball as an opportunity. Mistress Dorothy Sutherland was of those whom no disguise could conceal, at least from his recognition, he argued. Only on half a dozen occasions had he had speech with her, and then but a few words, one amongst a crowd of admirers eager to be seen and taken notice of. Certainly on no occasion had any special favor been shown him, and it was obvious that Mistress Sutherland could make choice of a richer and more important man than he was, yet from the first moment he had seen her he had worshipped her. Before this, in war, he had led a forlorn hope, and had snatched success; surely in love it was not impossible to win, no matter how great the odds might be.

But to-night chance was not in his favor. She was not to be found, and he had no inclination to dance with any other. As he passed slowly across the vestibule on his way out, three men were talking and laughing together.

"The fair lady is to marry, I understand," he heard one say.

"So fair a lady could hardly escape," was the answer. "Who is the fortunate man?"

"Not one of her own choosing, if what I am told be true," returned the first speaker. "They say my Lord Carrisford."

The third man laughed.

"Carrisford and Mistress Sutherland! Think of it. All that is beautiful given to all that is most repulsive. My life on it, she will find a way out either before marriage or after, with some gallant to help her. If her uncle persists there'll be a piquant story to set the town gossiping, I warrant."

"You might fill the post of gallant, Sir Charles."

"Why, so I might," was the answer. "It is an idea well worth the considering. One more or less will not serve to fill up the roll of my iniquities, but marriage—ah, gentlemen, is it not a much overrated condition, even when linked to as sweet a nymph as ever was sent to plague a man?"

Middleton was hard put to it to pass on in silence. It was well-nigh a sacrilege that such a man should take Mistress Sutherland's name upon his lips. Amongst the dissolute companions of the Prince Regent, Sir Charles Steadman held a prominent place. He was a libertine of the worst kind, yet of such wit and address that many found excuses for him, and innocence often believed that he was greatly maligned. Middleton well knew the dangerous character of the man, and passed into the street hot with anger.

It was not a night to help him to a better temper. A thick fog, like a pall, had fallen over the town, a damp atmosphere that chilled after the heat within and quickly settled on the cloak in a thick moisture. It was still early, there were as yet few coaches for hire in the street, and Middleton walked a little way into the blackness in search of one. At the top of a neighboring mews, where a light hung and flickered from the corner of a wall, a coach suddenly drew to the side of the road.

"Yes, sir, I know," said the driver quickly.

Middleton nodded. He was well known in the neighborhood, and this man had evidently driven him to his lodgings on some previous occasion. He got into the coach hastily, and immediately the driver's whip cracked. The sudden movement jolted him sideways, and he started as he came in contact with something soft and warm, and there was a rustle of silk by his side. He was not alone. Drawn back in the corner of the coach was a woman.

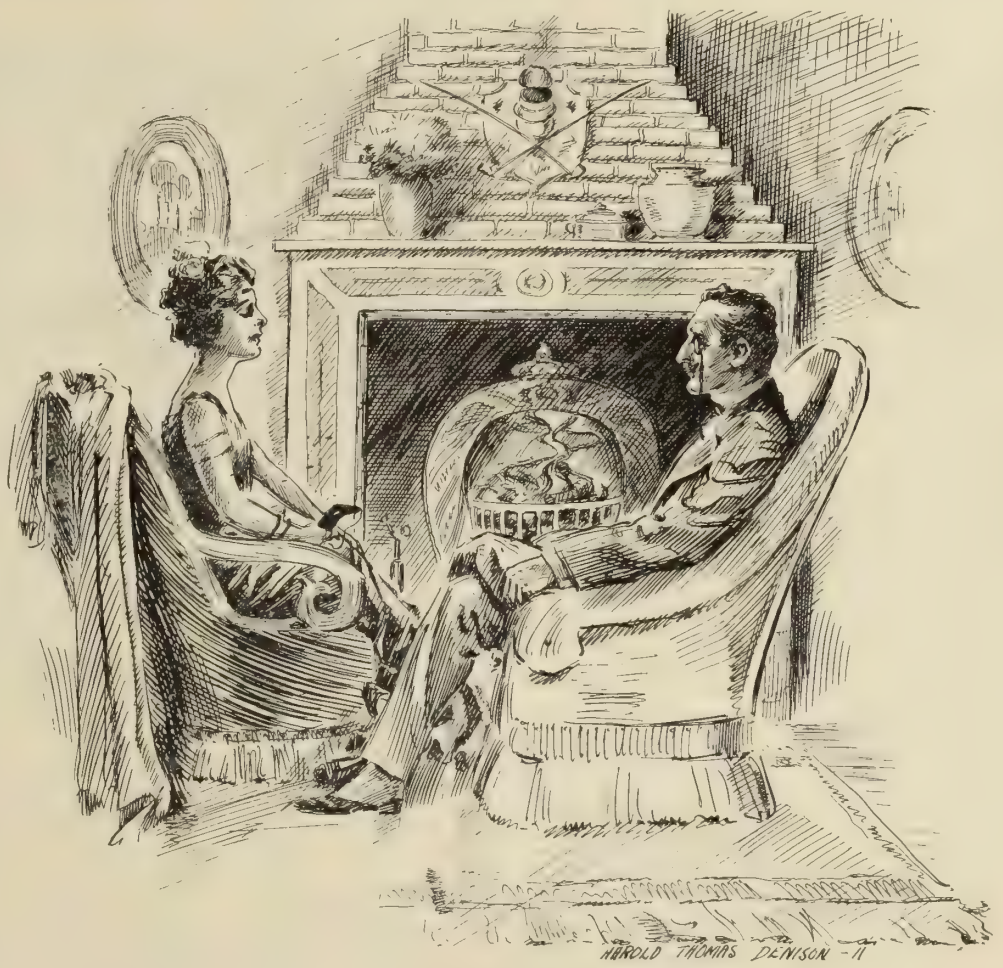
"Don't speak to me," came a whisper. "I am trusting you with more than life. Respect my helplessness."

"But surely, madam, I——"

"Please, please. Am I not here? Is not that enough?"

Middleton was silent. There was such a depth of pleading in her tone that he could do naught else but respect her wishes. There was a mistake, but she would not permit him to tell her so, and when presently she should find it out and be angry, she could not in justice accuse him. He smiled a little at the thought. Was ever woman yet born who would pause to be just in such a predicament?

She had shrunk away from him into the corner of the coach, and, save when a light at some street corner penetrated the darkness, he could not see her. Such a ray of light presently showed him that she was masked, and it was then for the first time that he realized that he was still wearinig his mask. In his anger at Sir Charles Steadman's base suggestion, and his annoyance at the inclemency of the weather, he had forgotten to remove it as he left Almack's. How could the driver have known him? Of course he could not have done so. He had been on the watch for a man seeking this coach and was as mistaken as the lady. The position was altogether impossible.



"Shall we tell the truth?"

"Really, madam, I——"

"Oh, please, not yet. Have you not said my word is law?"

It was a common enough phrase to use; possibly he had made use of it, might have done so to this very woman. Perhaps she recognized him, although he failed to discover her identity. She was trusting him with more than life, she had said; what was the full meaning of that? Surely this was an elopement, and he was the wrong man. Captain Middleton had no faith in such marriages; for one that might lead to happiness there were a dozen which only brought misery and disenchantment. Fate might have put it into his power to-night to save a woman from this. Or perchance he was the victim of a jest. He was not, as were most of his acquaintances, ever in love with some fair face or other. He had declared that when he touched so sacred a thing as love, it would be for lifelong constancy, and the laughter had been merry at his expense. This might be a trick, the woman hired from the playhouse for the occasion, while somewhere the perpetrators of the joke were gloating over the tale which they would take good care should be all over the town to-morrow. If so, his own native wit might yet turn the laugh against them, and he did not remove his mask.

There was another alternative. He might be the victim of foul play, this woman but a decoy. This would most easily account for her unwillingness to speak and for the driver's haste in getting him to enter the coach.

They were passing beyond the town now, and here the fog was not so dense. For a while, Middleton was uncertain in which direction they were going, but presently discovered they were journeying in the direction of Edgware. The woman did not move or speak. Whether her eyes were fixed upon him, perhaps penetrating the darkness better than his could, whether there were any doubt in her mind as to his identity, he could not tell.

Presently lights danced into the coach, which came to a standstill before an inn.

"Evidently our destination, madam?" said Middleton, rather asking a question than stating a fact.

She did not answer, but her dress rustled as she moved and gathered it together, so Middleton descended and handed her out. She passed quickly into the inn and he followed more leisurely. The coachman appeared to have received his instructions, and moved away.

"This way, sir. A bad night to travel in."

The landlord was obsequious, treated him as an honored and expected guest, and led him up a few steps into a private room where a table for two was already laid, and a fire made merry music on the hearth.

"You wish supper served at once, sir?"

"No, no. Wait a little. I will consult the lady."

The landlord bowed himself out, and Middleton took up a position before the fire. It was impossible to plan out any course of action. His next move must depend upon the lady's, but he did not remove his mask.

The door opened slowly and she came in, rather timidly, it seemed. She, too, still wore her mask.

"I have told them not to bring supper until I call for it. Come to the fire, madam. Now we may surely talk a little."

She crossed the room and took the chair which he drew close to the blaze for her. Her movement and pose were full of grace—a wondrous decoy, if such she were; and certainly he had seen no woman at the playhouse to compare with her.

"Will you not remove your mask?" he said.

"Indeed, sir, I was about to suggest that you should do the same thing. I have wondered why you were wearing it. For me it was natural, but for you——"

With a quick movement she undid her mask, and at the same moment Middleton did the same, a smile upon his lips as he foresaw her astonishment and dismay. The smile went out of his face as the wrinkles out of water when a strong wind sweeps the surface flat for a moment as it passes.

"Mistress Sutherland!"

"You, Captain Middleton!"

She had started to her feet, and her mask fell to the floor. He was speechless with amazement, and yet vaguely realized that Fortune had not treated him so ill after all.

"Speak, sir, and quickly What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"Indeed, madam, I am at a loss to understand it myself. You will remember that I endeavored to explain when——"

"Explain!" she exclaimed. "I remember no such thing. You forced yourself into my coach and——"

"And in the darkness you took me for someone else. I thought the coach was empty until I jolted against you and then——"

Then you ought to have called the driver and got out," she retorted.

"You would not allow me to speak, madam."

"There is no excuse, sir, to attempt to find one only adds to your meanness. There are some who will call you to account for this insult."

"Insult there is none, Mistress Sutherland; a mistake, yes, but hardly of my making."

"Of whose making then, pray? Did I creep along the street and force my way into a coach of yours? I understand now why you thought it necessary to wear a mask. It was to deceive a woman."

"You are unjust and unreasonable. There has been a mistake; it may yet prove a fortunate one."

"I can quite believe, sir, that you will not scruple to make profit out of my misfortune if possible," she answered angrily.

"At least listen to me now," he said a little severely. "A mistake can be repaired."

"This one, never."

"Will you listen to me?"

"You will use violence next if I do not, and perhaps the quieter I remain the less my reputation will suffer."

"To-night I was at Almack's," he said slowly. "It may increase your anger to know that I went there solely with the hope of seeing you. I run the risk of your greater anger to try and prove to you that I am speaking nothing but the truth. On leaving, I looked for a coach, walking along the street in search of one. Your driver drew up apparently recognizing me, and I got in. It was not until afterwards that I realised that I was still wearing my mask, and that he must have made the same mistake as you did."

"It is a strangely halting explanation," she said with a short laugh; "and it may interest you to learn that your reason for going to Almack's to night does not concern me in the least."

"Until you took off your mask in this room I had no idea who my traveling companion was," he went on.

"You took the adventure mightily complacent, sir. I suppose such intrigues are to your taste."

"And I could have sworn I should have known you anywhere, no matter what your disguise," said Middleton, rather to himself than to her.

"I see no attempt to repair the mistake yet," she remarked.

"The tale grows more interesting; pray, sir, continue."

"By a chance sentence overheard to-night I find you are to marry Lord Carrisford," Middleton went on after a moment's pause.

"Indeed, I intend to do no such thing."

"I gathered that you and your uncle were not in agreement in the matter. One man suggested that you would sooner elope than marry Lord Carrisford."

"There are things more unlikely."

"He even went so far as to provide you with a gallant."

"This is a most interesting tale," she said.

"I thought it intensely impertinent," he returned, "more especially when I heard the name of the gallant, a libertine of the worst character. The man himself was present, and it was with difficulty that I refrained from insulting him there and then."

"The tale grows more interesting. Pray, sir, continue."

"May I know his name?"

"Mr. Charles Steadman."

"I have no more to tell," said Middleton. "I left Almack's angry on your account, and unwittingly entered your coach."

"But doubtless you have advice to offer," she said. "I seem to have heard that Captain Middleton is always ready to offer advice."

"Indeed, madam, I assure you it is news to me."

"Once, I think, when I had barely exchanged a dozen words with him he had the effrontery to suggest that a gentleman I honored with my acquaintance was unworthy of that honor."

"He did," Middleton returned, "and strangely enough, only yesterday, by a military court that gentleman was found unfit to wear his Majesty's uniform. To-morrow you may read it in the 'Gazette.'"

She had not heard this, and was surprised, but she was not in the mood to admit anything.

"I had wit enough to find out his unworthiness without your advice."

"Then, mistress, you cannot require my advice now."

"I have asked for it," she replied carelessly. "I think it may amuse me."

"You ask me to tread on delicate ground in order that you may laugh at me. It requires a brave man to undertake such an enterprise, yet I will venture. Whose place I have taken to-night, I do not know. I quite understand that to fall a victim to Lord Carrisford would be a disaster to you; I feel that you are justified in escaping such a fate by almost any means you can; but unless you are sure of your cavalier, of his honor, of his chivalry, I pray you turn the mistake which has occurred to good account. In your position a woman may be most easily deceived."

"I would this cavalier of mine could hear you say so."

"He certainly would, mistress, were he here. I have never yet met the man who could make me fear to tell the truth."

"And your advice?"

"Let me take you back to your uncle."

At that moment the door opened, and they both turned quickly, both evidently expecting the same person. Only a waiter entered.

"I am to ask, Sir Charles, whether you will now have supper served?"

"Send the landlord to me at once," he said sharply, and turned to the fire.

When the landlord entered and saw Middleton without his mask he started.

"Sir, there is some mistake, I fear," he said in some confusion. "This supper was for—for another gentleman."

"For whom?"

"Really, sir, I am not——"

"I want his name, and at once."

"Sir Charles Steadman," said the landlord. This masterful guest rather frightened him.

"Sir Charles has been here often?"

"Oh, yes, sir, often."

"And there have been suppers for two like this?"

"Yes, sir, he is an excellent customer of mine."

"Always paying well for silence on your part, I suppose?"

"Gentlemen are——"

"Answer me, yes or no"

"Why, yes, sir."

"And you have known the ladies?"

"Some of them."

"And how much did he pay for silence to-night?"

"Merely an extra guinea or two, sir, charged in the bill."

"You can go. Delay the supper."

Mistress Sutherland's head was lowered, and a scarlet flush was in her face and neck. She understood only too well what these questions and answers implied. Like many another innocent girl, she had believed Sir Charles a much-maligned person. She had listened to him in a moment which he had chosen well, and when she was in despair how to escape from Lord Carrisford. She did not love him. Truly she had not learned to love at all as yet. She was waiting for someone to teach her.

"Will you let me take you back to your uncle?" Middleton said slowly.

"No. I will never go back to him. I cannot. He would speak all kinds of scandal to force me into marrying Lord Carrisford. My uncle has something to gain from such an alliance. I shrewdly suspect that part of my dowry was not to be asked for."

"At least you cannot have anything more to do with Sir Charles."

"If you knew how I hate his very name you would not put the suggestion into words."

"I have a sister——" Middleton began, after a pause.

"Do you think I can go to her?"

"Why not? We may make a tale of being lost in the fog; we may imagine a drunken driver, if you will, from whom I rescued you, and I can crave my sister's hospitality for you. To-morrow——"

"To-morrow the coffee-houses would have the story, and I should die of shame," she answered. "Think, think, Captain Middleton! There must be some way out of the dilemma. Besides, the fog may have cleared in London by this time."

"Shall we tell the truth?"

"The truth?" she repeated. "Impossible."

"We may add to it a little."

"I do not understand," she said, looking up at him.

"Mistress Sutherland, Dame Fortune has favored you to-night and saved you from a libertine. She made use of an unworthy tool, I know, but it may be the Dame is pointing a way out of the difficulty."

"Still I do not understand."

"And I have few words to explain," he said, falling on his knee beside her. "I love you, Mistress Sutherland, always have loved you ever since the first moment I bowed over this little hand. Give me the right to silence any tongue which shall whisper a word in your disfavor, and make me the happiest man in this realm of England."

"Say the one little word," he pleaded.

"And if I say that word?" she asked shyly.

"Then you shall go to my sister to-night. To-morrow I will see your uncle, and Sir Charles may ask for an explanation when he will."

Perchance the little word was never said, eyes only may have looked it; but a loud summons from the private room almost frightened the landlord presently, as he was wondering what Sir Charles would have to say about this little mistake.

He hurried to the room. The man and the woman were standing before the fire, hand in hand, the landlord fancied. The masterful guest turned round quickly, but he was in an excellent humor.

"Supper at once," he said. "We are in a hurry."

* * *

A few days later the story was over the town, not quite as it actually happened, but it was enough to set gossip cackling and to make a score of men envious A few doubted the truth of it at first, but were quickly convinced when it was whispered that, only that morning early, in a field at Highgate, Sir Charles Steadman had been punished for speaking disparaging words of Mistress Dorothy Sutherland. It was said that some days must elapse before he could recover from the wound in the forearm which he had received from Captain Middleton.

A TRIBUTE TO DICKENS

By JEAN MURRAY

HE was one of the world's great writers,
Charles Dickens, of gifted pen.
I read his books, not once, nor twice,
But over and over again.
I keep them on a near-by shelf,
Much pleasure do they yield;
If I could have but one, I'd choose
My David Copperfield.
For I'm fond of pretty Dora,
And of Mr. Dick with his kite,
Betsy Trotwood, Agnes, and Peggoty
All add to my delight.
And I rather like Micawber,
Though his troubles would make one weep;
And its thrilling to read of the downfall
Of "'umble" Uriah Heep.
Over and over again have I read
And enjoyed "Our Mutual Friend."
The charming story of Bella and John
Entertains from beginning to end.
"Little Dorrit" and Arthur Clennam, too;
Mrs. Merdle, young Sparkler, her son;
Miss Fanny and Mrs. General,
How real they seem, each one.
I can almost see the Maypole Inn,
As it stood long, long ago,
With the tall young ash for a signpost,
And methinks I see Dolly and Joe.
These are some of my favorite characters,
There are ever so many more
That seem like old friends. As the years go by
Dickens' books are a treasure-store.
When I read to-day's fiction by authors of fame,
How my loving memory quickens,
I recall those old books—the new ones are good;
But they're not quite so splendid as Dickens.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attention of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress. He shows them great kindness. On his return home he finds a letter informing him that his daughter is alive and in peril. He sets out to find her, and, in the meantime, his nephew, Mark Wareham, returns and is injured in an accident. To complete the catastrophe, Christine disappears suddenly.

"INDEED—if Miss Ada will forgive us—that is just what I want to do. Please do not go. You are undoubtedly right. I do not for one moment believe that Miss Christine is responsible for her own disappearance. But the more innocent she is the more would she suffer from a newspaper scandal. I can stop that by the use of 'undue influence,' but the better way would be to prove them on the wrong track. If Mr. Johnson were to communicate with his men in New York, advising them to shadow Van Dyke, the matter will be disposed of once and for all—"

"It is disposed of now, once and for all," said Ada, calmly. "I refuse to allow Mr. Jonhson to insult my sister by any enquiries in that direction. If he cannot help us in any other way, we must manage to find her ourselves."

"Quite right," declared Aunt Miriam again. "Don't tell me that Miss Brown may be deceived in her sister. It isn't possible to live with anyone for sixteen years and not know of what they are capable—I mean in regard to the big things. So if Miss Ada here, is satisfied that you should waste time in tracking Van Slyke, I agree with her. Besides, I have the advantage of having seen Miss Christine herse'f, and anyone who had done that would have no doubts. There must be another explanation somewhere."

Ada, who was still standing, thanked her with a tremulous smile.

"Very well, you may be right," admitted the detective. "Meanwhile, the story must be got into print. Mr. Torrance, will you use that undue influence? I will begin my enquiries at the other end. Did your sister use the car or did she walk home, Miss Brown?"

"She usually walked."

"Would she walk in the rain?"

"I do not think it would prevent her. She wore her raincoat."

"Would there be any little errands which she might attend to on her way home?"

"Not to-night—oh yes, I remember she was to call at a drug-store."

"For anything particular?"

"No—just some glycerine, rosewater and carbolic acid."

"A preparation for the hands, is it not?"

"Yes. We make it up ourselves."

"Well, the drug stores on her route must be visited without delay. We may pick up a valuable clue. If I get anything definite I'll let you know at once. But try not to be impatient. At any rate I'll report to-morrow night. Shall it be here, or at Brook Street?"

"If it could be where Celia could hear—"

"Certainly," said Mr. Torrance. "The report shall be made at Brook Street. And tell Miss Celia not to worry. Everything that can be done shall be done and done quickly. We are not even sure, yet, that she is lost. We must have hope—"

"That's it!" declared the big detective, genially. "That's the word we need in our business—hope!"

Chapter XXV.

NOT until the evening of the next day did Mark's delirium finally leave him. Then, himself once more, he looked up into his uncle's face with a somewhat wry smile. "Here I am!" he said weakly. "Somewhat damaged in transit, but still kicking."

Adam Torrance pressed the free hand gently. "Hard luck!" he said. "But don't worry. We'll soon have you as right as rain."

Mark nodded. "Yes. I'll patch up quickly. But you wanted me—to help. Your little girl—have you found her?"

"No, not yet. It may be a long search. All our clues have led nowhere. The whole story may be a cruel hoax. You must not think about it. The sooner you are well, the sooner you will be able to help. Can you sleep now?"

The invalid's grasp on his hand tightened.

"Yes. But there is something—I can't rest until I have a note sent to explain—to tell someone that I am ill. You'll do it for me, won't you?"

"Certainly. Anything you like. Just a brief note telling of the accident, I suppose? I'll send it at once. What name and address?"

A bewildered look came over the invalid's face. "The name—address?" He raised his hand uncertainly to his head. "Why—I don't know them. They are gone—I have forgotten!" He returned his uncle's smiling look with one of terrified dismay. "My head! Is there something wrong with my head? Whatever shall I do?"

"It is the effect of the blow, I suppose," said his uncle, "but it will be only a temporary inconvenience—if you do not make yourself worse with worry. Meanwhile, perhaps I can help you. Shall I mention some names?"

A slight flush crept into Mark's pale cheek. "You don't know this name, sir. It is the name of someone you have never met. I want to tell you about it when—I'm stronger."

"Yes. But let me try anyway. It is a lady's name, I presume? Well then, how about Alice Van Slyke?"

Mark moved restlessly. "Oh, no!"

His uncle watched him keenly. "There was a name," he said slowly, "which you mentioned several times while you were delirious. The name was that of Miss Brown—Miss Christine Brown?"

Mark sank back upon his pillow with a sigh of relief. "That's it! I remember it all now—the address is 1620 Brook Street. Uncle, I know you will wonder, but if you can only trust me until I am a little more myself, I will tell you—I can explain—"

"Yes, don't try to talk now. I know more about it than you think. The main thing is for you to get well. I need you, Mark, and—others—need you too!" Try as he would he could not keep the feeling out of his voice. The nurse raised a hand warningly. But, already, weakness and the satisfaction of having his wish granted had dimmed the sick man's perceptions. He smiled contentedly. "I'll get well—now," he murmured. Then the nurse came forward to say that he had talked long enough.

"He is rallying splendidly," she told Mr. Torrance when they had left him in a peaceful sleep. "There is a great difference between now and last night. You can see it for yourself. By to-morrow his head ought to be quite clear and you will find him much stronger."

"Yes. Thank God! He seems almost himself to-night. Will he wake again, do you think? Should he do so and ask for me tell him that I am delivering the note he wished sent, myself. Should he be worse and I am needed, send for me to No. 1620 Brook Street, Room 28."

If the nurse were surprised at the address, she did not show it, though it might have occurred to her to wonder what business could take the fastidious Mr. Torrance into such squalid quarters.

As for that gentleman himself, he had almost forgotten to find Brook Street squalid. He passed through it now without seeing it; so great was the interest of the opening drama which it sheltered that even the House of Windows promptly took its proper place, a stage effect, necessary but unobtrusive. The children still playing in the gathering dusk crowded around him, but he scattered some silver amongst them with an indifferent hand and hurried up on the untidy stair where tragedy had climbed before him. He found the two girls close together in the almost dark room—waiting. Tragedy was there, too; one felt her chill breath in the air and read the sure signs of her presence in the strained eyes and white faces of the sisters.

"No news yet," said Ada.

"Unless you bring us some?" added Celia.

He shook his head. He was surprised at the change in Celia's voice. When he had heard her speak before it had been dull, a little hoarse, curiously without life or inflection. Now, although weak, it was clear and natural, charged with deep feeling. Her eyes, too, had changed; they were restless now, full of awakened life; all the unnatural listlessness had gone. The shock of Christine's loss had done what Christine's arguments had failed to do; she had forgotten about the Stores. The lesser calamity had been swallowed up in the greater.

"No. I have no news," said Mr. Torrance, awkwardly assisting the blind girl to light the shaded lamp. "Except that Mark is himself again. He was quite conscious when he awoke to-night and was able to ease his mind by giving me the message for Christine which he tried in vain to give last night. I told him that I would see to it. It was impossible to tell him the truth. Poor fellow! But I hope he will never have to face the shock. Christine will be found again before he needs to know that she is lost. Has Johnson sent no word? Then he will be here soon himself, and we shall know all that there is to know."

"Tommy is coming, too. He has been searching all day. He blames himself—."

Mr. Johnson's brisk knock at the door interrupted her and Ada flew to admit him, while Mr. Torrance, mindful of his own experiences, held the lamp that the detective might not stumble more than was necessary.

"Bad stairs, those!" declared the detective, puffing. "How do you do, Miss Brown? Thank you, a little light is a help. How do you do," he bowed over Celia's couch. "Is Miss Torrance here yet? She declared she was coming—extraordinary woman, if I may say so, Mr. Torrance!"

"My sister will not be here. She is greatly disappointed but upon learning that there is no elevator—well, even she knows that the stairs would kill her."

"Well, then, we are all here—except Mr. Burns—"

"He is coming now," said Ada, and indeed they could hear someone taking the stairs three steps at a time. Tommy had no need of light. He knew his way well.

"Ah, now, here we all are," went on the detective, as Tommy burst in very red and breathing heavily. "I did not communicate with you before because I had nothing very definite to tell. But I have some details, very interesting details. First, we began at the Stores. They knew all about it there! I couldn't tell them anything, so, of course they couldn't tell *me* anything. They are quite sure that Miss Christine has eloped with Van Slyke. All the real information obtainable there was that the young lady left the stores, looking particularly pretty, in a dark blue raincoat and toque exactly five minutes after six o'clock. Van Slyke was observed to be sauntering down the other side of the street. Evidently he wished to have one more look at her before leaving on the seven-thirty train for New York. He did not follow her; simply watched her out of sight and then went off slowly in the opposite direction. One of the clerks saw Miss Christine turn down Market Street, which gives us the course which she probably took in going home. From there we lose track of her until we come to Cunningham's Drug Store, corner of Market and Osborne Streets. As Miss Ada imagined she might, she went in there to purchase some toilet articles. The clerk remembers her well. He says that he has been in the habit of watching her go past, to and from work, because she was so pretty. For the same reason he inquired and found out who she was. There is no doubt about his identification. (It seems that there must be few young ladies with hair like hers. Everyone notices it!) The druggist sold her some glycerine, rosewater and carbolic acid. She was certainly in no danger then, for she was not at all agitated and answered his remarks upon the badness of the weather with a laugh. Here the trail would have been lost again save for the fact that the druggist's messenger boy also noticed her hair. He says, not unpoetically, that it looked like a yellow flame in the wet. He was standing in the doorway and watched her come out. She went on down Market Street, he says, and before she had gone very far an old woman came up and spoke to her—"

"What?" It was Celia's weak voice that gasped the question. The detective apparently paid no attention.

"An old woman spoke to her and she stopped for a few moments in the rain listening to her. Then the two of them moved away, still down Market Street, but *together*."

The little group looked at each other in helpless bewilderment. The detective paused, observing them.

"Here we lose sight of her," he went on. "Where the messenger boy's eyes lose her in the rainy dusk we also lose her. She moves away—somewhere—*with* an old woman!"

He watched his hearers closely, but they apparently were too much amazed to answer.

"So you see," he said blandly, "there may have been something in that old woman story after all."

"What old woman story?" Celia's voice was very low. Her face had grown deathly white. "I have been ill. I have heard nothing."

"I am afraid there has not been very much to hear," said the detective. "The information I have does not carry me very far, unless one of you can make it more definite." He took out his notebook. "I find here, Mr. Burns, that you tell me that once before Miss Christine was spoken to by an old woman, a repulsive old woman?" He looked at Tommy.

"Yes, I told you that."

"You say that she was a beggar who asked for money. Was this the only time that Miss Christine mentioned having been addressed or annoyed by an od woman? Think well, now."

"She only mentioned it once," said Ada, slowly—"to me."

"She mentioned it twice to me," said Tommy. "But the old woman only spoke to her the once. Before that she only annoyed her by what Christine thought was a sort of espionage. She imagined that the creature watched her, followed her! She first mentioned the idea to me upon the night she bade good-bye to Mr. Wareham. I remember she asked me to look behind to see if I could see anybody dogging us. I looked around and thought I saw somebody in the dark, but could not be sure. She seemed nervous at the time but laughed about it afterwards. She had never spoken to the woman or the woman to her. It was only the other day that the woman asked her for money."

"Well, then, the question is, who is this old woman?"

Again the group looked at each other in puzzled silence. Celia's face was turned away.

"Or, rather," said the detective, "who might this old woman possibly or conceivably be? No one but you, her sisters, can possibly help me in this."

Tommy fidgetted nervously. Celia lay very still.

"But how," Ada's voice was very low, "how can we possibly know who this old woman is?"

"I said 'possibly or conceivably might be,'" explained the detective, patiently. "In other words, I think that the explanation must lie right here, in this room. You ladies must be in the possession of some facts, family history or something, which may possibly give us the clue to the identity of this woman. She was not watching the girl for nothing. It was no coincidence that she is concerned in her disappearance. If you ever want to see Miss Christine again you must give us these facts, private though they may be. You are the only ones who can do so, you, her sisters."

For an instant there was silence in the room; then Celia turned and faced the questioning look in Ada's eyes.

"That is just it," she said quietly. "We are not her sisters."

"Not her sisters?"

"No. We will tell you all we know. After all, it is only from Christine herself that we wish the secret kept. I hope what we can tell you may help—although I dread it, too! Still, anything is better than this suspense."

The detective took out his note-book with business-like promptitude. "Go on," he said.

"We had a sister, Christine. She died with our mother when she was only a few days old. Had she lived she would have been almost a year older than we think Christine to be. Christine was deserted by her mother when she was a tiny baby, just cutting her first tooth. She had no one belonging to her and would have gone to the police-station and to some foundling asylum had not Ada and I taken her ourselves. She thinks she is our sister, the little Christine who died! It would break her heart to know that she was an unwanted and deserted baby."

"This is new light with a vengeance!" exclaimed the detective. "The problem ought to be simple enough now. What do you say, Mr. Torrance?"

Mr. Torrance was looking at the sisters with new admiration. "I say that it was a brave and beautiful thing to do," he said, gravely. His eyes dwelt longest on Ada's face.

The detective suppressed a smile. "Yes, it was all that," he assented cordially. "But what I meant was, how does the problem strike you? Tell me," turning to Celia, "from what you know of the mother, do you think that she would be likely to show up again?"

"Why—I don't know. I know nothing of her mother."

"Well, of the grandmother, then, or the aunts or the family generally? Might not this old woman be quite naturally accounted for?"

"I don't know, Mr. Johnson. You see, I know nothing about the family. There was no family—nothing."

"Oh," said Ada, shuddering. "Please don't."

"We must look facts in the face, dear. And there may be a chance in what Mr. Johnson suggests. Let him see the letter, Ada. The letter that came with the baby. It will tell him all we know."

As the blind girl left the room there was a sound as of someone falling violently over the third step from the top and upon the victim being investigated he turned out to be Mickey Halloren, the landlady's boy, with a letter for Mr. Torrance.

"Sure, the dude wot give it to me said that ye left strict w-word that any sich were to be delivered at wanst," said Mickey, grinning.

Mr. Torrnace passed some silver into the hand that held the letter. His face was a shade paler as he took the envelope and with a word of apology opened it. Its contents were not long, for he read it quickly and then crushed it in his hand. His face in the interval had become deathly, but in the shaded light of the room his pallor passed unnoticed.

"I hope Mr. Wareham is not worse," said Celia, anxiously.

"No. It is not Mark. It is private—news. It can wait until we have finished here." His voice forbade questioning.

"This is the letter," said Ada, returning. "It has lain all these years in our one locked box. We hated it, yet we did not destroy it—it was you, Tommy, who kept us from that. I know the horrible thing by heart. It says, 'She was one too many. Her father won't keep her and I can't. She ain't been named yet.'"

"Horrible indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Torrance.

But the detective, who was looking intently at the paper in his hand, gave vent to a vigorous "By Jove!" followed by a long whistle.

"What is it?" asked Celia eagerly.

He looked at her with a dazed air. "What is it?" I don't know. But either I'm crazy or this is the most remarkable thing I've ever run across!" He spread his broad hand over the dirty bit of paper and made an evident effort to recover his usual poise. "But I may be mistaken," he said more quickly. "Now I want to know exactly how, when and where, this deserted baby was found and don't omit the slightest detail if you ever want to see your sister again."

Ada's eyes filled with quick tears, but Celia's eyes were bright and resolute. "I think I can tell you all just as it occurred. It is one of those scenes which impress themselves indelibly. It is as if it all happened yesterday. My mother had been dead nearly a year and I had just obtained work at the Stores. I had been there only a week and did not know all the rules, one of which was that no go-cart or baby carriage should be allowed to stand anywhere but in the place provided. It was one of the days of the semi-annual ribbon sale, and we had been so rushed that we could scarcely draw our breath. In the early part of the afternoon I saw a woman come in with a tiny go-cart which she left in the little niche between the two ribbon counters. I saw her only for an instant and probably noticed her because she seemed so poor and so different from the crowds of shoppers around her. I did not think of the incident again until the sale was over and I heard the floor-walker blaming Miss Twiss, the head clerk, for allowing the go-cart to be left there. I peeped over and saw that there was a tiny baby in it—so pitiful and so wee, with hardly strength enough to cry! The store was closing and there seemed no doubt that the child had been deliberately deserted. They spoke of taking her to the police station and somehow, I never knew exactly why, it came to me to save the little thing. When they asked me about it I lied and said that I knew the mother and would see that the child was taken home. They all knew, or guessed, that it was a fib, but were glad enough to have the matter off their hands. So I brought the baby home to Ada and we adopted her. All the girls who were with me at the ribbon counter knew about it and for years they all came to see her and brought her presents, until one by one they drifted away. There are none of the old girls there now. Miss Twiss married Mr. Flynn, who is still in the Stores, and she is the only one, besides Tommy, who knows the truth about Christine."

She paused for a moment and then went on, "The baby was dressed in rags, almost; and was unkempt and ill and miserable, but even then her hair was spun gold, her eyes like flowers. There was no mark upon anything and the only scrap of writing was the note I have given you."

The detective, who had been writing steadily in his note-book, looked up.

"Can you give the exact date of the ribbon sale?"

"Yes. The autumn sale always begins upon the same date, the 16th of October. It was the second day of the sale, just sixteen years ago this October."

Adam Torrance leaned over with a stifled exclamation, but the detective went calmly on—

"Any mark upon the child?"

"No, none. She was a perfect baby."

"You say she was cutting her first tooth?"

"Yes, it was almost through."

"Do you remember anything about the appearance of the woman who left the go-cart?"

"No, nothing, except that she looked old and poor; I thought her ugly."

"What makes you think she was old?"

"She was bent, and, I think, I can't be sure now, that her hair was grey. She gave the impression of being an old woman in every way."

"Did it not occur to you, then, that she could hardly be the baby's mother?"

"Yes. Ada and I often spoke of it. We thought it might be the grandmother."

Just so. And have you ever, from that time till this, been troubled in any way?"

"Never."

The detective turned to Tommy.

"When Miss Christine spoke to you about the old woman, whom she thought watched her, did she say how long it was since she had first had that impression?"

"No, but I gathered that she had noticed it for some time."

The detective drummed thoughtfully upon the table with his pencil.

"Then," he said, "it looks as if the evidence up to date were all in."

"Not quite all," said Adam Torrance, quietly. "Let me see the paper you are hiding under your hand!"

The detective slowly placed the paper upon the table. "I wanted to be sure before I showed it to you," he said. "I did not wish to raise hopes—or fears—unnecessarily. However—there it is—what do you make of it?"

For answer, the other unclenched his hand and spread another crumpled piece of paper, face up, beside the first. It was the letter which Benson, the butler, had intrusted to Mickey Halloren for delivery. "Look!" commanded Mr. Torrance, tersely.

The two men bent forward, the detective eagerly as a hound who scents a trail, Tommy in blank amazement—their exclamations were simultaneous.

The writing on both scraps of paper was identically the same!

Celia, who had struggled up from her couch, gazed at it in wonder.

"What does it mean?"

No one answered her, and in silence they spelled out the words upon the second piece of paper.

"It's done now" (the scrawled writing ran). "I told you I'd tell you when it was done. Your girl's gone off like my girl went. She'll never hold up her head again. There ain't a pin to choose between my girl and your girl now except that your girl ain't dead yet. Perhaps she wishes she was by now. Fine detectives you've got. They'll never get her, and if they do it's too late now."

"It's the same writing," gasped Celia. "What does it mean?"

"It means that one search at least is ended," said Adam Torrance solemnly. "For your lost Christine is my lost daughter!" He buried his face in his shaking hands.

"Devil-work!" said Mr. Johnson. "Devil-work—that's what it means! And so devilish clever. The woman's either a wonder or a lunatic—the latter for choice! No one not mentally unsound could plot so cunningly—" he was stopped by the pressure of Ada's hand upon his shoulder.

"Please! won't somebody tell me!" she asked. "I—I can't see."

"Yes, yes, said the detective. "Sit down, my dear lady! A clear statement will help us all. You see we have been searching everywhere for the last month for a trace of Mr. Torrance's lost daughter. She was kidnapped when she was a baby of six months, just cutting her first teeth—remarkable that the coincidence did not strike me at once! She was stolen upon the eighth of October, sixteen years ago, and all these years her father has believed her dead. A letter came to her parents saying that she had been stolen in revenge, by a mother whose own daughter had worked in the Stores and whose ruin the distracted creature laid at the door of the Stores' owner—Mr. Torrance. This letter, evidently to stop the search, said that the child was dead. It appeared genuine, and although the search was not dropped, no trace of the child was ever found. I may add that the writing of that first letter was undoubtedly the same as the writing of that which you found on the baby. (It gave me a tremendous start). Then, about a month ago, Mr. Torrance received another letter saying that the child had not died but had lived to work as a shop clerk as the other poor girl had done, and that like her, she was —er—"

"I understand," said Ada quietly.

"Well then, to-night comes another letter, still in the same writing (it is a peculiar hand; there's no mistaking it) saying that the revenge is complete. That —er— in fact—"

"I understand," said Ada again.

"That the writing of all these three letters is the same as the writing of a letter which came pinned to the dress of the baby you found deserted upon the 17th of October—in the stores of Angers & Son, I have no manner of doubt. The conclusion is plain."

"There is a difference of nine days in the dates," said practical Tommy. It was the first time that his amazement had allowed him to speak.

"Yes, naturally. Miss Celia says that the baby was in rags; was half starved and horribly neglected—some interval would be needed to make the well cared for child look like that. (The clothes of course, were exchanged for others). Also a certain difference in dates was necessary lest the coincidence be too striking. Even as it was, it seems impossible (although in fact it is the most probable thing in the world), that no coincidence seems to have struck anybody. That is the darned cleverness of the thing! Did any one know of the kidnapping?" he asked Celia.

"Why, yes, we read of it in the papers. But we did not feel especially interested. We did not know who Mr. Torrance was. He was just a name. We did not know that he had any connection with the Stores. And this baby—so evidently a neglected, unwanted child! It would have been a miracle if the coincidence had struck us. And then—the note!"

"Ah, yes, the note. There's where the infernal cleverness of the whole thing lies. The note was a triumph—"Her father won't keep her and I can't—' she is provided at once with a fictitious father and mother. 'She was one too many—' how horribly likely! a masterpiece!"

Mr. Torrance raised his white face. It was evident that he had not heard the detective's explanation. His look was dazed. "Where is she now—my little Christine?" he said. "Did I tell you that she is Mona over again? Mona was my favorite sister, you know. I knew that she was Mona," he went on with a little hysterical laugh, "and yet I did not know that she was my own daughter! And I have let them steal her away a second time. What is it that the fiend says, 'There's not a pin to choose between'—"

"Stop it!" thundered the detective. "You'll be out of your mind first thing you know! I thought you weren't in a fit state to stand another shock, that's why didn't show you the letter at once; but I want to tell you right here, Mr. Torrance, that if you break down now, you are less than the man I took you for! You'll just have to brace up. We're going to find her for sure. Don't forget it. We know what we are doing now!"

The stricken man made a great effort to pull himself together.

"Yes," he said, "I know. I must not think of it. To find her only to lose her. To lose her like *that*—If I think of it I shall go mad. I—I don't–you see the creature says it is *too late*. She will never hold up her—"

"Mr. Torrance!" Ada's soft voice held a note of command that pierced even the bewildered senses of the distracted man. "You must not speak of Christine like that! She may or may not be your daughter but she has been our sister for sixteen years and we will never allow a word of doubt to be spoken of her. In what danger her life may be we do not know, but we do know that it is only for her life that we need fear. From any other danger our Christine is safe, wherever she may be."

"Amen!" said Tommy Burns solemnly.

Adam Torrance caught the girl's hands in a mighty grip. "God bless you!" he said. "That was what I needed. I believe you. It is only for her life that we need fear."

"And as life is worth something," said the detective drily, "we'll just see that they don't get a chance at that, either!"

Continued on page 50

TWO AMUSING STORIES

Tales of Canadian Life by New Writers

THE DREGS-OF-WINE SILK

By AGNES FAULKNER NELSON

THE doctor's wife stood back from the long oval mirror to survey herself. She gave soft little pats to her fluffy grey hair and smoothed the wrinkles out of her new silk gown complacently. It was an odd shade—that *dregs-of-wine,* but it suited her clear skin and her silvery grey hair. The eye lingered over the harmony of colors.

The doctor's footsteps fell noiselessly on the thick Persian rug. It was not until she saw his reflection in the mirror that she was aware of his presence. Her cheeks took on a delicate rose tint and she turned from the glass self-conciously.

"I was rather dubious about it," she said. "Are you sure you like it, John?"

"If you are satisfied I am, dear."

"Mrs. Ross thinks it is beautiful. Do you know, John, I like her very much. I'm so glad we're to be neighbors. There are women who will never praise a thing you wear, and sometimes I think it's jealousy on their part."

"I'm afraid you don't find me very enthusiastic," suggested the doctor, in his quiet way. "But you know, dear, you look charming to me in anything."

The rose tints deepened on his wife's face, and bending towards him, she touched his coat sleeve with her lips.

There were those who said that the doctor had married the widow for her money, and that the widow had married the doctor for his social prestige—but there are always people who talk thus.

"It's early for the tea," said the doctor's wife, stealing a last glance in the mirror. "I think I'll just run in next door and take Mrs. Ross one of those lemon pies I made this morning. They were better than usual, weren't they?"

"If it could be possible," returned the doctor, gallantly, and his eyes followed her with lingering fondness as she left the room. He loved her for her warm, impulsive heart, and her lavish generosity.

Twenty minutes later, as he stood at his office window, he was surprised to see her returning with the pie.

Observing him through the half-opened door, she entered the office and laid the pie on a chair, her manner as tragical as if she were taking a part in a play. The doctor noted that her face was white, and that her lips trembled piteously

"I'll never believe in anyone again," she half sobbed. "I don't believe there is a *sincere* person in the world. And I had planned so on our friendship. Oh, John, it was awful!"

No longer able to control herself, she leaned her head against his shoulder and shook with sobs.

"I went in at the side door," she said at last, the words coming brokenly, "for I saw she had callers in the drawing-room. So I just sat down in the sitting-room to wait until they would go. I didn't mean to listen, John, but when I heard my own name spoken the temptation was too great. John, they were talking about me—and my new dress. And what do you suppose Mrs. Ross said?"

"I can't imagine, dear."

"She said she thought it fitted abominally, and *that the shade was hideous.*"

There was a tragical pause while something gleamed for a moment in the doctor's eye—something closely resembling a twinkle.

Finally he said:

"Don't all women talk that way, dear?"

"No, they don't; and I think it was despicable after the way she praised it to my face."

"Hush, dear; she's coming over."

The doctor's wife immediately withdrew herself from her husband's embrace, and removing the traces of tears with a tiny lace handkerchief, stood, the picture of cool, majestic dignity, to receive her neighbor, who rushed in without the ceremony of knocking.

"Oh, Mrs. Sterling," she cried in consternation, and one could see that her distress was genuine, "I heard the side door shut, and I hurried out to see who was there. The moment my callers left I came over. You must have overheard what was said in the drawing-room. I'm so sorry."

"Yes; I suppose it was scarcely intended for my ears," rejoined the doctor's wife so freezingly that even the doctor shivered.

Mrs. Ross' cheeks grew crimson, but she stood her ground bravely.

"I don't know what possessed me," she said.

"Neither do I."

"The moment I had said it I was ashamed of myself," continued Mrs. Ross heroically. "And I acknowledged that I thought it a strange dress for *you* to buy, because you have such excellent taste, and always dress so well."

"But you liked it the other day," said Mrs. Sterling, unbending slightly.

Mrs. Ross seemed embarrassed for a moment, and the doctor came to the rescue.

"My dear, is it not a woman's privilege to change her mind?"

"I'm sure I never do," rejoined his wife. "I always know at once whether I'm going to like a thing or not."

"And never fib politely when you don't like it?" queried the doctor gently.

"Oh, well, I don't like to hurt."

"And neither do I, Mrs. Sterling," said Mrs. Ross, "I wouldn't have hurt you for the world. If there were any way of undoing it—"

Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and Mrs. Sterling's heart misgave her.

"Well, never mind, we'll just forget about it," she said magnanimously. "Won't you sit down?" she added, becoming conscious all at once of her lack of hospitality.

They all three sank into seats, relieved that the moment of tension was over.

"I was just taking you over a pie," said Mrs. Sterling. "They weren't as good as usual to-day, but I knew you would be busy settling. What did I do with that pie, John?"

"You put it down *somewhere,* dear."

"Goodness! where did I put it?"

She rose to look for it, and turned suddenly at an abrupt exclamation from her husband.

"My dear, you sat in it!"

The office rang with laughter—wholesome, healing laughter that cleared the atmosphere and restored perfect good humor.

Mrs. Ross was the first to become sober.

'But your silk dress, Mrs. Sterling—it's ruined!"

"Oh, gasoline will probably take it out," replied Mrs. Sterling, good-naturedly, "and if it doesn't I've enough silk left for a new gore. It's such an odd shade—I knew I never could match it."

"What shade *is* it, Mrs. Sterling?"

"Dregs of-wine, the clerk called it."

'The dregs-of-the-wine are bitter," said the doctor sagely.

"Well, anyway, it's the most becoming shade I've ever seen on you," said Mrs. Ross, and her voice had a sincere ring to it. "I never noticed before, but just now with the color in your cheeks—doesn't she look like a dream in it, doctor?"

The doctor's lips twitched, but his eyes had a grave look.

"Something more substantial than a *dream,* let us hope," he replied. "If you asked me, I would call it the light of friendship in her face."

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL"

By L. C. LAWLER

"JOSH! Josh! Joshua Peters!"

The call came softly at first, gently, as befitted the Sabbath stillness, then, when it brought no answer, it was repeated, this time with almost week-day strength.

"Joshua Peters! Where on earth can that man be! He's that absent-minded he's like to forget it is Sunday, and go—dear knows where. I'll just go see what coat he's got on, to make sure."

Briskly, as was usual with her, Jemima Peters went into her brother's room. His morning coat was thrown over a chair, his favorite battered hat lay upside down on the table, while a pair of dusty boots, in the centre of the room, all told the tale to the sister's experienced eye.

"Land o' rest!" exclaimed Miss Jemima. "If that man hasn't got dressed and gone to church alone. And me without my dress buttoned up! Of all things. To have looked after that careless body for nigh thirty-five years, and then for him to forget it all like this. I just can't stay home from church no way, what with the probation preacher there, and no neighbors to help, either. Sarah Thompson's away, and old Mrs. Bascom couldn't see, not if the buttons were as big as dinner plates."

Miss Jemima could hurry, when she set her mind to it, and it was only a few minutes later that she stood before the mirror, vainly struggling with buttons that could not be coaxed to meet the buttonholes.

"Laws-a-mercy," she gasped, finally. "Why did I let Janet Stewart make these sleeves so tight? I'd sooner have comfort than fashion any day, and you can't lift your arms no way in these pesky things. Well, I just can't button it, that's sure, and it's the only dress I can wear. My lavender's got that big stain in front where the clumsy Middleton girl spilled lemonade on it."

She regarded herself ruefully in the glass. The front view was faultless, but at the back, two buttons at the neck and one at the waist completed the fastening.

"That won't do," said Miss Jemima. "Seems to me I've heard folks say they button it in front before they put their arms in the sleeves, and then turn it round. No harm to try, anyhow."

A few minutes more and the change was made, the buttons were fastened securely, and, after a little manoeuvering, moved to their proper place at the back.

"So far, so good," breathed Miss Jemima. "But I swan I can't get my arms in that tight thing without tearing something."

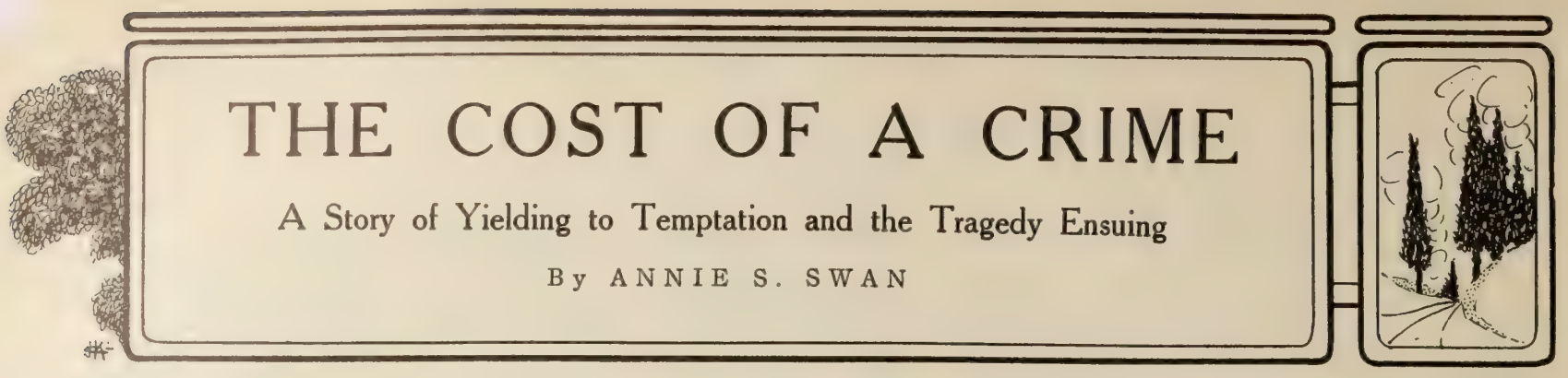
Sure enough, as she made the attempt, an ominous sound caused her to stop.

"No use spoiling a new dress," she soliloquized, "besides, if there was a tear in it, I sure couldn't go to church. Now, *what* am I going to do?"

Despair settled on Miss Jemima. To stay home from church on a beautiful summer day like this, and with never an ache or pain to blame was not to be thought of. And yet—it was getting late, even the stragglers had passed on their way to service, and the street was well nigh deserted. She started up in desperation, Who would lead the singing if she were not there? Who would give the minister the notice of next week's sewing meeting? Who would look after Joshua—perhaps he might even forget to take off his hat. Oh, she must go, even if she wore her week-day tub dress. She pulled the dress around again, to unhutton it, then she stopped and looked questioningly at her reflection in the mirror.

"Well, why not?" she asked. "The old thing's tight front and back, and if I'm careful not to move my arms too far, I won't tear it. I'll do it, anyway. Surely the worship of the Lord is of more account than whether Jemima Peters' dress is buttoned front or back."

The service had begun when Miss Jemima finally arrived at church, and the congregation being busy getting settled and finding the place in the hymn books, she was able to slip into her seat almost unseen. Not that she shrank from notice. Her conscience was at rest, and even the knowledge that frills made for the front of her gown were now adorning her back could not disturb her peace of mind. She had managed to slip the sewing meeting notice to one of the choir, who was to pass it along till it reached the pastor; she had got to church in time to prevent Joshua taking off his coat as well as his hat, and she felt she could sing the praises of the Lord with heart as well as voice. True, when the congregation rose for the first hymn, there was seemingly a little gasp, and then a subdued ripple of laughter, reduced to smiles, passed over the assembly, while Miss Jemima alone of all the congregation, carried along the first line of the hymn. But the spasm passed and the proper spirit of devotion settled again on the meeting.



THE COST OF A CRIME

A Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company, in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton. He obtains employment with Archibald Currie, a brother of his former partner and is unrecognized. "Charlton" does well and wins the esteem of Mr. Currie and his ward, Katherine Wrede. Mrs. Reedham suffers from financial stress.

"THAT man hasn't worried you, Uncle Archie? He looked so preternaturally grave, I was afraid of it."

"Oh, no; he was merely talking about the Reedhams."

"And you will take the boy?" she asked interestedly.

"Most certainly. I can hand him over to Charlton. He has a sympathetic nature, and, like those who have suffered, he can feel for the trouble of others."

"I could not make him out exactly to-night, Uncle Archibald."

□ □

"I should like to hear what you think of him; indeed, that is why I asked him to dinner. I feel disposed to trust him a good deal, and I would not wish to make any mistake."

"Oh, I think him trustworthy enough. A man with a past, I should say. There is something furtive and shadowy about his eyes."

"But it might quite well be a blameless past, child. There are men in this city, thousands of men, who never have a chance. Charlton strikes me as being that kind of man."

"Quite possible. He is undoubtedly clever. He interested me very much. He is like someone I have seen, but clean shaven faces are deceiving. They are so much alike."

"I am surprised to hear you say that. Now Lidgate is clean shaven, but you would not say there was the smallest resemblance between him and Charlton."

"Oh, no, nor any comparison. Lidgate is a fossil, one of those dried up young men, who have never lived."

Archibald Currie leaned back in his chair and silently laughed.

"You are very hard on men, child. I wonder where you will find one to suit you."

"I don't want one, thank you, Uncle Archie. So long as I have you, matrimony doesn't attract me. Its limitations are too obvious."

At that moment the butler knocked and entered the room.

"Mr. Stephen Currie, sir. Could he speak to you for a few moments? I have put him in the library."

"All right."

When the door closed they looked at one another, and Archibald Currie laughed again rather softly, as if some joke occurred to him.

"Perhaps matrimony will be forced on you, dear child, sooner than you think."

She pursed up her pretty mouth into a grimace.

"Not by Stephen Currie, thank you very much. If he has come to talk about me you may nip him in the bud."

"But Katherine, Stephen is a very estimable young fellow, and he will be very well off."

"I wouldn't marry him, Uncle Archie, if he were a millionaire twice over."

"Shall I tell him that?"

"I don't suppose he has come to talk about me. He ought to have more sense, for I have done everything to show him I don't want to have anything of that kind to say to him. And his assumption of proprietorship is intolerable. That is why I wouldn't go to the garden party this year, and why I refuse every invitation I dare refuse to Fair Lawn."

□ □

When he made no reply she came to the side of his chair and looked down anxiously into his face.

"Uncle Archie, don't for Heaven's sake tell me it is the dream of your life that I should marry Stephen Currie! I am quite sure if you say that it will be an end of all things for me."

"I have no such dream, child. Marry whom you please, only don't be in a hurry, and remember that the day I have to part with you will be the darkest day the old man has ever seen."

Her eyes filled, she bent down and dropped a kiss on his cheek, and he rose to leave the room quite conscious of his own emotion.

He proceeded in a very leisurely fashion to the library, and as he entered it the clock struck ten, which caused Stephen Currie to apologize for the lateness of his call.

"I was dining with a chap at the end of your square, and I wanted to see you privately for a few moments, so I took the opportunity of leaving early. I hope you don't mind me coming at this hour, uncle?"

"Oh, no, though we are rather early birds. How are you Stephen?" said the old man cordially. "All well at home, I hope?"

"Oh, all right, thank you. Well, I needn't beat about the bush. I've been trying to get my courage up to sticking point for ever so long. It's about Katherine I want to speak. Of course you know that—that I've had hopes in that direction for a long time, ever since she first came from Bruges, in fact, I thought her then the most absolutely charming person I had ever met."

"I've got my own thoughts about it, of course, but you haven't come here very much lately and I thought you'd cooled off a bit, Stephen," said the old man with a good-humored smille.

"Ah, but that's entirely Katherine's fault. She—she behaves abominably to me, Uncle Archie, snubbing me at every turn. But it doesn't make any difference. It makes me keener if anything. You see that's where she differs from most other girls. They're all so ready to be made love to, but she's stand-offish."

"She wouldn't be with a person she cared about, lad. Perhaps it will be better for you to take it like that."

"But why shouldn't she care? There's nothing wrong with me. I can give her a good position. I'll be a partner next year. They've never filled up Reedham's place, and Sir Philip as good as said it would be mine after January. There's absolutely no reason why she shouldn't have me, and I'm sure, Uncle Archie, if you'd put in a good word for me it would go a long way."

Archibald Currie shook his head.

"I'm afraid that the love affair that depends on another man's good word is not in a healthy condition. The usual order of things is that the old man is consulted after everything is settled. Understand that I have no personal objection to you, Stephen, indeed I could not possibly have, and if Katherine cared for you it would make me very happy to see you man and wife."

□ □

"Then I have your permission to speak to her seriously? I have often broached the subject, though not with much success. But it will be different now I have something definite to offer her."

Archibald Currie looked doubtful.

"Katherine does not care for the things most girls prize. I am sure she would not at all mind being married to a poor man. And she has an astonishing faculty of being able to make the best of everything."

"She wouldn't be a successful poor man's wife," said Stephen emphatically. "She is the sort of woman who needs expensive clothes and who knows how to wear them."

"That is where you are mistaken, Stephen. She does not spend half of her allowance on herself. She knows how to wear clothes, that is all the difference," said the older man good-humoredly.

"Ah, well, so much the better if she can achieve that result on little money. The finished product is always perfect. But we are away from the main issue, Uncle Archibald. When am I most likely to find her at home? I have often called, and have never been so lucky as to find her, and she goes so little to Fair Lawn I have precious few opportunities, especially lately; I really can't go on like this. It's making me ill, and I can't attend to business. My father told me this morning I had better get it settled."

"Is your father quite pleased with your choice then?"

"Well, not as pleased as he might have been. Katherine doesn't conciliate them much, you know, and they think she mimics them. What would please the governor would be to see me make up to Sarah Bracebridge, but I have told him my mind is made up, and he understands that a man must have his own way about this, the most important act of his life. He's kept me in leading strings pretty well up till now, but I think he sees that it won't do any longer. Anyway, he hasn't made any insuperable objection to Katherine as a daughter-in-law."

Archibald Currie drily smiled.

"Katherine won't shine in an atmosphere of sufferance, I warn you, Stephen. She needs warmth and appreciation."

"Oh, well, she'll get plenty of it from me, and, of course, we won't settle in Hampstead. It's better to get away from one's own people. I have a leaning to the country myself, and I saw a little place at Mitcham that would suit us down to the ground. But first I've got to get Katherine's consent. Could I see her to-morrow afternoon on my way home from business? I'd leave early on purpose, and if you'd put in a word for me meanwhile, I'd be grateful."

"I don't think I can promise you that, lad. Katherine would resent it, I am sure, and as I said, a love affair that wants bolstering is in a bad way. Better trust to chance. I can come home to an early tea, if that'll do you any good. Katherine won't go out if I get home early."

"Very well; perhaps I'll write to her to-night after I get home. It all depends on how I feel. You see Katherine's so different from all other women, you never know where you have her, but I'm awfully fond of her, and if she won't have me I really don't know what'll be the upshot, shouldn't be surprised if I went to the dogs altogether."

□ □

He wore such a woebegone expression, and spoke with such sincerity, that Archibald Currie, albeit he was not specially fond of his brother's son, felt a passing pang of pity for him. For he was perfectly assured that Katherine would not listen to him for a moment.

"I mustn't keep you up, then, Uncle Archibald. I'm glad you know how the land lies, and that at least you're not hostile to me. Give Katherine my love, and if you can see your way to put in a good word for me I'll not forget it. And I'll call and take my chance to-morrow afternoon if I don't write in the interval. Good night, Uncle Archibald."

"Good night, lad, I wish you well, but I don't think you ought to build your hopes too high. Katherine is not thinking of matrimony, meanwhile, at least, and I'm afraid her answer will be 'No.'"

"Well, if she has no thoughts of matrimony, at least I've the chance of being the first to suggest them to her," said Stephen, with one of his shrewd gleams. "It's a great relief to me that you're not hostile, anyway. The governor said that you'd be sure to oppose it; that you had ambitions for Katherine."

"They exist only in his imagination. My only desire is to see the child happy," replied Archibald Currie, as he opened the door to show his nephew out.

Katherine was waiting for him with a little mischievous smile on her face, which augured ill for poor Stephen's suit.

"I've been sitting here with cold thrills running up and down my back, so don't pretend that you haven't been talking about me."

"I don't want to pretend. We have been talking about you. Stephen is very much in earnest, my dear, and you will have to be in earnest, too, and answer him definitely."

"Why, I have never been indefinite, quite the reverse. He knows perfectly well I never permit him to make love to me, and that I have avoided him almost entirely. I never answer the letters he writes asking me to go to concerts and things, and I always try to be out when there is any possibility of his calling. What more definite does any man want?"

"It would be enough for the average man, I admit, but you will have to put it in black and white to Stephen. He is coming to ask you to-morrow to marry him, having previously obtained my consent in the orthodox fashion."

"You gave your consent, Uncle Archibald, but you don't expect me to marry him!" she exclaimed with a little stamp of her foot. "You know I have never hidden from you how I feel about the Fair Lawn people. They are not my kind, and I would honestly die rather than marry him."

"Then be quite frank. Give him his dismissal explicitly, but don't hurt his feelings. He is quite sincere, my dear, and I was surprised at the depth of feeling he exhibited."

□ □

"I can't let him come. There would be a ghastly scene, for, of course, he would keep on arguing, even after I had spoken with the utmost definiteness. They're all like that at Fair Lawn. They wrangle over the smallest detail. I've heard them. May I write to him to-night, dear, and tell him you have warned me that he is coming, and that it is quite useless, that I am much obliged, but I will never marry him?"

"As you like. Perhaps it would be better. I will go upstairs now, my dear. I've had an uncommonly long day, and three callers in one evening is a little unusual."

"Three exciting and exacting callers, too, all wanting something out of you! That comes of being a philanthropic angel, dearest. Now nobody ever wants to ask anything of Uncle James Currie. He is left severely alone."

He smiled indulgently upon her, bade her good night, and left her to write the momentous letter. She addressed it to the office at London Wall, and marked it "Private," thinking with fine consideration that it might be better for him to read it at his private desk in the city than under the curious eyes at the family breakfast table. They all knew her handwriting, and as a family prided themselves on having no secrets from one another. That is to say, there was no privacy of thought or action allowed in the family circle. Everything was discussed and dissected and settled in conclave, which they considered indicative of their united family front.

Archibald Currie did not sleep well. His mind was too full of the individual and differing experiences of the evening. He thought longest and most continuously about the Reedhams and the story Lidgate had told him, and remembered with regret that he had not written the note to Mrs. Reedham. The conversation with Katherine had driven it from his mind.

He stopped the brougham at the first post-office and wired to Mrs. Reedham to send the boy to him at Old Bond Street in the course of the morning, and after he had been over the more important correspondence he sent for Charlton to come to his private room.

The signs of growing favor in the master towards the new clerk had, of course, been noted by the other members of the staff, but so far they did not resent it, partly because their trust in the justice and generosity of their master had already been proven, and most of them felt that their own positions were assured. Moreover, Charlton was entirely inoffensive. He spoke so little, indeed, that it was not easy for him to give offence.

There was one man, however, who resented him and all his ways. He was the only unsatisfactory member of the Old Broad Street staff, a man named Richard Turner, and but for the fact that he had a wife and a large family dependent on him, Archibald Currie would not have kept him so long. There was an antipathy between them, the natural antipathy that would arise between an honest, straightforward man and a shifty, unreliable one. It was to Turner's department that Charlton had come, and that worthy, seeing him growing in favor at court, as he expressed it, began to cherish a slow and deepening resentment. The determination to get even with him grew in proportion as he imagined himself deeply wronged. The head of the firm, unaware of these undercurrents, and oddly drawn to his new employee, who, on more than one occasion, had exhibited unusual signs of business acumen, continued to pursue his policy of recognition and encouragement which usually marks the man of broad sympathies and catholic outlook. He had determined to place Leslie Reedham under Charlton's immediate eye, and in order to enlist his sympathies, to tell him part at least of the circumstances.

□ □

"Good morning, Charlton. Yes, the letters were right, quite right, and I see where your suggestion was valuable. Sit down a moment. I want to speak to you about another matter. There is a lad coming here this morning, he may be here at any moment, whom I wish to place under your care. I don't know if you remember the case of Mr. John Reedham, who was a partner in Lowther, Currie and Co.'s. He got off the straight somehow, and there was a serious defalcation. He disappeared. This is his boy. He must be helped. He ought to have brains; his father was a clever man, though I fear unscrupulous. You follow me?"

He turned to look at Charlton, but at that moment an interruption came to the door, mercifully for the man he addressed.

"Yes, Baddeley, you may show Leslie Reedham in in five minutes' time."

CHAPTER VII.

PAYING THE PRICE.

THE lad entered a little shyly and shamefacedly, his cheeks flushed, his eyes bright with excitement. Archibald Currie turned to him with a kindly smile. Charlton gazed out of the window, with his face turned resolutely away. It is certain that had Currie seen his expression at the moment this story must have had a different ending.

"Good morning, my lad," said Mr. Currie, extending a kindly hand. "I hope you are well, Leslie Reedham. How is your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir," replied Leslie promptly. He was shy, and the ring of his clear young voice sounded almost sweetly through the quiet room. The agony in the soul of the man called Charlton was beyond all telling. Surely in that awful moment he expiated in full the misery he had wrought! The boy merely bestowed a casual glance on him as he entered, his whole interest being centred in Archibald Currie, the arbiter of his destiny. And the lad's sore heart was mightily comforted by his kind face and reassuring, almost fatherly, manner.

"I am glad to hear that. So you are anxious to begin a business life, eh, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Well, I will give you a chance. Mr. Charlton here will find out what you are good for. I have not very much to say to you. It can be put in a nutshell. Pay close attention to what you are told. Be obedient, punctual, conscientious. Use the brains God has given you, and don't be a faint copy of someone else. The only things worth imitating in this world are the good qualities, Reedham. Remember that."

"Yes, sir, I'll try."

"Well, you can come to-morrow. Nine o'clock, isn't it, Mr. Charlton? If our young friend comes at nine he will be in good time for the work of the day."

Charlton stood up, and faced them. His face showed grey and ghastly in the clear light. Currie was conscious of some subtle change in the man, and the sense of spiritual suffering seemed to fill the room. His intuition, always keen and sympathetic, suggested that the sight of the boy had perhaps struck some painful chord. But Charlton had not, so far, entrusted him with any portion of his private life, and he could not intrude.

□ □

The boy gazed now at the face of Charlton with deepening interest, realizing that in this man's hands his future destiny might really lie.

The face, with the light of the morning upon it, wore a puzzled look, his big, eager eyes, so like his mother's, were wide with questioning. Charlton essayed to speak, but his voice seemed to choke and die away in his throat. A second more of that agonizing strain, and there must have been a revelation made. Currie, however, intervened.

"If you like, you can take the boy to Mr. Willett's room, and put a few questions to him, Mr. Charlton. It will save time in the morning. Remember, lad, that an hour in the morning is the core and kernel of the successful day," he added, rolling another business axiom out with his pleasant smile. "Remember me to your mother, and tell her we shall hope to report progress as we go along."

The boy tried to murmur his thanks. Charlton turned to the door, and opened it, passing so close to the lad that his coat brushed his shoulder.

What an ordeal that was for the man with whom fatherhood had been a passion, was a passion now! Something swept over him—the mad desire to brave all and crush the boy in his arms, and dare fate to do its worst.

"How kind he is," murmured Leslie's voice at his elbow, as they stepped out into the passage. "Don't you think he is kind? I was quaking when I came. I couldn't really eat any breakfast this morning before I came out. But I needn't have minded."

"He's the best of men, the very best," murmured Charlton, as his shaking hand went forth to open another door in the long passage. It was a room that had belonged to one of the old partners of the firm now dead, and was still called Mr. Willett's room. No one had occupied it since he left it, and it was found most useful for people waiting in, or for interviews not suitable for the private room of Mr. Currie. Charlton let the boy pass in, and closed the door when he had entered himself. The yearning in his eyes might have betrayed him, and for a second or two it was touch and go.

The boy, unsuspecting and unconscious as youth is, and should be, began at last to feel that there was something odd about the man, and looked at him more attentively. Charlton, unable to stand the vision of these clear eyes, went to the window on pretense of drawing down the blinds for the sun.

"You spoke of your mother a moment ago. How is she? Tell me about her."

"Oh, she is quite well, there isn't anything much to tell. She is never very well now, so often tired and anxious. Of course, we've had great trouble, I dare say Mr. Currie may have told you."

"No, what is it?" asked Charlton, as if moved to torture himself.

"My father has left us, he was obliged to do it. Oh, no, there was nothing so very wrong, nothing he will not be able to clear up by and bye. But it is the waiting that is so hard for us."

"You—you—believe that he will clear up things? You do not seem to blame him."

"I don't, perhaps I don't understand about it altogether, but whoever says my father would deliberately do wrong, or rob other people, is a liar. You see we lived with him, and we know."

"Yes, yes, that is beautiful and—and unexpected. Does your mother feel like that, too, about it?"

"Yes, only she does not say much, and don't you think women are never so certain? People who talk to them make them think other things."

This bit of shrewd observation sank into Charlton's soul.

"So you think your mother has gone back a little?"

□ □

"I ought not to say that. But I know what I think myself about my father. He was the best father in the world, there will never be anybody like him. I was glad Mr. Currie did not say anything against him, I really could not have stood it, you know."

"Oh, you couldn't?"

To and fro the room walked Charlton, only permitting himself occasional glances at the bright, open, eager face. What puzzled and amazed him was the utter lack of recognition in his own boy, who had so often laid on his breast, with whom he had had the most perfect comradeship, whom he had kissed night and morning, often stealing up to look at him in his sleep. Surely some dire change must have been wrought in him that it could be possible.

Of late, looking at his own image in the glass, he had been conscious of a change, his face becoming thinner, more set, the face of a man who had paid the price. He was thankful for it, and yet fiercely resented it. He felt that he wished to go on playing with fire.

"What do you think I shall get to do, sir? I want to understand business, to be a successful man, to help my mother, and grow up so that my father will never be ashamed of me. I will work very hard, sir, if you give me a chance."

"You shall have your chance, my boy. Perhaps you had better go now," said Charlton thickly. "We shall go fully into things to-morrow. Meanwhile, please tell your mother I will do my utmost for you, that everything that I can do to help you will be done."

"Yes, sir, thank you. It is very kind, indeed. I don't know how to thank you, but I will work, sir."

There was a wistful look in the sweet, frank eyes, a kind of pitiful note in the clear, fresh, young voice which almost unmanned Charlton.

He offered a trembling hand.

"Yes, yes, it's all right. Good-bye, lad. You and I may be great friends yet, I once knew a boy like you; we were great friends. I have missed him more than I can say."

"You have no children, sir?"

"No. Good-bye, don't forget to tell your mother that I will help you here."

He opened the door and dismissed him with an abruptness which contrasted oddly with the unusual kindness of his previous demeanor.

Leslie Reedham descended the office steps with that puzzled look in his eyes. But quickly it passed, and he made haste to Clapton whistling off and on, to get rid of some of the superfluous elation at the sudden and happy change in his prospects.

Left to himself, Charlton turned the key in the door, and, sitting down, covered his face with his hands.

"My God," he said brokenly, "how shall I be able to go through with it. How long before I betray myself. How is it he didn't know?"

Yet with all the strain of the terrible situation there was a secret joy in his soul. He would have his boy near him, could touch him, speak to him, help him on. So would the hunger of his heart be partly satisfied. He passed out of the inner room at length, recalled suddenly and sharply to a sense of waiting and neglected duty. As he passed by Turner's desk that individual scowled at him over his heavy brows, and gave his shoulders a little shrug. Not a move in the office routine passed unnoticed by Richard Turner, and he resented with his whole soul every indication of the good understanding existing between his master and the interloper, as he termed Charlton in his mind.

Turner lived near Kensington Oval, but that evening for purposes of his own he made a long detour, following Charlton to Camden Town in order to discover if possible what manner of life the interloper pursued out of business hours. He traced him to St. Paul's Crescent, even saw him go into the house of Mary Anne Webber, and retired satisfied.

He had a friend in Kentish Town whom he would employ to discover something regarding the private life of Charlton, and woe betide him if anything was found there to his discredit.

□ □

It was a job after Turner's own mind, his fat, vacuous face was a cloak to a very black heart, capable of any treachery. Nothing but the long forbearance of Archibald Currie accounted for the present security of his position.

Mary Anne Webber was deeply interested in her lodger, but privately deeply concerned regarding the whole unhappy story. A whole year had gone since the man whom she was now accustomed to call Charlton had sought the shelter of her house. He had proved himself a model lodger, giving little trouble and paying with clockwork regularity, seldom going out after he returned from business, and appearing to spend his whole leisure over books and writing materials. In his happier days Charlton had made a little hobby of writing, and had been successful in having sketches accepted by different papers and magazines; now in his stranded condition he set himself to it in earnest as a means of furthering his ends. To make money by the sweat of his brow and brains was his whole desire, and he would leave no stone unturned to achieve that end. It troubled Mary Anne's active, bustling mind to contemplate a man content to spend his time thus, and to be cut off as he was, wholly from all that makes life worth living. They seldom talked of old times, or even alluded to the background of her lodger's life. He had given her a great trust, had left himself absolutely in her hands, and she would not betray that trust. But there were times when the unreality of it all seemed to haunt her, and when she could scarcely believe that John Reedham and Thomas Charlton were one.

She was only an ignorant woman, but her heart was in the right place, and a certain shrewd intelligence caused her to come to right conclusions outside of all logic. She felt, rather than knew, that Reedham had made a mistake, was making one now, which would recoil on his own head, perhaps in consequences too far-reaching and terrible to be faced.

These thoughts often troubled her, as she pursued the daily round of her commonplace tasks, but she did not venture to voice them to him

They did not have much speech together; sometimes, indeed, she felt herself curiously on the outside, and she had certainly no idea what a bulwark and buttress her presence and kindly attitude were to the solitary man who had thrown himself upon her mercy in his extremity.

(To be continued.)

AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

Said the child to the youthful year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose."

HAPPY NEW YEAR

YES, bright New Year, what hast thou in store for me, for all the readers of the HOME JOURNAL? We would fain pierce the mist that enshrouds the days as they are doled out to us one by one, and know what fate holds in store for us. And yet, 'twere better not. It is not ours to know the gifts in store, the joys ahead of us, the storms, the heartaches, the golden days, the leaden skies; 'tis ours to meet them as they come, whether expected, or as a great surprise, sought for or forced upon us—just to meet them bravely, look them squarely in the face, remembering that

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the battle, face it—'tis God's gift."

Such a short twelve months it seems, so full, so busy, yet the days counted off no faster than usual, just the same annual journey of the earth around the sun, the same four seasons, yet the years seem to grow shorter as we climb down the shady side of the hill! It brings one up short to feel that so many things are left undone, that time is flying past, and there is so much to accomplish. When we are young we look to the years ahead, and time often drags along slowly; but when one has passed a certain milestone called the "old age of youth," the months have a habit of gliding by unnoticed, until we are face to face with reckoning time, the goal, as it were, this joyful, happy season, so marked with festivities; and then we realize that we are entering another year.

NOW for those letters that have been accumulating for many moons! They must not be carried far into the New Year. It is settling-up time, and old debts must be discharged, old scores must be squared away, and so I place the pile upon my desk and ask my correspondents to be lenient with me for my long delay in some cases in replying. One or two I answered privately, but that is not my intention, as it requires any spare time at my command to conduct my personal correspondence. That's another pile standing in line for my attention, and one card is short and to the point—"Are you still on the face of the earth? My last letter of ages ago is unanswered." Now, hadn't I better get busy? I shall not give your letters in full, that would occupy too much space, but deal directly with the information you desire, thanking you all at once for the kind words of appreciation of my page. My aim is to be helpful to my readers.

That brings me to the first question which came to me away last winter, and asks: "How did you come to take up the pen? Were you always inclined to do writing, and why don't you write a story, Jennie Allen Moore? Why don't you write a book?"

Beginning back in my childhood, I was always very fond of reading. When I was not in sight, and needed, the command was: "Look for Jennie in some quiet corner with a book." Then the love of literature, composition, and other studies of a classical nature were my favorites at school, and this, combined with a romantic, imaginative mind, helped me to weave many a tale that interested the younger members of the family, and inspired some that never saw printers' ink. Then I wrote little articles for our local paper, for a church organ, and contributed to a children's page in a city paper, and was always longing to go deeper into it, but my way seemed blocked until three years ago, when I started this page in the JOURNAL. I write because I love it, because I want to give to others any experience that has helped me to a higher plane, because I want to lighten a load, ease a burden, cheer the despondent, diffuse light—all in my own small way.

A story? You will have read my little Christmas effort by now. My first contribution to this JOURNAL was a short story. Why don't I write a book? I may sometime. I think it was the great W. E. Gladstone who always asked before he would read a book if it turned out well, and so, when I write books, you may expect all the bad characters, the oppressors and evil designers to be punished, and caught in the net they set for others, and all the good people and llong-suffering will be rewarded and left in the enjoyment of supreme happiness. As a fond little mother I know always closes her stories to her babies with, "They lived in peace, and died in grease, and were happy ever after."

How would you settle the question of church between two who marry and have been brought up in different churches? Should a woman go with her husband?—L. D.

Something I do not like to see is a couple get married and then begin to settle the question of what church they will attend. It often makes trouble, and should have been decided earlier. Some people claim that a woman should always go with her husband, others view the matter *vice versa.* Well, I do not think a man should ask a woman to leave a church she has belonged to for years and go with him to one he was brought up in but never was a member of. He would be making no sacrifice to go with her in such case. The same rule works both ways. Which party is the *member,* not the mere adherent, should have the consideration. Where *both* are members, well, they should have settled it before the ceremony, or, failing that, the least bigoted give in to the other. One other alternative is to agree mutually that each should attend the chosen church; but that, somehow, seems like a house divided against itself, and causes more or less antagonism where there are children.

MURIEL asks: "Is it right for a young girl to allow a boy to buy her presents and spend money on her when she knows he has a small salary, or is perhaps a college boy, dependent on his parents? Several of my girl friends boast of the good times they have at theatre parties, etc., but my mother will not permit me to attend them until I am through school?"

Dear young girl, I wish there were more mothers like yours, and I am certain the mothers of young boys will agree with me. Of course, as long as this old world lasts there will be this same boy and girl love, the stripling who hasn't a cent at the feet of a laughing, bright-eyed witch (pity they are not more interested in their studies), and poor, foolish boy, he cannot be made to understand that she would enjoy his devotion just as well if he only expended the courage in saying the pretty nothings of admiration and walking out with her, instead of the money she knows full well he cannot afford to spend on her. The boys are as much to blame as the girls. You see they want to act "grown-up" in this their calf-love, but wisdom comes in time, when they realize how transient and fickle they really are themselves, and how soon another beauty has precedence.

The girl, too, discards her boy lover without compunction, and therefore should not accept gifts from him—even chocolates and flowers are expensive to these lads, dependent on the parental purse—it is too serious a business for school children. There is nothing I love more than to see a merry group of collegiate lads and lasses with their gay repartee, enjoying a game or sleigh drive, a picnic or a boating party, their best boy and girl picked out as partner, but theatres and late parties, present giving, and isolating themselves from the rest of the crowd—well, I would like to leave something in anticpation for the years beyond the 'teens. There is time enough for love making after you have secured your education, and long enough to be old. Remain children while you may.

"I have been reading a book called 'Eve's Second Husband,' and in it I find this sentence: 'There are such things as respecting a man you despise, and loving one you cannot respect.' This refers to husbands, of course, but to me it looks impossible. How would you solve it?"—Mrs. J. G. R.

At first reading that sounds enigmatical, but looking into it closely it does not seem quite so impossible. For instance, a wife might respect her husband's wishes, from his position as head of the household, giving him deference and honoring him outwardly, without any respect in her heart for him, because of little meannesses in his nature constantly repulsing all her finer instincts to respect. Many a woman has lived her life under such conditions. Again, a woman may have a true, wholesome respect for the man she calls husband, because he is good and honorable to her, and yet she may despise him for his business methods, his dishonest intrigues in dealing with others.

The second part of the question is easier. I can quite understand a woman's love that can overlook and forgive even when she has ceased to respect the husband who has forfeited the reverence he should inspire. Women cling to the illusions of the early love, what the man was when they joined their destinies, and they make allowances all along the way for the downfalls. They pick him up and restore him to his place in their affections, they believe his confessions, and though the hopes are shattered and broken, they have faith in his promises, no matter how severely tested, and the mantle of charity still covers the faults. Then comes a time when his word cannot be trusted, his life becomes separated from hers, her confidence no longer exists, he may desert her, may be a drunkard, a gambler, a deceiver. She cannot respect him, but still she feels that he has been led, that perhaps she can reclaim him, and—she loves him still. Somehow, that is the way some women are built.

C. S. writes from a Western town. She says: "In your October talk you spoke of tobacco, but you did not speak half strong enough. Here is an experience I had just about that time. I was standing in line before a ticket office, sandwiched in between a tall, well-dressed man puffing away at a cigar, and a short, dirty-looking fellow, who smoked a vile old pipe as vigorously as though he were paid by the minute. Being about my own height, I received the full benefit of all the odors emanating from both his pipe and his clothing. Now, I thought, how the authorities make strict laws about spitting on the street, a nuisance we can walk around, but allow the selfish smoker to sicken and disgust helpless victims wedged in a tight corner in a crowded ticket office. What do you think about that?"

Just what I have always maintained, that men are selfish in this matter of smoking. I think it is high time they realized that the habit is obnoxious to the public generally. My personal objection to the smell of tobacco smoke, coming second hand to us, as it does, is extreme. It smarts my eyes, affects my bronchial tubes and nauseates me. I fain would wish it were less distasteful to me, when one is subject to it at every turn. We have to tolerate it on the street, regardless of our dislike, but I do think it should be prohibited in places such as you describe. A man's natural politeness should prevent him from inflicting what is disagreeable upon persons placed in such an unenviable position.

YOUNG Housekeeper writes: "You have not given us a household talk for some time. Tell us about your system of management, and whether you like house work, and give us a few of your true and tried recipes."

My dear, don't I know just how enthusiastic you are, entering upon the field of household economies? It is so new, so fresh, each successful effort gives such pleasure, your whole heart is in your work. You see, I understand, for I was there once, and was full of system and management, but conditions have changed since, and where it was system with servants then, now it is management without. Servants are luxuries now which many of us prefer doing without, consequently the system we desire becomes somewhat demoralized, subject to states and conditions over which we often have no control. Really, there is such satisfaction in being without an outsider in the home that many women do not mind the extra work for the privilege of being alone.

Do I like housework? No, I do not like it, and never did. I should have liked to go through life without forming its acquaintance, let alone growing intimate with it. I should have liked to answer a bell to my meals, and never inquired how anything was made, or felt any curiosity as to how it was compounded. I was an ideal boarder in those days, before I entered the arena of domestic affairs; but understand this, that once having put my neck in the yoke, and my hand to the plough, I resolved there should be no shirking of responsibility, and that if there were some methods superior to others, some results nearer perfection than others, they were what I desired to attain.

Also, if there were labor-saving devices in the market, inventions that made easier the housewife's duties, that contrivance should have a trial. I was not a natural-born cook, so did not "take to it like a duck to water," by any means, but by dint of perseverance and steady plodding I have managed to reach the height where the family can boast of "mother's cooking." At least, they are loyal in the matter, so far as satisfying their appetite is concerned. Thus I have jogged along for a quarter of a century, constantly changing my system of management as the changes in our family life demanded. You, too, will have to work out a system of your own, to alter at your pleasure. I left your letter till the last, in case I should exceed my space limit in giving recipes. I find it necessary to omit them—some other time, little woman, some future day.

Editor's Note: This New Year chat for "Around the Hearth" did not arrive in time for publication in our January number. Christmas mails were, no doubt, the cause of delay. But we are sure you will welcome even a belated letter.

A VALENTINE LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY

MARY H. NORTHEND

FOR a hostess who wishes to entertain in February it is very easy to arrange for a Valentine lunch, for as often as February comes around there is always something new for Valentine's Day, and also an opportunity to exercise individuality in table decorations and menu.

Of course, for this lunch, hearts and cupids hold the place of honor, and with roses and ferns or other flowers decorate the table in a most artistic manner. The table is in red, white and green. Large hearts of red cardboard are placed on the centre of the cloth, surrounding a low basket filled with moss and bordered with ferns. Little red cupids stand in this with arrows poised. Red satin ribbon runs to four corners of the table, a large red heart being at each end.

The place cards are white, with hearts of bright red done in water colors, and the bonbon dishes of white filled with red and white candies. A basket of red and white roses and ferns is hung from the chandelier, with ribbon in alternating lengths, tipped with hearts. The effect of the whole is most picturesque, and easily arranged. To carry out the red effect in the luncheon, the following menu is offered:

Cream of Beet Soup
Heart Wafers
Salted Nuts Olives
Finnan Haddie
a la Valentine
Potato Croquettes
Valentine Vegetables
Tomato Jelly Salad
Sponge Squares with
Apple Jelly
Coffee

CREAM OF BEET SOUP: Wash and put beets on to boil, and boil until very tender. Remove from fire, drain and peel. Then rub through a strainer, add one cup of hot milk thickened with one level teaspoon flour, cooked in one rounding tablespoon butter. Season with one-fourth of a teaspoon of white pepper, one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat yolk of one egg, add one cup of hot cream, turn the hot soup over the egg, and serve at once.

FINNAN HADDIE A LA VALENTINE: To one pint of cream sauce add two tablespoons of butter, the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and three hard-boiled eggs cut up fine, one tablespoon of grated Edam cheese, and pepper to taste. One pound of finnan haddie picked fine should be added to this mixture, the whole thoroughly heated, and served in crusts made of rich pastry, with small pastry hearts decorating the top.

POTATO CROQUETTES: Bake half a dozen large potatoes. When done enough burst them open and scoop out the contents with a spoon. Beat the pulp until it is quite smooth. Then put it into a clean saucepan with the yolks of one or two eggs, a small piece of butter, and a little pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. A little cream may also be added. Beat this mixture over a moderate fire until it leaves the sides of the saucepan with the spoon, then spread on a dish to cool. Shape into hearts, dip these in beaten egg, then into bread crumbs, and fry them in hot fat until they are lightly browned. Serve immediately. Cold potatoes left over can be cooked in the same way.

VALENTINE VEGETABLES

POTATO CROQUETTES

SPONGE SQUARES

VALENTINE VEGETABLES: One can French peas, about a dozen small onions, and a couple of white turnips are combined in this appetizing dish. Wash and drain one can of peas, put on stove to heat; season well with a generous piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste; mash the turnips, which have also been well seasoned. Pile in the centre of dish, surround with the boiled onions, and make a border of the peas.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD: Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half cup of cold water fifteen minutes, or till soft. Stew one can of tomatoes till soft, cutting and mashing the pulp to hasten the process. For additional flavoring, stew with the tomato a small piece of bay leaf, one-half teaspoon mixed whole spices, one rounded tablespoon of celery salt, and one-half a small onion. Strain the tomato through a puree sieve, and if there is not enough to make three cups add boiling water. Heat again to boiling point, add the soaked gelatine, stir till dissolved, then pour it into small cups or heart-shaped moulds, or into a ring mould, if individual forms are not desired. Chill, and when ready to serve turn out and serve the small moulds on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise on top, or if the ring mould is used, fill the centre with salad dressing, and garnish with an appropriate border of green.

SPONGE SQUARES WITH APPLE JELLY: Cut squares from stale sponge cake, and saute in butter. When cool, fill with apple jelly and roll in cocoanut.

Some Sweetbread Recipes

IN a recent issue of *The Table*, an English authority on matters of menu, there are the following recipes for cooking sweetbreads, which will doubtless be useful:

BRAISED SWEETBREADS (CURRY SAUCE): Take a nice heart sweetbread, wash in cold water, then put to blanch in cold water, bring to the boil, strain and rinse in water, put to press between two plates, take away all skin and gristle, lard with lardons of fat bacon, wrap in a buttered paper to keep in shape, put to braise in saute pan with half a pint of stock, and salt to taste, and braise for one hour on a bed of carrots, turnips, a bit of celery, a few peppercorns, and bay leaf; then when done take away the paper, crisp the lardons, serve on a croute of fried bread. Curry Sauce: Fry a small onion in a little butter, a teaspoonful of curry powder, a saltspoonful of curry paste, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a gill of stock, rub through a hair sieve, add a tablespoonful of thick cream, and pour around the sweetbreads.

SWEETBREAD PUDDING: Wash and skin a nice sweetbread (or small lamb's sweetbread will do for this dish), and partly cook it in milk or cream with a little mace and onion, pepper and salt; take a small cup of breadcrumbs, take the boiling milk from the sweetbreads, pour over the crumbs, and let them soak; beat in two well-beaten eggs, then the sweetbreads; butter a basin, line it with mushrooms (if liked) or plain, and steam one hour; turn out with a nice light rich gravy. This has been well tried and very well liked.

SWEETBREADS A LA CREME: Blanch and skin a nice sweetbread, cook slowly for one hour in strong stock, with a little onion and mace, a dust of red pepper and salt; lift carefully on a silver dish, take two ounces of butter, same of flour, fry together, stir in part of the stock, with a gill of thick cream; rub through the tammy, put back into the saucepan, pour when hot over the sweetbread, with a border of peas.

SWEETBREAD KROMESKIES: Take the remains of sweetbreads from the above recipes, cut in small pieces four tablespoonfuls to two tablespoonfuls of ham or tongue cut in shreds, two tablespoonfuls of good brown sauce, and dust with red pepper and salt; well mix; cut some thin slices of fat bacon; take a teaspoonful of mixture and put in the middle of the bacon, roll up into cork shapes, dip in frying batter, and fry a golden brown; served with fried parsley.—(Original.)

LAMB'S SWEETBREADS A LA CARLTON: Blanch some lambs' sweetbreads, free them from any fat and core, press them between two plates until cold, lard them with very fine lardons of fat raw bacon, truffle, and cooked tongue; put them in a stewpan with one and a half ounces of butter, a bunch of herbs, sliced carrot, onion, and two blades of celery, pepper and salt; cover with a buttered paper and fry for ten minutes, add half a pint of white stock and cook in the oven one hour, frequently basting the sweetbreads and adding more stock if required; when cooked take out the sweetbreads, brush them over with thin warmed glaze and return to the oven to crisp.

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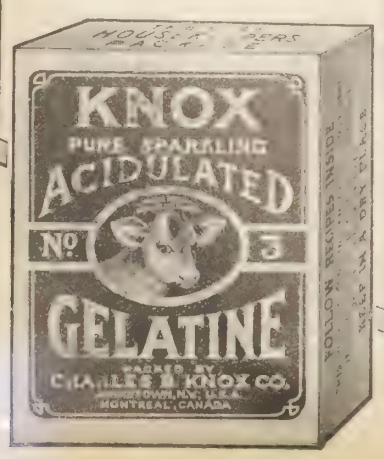

A ROSEDALE RESIDENCE

Illustrations by courtesy of *Construction*

"MARBRAE," RESIDENCE OF MELVILLE P. WHITE, HAWTHORNE GARDENS, TORONTO.
Burke, Howard & White, Architects

ON this page and the opposite will be found illustrations of a residence of modest dimensions and artistic lines in Rosedale, Toronto. The suburban home is becoming more and more the ambition of the city business man, and that part of Toronto known as Rosedale, is a residential district of which any city may well be proud. In the month of June it is especially beautiful and fully justifies its name.

The residence pictured here is of brick, faced with stucco. It is thoroughly commodious, and is such as is within the ambition of many citizens. The residence is owned by Mr. Melville P. White, of Toronto, and the cuts on these two pages are displayed by courtesy of the editor of *Construction*, in which publication the originals appeared.

The gable structure is seen effectively in this home, and is preferred by most women to the unadorned or rounded roofs. The library shows a commodious and comfortable room, whose leaded windows and beamed ceiling remind one of old-world rooms, where books may be read in comfortable seclusion. The "note" of the dining-room is brightness in furnishing and aspect.

Hints on Homebuilding

WE can no more account for the tasteless furnishings of the average house than we can account for many people recognizing a successful effect after it has been produced, when they would be entirely helpless in accomplishing it themselves.

Admitting that a thing of real merit cannot be utterly lost, Jane Kilham, in *The House Beautiful*, or that rooms devoid of furnishings may still be entirely satisfactory, let us consider the subject from the standpoint of the average householder who has not "Louis Quinze" room to live up to or furnish, but has simply the usual set of rooms which are his to make or to mar.

The subject is time-worn, and the awkward question arises as to whom really belongs the business of furnishing a house—the occupant or the decorator—perhaps a little of both and not much of either. Few people start unencumbered. They are as hampered with old belongings as life is with old prejudices. But would they, if it were possible, strike out on any but conventional lines? What Bostonian would begin housekeeping without a rubber plant? As a Western girl once remarked, "I can tell how long Boston people have been married by looking at their rubber plant"—much to the indignation of her hostess, who possessed one that had reached the dimensions of a shade tree. Why attack this particular object of decoration, which is decorative and in many places desirable? Simply because it is overdone. Neighbor follows neighbor until we find few rooms that are individual or interesting. The Western girl afterward became a resident of Boston and bought a rubber plant—the house seemed lacking without it.

SIDE VIEW OF "MARBRAE," RESIDENCE OF MELVILLE P. WHITE TORONTO

Providence intervened, however, and warned her to be herself, for it was missing one day from the doorstep after the customary rain bath. Now a long row of bright geraniums fills a shelf that follows

LIBRARY, "MARBRAE," RESIDENCE OF MELVILLE P. WHITE, HAWTHORNE GARDENS, TORONTO

the window, and visitors unwittingly say, "How cheerful this room is!"

THE stucco house in the United States is, with the exception of a few old Southern examples inspired by Spanish work in Florida, a novelty of the last twenty-five years, says a New York writer. It became popular only when it was found possible to make a durable house by covering a light wooden frame with a coat of plaster. Once this method of construction was established stucco houses sprung up in all our suburbs and were, in design, better than their frame predecessors, for the very material itself insists upon simplicity of form and detail. Nor is better design the only improvement incidental to the use of stucco; it is also responsible for the fact that much-needed color is gradually creeping into American domestic work. By color we do not mean colors; there is a pronounced distinction. Colors are pigments that can be bought and mixed and applied by any local house painter; color is a certain harmony produced by the combination of several of these pigments or even sometimes by their absence. Concrete being plastic suggests the insertion of colored terra-cotta tiles or plaques and the use of the colored tile roof that make its foreign prototype such a delight for an artists' eye. Mr. F. R. Roth, the sculptor who is making the lions for Princeton athletic field, has added very appreciably to his Englewood cottage by having his colored reliefs of animals inserted at desirable points on the facade. Some California houses show Moorish iridescent tiles, which our terra cotta makers are now reviving with considerable success, and which are the invariable accompaniment of both stucco and brick houses in Spain. In the matter of colored roofs for our stucco houses there have been some unhappy mistakes—chiefly in the misapprehension that in selecting red we are copying the attractive house tops of southern Europe. The brilliant vermilion that glares on the roofs of so many seaside residences here is not the refined red that one sees in Italy or Spain, the home of stucco, and where roof tiles were burnt from the earth without the addition of any mineral pigment. In other words, they were originally the same as bricks and have faded after long exposure, into charming salmon shades or deepened in places into rich browns. This attractive variety will never come to a roof that starts its existence as one dense opaque red. How often one hears of a house not yet carried beyond its hollow tile walls. "What a pity to cover it with stucco—the color is so beautiful!"

THE vacuum cleaner is becoming an essential, in the eyes of the modern housewife. As the association between dirt and disease is more clearly understood, the popularity of this mode of cleaning will increase and the medical expenses of the household will decrease. Every woman who has experimented with the vacuum cleaner only wonders how she was able to endure the old-fashioned dust-raising for so long.

The modern home-builder will take into consideration the Twentieth Century methods of getting rid of dust and its germs, and will see that the cellar contains an up-to-date vacuum cleaner which may be "piped up" for use in any room of the house. Then the cleaning of a room will not mean the complete overhauling and re-adjustment of the apartment, but a swift and dustless removal of all disfiguring accumulations.

DINING-ROOM, "MARBRAE," RESIDENCE OF MELVILLE P. WHITE, TORONTO

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The durability of 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware is beyond question. For 64 years it has been proving its wearing qualities. To-day it is the standard in silver plate.
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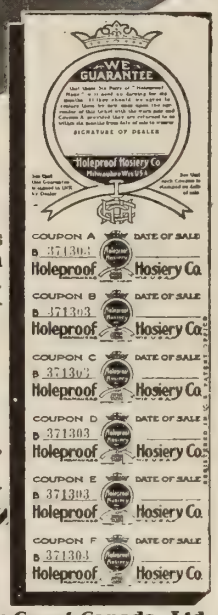
This ticket comes to you in each box. If any or all pairs wear out in six months, return the worn pairs with a coupon for each and we'll send you *new* hose FREE. But "Holeproof" are so good that you probably won't have to send any back.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We pay top market price for 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island yarn—the finest obtainable. We could buy yarn for 30c, but it would be cumbersome, coarse and 2-ply. Our yarn, which is lighter but stronger, enables us to make a lighter and stronger hosiery. Thus we can *guarantee* a light hosiery. We also make heavy weights.

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Men need not any longer wear sox with holes in them. Children may now *always* wear neat-looking stockings. WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING! Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon and $1.50 now, while you think of it. (*Don't forget to send $2 if you want them for women or children.*) Remit in any convenient way.

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Black, and tan, only; and medium weight only.

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A WOODLAND HOME

IN the winter months we sit before a glowing fire and build castles in the coals, which usually resolve themselves into a summer home of modest dimensions, a bungalow preferred. The plans of January and February do not blossom into execution until April or May, and, before the small home is complete, we come to the conclusion that there is more enjoyment in anticipation than in accomplishment.

In our modern city life we are always striving towards simplicity, and find that, as the winter days pass, we are longing for the far-off summer time, with a cottage near the lake or a tent on the banks of a stream. The minimum of housekeeping, with the maximum of comfort is what most of us desire, but the opinion of the neighbors is the fancied tyranny from which we suffer. In a country where there is a severe winter the house must be built for security in the days "when the stormy winds do blow." But, in our dreams of a summer home, we do not need to take the northern breezes into consideration, and can afford to let the fancy play about a tent or a shack, with a friendly anticipation of August breezes.

The masculine idea of a summer home is of a primitive structure, which will keep out mosquitoes and let in the air. There is also a masculine preference for meals outdoors, and fish cooked over a genuine camp fire. The summer home, according to the man of the house, are content with comfort, not striving for the luxuries of life. The summer home has come to be regarded as almost a necessity by those who live in the large towns or cities. Do not let the prospect of extra expense alarm you, for a modest and comfortable cabin or bungalow can be erected for a few hundred dollars; and such a building can always be rented, in case the owner changes his mind regarding a summer residence.

A STURDY LOG CABIN

Unity in a Room

"NOW, what is the matter with this room?" the distracted housewife said, in *The House Beautiful.* "Its color is all right, and so are its lines, but, somehow, it doesn't hang together. It might as well be a furniture shop. It looks loose."

"That's the very word," the decorator said, "and do you know why? You have not tied your loose ends together. A room has to be gathered together and knotted to look right. Churches have been the triumph of architects of all ages because, externally, they generally soared upwards to a tower, and inside, nave and choir led up to the altar. They had a focusing point for the eye. That is what you lack in this room: your colors and your furniture are good and even your mantel is so harmonious that should be devoid of fuss and "fixings." You find on this page the picture of such a home, which is as simple as a house in the woods can be made, with only two rooms in the cabin. However, it is "mortared" and cemented until it is thoroughly rainproof, and two healthy persons could enjoy immensely a summer of "roughing it" in such a habitation.

Of course, a pine forest is the ideal location for such a summer home. Fortunately one does not need to go far from any Ontario town or city in order to find oneself in a grove of pines. There is health and new life under the pines, and all the cares and worry of town life fly away and are lost in the woods. The furnishing of such an abode should be of the plainest, with a few strong chairs and camp beds and an abundance of linen-covered cushions. A steep hillside often affords an excellent nook for a woodland home, the slope of the land making possible a lower storey. Many who are devoted to outdoor life in summer like part of the structure of the house to be of cedar, and pillars of this wood are used extensively in modern cottages in Muskoka and in some homes along the St. Lawrence. Rustic effects are always desirable in a building of this kind, and there is no reason why it should not be made an attractive dwelling-place, even if it be only a two-months-in-the-year resort. The floors should not be of rough wood, or the cleaning will be a rather serious matter. Light is an important consideration, and the window space should be carefully proportioned in the small habitation.

The term "cottage" is applied frequently to houses which might more reasonably be called "palaces," and these, of course, belong to the wealthiest citizens. Most Canadians, however, are modest in their household ambition, and it simply takes its place as part of the background—for what?

"A piano, especially a grand, as it has a good curve, is a good point for emphasis, and all the decorations of a room may lead the eye up to it, but, as this room is too small for that I'd suggest that you accent your fireplace by hanging that large picture with its heavy frame over the mantleshelf. Hang it flat so it will look as if built into the wall. Now put your dark Persian rug in front of the fireplace. Or, place your davenport parallel with the hearth and put that drop leaf table at its back; a rug in front of it, and you have a sort of ingleside around which the rest of the room seems naturally to group itself.

"A heavier set of andirons, a fender around the hearth, or two settles built at right angles to it, would strengthen your fireplace.

"If you did not want to do anything to the fireplace, you could draw the eye to the end of the room opposite the door and accent those bookshelves by putting doors or curtains on them and hanging that framed series of pictures over them, or a frieze of plaster casts.

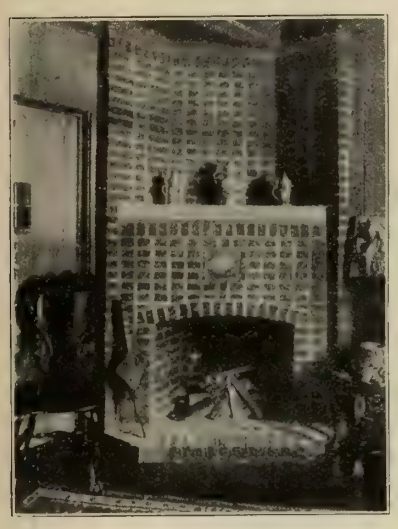
"The old-time pier-glasses between windows, hideous as they were, served the purpose of drawing the eye to the windows, often providing a 'vista.' The more recent 'cosy-corner,' now, happily, only an uncosy memory! survives in the comfortable living-room couch, and this might well be made the keynote of your room. As the room is a little weak in color, have the couch cover and cushions of a darker shade than their background, so it will stand out distinctively.

"Curtains and upholstery fabrics are excellent binding mediums, and in this room you will find that cretonne, chintz, denim or madras ones made with valances across the window-tops, will do much to draw your room together.

A COSY FIREPLACE

A FIREPLACE is so ancient that we should need to go back to prehistoric times in order to find its origin. The sacred fire was always symbolic of worship or domestic affection, and the hearth meant the home. In an article in *Suburban Life*, Mr. George J. Jervis treats of this subject of home-like fireplaces of stone and brick in a most interesting way.

Trivial incidents of life often carry the mind back to childhood days of picture-book and story—to a land of fantasy, peopled with knights and ladies, giants and ogres, elves, goblins and the other denizens of Fairly Land. We see, through the glass of memory, the children seated



A CORNER FIREPLACE

around the cozy old fireplace, listening with wonder-waking eyes to the thrilling tales of long ago. Golden-haired princesses are rescued from giants' castles; three-headed dragons are slain by the touch of a magic sword; while the mere possession of a fairy ring—like the proverbial philosopher's stone—turns baser metals into gold, and transforms a woodman's cottage to a palace of glittering crystal.

So runs the tale, and all the while the yellow flames from the log-fire on the hearth

"Flicker and wane,
To blaze again,"

playing such tricks with the shadows in the corners that the very little ones creep closer to your side, until the story ends as all would have it end, "They all lived happily ever after."

And as the line of a song may bring back the memory of the singer, so, too, a simple fairy tale may turn our thoughts back to the place of places in the homestead—the warm fireside.

FIREPLACE OF "TAPESTRY" BRICK

In northern Europe, the fireplace, in spite of modern heating appliances, remains a permanent and integral part of every dwelling-house; and, while it figures largely in the pages of tradition its early history is lost in obscurity.

The fireplaces of ancient castles and manor-houses show plainly that they were an important feature in the domestic life of the Middle Ages. And, indeed, one can well understand the esteem with which they were regarded; for, while the inhabitants of the castle were marshaled at the common dining-board, either above or below the salt—that strong line of demarcation which separated the nobles from the serfs—yet the great fireplace, piled high with blazing logs, gave equal warmth and comfort to all.

These fireplaces were invariably built of the same material as that of the building itself, either of brick or stone. In Tattershall Castle, Lincolnshire, England, built in 1430, there still exists, or did so recently, a delightful old brick fireplace, in the construction of which is shown an early attempt at brick decoration in the shape of herring-bone pattern work.

If an essentially "rustic" effect is aimed at, it may be very easily obtained by the use of fieldstone. There are various shades in the stone, and the effect may be heightened by the shades of mortar. Much, of course, depends on the workmanship; but there are few country districts in which one workman cannot be found who is capable of doing a job in stone in an out-of-the-ordinary manner, and thoroughly workmanlike, too. He will generally be an "old timer," though. They seemed to do these things better in the olden days, and, although the younger stone-masons are capable, so far as certain kinds of work are concerned, they would sooner do a job in a very mechanical way, and get it over with as soon as possible.

The popularity of brick fireplaces increases from year to year; and it has been especially marked since the great variety possible in brick of various textures, and varying in shades from the warm reds and olive-greens to deep purplish hues, has become of more general knowledge.

Quite as important as the kind of brick chosen and the design of your fireplace is the question of mortar joints. It is surprising how little appreciation is shown by the average layman for that part of brick construction. It plays such an important part in the general effect of a brick surface. The difference of a mere quarter of an inch in a mortar joint seems hardly worth consideration, yet it is upon the width of joint that much of the beauty of the old brick fireplace depends. Just as a picture is dependent upon its frame to enhance its effect, so the mortar joint in the dimension of the brick it surrounds tends to emphasize the varied shades, at the same time modulating the general color scheme of the entire wall surface. In some of the old brick chimneys in Suffolk, England, the bricks used measured 9¼ by 4¼ by 2 inches, built up with a joint of light yellowish-grey mortar of about a half inch thickness. Such a combination is uncommonly beautiful.

The principal condition we require a fireplace to fill is comfort. This is subdivided into warmth and cheerfulness; the first of which is obtained in ratio of the amount of heat we can generate, with an eye to economy, from the minimum amount of fuel; the second, is the amount of flow and rays of light from the fire itself.

The size of your fireplace is naturally dependent upon the dimensions of your room, but if you err, it is better to do so on the side of generosity rather than to spoil the effect and reduce your own comfort, by building a small and insignificant fireplace in your sitting- or living-room. A fireplace should be what it represents.

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The Reasons for Its Wondrous Flavor

Do you know that we get from a bushel of choice oats only 10 pounds of Quaker Oats?

They are just the rich, plump grains, picked out by 62 siftings.

These selected grains, prepared by our process, form this delicious oatmeal—the finest oat food in existence.

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Every dish of Quaker Oats tells you that it pays. Note how the children delight in it.

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That's why Quaker Oats has become the world's breakfast.

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Quaker Oats outsells all other brands combined. It outsells in dollars any other package food.

Please remember this.

On some foods grade doesn't matter much.

But a great deal depends, in every home, on the young folks' love of oatmeal. And that depends on the richness and flavor.

In this food of all foods it is highly important to serve just the cream of oatmeal.

And that means Quaker Oats.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West.

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THE songs you love best, sung by the singers who sing them best---*your* kind of music, rendered as only the Edison can render it---as true to life as the original. For

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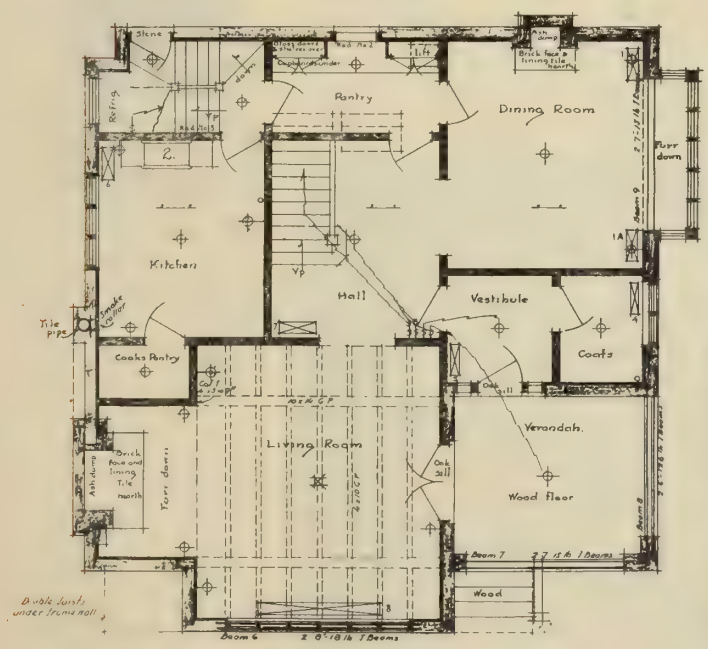
A WYCHWOOD HOME

Illustrations by courtesy of *Construction*

RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE HOWELL, TORONTO

Eden Smith & Sons Architects



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

HALL AND STAIRWAY

IT is the desire of almost every business man in the city to have a home removed as far as possible from the dust and stir of the crowded streets. In recent years there has been a "back-to-the-land" movement for the city dweller who is able to gratify his craving for fresh air and sylvan loveliness, with the result that the fringes of our cities are becoming adorned with artistic residences which show the owners' desire to return to the country home.

A talented woman writer in the United States once declared that her idea of perfect bliss was "country life with city society." The modern ambition appears to be all the urban comforts with none of the inconveniences. Well, it is not always possible to dispense with suburban car service or city dust, but let us, so far as we may, escape from city noise and strife, even if we do not wish to exile ourselves from city theatres and concert halls.

Our Canadian cities are fortunate in their suburban districts. Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Toronto and Vancouver have ideal surroundings for those who are anxious to possess residences removed from city disturbance and yet within easy reach of "down town." Torontonians turn to the lake shore, eastward towards Scarboro, or westward beyond Parkdale. The ravines of Rosedale have been eagerly appropriated by those who were not slow to appreciate their advantages. The northern section of the city of Toronto is now being searched for good building sites, and Wychwood has been recognized as an ideal location for a suburban home. The residence of which we reproduce plans and illustrations is in that part of the city, which only a few years ago was nothing but woodland.

The home of Mr. George Howell, as shown in the accompanying plans and photographs (republished from *Construction*), is a suburban structure which will appeal to many. The house is built of brick and rough-cast on the outside. The shingles on the walls and roof are stained brown, the windows

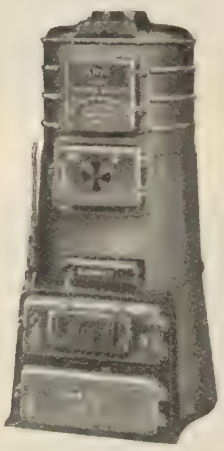
ARE YOU PLANNING A HOME?

UPON THE HEATING SYSTEM YOU PUT IN DEPENDS THE HEALTH AND COMFORT OF YOUR FAMILY.

HOW many homes do you enter tastefully furnished and otherwise carefully planned, made uncomfortable and cheerless at this season because dependent upon stoves or "hot-air" furnaces for warmth? The hostess apologizes for cold rooms, the children shiver before "hot-air" registers, carpets and curtains are covered with dust, and if your visit is made in the morning you find the rooms full of smoke and gas. Not an imaginary or exceptional case, this. These hardships and inconveniences many good people impose upon themselves every winter by unwisely "economizing" in their heating system.

If you are planning a new home or contemplating improved heating for your present one, consider carefully the advantages of the

KING HOT WATER HEATING SYSTEM



You Don't Have to Be a Heating Expert

to understand these features of the "KING" Boiler.

Water-ways nearly twice as large as others —hence gets hot water out to radiators and cooled water back to boiler quickly.

Corrugated lining in fire-pot increases heating surface and makes coal burn down evenly.

Vertical Lever Shaker—works easily and noiselessly, and eliminates the back breaking "cranking."

Latest wrinkle in grates—no nuts or bolts to work loose and break.

No unnecessary parts, no intricate "machinery," feed it in the morning and your wife can easily look after a "KING."

The King System exemplifies the best of what has been discovered and invented in heating apparatus during the past half century.

In designing the "KING" Boiler we investigated, analyzed and critically studied every recognized type of boiler made. We carefully sifted and weighed the desirable features of each, and were able to use many of them in the construction of the "KING."

The *corrugated fire-walls,* for example, add one-third more live heating surface to the boiler, and alone cut down fuel consumption 15 p.c. Big ash and *feed doors, patented vertical shaker,* large open *water passages* and *"trouble proof" grate,* are some other improvements we have successfully introduced.

These are all useful, common-sense advantages that appeal strongly to the home owner looking for his money's worth in a heating system. They abolish the drudgery of fire-starting and ash sifting; they lighten housework and make home a healthier and more cheerful place to live in.

Ask any Reputable Steamfitter about "KING" Goods.

His expert advice on heating is free, and always cheerfully furnished. This is his "slack season," and he can afford not only to spend more time in advising you, but if you're ready to go ahead he can get to work at once, and as a rule, this work can be done for less money at this season.

It will pay you to get in touch with him right away.

Write for Your Copy of "COMFORTABLE HOMES."

It tells all about the various kinds of heating and their relative merits. It's full of vital, helpful facts that will assist you to select the system best adapted to your needs. You'll find it an interesting book to read. A post card brings it.

"King" Radiators and Their Success

The wonderful popularity of the "KING" Radiator has not been a matter of chance. Its sales are due solely to its artistic and mechanical superiority.

Its handsome, dignified appearance "fits into" any interior.

Its great range of patterns—

Thin radiators for narrow halls and bedrooms,

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are of casement style, equipped with metal weather strips. The ground floor is quarter-cut oak and the upper floors narrow quarter-cut Georgia pine. The staircases are oak and trim is Georgia pine with pine doors. All the woodwork inside is stained brown and waxed. The beam ceiling in living-room shows the real beams, and the ceiling between is sheeted.

The photographs show a dining-room and living-room, bright and glowing with true home comfort, with an appreciation of artistic and simple furnishing. The architects of this attractive home were Messrs. Eden Smith & Sons, Toronto.

Names for Country Homes

CANADIANS have usually selected names for either city or country residences, borrowed from Old Country homes. It is significant that Scotch names are in the lead, although English names, such as Ilfracombe and Brantwood are a close second. It would be interesting to revise many quaint and musical Indian names and give them to our summer or suburban homes.

In the Kawartha Lakes and Muskoka districts you come upon many cottages with musical Indian names, which are suitable to the sylvan or watery surroundings, such as Minnehaha, Otonabee, Nanita and others of legendary lore.

A writer on this subject in *Suburban Life* remarks concerning a request made to its readers for suggestions:

From New Jersey come letters that include the following: Airymount, Arrowdale, Kenilworth, The Hills, Maple Grove, Willowdale, Pinehurst, Forest Hill, Chestnut Ridge, Hope Hill, Deer Lodge and Dancing Brook.

In an Ohio neighborhood these names are in use: Cloverdale, Rockwood, Sunnyside, Arrowdale, Deepdale, Fairoaks, Oaklawn and Northwood; while an Indiana reader suggests Hill View, High Point, Breezy Point and Air Knoll, for elevated situations; Mountainside, Northside (also east, west and south), and Sunny Slope, for places on the sides of the hills; and Hazelnook, Cedarcroft, The Meadows, The Downs, Glendale and The Willows, for those in the valley.

In a Massachusetts locality is a farm called "Wee Laddie," and another named Cloverfields. There are submitted also the following: Sunkist, Goodholme, Successacres, Happyhome, Woodsmere, Edgemere, Hillhome, Gatherhere Place, and Ourown.

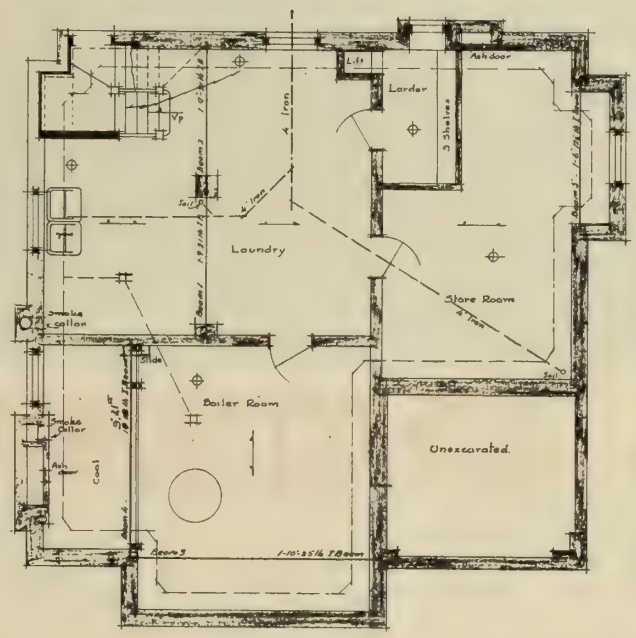
From Iowa comes a letter, reading in part: "Our summer home is called Westwood. It takes its name from the fact that it is located west of the city and in the woods."

South Carolina contributes Shiness, Stornoway, Duncraig, Plainfield, Ardross and Airlie, and these Indian names: Pohoka (hills), Wasale (sweet dreams), Lowena (happy one), Alini (pretty eyes), Monmawala (rolling prairie), Wabenanog (wild rose), Homtakods (welcome friend).

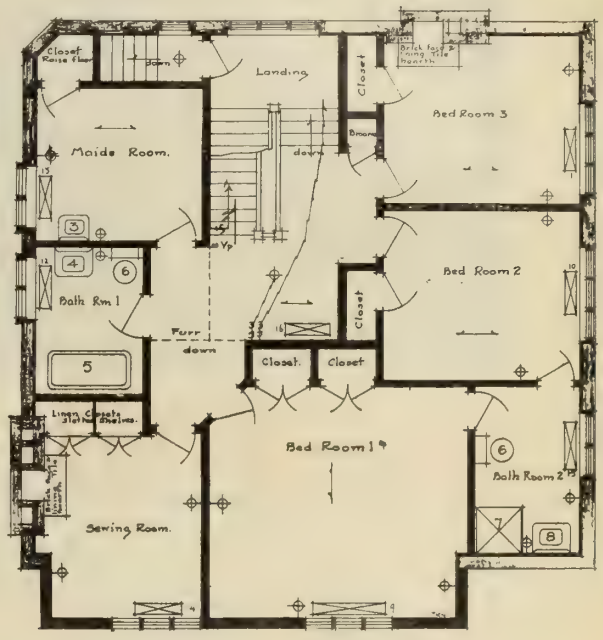
From Connecticut are these suggestions: Westgate, Fairlawn, Glencroft, Hillcrest, Beech Knoll, Ledgewood Farm, Redhurst, Stonehurst, Redtop, Cragside, Hilltop, Arden, Hermitage, The Priory, Oakleigh, Aldworth, Waldheim, Clearview, Springbank Ghlaenhower, The Anchorage, The Nautilus, Bide-a-Wee, Ingleside, Eyrie, Nirvana, Edgewood, The Grange, Longmede, Tanglewood, Mizzentop, Waldmere, Greystone, Meadowbrook and The Valley Farm. And Wide View is also suggested from Connecticut and Massachusetts.

A New York State suggestion is Rose Lodge. From New York also come Butternut Farm, Dew-Drop Inn, Overbrook Pass, Fordmore, Hazelton House, Meadow Manor, and Beechmore. In a Pennsylvania locality these names are liked: Cedar Lawn, Heart of the Valley, Arbutus Lawn, Cherry Hill, Maple Lawn and Pleasant View. There is also Jacqueminot Lodge from Pennsylvania, and Lakeside, Oaklawn, Robin Lane, and Overview, from the same state. Graceland, Grand View and The Maples come from Delaware, and Birdwood from Virginia. In Indiana there is a Robinvale, an Arden, and an Arcadia.

A DINING-ROOM, FULL OF SUNSHINE



BASEMENT PLAN



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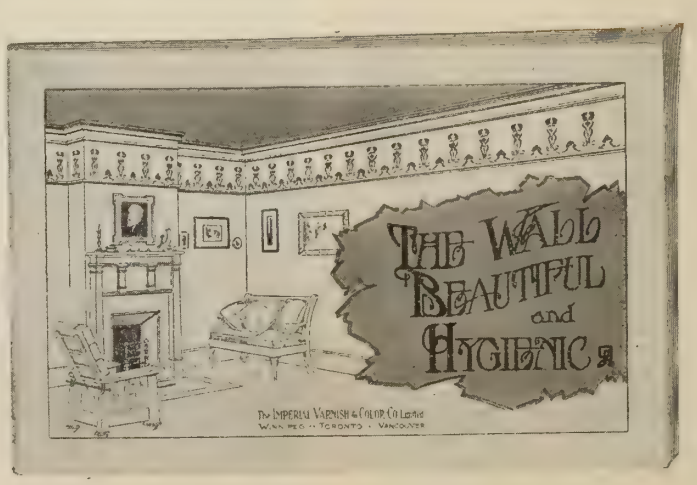

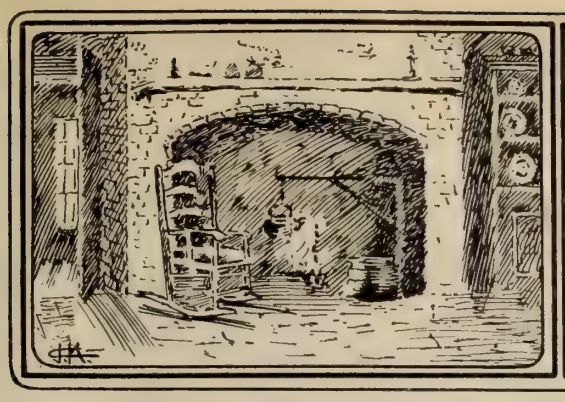

Oil Paint, a Sanitary Wall Finish
Heating the Modern Home

Oil Paint, a Sanitary Wall Finish

BY F. C. KENILWORTH

MANY conditions have brought about the necessity of building the home along practical and sanitary lines. Houses are better ventilated, lighted, heated, etc., than ever before, and rapid strides are being made to maintain sanitary conditions in public and private buildings by the selection of sanitary finishes. All this has brought into prominence the uses of paints and varnishes that would effect these improvements. While there has been, from time to time a change in the style of wall decorations, the present popularity of an oil finish in preference to a wall covering that requires paste and glue to make it adhere to the plaster surface has been influenced by the desire to keep the walls —as well as the other exposed parts of the home—sanitary in every sense of the word.

An oil paint, in fact, becomes a part of the plaster wall, binding itself, when properly used, with the particles of the plaster. In addition to the artistic effects that are possible—for a greater variation of color combinations is obtainable by the use of the oil paint—the most hygienic results are secured. The painted surface becomes absolutely non-porous and will not collect moisture or give the dampness that is evident on a wall covered with such absorbent materials as paper, prepared coverings, etc. By reason of the texture of the latter much dust is collected on the surface, while thorough tests have proved that dust particles will not adhere to the painted surface, even though it is of the flat effect.

The paint pigments must be ground in pure oils, and proper precaution taken to keep the finish pure. Three coat work is advised and clean brushes are recommended. The prepared paints are preferable as they are purer, more easily used, and will produce, without variations, the shade decided upon.

The plaster surface, as it is porous must first be sealed. This is accomplished by the use of a wall size, either alone or mixed with an equal quantity of the oil paint. The latter method is preferable since it has been found to produce a better foundation for the additional coats of the paint itself. The second and third coats should be applied as the material comes from the can. Turpentine only should be used if the paint seems a trifle too heavy to work easily under the brush. The paint should be flowed onto the surface; and will dry flat without any brush marks

Such a surface can be repeatedly washed with soap and water, and, while the colors do not fade nor the material chalk or peel off, the color scheme can easily be changed by painting over this surface with the desired color of the same flat tone oil paint. No sizing will be required in redecorating. Such a finish lends itself to the most attractive stencil decoration.

In the illustration of hallway of suburban home near Philadelphia is shown a large and spacious apartment of colonial architecture, the chief feature of which is the white enameled mantel. The spindles of the banister are enameled in white and the capping in mahogany, and at the head of the stairway is a handsome Tiffany window.

HALLWAY IN SUBURBAN HOME, PHILADELPHIA

Heating the Modern Home

THE features of any system of heating in which your readers or any home builders are particularly interested, are: First, cost of installation, up-keep or repairs to the apparatus itself; second, cost of operating or fuel; third, the efficiency or general usefulness of the heating apparatus.

The last named is the one which necessarily should have the most consideration. To take up each of these points separately, as applied to hot water heating, the initial expense or cost of installing a hot water system is greater than that of stoves or "hot air" and less than that of steam heating. The difference in price is, however, only a small percentage of the total cost of the building. For example: In a $5,000 home the difference in price between a "hot air" and a hot water system should not be more than from $90 to $200. The repairs necessary to a hot water system amount to practically nothing, as there is nothing breakable or easily worn out in the apparatus. The system is tested thoroughly, immediately after installation, and any defects developed in the boiler or radiators are invariably corrected at the expense of the manufacturer, and the steamfitter of course, makes sure that the piping is perfect. After this, with ordinary care, no further repairs should be necessary.

CONSIDERING the cost of operating, that is, the fuel required to heat a building of any size, it is seldom disputed that the hot water system requires less fuel than any other. This is accounted for by the fact that the boiler is designed to bring the intense heat in direct contact with the cold water from the radiators. It has also been clearly demonstrated that in a hot water or steam boiler, the combustible gases liberated by the burning of the coal, are consumed and this heat utilized. In a stove or "hot air" furnace, this is impossible, as the heat being radiated directly from the walls surrounding the fire, it is impossible to provide "combustion chambers" as they are called, to prevent the escape of these gases with the smoke.

A hot water system requires at least no more attention than a furnace or stove. Contrary to the opinion which still exists in the minds of some people, there is no "machinery" to this system. The system is filled with water in the fall and thereafter requires only firing. All of the modern boilers in the market are equipped with sifting grates, which are directly under the fire. These are operated with an ordinary shaker and sift unburned coal from the ashes without dust and without any extra handling.

The advantages of the hot water system are briefly, as follows: It may be installed in a home of any size and in any location. It is equally suitable for a farm house, a city mansion or a suburban bungalow. It may be installed in an old building without dirt and without cutting or otherwise disfiguring the walls. It occupies much less space in a cellar than the cumbersome air ducts of a "hot air" system.

As warmth is taken from the fire and distributed to the rooms of a building through the medium of a stream of water instead of being radiated directly from the fire and conveyed by ducts or air currents, the dust, smoke and fumes at the fire are confined in the basement. It is next to impossible to avoid this objection with any other than the radiator type of heating. Possibly the greatest advantage of hot water heating in comparison with stoves of furnaces, is that the air is never subjected to the intense heat of the fire, as in the case of stoves and furnaces. It has been demonstrated that air which has been "parched" or robbed of its natural moisture is the most frequent cause of winter colds and other throat troubles. It is for this reason that nothing but radiator heating is used in greenhouses. Plants will not live in the artificial heat from furnaces.

IN discussing the question of properly heating the suburban home, Mr. H. L. Anness, in *Suburban Life*, remarks:

A curious fact connected with the heating question is that we are compelled by the law to furnish large amounts of fresh air in the school-rooms, and yet we bring our children to homes in which the question of ventilation has never been considered. Fresh, pure air is absolutely essential to the sustaining of health, and this is the prime factor in favor of this system. A well-planned fresh-air system is easy to control and economical in fuel. A moderate fire can be operated in mild weather, and a deep, brighter fire for cold weather, giving all the heat required at all times; but care should be exercised to have an apparatus of adequate capacity installed, both as to size of pipes and fire-pot area, and heating surface in the heater.

Hot water heating was in general use in Canada before it was introduced into this country, but for the last twenty-five years it has gradually grown in public favor until to-day it is, perhaps, the most popular method for home-heating. With this system, the heater is located in the cellar, at any convenient point near the smoke-flue, and radiators are placed in the several rooms and halls to be heated. These are connected to the heater by small wrought-iron pipes. Above the highest radiator is located the expansion tank, of about fifteen gallons capacity for the average residence. The entire system is filled with water to the centre of the expansion tank, from the top of which is run an overflow pipe, open to the atmosphere, so that no pressure exists except that derived from the weight of the water.

When planning your heating plant remember:

That it is poor economy to cut down the first cost if it means increased coal consumption.

That the first cost is paid once, and forgotten, but coal bills come every year.

That you should consider carefully the merits of all systems, and adopt the one best suited to your requirements.

That the location of radiators or registers is very important. Don't spoil the heating, to place the furniture.

Humidity and Complexion

EVERYONE knows how the moist air of Ireland and England tends to make women have lovely complexions; I know the condition of our hair is better than it has ever been; we have fewer colds, almost none in fact; "nerves" are practically unknown with us, and we are all remarkably good sleepers.

Our friends notice the difference in our house when they come to visit us, and speak of the "mildness of our climate," the "soft, gentle heat," the "restful and soothing atmosphere," the "pleasant feel to the air," the "sense of comfort and well-being," etc. Many of them have been inspired to make their own home less like deserts because of our example.

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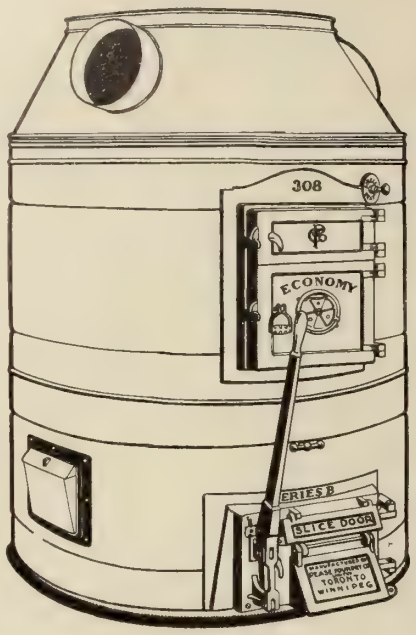
Is your furnace heating your house? All of it—or are you perpetually shovelling in coal and not getting sufficient heat? Is it the quality of the coal or is it the construction of the furnace that is at fault?



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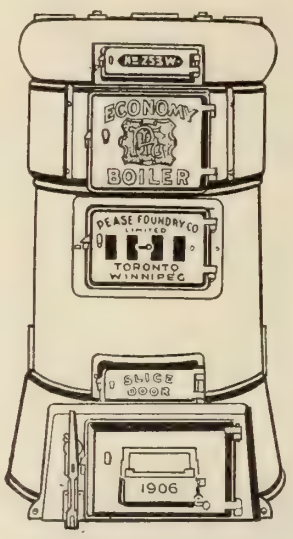

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HUMIDITY IN LIVING ROOMS

IN an article on this subject by Lillian S. Loveland in *Good Housekeeping*, copyright in the United States of America, the writer says:

We modern Americans, when we build a new home, have it back-plastered, or build it of brick or stone, equip it with storm windows and weather strips, lay double floors, and in every way strive to keep out the cold. Then we put in the very newest and best heating apparatus to be had, and attach a thermostat to insure even temperature; we keep our living rooms at whatever temperature we choose, and think we have solved the matter. But in shutting out the cold, we also shut out the moisture in the outside air, and then we proceed to dry out what moisture does get in by our various heating appliances.

The houses in which we live are drier in winter than the driest desert regions of the globe. For instance, the average humidity at Yuma, Ariz., is 42.9 per cent.; at Santa Fe, N.M., 44.8 per cent.; in the Punjab and northwestern India, 31 per cent.; and in the deserts of Africa it averages from 27 to 33 per cent. The humidity of our living rooms in winter is from 15 to 36 per cent., where no effective effort has been made to raise the humidity. The average outdoor humidity in the United States is from 60 to 70 per cent.; therefore the change from indoor to outdoor humidity is very great. By relative humidity is meant, the ratio of the amount of moisture present to the amount necessary for saturation; that is if we say the relative humidity is 50 per cent., we mean that the air contains one-half as much moisture as it would if it were saturated.

In the old days when the houses were heated by fireplaces, the occupants probably suffered much discomfort from cold, but their method of heating did not dry out the moisture in the air of their houses as is done in ours.

There are numberless ill effects which result from the extremely dry air of our living rooms; our furniture checks and cracks and falls to pieces; our pianos lose their tune; house plants get brown and wither up; our skin becomes parched, and we women, without knowing why we have to do it, apply cold cream, glycerin and the like to keep the skin moist; our throats become sore and our voices more and more harsh and scratchy. Possibly this explains the "American voice," which is such a source of ridicule among Europeans. They do not keep their houses hot and dry as we do, because their mild climate does not require our modern heating methods. Even in Northern Europe, where the cold is severe, their method of heating is primitive like that of our forefathers in this country, and they do not dry out the air as we do with our furnaces, steam and hot water heating. The dry atmosphere also acts as a stimulant to the nervous system; our sleep becomes restless and broken and we become more and more conscious that we have "nerves." The change in going from our dry living rooms to the moister air of outdoors, also makes us more subject to colds.

Furnace makers realize this state of affairs to some extent, as most furnaces are equipped with a cast-iron pan holding about twelve quarts, from which to evaporate water into the house.

During the winter of 1901, my husband, who is a meteorologist, and myself tested this furnace pan quite thoroughly. We lived in the north half of a double house, both parts being practically alike and equipped with furnaces of the same size and make. We used the water pan in our furnace, while that in our neighbor's was not used. Each day at noon for a period of three weeks, I took the humidity observations in both houses. We evaporated about two quarts of water a day from our pan, and the result was only about one per cent. higher humidity in our house; a difference so slight, that it seems probable that such a small pan in a furnace is of little or no value.

Many people put small pails or pans of water just inside the registers, and I have known physicians to recommend this practice in cases of catarrh or throat troubles. We tried placing pans of water in four of the registers in addition to the pan in the furnace, and increased the evaporation to 5.9 quarts per day; when the humidity was 2.4 per cent higher in our house than our neighbor's.

From observations taken in steam and hot water heated houses, we find that there is practically no difference in the relative humidity of the air, between them and furnace-heated houses. Many people believe that hot water heating gives a moister atmosphere in the house; it does give a more even, uniform heat, but none of the moisture from the hot water itself can get into the house. The only way to raise the humidity is by the actual introduction of moisture into the house.

My husband felt that a humidity of 50 per cent in our living rooms was the correct standard to be striven for, so when, two years later, we built a modern, eight-room house, he had that in mind in planning the heating apparatus. We put in a regular hot air furnace, but when it was being set up he had one large galvanized iron pan and one smaller cast iron pan fitted around the firepot, inside of the jacket of the furnace, and under radiator so that the moisture evaporated went directly into the hot air pipes and then into the living rooms. These are in addition to the one furnished by the furnace maker, and the three pans, all told, hold seventy-two quarts of water.

In severe weather, when there is a hot fire in the furnace, we evaporate from 20 to 24 quarts of water in 24 hours. Ordinarily, when the thermometer is from 20 to 30 degrees outdoors, we evaporate from 12 to 15 quarts per day, and raise the humidity in the house up to 35 or 40 per cent. If we evaporated more than that, the extra moisture in the air would condense on the windows, forming steam or frost and would be a nuisance in many ways.

In a laundry with the washing going on, the humidity is probably over 90 per cent., and we know how wet and steamy the walls and ceilings are, as well as the windows. If, however, all the windows in the house were equipped with storm windows, we could keep the humidity at 50 per cent. without any inconvenience, as the air space between the double windows acts as a non conductor of cold, keeping the inner window warm and thus the moisture would not condense upon it.

To summarize, we find that evaporating 12 to 15 quarts of water daily, during average winter weather, is about the right amount for a house like ours, only partially equipped with storm windows. This keeps the humidity at 35 to 40 per cent., which is certainly a big improvement over the humidity in the average home, which is probably below 25 per cent. In the steam or hot water heated houses, some definite plan could be arranged for to evaporate water into the living rooms.

I wish I might say that the raising of the humidity in the living rooms is a saving of fuel. One naturally thinks that since one feels the warmth more in a moist atmosphere, it would not be necessary to keep the temperature so high and therefore less coal would be required. But it requires coal to evaporate water; to evaporate 20 quarts of water requires 43,000 thermal units, or approximately three and one-half pounds of anthracite coal. This number of heat units would be sufficient to raise the actual temperature in a dwelling house, containing 14,000 cubic feet, two degrees; thus it takes as much fuel to keep a house at 68 degrees temperature and 40 per cent. humidity as at 70 degrees temperature and 30 per cent. humidity. However, the lower temperature, as well as the higher humidity increase our comfort and health, because the change to outside conditions is not quite so great.

We find the results well worth all the trouble and effort they cost. Our furniture does not become cracked, split or checked; the boards in the floors do not shrink and leave unsightly cracks; the woodwork keeps its form and position; our piano remains in tune very much longer; our ferns and palms grow luxuriantly (we do not have flowering plants, because we use gas for lighting, but "that's another story"); our skin feels moist and comfortable, though sometimes if my husband forgets to fill the pans and they get nearly empty, I am in great distress with a feeling of dryness in the palms of my hands, lips, and nostrils, and I hasten to apply glycerin, cold cream or something of the sort till the pans are in working order again. I think we all have better complexions.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Some Principles of Interior Decoration

by F. C. Kenilworth

ALTHOUGH every interior presents new problems to the decorator and to the housewife, a general set of color principles can be followed in solving them. Unity, fitness and practicability are the fundamentals to be considered in planning the decorating of any interior. Unity is obtained by adhering to one style in exterior and interior construction, and in the selection of furnishings and finishes; fitness by holding to a simple or an elaborate treatment throughout, governed by the life and habits of the family; while practicability is gained by employing materials that will give the most durable results and will still retain unity and fitness. As an example, birch wood is selected for the trim of a living room to make possible a mahogany finish which will harmonize with the old Colonial furniture. The most careful consideration of the stain to be used is essential. It must give the right color, be non-fading, and permit of the application of the required surface varnishes. Products of reliable manufacturers should be selected in order to assure good results. Then, too, the surface finish over the stain must be similar to that of the furniture.

The same is true of the wall finish, and no one can give this part of the interior decorating too much thought. The use of rough plaster for the walls has done much toward the production of a home that involves the true principles. Its use has led to simpler wood treatments, and in turn, better designed furniture, and then on to well-chosen wall finishes. A flat oil paint is essential over the rough plaster, but the same has been found so practical, as well as artistic, that its use is no longer restricted, and the smooth plaster is as much decorated in this manner as the rough.

A prepared oil paint that dries with flat tones is recommended. Such a finish will not chalk or peel off, and will permit of frequent cleaning, as water will not affect the oil. The illustrated interiors show the effects produced by the flat tone oil paint, and demonstrate the importance of treating the walls to harmonize with the furnishings. The manufacturing of the printed fabrics in excellent colors and designs at such moderate prices is most fortunate, as these combine well with the flat tone wall finishes, and introduce the contrasting colors that are required in a well-arranged scheme. The accompanying elevations showing actual tints for ceiling and walls, give some idea of the wide range of colors. These, however, are only a few, for several greens, browns, buffs, greys and blues, lighter, darker and stronger than those shown, can be secured.

In the dining-room the simple but well-designed oak furniture gains in appearance by using the rich red for the lower wall. The necessary light is produced by treating the upper wall and ceiling in a light warm tint. The rug and over-curtains repeat the predominating colors, and a most artistic effect is thus obtained. The fundamental principles have also been followed in the decorating of the chamber, where the green wall gives the necessary contrast to the Circassian walnut furniture, while the tones in the hangings and rugs combine the green and brown in such a way that a refined and dignified appearance is given.

When one finds it necessary to introduce certain furnishings, valuable because of long association, greater care must be exercised in selecting the general color schemes. Each room must produce the proper setting for its furnishings, and must complement or harmonize with the predominating color of the adjacent rooms. In addition, the decorating needs to hold to the style of construction. The natural and artificial lighting properties of each room must be considered. This is especially true of the chambers, where the wall tints strike the keynote of the color scheme. Bright attractive effects are required, making it necessary to use a warm wall tone when the exposure of the room does not give much sunlight or the room is so situated that it is not well lighted. On the other hand, a strong light can be easily subdued by the use of greens, blues and greys. These colors should, however, always be combined, to a more or less degree, with the warmer contrasting tints, to avoid a cold, hard appearance. The color scheme of the hall is the nucleus about which the other schemes can be arranged. If, however, it is only a part of the living room or dining-room, then its color must harmonize with those of the living room proper. On the other hand, contrast is possible. In the smaller home the lighter tints can be used on the first floor, as well as second, while the darker tints are preferable in the large-sized living rooms.

The wall elevation in brown shows a harmony of three colors. The brown and deep buff are in harmony by analogy, while the green is in harmony to both through contrast. The green gives life to the scheme, and this is true of any color that is in harmony by contrast; hence the importance of selecting curtains, rugs, hangings, etc., in a room where the wall is treated in the flat tone and not decorated with stencils. The contrasting color should, however, be in a proportion of one part to ten parts of the predominating tint. The brown scheme will be attractive for a living room or library. The grey elevation suggests an appropriate treatment for a Colonial music or breakfast room. The mahogany wood trim with the decorative stencil border in olive and deep rose gives the necessary warmth to the wall tint. Rose hangings and furnishings will be appropriate here. The green elevation with its Craftsman border in a dark tint is typical of the decorations suitable for the more severe style of living room where dark oak furniture is combined with wicker chairs cushioned with cretonne that shows a bright array of color. The brick fireplace and brass fitments are not separable from such a treatment.

The Colonial or Empire chamber finds a suitable finish in the deeper cream wall tone and wreath decoration. The lavatory or bath with its tile-like wainscotting requires the sanitary oil paint for the remainder of the plaster surface, and the light blue is not only well-chosen, but gives the practical finish required. The stencil decoration in the contrasting color gives an added charm to the neat appearance produced. Milady's chamber must be decorated in a dainty manner, and the flat tone in the shell pink with rose decoration is ideal. Cretonne with a rose design over a white or ivory ground can be secured, and will be charming for hangings while the handwoven rag rugs in grey, rose and delicate olive green should be selected for the floor covering. The white woodwork finish is essential.

Ceiling, Buff Stone. Wall, Cocoanut Brown.

Ceiling, Ivory. Wall, Pearl Grey.

Ceiling, Ivory. Wall, Pale Olive.

Ceiling, Ivory. Wall, Old Gold.

Ceiling, Pearl Grey. Wall, Pearl Grey.

Ceiling, White. Wall, Shell Pink.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Ceiling, S-W Flat-tone Ivory. Wall, S-W Flat-tone Terra Cotta. Stencil No 97. Woodwork, S-W Varnish Stain Dark Oak. Floor, S-W Floorlac Light Oak.

Ceiling and Drop, S-W Flat-tone White. Wall, S-W Flat-tone French Grey. Stencil No. 18y. Woodwork, S-W Enamel White. Floor S-W Inside Floor Paint, Grey.

Body, SWP 153. Trimming, SWP Gloss White. Roof, S-W Preservative Shingle Stain, B42.

Body, SWP 470. Trimming, SWP 393. Roof, S-W Creosote Paint, Red Oxide.

You should paint as well for every part and exterior

There is a She Varnish that is proper treatment of right kind of finish particular purpose. Williams dealer w protect or decorate right finish. Read of some of the m Varnishes you will

Sherwin-Williams Paint (Prepared) S.W

Is a most durable and most economical which gives uniformly good results. S.W is made from pure lead, pure zinc, pure seed oil and the necessary coloring pigm and driers, thoroughly mixed and groun scientific proportions. It spreads easiest der the brush, saves the painter's time, covers the greatest number of square fee the gallon. It can be bought in 48 diff colors, together with black and white. siding, trimmings and sash of the h shown here are painted with S.W.P.

Sherwin-Williams Preservative Shingle Stains

Sherwin-Williams Preservative Shi Stains bring out the natural beauty o wood, and add to it a rich and disti coloring. They do not cover up or co the surface as do some so-called stains sink into it thoroughly and permanently, ing the wood. Sherwin-Williams S Stains are made with creosote, the best preservative known. The shingled par the houses shown here are protected S-W. Preservative Shingle Stains.

Sherwin-Williams Porch Floor Pai

This is a pure linseed oil paint, and with a tough, elastic film, capable of re the most trying weather and wear. Va shades of this material have been used o porch floors of the houses shown here.

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Sherwin-Williams Flat-Tone

nt for the artistic yet economical decor- of interior walls, ceilings and wood- It produces flat effects that are soft h, is easily applied, does not streak, can hed and cleaned without injury, and in 24 beautiful shades. The walls and of the rooms shown here are painted lat-tone.

Sherwin-Williams Enamel

gh quality white enamel of splendid g, flowing and drying qualities. Gives that remains permanently white, and t crack or mar. In the grey bedroom the woodwork is painted with S.-W. White.

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is a high-grade, artistic stain for g interior woodwork. These stains wonderful richness and individuality c, do not streak when applied, are rent and do not obscure the finest wood. Handcraft Stain is made in active shades.

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prepared a Style coration which request.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

Ceiling, S-W Flat-tone Ivory. Wall, S-W Flat-tone Old Gold. Stencil No. 10. Woodwork, Pine, Natural, S-W Excello. Floor, Pine, Natural, S-W Marnot.

Upper Body, S-W Preservative Shingle Stain, C71. Lower Body, SWP 457. Trimming, SWP 393. Roof, S-W Preservative Shingle Stain, C71.

Body, SWP 456. Trimming, SWP 382. Roof, S-W Preservative Shingle Stain, B43.

Body, SWP 393. Trimming, SWP 457. Roof, S-W Preservative Shingle Stain, B44.

Body, SWP 354. Trimming, SWP 371. Roof, S-W Preservative Shingle Stain, C81.

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Beautiful Wall-Tints With Water-Colors

MOST women have regarded the painting of the walls as a feature of room decoration quite beyond their domestic capabilities. It would be "so dreadful" to attempt such an extensive bit of decoration and have it fail, that most housewives have been more than content with the work of the hired decorator. However, the simplicity of modern materials is such that women need no longer be afraid of applying a coat of paint to hall, bedroom or library, but may do so in perfect confidence as to results.

There is hardly anyone who is uninfluenced by the tint of the walls or the pattern of the carpet. Do not live with ugliness beneath your feet and confronting your gaze. An expert on this subject tells us that the wall tints have a subtle influence over our spirits, and in this way affect our physical well-being. Who has not felt the instantaneous uplift of a cheerful room, or the chill of depression of a gloomy one? And the wall decorations were largely responsible for either atmosphere, though you may not have fully realized it at the time you entered the room. The shogi (or walls) of the Japanese home can be rolled back at will and the contour of the room changed almost in the twinkling of an eye, but the walls of *your* home must remain stationary; so it is your work to see that they are at least artistic and harmonious in every way, and not mere partitions with no more life or beauty than prison walls.

A BRIGHT AND HOMELIKE LIVING-ROOM

The modern dry paints which may be applied merely by mixture with cold water are of such soft plain tints that they make an excellent background for a graceful stencil pattern, which enables you to carry out any decorative scheme desired. A frieze consisting of a delicate design may be stenciled in harmonious colors on the smooth surface of the wall and thus relieve the solid tone effect if that is not to your liking.

When furnishing your new home rather fit your wall decorations to your furniture than your furniture to your wall tones. With the modern wall tints you may combine the colors and designs you prefer, thus reflecting your personality as much as in the selection of your clothes, perfumes, books or whatever else shows the particular *you* in all that you do and say. The beauty of the modern treatment, too, is that a mistake is not irremediable. You may put a coating on the new walls, and even if they should crack when they become permanently settled, it is an easy matter to put on another coat of paint right over the first one. If you desire to remove the first coat, however, it can easily be washed off, leaving the walls in perfect condition for the new application. So from the very beginning, walls harmoniously and artistically decorated can be enjoyed, instead of passing through the trying period of nerve-racking bare walls.

A DAINTY BEDROOM

In the dainty bedroom, shown in the illustration, the ceiling is of a delicate cream tint, restful and pleasing. The wall is in buff and the woodwork is done in white enamel. The kitchen shown is a model of convenience for the ordinary household, and housewife will appreciate the saving of steps made by such an arrangement of sink and drain-pan. The latter, adjacent to range, and the board on other side of sink, minimize the housekeeper's steps and contribute to general comfort. The nearness of kitchen cupboard, containing all culinary requisites, will appeal to the feminine heart.

The walls of the living-room are in buff, with harmonizing tints in curtains, and the ceiling is in white. There has been an evident desire to dispense with superfluous and unsanitary draperies, which merely impede the free flowing of fresh air, and which even weekly shaking and cleaning, cannot keep altogether clean. The simplicity in furnishing is decidedly pleasing, and the effect of the whole apartment is cosy and home-like. The furniture of Mission style is simple and of artistic lines, yet substantial enough to admit of use by the younger members of the family. Every equipment is afforded for happy evenings with music and games, and the modern "living-room" is a welcome departure from the old-fashioned parlor which was closed on all but state occasions. We can recall homes in which such a room always had a cold, unusual appearance, and a stuffy atmosphere which was anything but conducive to social cheer.

Now that women have discovered that they can easily apply paint to the walls of bedroom or pantry without fear of hopelessly marring the surface, the task of home decoration will not seem so formidable. Now the women of the land are educating themselves in the value of the right kind of decorating in each room. Woman recognizes more and more the need of sanitary wall coverings and equipment for the home. With the introduction of metal ceilings and side walls, woman's work is made easier. A scheme of decoration can be laid out for the modern house which, when completed, will make the home more sanitary, more safe from fire injury and more artistic than ever before. With a wall of metallic covering, woman's work is materially lightened.

When it is erected, it can be decorated to suit the fancy of the individual owner.. Then each season what dirt has accumulated (for dirt *will* accumulate in the best-regulated households) may be washed off in a few hours with soap and water, and the room is as fresh and clean as when the covering was first put on. Many fires are caused by lamps falling from the table or exploding. With a metal-covered wall there is little chance for a blaze, and this consideration alone will go a long way with the careful home-builder.

The furnishings of your home may be artistic and well-chosen, but their beauty will be obscured if your walls are not tinted to form a suitable setting or background. This will make the most ordinary things beautiful.

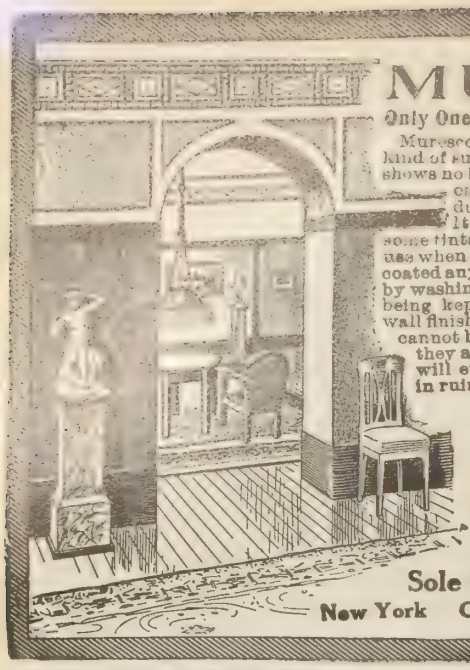
The primary importance of the walls in this connection will be seen when it is realized that they occupy about four-fifths of the surface measurement of each room.

Outlined against them, you see faces and forms of your family and friends, then how needful it is to have a harmonious background in keeping with the design and purpose of the room.

A decorative material for home use, should, in addition to good looks, be sanitary and healthful. It should be free from perishable or poisonous substances, not liable to fade or discolor, rub, crack, or peel from the walls, reasonable in cost and easy to apply.

The old bugbear, "spring decorating," is fast losing its terror, with the new methods of cleaning and renovating. The muss and mess of the paperhanger, the ill-smelling paste and the danger of colds from fresh, damp wall paper are things of the past, or matters of your own choice if you prefer to go through all that trouble and expense. For, by the use of water and dry colors in a wonderfully short time the old walls and ceilings can be done over and made to look like new.

A KITCHEN, WHERE COMFORT IS QUEEN



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2. To the lady who sends us most yearly subscriptions for the JOURNAL by March 15th, we will give a splendid 18 karat gold watch.

3. For every 15 ladies who win silver watches we will give another gold watch to the next highest contestant.

4. For each 15 subscriptions we will send a silver watch or choice of its equivalent in cash or premiums. Thus, 30 subscriptions entitles contestant to two Watches, etc., unless a gold watch is won.

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Furnishing a Home on a Moderate Income

By JESSIE E. RORKE

THE BEDROOM.

IF a bedroom is clean, airy and comfortable we have all that is essential to make an attractive room and one that will fulfil its purpose perfectly, and furnishing or decoration that detracts from these characteristics will fail to give any additional beauty. We sometimes make the mistake of collecting in our bedroom small things of personal interest, photographs, souvenirs, fancy work—each of which may have sufficient interest or beauty to justify its presence, but which we multiply until the whole is suggestive of a museum, and lacks entirely the restful atmosphere which we should use our wisest

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BED

judgment to create. We can each of us no doubt recall some tired night when we have found ourselves in a big, quiet, airy bedroom, and felt that the resting began the moment we entered the room, and we realize how impossible this feeling would be in a fussy, overcrowded room.

These big, airy, attractive bedrooms are most easily attainable in the country home, where rooms are built on generous principles, as a matter of course, and windows are large and numerous, with a wide outlook over many acres, and airs that blow in fresh and pure, carrying with them a hint of nearby orchards and clover fields. But these, of course, are not possible for all of us, and Browning tells us:

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be; but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair,
Up to our means: a very different thing!"

So in this humble problem of ours what "may be" is often a diminutive room with fewer windows that we could desire, and the question is how to "make it fair," to plan and arrange its furnishings to get as much of this fresh, restful atmosphere as possible.

In planning our rooms the walls and ceiling are the first consideration. When selecting wall papers we must remember that the cool, quiet colors always seem to recede, and will have the effect of making the room appear larger, and at the same time form a more neutral background for its furnishings. Delicate greys and lavenders, light dull blues and pretty grey greens all suit well the cool white that must usually be counted on as part of the color scheme for a bedroom. If, however, the window space is insufficient and the room dull and gloomy, it is wiser to use neutral shades of the warmer colors, or even medium tones, if the room is not too small—the tan and buff shades usually giving the best results. Small and inconspicuous patterns are the most appropriate; some of the floral designs are very dainty, and there are fascinating bedroom papers with satin stripes or small, self-toned figures. The plain papers, too, with paper or stencilled border, are always pleasing. Plain white papers are being much used for bedrooms; a creamy white wall with a quaintly designed border of cream and green will make a charming room. Some of the panelled walls are most attractive, but only those that are simple in design and quiet and harmonious in color are appropriate. Exceedingly good designs and colors may often be found in the less expensive papers, that are quite suitable for bedrooms. It is particularly wise to use these when the shades chosen are those that are likely to fade quickly, otherwise we must take into consideration, too, that the greatest cost in papering a room is in the hanging rather than the price of the paper.

FOR bedroom windows it is customary to use only one set of curtains, and these may range in price from ten or fifteen cents a yard to a dollar, or even more. But daintiness and freshness are what we chiefly desire here, and these may be attained quite as well with the cheaper materials. If the walls are plain nothing can be daintier for the windows than the pretty figured muslins, and it is well worth while watching the bargain counter for summer dress muslins. Some of the silk muslins are lovely, and the cross-bars, dotted Swiss, and flowered dimities present unlimited possibilities. A most attractive room has paper of a delicate silvery grey, with satin stripe border in grey and violet. The curtains are of the same shade of grey muslin, with a thread of gold and design of scattered violets, and a touch of brighter color is lent to the room by the brass bed and curtain pole. Another pretty room is furnished in cream and old rose, with curtains of scrim decorated with a simple cross-stitch design in old rose. If one is fortunate enough to possess one of the exquisite old blue and white counterpanes the room might be decorated in blue and ivory white, using the motif of the spread, sparingly, as a stencil for the curtains and dresser scarf, and introducing the same shade of blue in plain color in cushions or

BED, WITH COLORED SPREAD AND BOLSTER

upholstery of a shirtwaist box or window seat. Ivory white paper, ivory white woodwork, and a plain rug in a slightly darker shade of the same blue would make a suitable setting.

A pretty arrangement of the curtains is to shirr them with a deep heading over a brass pole, and let them fall straight to the sill, finishing them with a deep hem. But abundance of light and free access of air are essential in a bedroom, and if the curtain material is at all heavy, they should be hung so as to draw readily on the pole or be draped back out of the way.

Nothing can be found more satisfactory for the bedroom floor than matting, though rugs have always the charm of being soft and warm. Matting is fresh and clean in appearance, and does not

hold the dust, but has the one objection that it spots with water. The Japanese matting has some of the prettiest designs, but is not as durable as that which is made in China. A few small rugs, in colors that harmonize with the rest of the room, will add to its comfort and attractiveness.

When the same wood is not used for the woodwork and furniture, white is a very satisfactory color for the former, but ivory or cream white will be found to harmonize most readily with other colors. Both birch and bird's-eye maple make pretty and inexpensive bedroom furniture, and beds and dressers can be found in these woods with quite as good line and proportion as in walnut or mahogany. The Colonial type of dresser, with wide oval mirror, is one of the most pleasing of these simple designs, but it makes another and longer mirror almost a necessity

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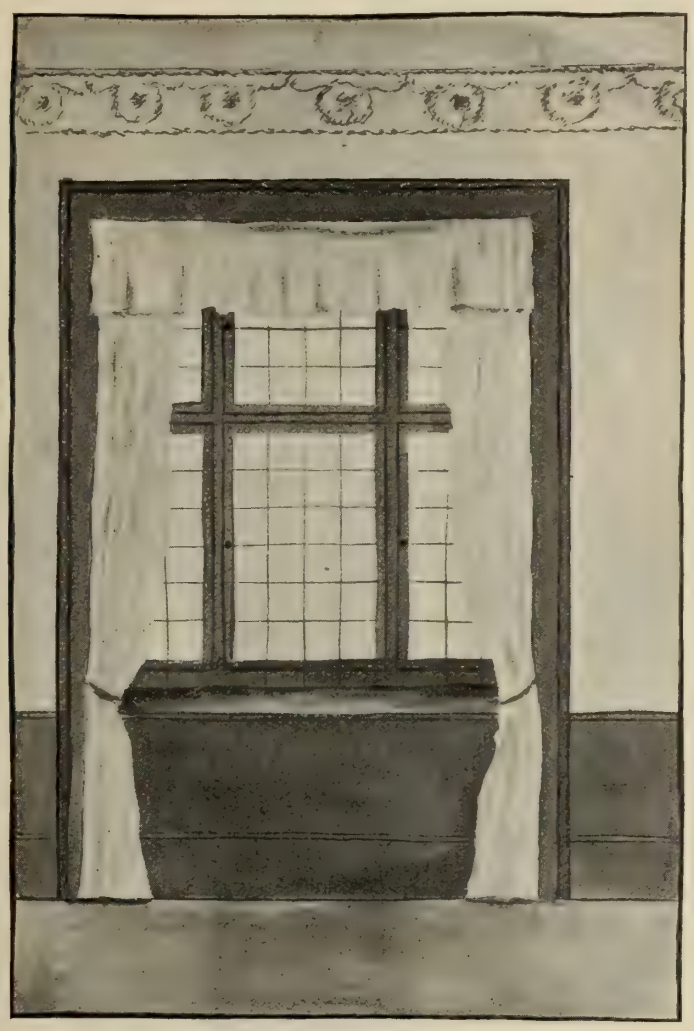
THE tendency to reproduce the furniture designs of the eighteenth century has not extended to the elaborately carved and canopied beds of that period, though it has given us a simpler and plainer style of the four-poster without the canopy. Our increased knowledge of the necessity of an abundance of fresh air in our sleeping apartments leads us to discard any form of drapery about the bed, and to select the simplest types of wooden or the iron or brass bedstead. The snowy cleanliness of the white enamelled bedsteads is their greatest charm, and their effect is very pretty in a room with other white furnishings. In planning the color scheme, however, we must remember that white is a cold color, and, unless the room receives abundant sunshine, introduce some warmer note. White and yellow give a pretty combination for a dull room. Brass bedsteads are expensive, but those which are not solid are more moderate in price and are very durable and often quite as good in design.

The simplest arrangement in dressing the bed is usually the best. The spread may be of cretonne or muslin (the latter made up over some pretty color) or some of the suitable materials in white. The colored spreads may be made to fit most attractively into the color harmony, but in most cases the white, with the possibilities of frequent tubbing, will appeal to us most strongly. It is customary with the colored spreads to use a long round bolster covered with the same material, but the entire uselessness of this lends a further argument in favor of the white coverlet, with pillows encased in white embroidered slips, or, if one prefers, embroidered or ruffled shams and plainer covers.

Wicker chairs are light and comfortable for the bedroom, and may be had in forms that will harmonize with any well-designed furniture. If variety of furnishing is used, as a metal bed, wooden dresser and stand, and wicker chairs, care must be taken to secure harmony in line and color, or a patchwork effect would be the result.

In selecting pictures for a bedroom one may be more largely governed by personal taste than in any other room, and yet anything except simple subjects in simple frames would be out of keeping. A very few pictures are sufficient, and these should be chosen with a view to giving lasting pleasure, rather than something that catches the fancy at the moment. If a room contains but one picture, to which you are glad to turn again and again and find pleasure in its line or color or the thought expressed, its walls cannot seem bare. Some prefer to leave their bedroom walls entirely without pictures, and the effect is sometimes quite as pleasing. I recall a boy's room with walls of ivory white bordered with a stencil design of flying swallows in dull blue, and even though the walls were so simply treated and no pictures hung, one did not feel that there was any lack. Pictures should not be used with a panelled wall. Photographs should be used sparingly if at all—one or two that give pleasure from their merit as a work of art or because of their association may be an addition to the room.



TREATMENT FOR BEDROOM WINDOW

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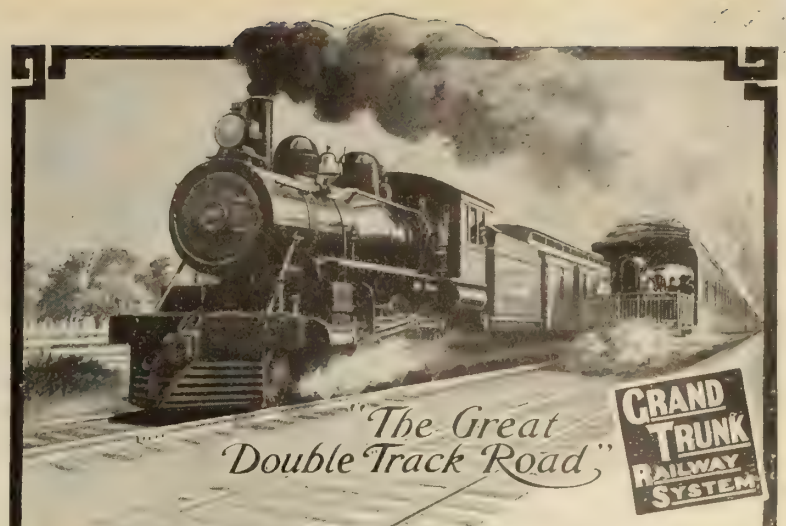
THE BATHROOM.

SPOTLESS cleanliness is the greatest necessity in the bathroom, and all the furnishings must be selected with this in view. Nothing is better for this purpose than to have the whole room tiled, but as this is too expensive for a moderate income, we must turn our attention to the next best thing. Blue and white or green and white are colors that will look fresh and clean, and a tile-paper that will permit of washing in either of these combinations will be most suitable for the walls. White enamel will, of course, be used for the fittings, and the woodwork is most satisfactory in white. It is better to use a linoleum in some plain tone for the floor.

Make your curtains as simple as possible, and launder them frequently. A plain muslin finished with a deep hem will look fresh and pretty, or curtains of cheese-cloth or factory cotton, with a narrow stencilled border will add another touch of color to the room.

Have the towel racks generous in size, large enough to hold the towels when open to their fullest extent. A small shelf is a necessity (bevelled plate glass may be used or wood painted white to watch the woodwork).



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Charming Frocks for Girls

FROCKS of the late winter are very charming. The two illustrated are new and typical. They can be made from cloth, velveteen and materials of the kind for immediate wear, and also make excellent models for the lighter weight fabrics of the coming season.

The dress to the left, as illustrated, is made of henrietta cloth, with trimming of lace banding. The neck is cut square, the sleeves are of three-quarter length, but if liked it can be made as shown in the back view. There is a yoke to which the lower portion of the blouse is attached and the sleeves are extended over the shoulders and joined to this yoke beneath the trimming. The skirt is made in six gores and forms a box plait at front and back. The closing of the blouse is made at the center back of the skirt beneath the box plait.

For the 12-year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards of lace to trim, as shown in the front view, ¾ yard 18 inches wide for yoke and cuffs to make as shown in back view.

The pattern, No. 7298, is cut in sizes for girls from 10 to 14 years of age.

The second frock is made of velveteen with trimming of lace. Both skirt and blouse are closed at the left of the front, and the trimming on the skirt combines with the plain on the blouse to give pretty and becoming lines. The blouse is made with front and back portions and sleeves that are sewed to big armholes. The skirt is made in two portions, but the front portion forms only a box plait, and the skirt, consequently, is straight at the lower edge. For immediate wear velveteen with lace is exceedingly handsome, for spring the same model would be pretty made of challis with trimming of silk or satin, and it will be charming for linen with trimming of embroidery or of a contrasting color.

For the 10-year size will be required 4¼ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 11¼ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide and 2½ yards of picot edging.

The pattern, No. 7301, is cut in sizes for girls from 8 to 12 years of age.

Dress Pattern No. 7298

Dress Pattern No. 7301

A Fashionable Evening Coat

THE evening coat that is made long and draped is one of the smartest of the season. This one can be treated in that way or left plain, as preferred, consequently the same model can be adapted to many uses. It can be made with either a hood or round collar also, and treated in either way it is smart in the extreme. As shown in the large front view, it is made of brocaded silk with collar of satin, but it could be made as shown in the small view of reversible cloth or similar material and become adapted to motoring and general use. The sleeves are separate and sewed to the armholes and the collar is sewed to the neck edge. The coat is cut with separate front and back portions. When the draped effect is wanted the fronts are cut away on the round outline, and the right front is laid in three upward turning plaits.

For the medium size will be required 7⅜ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of satin for the collar and 2 yards of plaiting.

The pattern, No. 7302, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 bust measure.

Coat Pattern No. 7302

Matching the Eyes

A TOUCH of velvet near the face, matching the color of the eyes, has long been popular with the women who study their own beauties, and this has been easy to manage in these days of quaint little bows and pipings. Of late, however, the women of the smart set have taken to wearing flowers which carry out the color scheme set by nature. It is found to be a simple matter, too. There are pansies that are for the brown-eyed girl, forget-me-nots for blue eyes, and orchids for the maid with hazel eyes. The girl with grey eyes is the only one who has any trouble, for all she can find to match her eyes is the humble auricula leaf. Sometimes she fancies her eyes, however, are "grey-blue" or "green-grey," so she varies her color scheme with orchids, mignonette, or a dull blue blossom. If she is quite convinced that her eyes are really "matchless" she contents herself with the feeling of superiority arising therefrom, and lets the jewels of her face sparkle unrivalled, or wears the modest violet, which would never presume to resemble the eyes above them.

When natural blooms are not procurable the woman with an eye for flowers buys artificial ones of the required tint.

Parisian ingenuity has gone one step further in this art, and provides for its leaders of fashion real flowers dyed with chemical dyes in any desired color or shade. Hardy flowers, such as camellias, carnations, and all varieties whose stems are good absorbers, are placed in the liquid and allowed to stay there until exactly the right amount of color has been absorbed. Woe to the florist who gets his charges a shade too dark, or who makes such a fatal mistake as to send blue carnations to the fair one who ordered brown ones.

Gowns for Indoor Wear

MANY materials are being used for indoor gowns this season, but none is more fashionable than silk. In the illustration are shown two made of that material, one for young girls and the other for mature women.

The girl's dress is made of simple figured foulard, combined with plain satin and with dotted net. The blouse is made with sleeves that are extended to form a part of it. In this case they are made of contrasting material to give a guimpe effect, but they can be made

to match the blouse, if preferred. Also the lining can be used or omitted. The skirt is in two pieces. In this case it is trimmed with a deep applied hem, but it is a simple, plain skirt nevertheless, and can be finished without the trimming, if preferred. For such a model can be used any two seasonable materials. It would be charming developed in challis with silk or in cashmere with satin, or indeed, in any similar way.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require 1¼ yards of figured material 27, with 1¼ yards of plain material 36 inches wide, and 1 yard 18 inches wide to make as illustrated; 2 yards 27 or 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide to make of one material throughout; for the skirt will be needed 3¼ yards 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 36 inches wide for the applied hem; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1⅞ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7287, and of the skirt, No. 7283, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The gown to the right combines striped taffeta with plain. It is exceedingly handsome and yet perfectly simple. The blouse is made with separate sleeves sewed to the armholes and is closed at the left of the front. It can be made with or without a lining, and with plain or puffed under-sleeves. The skirt is made in three pieces, with trimming portion that is extended to form a band, or panel, at the left of the front. It also is closed at the front and combines with the blouse most effectively. The striped silk and the plain satin harmonize to a nicety, but the season is prolific of trimming materials, and any two contrasting ones can be used

For the medium size the blouse will require 2⅝ yards of material 27, 1⅞ yards 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide and ⅝ yard 21 inches wide for the trimming, ⅞ yard of ruffling for the frill. For the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27 or 36, 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards 21 inches wide for the trimming; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7290, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 7273, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

The Neck Bow

THE velvet neck bow made of inch-wide ribbon with somewhat long loops and ends and a rhinestone buckle in the centre over the knot is the latest favorite with the girls. It is apt to match in color the tone of the hat or its trimmings. The black velvet hat is often trimmed with colored feathers. One of the handsomest seen with an entirely black costume had sapphire blue feathers. Geranium red or cerise feathers often match up with furs that have dashes of yellow in them, such as fisher and the like. A black ribbon band tight around the throat with a square bow at the front is being used by the girls with low-neck gowns. The bow is often centred with a jewel.

Gowns of the Fashionable Silk

SILK is one of the most fashionable materials of the winter. Here are two gowns made of quite different sorts but equally smart. The one to the left combines crepe meteore with ap-

Blouse Pattern No. 7287
Skirt Pattern No. 7283

Blouse Pattern No. 7290
Tkirt Pattern No. 7273

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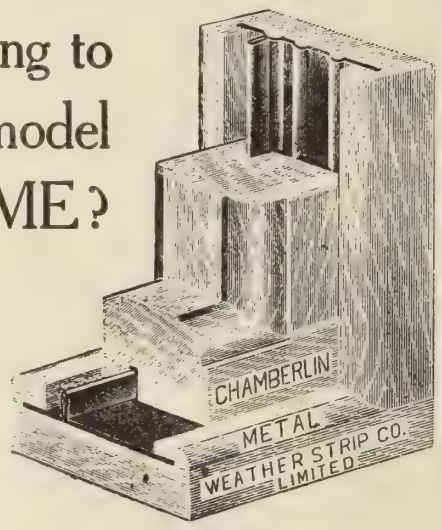

Cut No. 2

Eight of the Twelve Months are Stormy

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plique banding, while the one to the right is made of striped satin trimmed with plain.

The gown made of meteore is pale grey in color and is worn with yoke and under-sleeves of ivory net. It is very dainty and very charming, and perfectly simple. The blouse is made all in one piece over a lining, and this lining is faced to form the yoke, while the under-sleeves are inserted in its armholes. The skirt is cut in three pieces, and is finished with a wide hem and tucks. The plaitings are attached beneath the tucks. It can be finished with a high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the blouse will require 1½ yards of material 27, 1 yard 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3 yards of banding and 1¼ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 4 yards 36 or 44, with 1½ yards 27 inches wide for the frills.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7303, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 7046, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The second gown shows one of the new coatee blouses and a skirt that is trimmed after the very latest manner. The skirt is made in two pieces and the trimming portion is arranged over it. It can be cut to the natural waist line or to the high one. The blouse is lapped in surplice style and includes the single revers that are so exceedingly smart. The sleeves are sewed to big armholes, and the peplum is joined to the lower edge. It can be made with or without a lining and with high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3⅜ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide for the revers and cuffs, 3 yards of picot edging, ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the shield, and 1 yard of lace for the frills. For the skirt will be needed 3½ yards 27, 2⅝ yards 36 or 44, and for the trimming portion 2¼ yards 27 or 36, ⅞ yard 44; for the bands on both blouse and skirt will be needed ⅝ yard of satin. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7295, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt No. 7280, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

A Dainty Blouse

A MODEL in green and black chameleon taffeta is made with a double vest effect, the edges of which are scalloped, then machine-stitched and buttoned over a single line of black silk braid. Enclosing this vest is a deep, rounded yoke, reinforced by a stitched section two inches wide that joins it to the body of the blouse, following the yoke outlines. There is a shoulder cap that is cut in one piece with the blouse, but it falls only about three inches over the shoulder, where its edges are turned and machine-stitched to match the rest of the blouse, bishop sleeves completing the length. These sleeves are gathered to a muslin foundation and gathered again at the wrist into a regular shirt cuff. A little net stock attached to a very narrow yoke is worn with it. Even among tailored blouses there is a commendable variety shown in the cut, materials, and trimmings, though always, of course, keeping to the required degree of simplicity. Crepe de chine is an ideal blouse material, and so, also,

Blouse Pattern No. 7303
Skirt Pattern No. 7046

Blouse Pattern No. 7295
Skirt Pattern No. 7280

are the changeable taffetas that come in such beautiful colorings, each of them much better suited to the tailored effects than the satins, although one sees a good many of the latter. For morning wear, too, there are the silk-and wool fabrics that have a satin-like surface.

Gowns for Evening Occasions

JUST such gowns as these are always needed at this season of the year. They are graceful and in every way attractive, yet by no means elaborate, and involve no difficulties in the making.

The gown shown on the older woman is made in tunic style. The skirt is of the two-piece sort, with only two seams to be sewed up. The tunic consists of two straight pieces. The guimpe is made all in one piece, the sleeves being a part of it, and the surplice drapery is arranged over it. In this case the skirt and the guimpe are made of messaline, and the surplice drapery and the tunic are made of embroidered net, but the gown can be utilized for all materials adapted to evening wear. Satin over satin is very fashionable this season, and the skirt could be of one color with tunic and over drapery of another, while the guimpe is of all-over lace, or, again, in place of the embroidered net could be used a beaded net or all-over lace, or any similar material.

For the tunic with the surplice over blouse will be required 3¼ yards of bordered material 30 inches wide, or 3 yards of material 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide, to make of plain material; for the guimpe will be needed 1¾ yards 36 or 44, and for the skirt 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of the tunic with over blouse, No. 7294, and of the guimpe, No. 7292, are cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure; of the skirt, No. 7304, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist measure.

The girl's dress is made of crepe meteore, with trimming of the same, and of chiffon roses. It is very dainty and very charming, but the same model can be utilized for tulle, chiffon, or any preferred material. If an afternoon dress is required it can be made high at the neck and with long sleeves as indicated in the back view. The skirt is straight and finished with hem and tucks and the blouse is in peasant style over a lining that is faced too from the yoke when high neck is wanted, and to which the under-sleeves are sewed.

For the 16-year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2 yards 27 inches wide for the plaited trimming, 1 yard of rosebud banding for the neck edge, ⅞ yard of all-over lace, 18 inches wide for yoke and under-sleeves, when these are used.

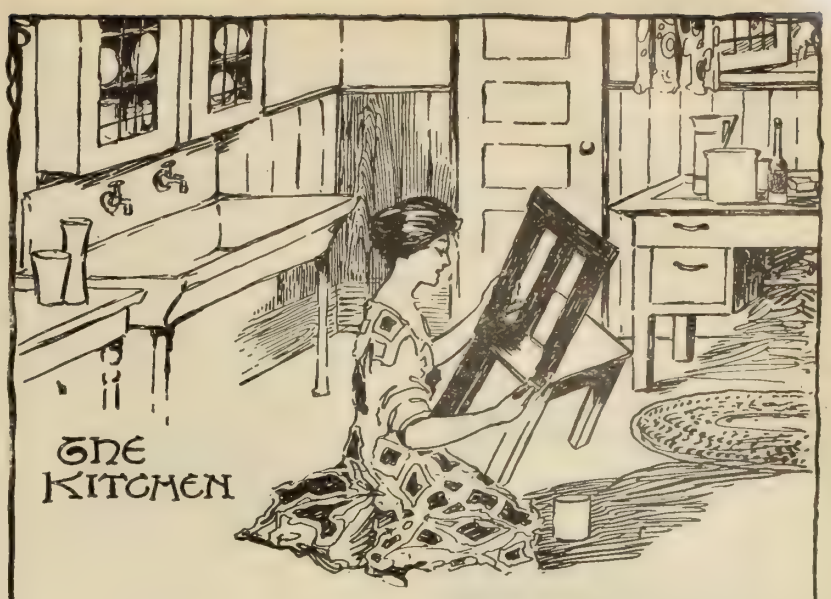
The pattern, No. 7308, is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Tunic Pattern No. 7294
Guimpe Pattern No. 7292
Skirt Pattern No. 7304

Dress Pattern No. 7308

One-Sided Effects

SURPLICE effects are still wonderfully popular, and also the one-sided treatments. Here, too, is a propitious opportunity for combining metal and thread lace, fashioning one side of the one, and the other of the



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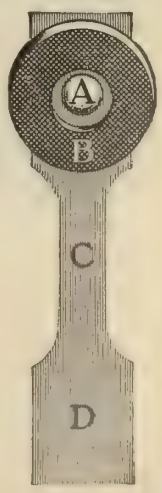

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second lace. This is demonstrated in a blouse just completed for a pretty debutante's outfit, in which midnight blue velvet is the chief material. There is a body, smooth fitting, of turquoise chiffon with dark blue chiffon over the upper part forming a yoke. Then over this there is draped from the shoulders around one side a dull silver lace, and on the other a beautiful Venise, while, peeping out between, below the yoke, is a little vestee of the turquoise chiffon. The skirt with which this is to be worn is entirely of the velvet, and is perfectly plain. The bodice has a narrow peplum, all of the metal lace, and the sleeves, one each of the different laces, are of

Blouse Pattern No. 7266

the "angel" type, though much modified, and reach only to the elbow. A few inches of peplum, or the skirt continued for two or three inches above the waist line, is sufficient to add perceptibly to the formality of a blouse. In reality it becomes a bodice, an integral of the costume, instead of a separate waist. The same result, however, may be obtained through the medium of a girdle that is of the skirt fabric. In some fancy shape, and trimmed to show its connection with the skirt, it immediately strikes the note of continuity between blouse and skirt, and transforms the whole into a "costume" instead of a blouse and skirt suit. In most instances skirts designed to wear with separate blouses have the waist line raised a trifle unless the blouse is to be worn outside of it, and sometimes a princess effect is preferred to the girdle, when a section made of the skirt goods is shaped to the lower part of the blouse. It may be on the lines of the blouse with the merest suggestion of pouching.

Blouse Closing in Front

SECTIONS that are overlapped and sleeves in kimono style that are stitched to the blouse are two of the latest features, and this model shows them both. It is closed at the front, also, which is a practical as well as smart feature. Altogether the design is a most satisfactory one. It will be found equally desirable for the separate waist and for the entire gown, and it is suited to a great many different materials. This one is made of the new satin duchesse that is so soft and pliable and is finished with a frill of lace. The model is just as good for broadcloth, which is a favorite of the season, and for the light weight serge and other materials of the kind, as it is for silk, and it can be utilized for lighter and thinner materials, such a crepe de chine and fabrics of the kind. The sleeves can be made in three-quarter or full length. When long they are plain, while the three-quarter ones are finished with shaped cuffs.

The blouse is made over a fitted lining. It consists of front and back portions, and of the separate sleeves. The sleeves are attached to the lining, and the armhole edges and under-arm edges of the blouse are finished. The back is lapped over the fronts and held into place with buttons. Both lining and blouse are closed at the front. When the stock collar is wanted it is joined to the neck edge at the right side and hooked into place at the left.

For the medium size will be required 3⅝ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of lace 7½ inches wide for the frill.

Pattern No. 7266 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

Tucked Blouse

THE blouse that is made with straight back edges is especially well liked and well adapted to lingerie materials, for it can be laundered easily and successfully. This one also includes the new sleeves that are finished with deep cuffs. It is tucked after a most becoming manner, and it is altogether attractive. In this case the material is handkerchief lawn, but blouses of this kind are made from silks, as well as from washable materials. The combination of wide tucks with narrow tucks is especially worthy of note.

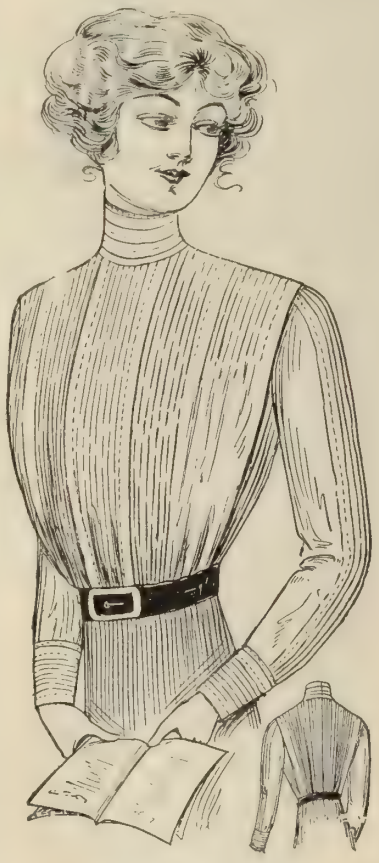
The blouse is made with front and back portions, and includes one-piece sleeves that are joined to deep cuffs.

For the medium size will be required 3¼ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7286, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

A Tunic Gown

A STUNNING tunic gown of redingote suggestion had the very long white satin tunic almost to the bottom of the skirt at sides and back, but wide open at the front. The skirt was of green chiffon and the crossover waist was also of the chiffon. The tunic, wide open at the front of the waist as well as in the skirt, had big revers stencilled like the band around the bottom of the tunic in bold coloring. The one-piece gown has been one of the smartest models ever since the best of the fall styles were opened. One of the most effective seen as yet was of delft blue velvet with a deep band on the skirt which extended half-way from knees to hips. This band was made up of unspotted ermine finished at the top with an outline of



Blouse Pattern No. 7286

tails against the upper band of Italian lace. Three great white fur buttons finished the side closing of the draped waist and of the skirt, in a Russian effect.

Dress Materials

THE new materials taken for dresses are extremely pretty, soft, thick fabrics, such as ratine and zibelines, being the favorites for street wear. Besides these, English tweeds, homespuns, cheviots, serges, etc., are very much in vogue. The most fashionable shades are Havana tones in browns, taupe, olive green, slate greys and blues. The double-faced goods are shown in many

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57

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B21

models. For the elaborate tailor-made costume velvet is prominent, not only in blacks, but greens, browns and also those shown in corded and chiffon effects. Semi-fitted lines and novel empire lines are evident in many models. The value of line and of correct proportion is a dominant character of the new tailor-mades. The latest novelty in skirts is the "jupe-portefeuille," the sides of which are slightly open, and there are also some showing inverted pleats.

Frocks for Many Occasions

THE variety of materials offered this season is almost bewildering. For the younger contingent are shown most fascinating, simple silks as well as numberless pretty wool fabrics. In the illustration are shown two dresses that can be utilized in many ways.

The frock worn by the older girl combines a simple, straight skirt that is gathered at the upper edge with a blouse that is open at the front. In this case it is made of messaline piped with black and white silk and trimmed with frills of lace. The blouse is finished with a round collar that is very deep at the back and there are sleeves stitched to the armholes and is closed at the front. If preferred the sleeves can be made long and the stock collar can be worn either with or without the round collar. The skirt, too, can be made either to the high or natural waist line, but the frock just as illustrated is in the height of style and in every way to be commended. The blouse is made with separate fronts and back that are seamed over the shoulders and under the arms. The one-piece sleeves are joined to it at the long shoulder line and are slightly full.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27, 2 yards 36, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of lace for the wide frill, 1 yard of narrower lace for the sleeve frills; for the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27 or 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7263, and of the skirt, No. 6927, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The dress worn by the younger girl can be made either with or without a guimpe lining, consequently, it is adapted to many materials and to many occasions. In the illustration it is made from velveteen with trimming or Persian silk, and is worn over a guimpe of tucked net, but it would be just as well adapted to cashmere with trimming of velvet or plain silk and to the French serge that is so much liked, while it also can be utilized for white or light colored broadcloth, and made as shown in the back view it would become adapted to parties and occasions of the sort. The skirt is in four gores with separate box plaits applied over the side seams that are extended over a girdle on to the blouse. The blouse is made with front and back portions, and with separate sleeves stitched to the armholes. The closing is made at the back.

For the 12-year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 3¼ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of silk for the trimming and ¾ yard of tucked net for the yoke and undersleeves of the guimpe.

The pattern, No. 7260, is cut in sizes for girls of 10 to 14 years of age.

Blouse Pattern No. 7263
Skirt Pattern No. 6927

Pattern No. 7260

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Give it a couple of trials. Your oven or yeast might not be just right the first time.

Now when you give it a fair trial, if you honestly feel that you have not had splendid satisfaction with Cream of the West Flour, return the unused portion of the bag and **get your money back.**

Just tell the store man your bread didn't come out right and you want your money back as guaranteed.

It's not the grocery man who loses. It doesn't come out of his pocket. It is the Campbell Milling Company, Limited, of Toronto, who pay, and they are satisfied to pay if you'll be satisfied to try Cream of the West Flour.

Ask your store-keeper about this guarantee. He knows. He will tell you. Try a bag next baking day.

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WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if the flour is not as represented.

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In The Shops

THE month after Christmas is like the respite after a fever. Every year we say that we will do our shopping early, that we will begin in January to make our purchases for the following Christmas—and every year finds us in the same old hurry. Perhaps there is a slight improvement, but it must be admitted that, in the matter of early shopping, we learn very slowly what is the best policy. After Christmas we breathe freely and say that we will not go into a shop again for a whole long month, that we wish, for the rest of our natural lives, to avoid the snares of fancy work, decorated china, and embroidered towels.

Wherefore, there is a period of calm in the large establishments, of which the wisest housewives avail themselves. Many are the dainty bits of lace and muslin which are sold at absurd figures during the months of January and February. The rush has left a variety of trifles well worth inspection and purchase all untouched, and the experienced buyer is aware of this.

In the matter of home furnishing, the shops of January and February may be relied on for low prices and large stocks. During the last month Eaton's have been making a display of curtains quite worth a morning's visit. Cushions have also been a staple display of the season, with every variety of covering. The month of February is one usually given to special furniture sales, and a new set for library, dining-room or "den" may well be purchased during the last winter month.

The rugs shown are more alluring than ever, perhaps from force of contrast with the bleakness of the snow-covered ground outside. The Oriental, medallion, chintz and two-tone effects are exceedingly attractive to the shopper who is intent on re-furnishing her living-room or bedroom. The colorings of the woollen rugs show a marked improvement on the garish and "cheap" effects, which were once characteristic of these goods. The softest colorings of rose, reseda and violet are shown, in designs which are eminently artistic.

SERGE, in all probability, will be the leading material again for spring, says *Ready-to-Wear.* The tendency is towards the finer French serges. There is also a marked use of whipcords, which are anticipated to be excellent sellers for the new season. Cheviots will be good for the heavier garments. This is especially true of the mixed and fancy weaves. The rough and semi-rough fabrics generally are expected to enjoy a large field of recognition. Many of the double-faced materials shown for coats have a rough surface in the checked or striped side with a softer, smoother plain back. Stripes will be very good in all lines. Some of the coatings show reversible whipcords with white faces and shading down to a decided biscuit shade. There are also some wide herringbone stripe effects in tans and browns with deep browns and some of the bright shades in combination. The most noticeable of these have the black and white herringbone effect with bright dark green and also one of the brick reds as a reverse. There is a large range of light mixtures in many colors and combinations. The greys and tans predominate for the face of the cloth. Changeable taffetas are expected to have a considerable vogue, especially for long coats and separate skirts. Three-colored, changeable taffeta is being shown as a novelty for the making of both suits and coats.

Regardless of "vain repetitions," we must emphasize the fact that the craze for the fichu means for the spring and summer a more fluffy feminine style of dress, quillings, ruchings, frills, wider skirts, and the use of taffeta for dresses, coats, trimmings, etc. This may seem a good deal to hinge upon the return of the fichu, but a certain tendency always brings a good deal in its train. It would appear that the kimono sleeve started the idea of the fichu and fichu effects, for the long smooth shoulder was found so becoming that women were reluctant to give it up.

EMBROIDERED LINGERIE

THE interest in embroidered lingerie still continues, and these garments appeal especially to the woman of refined taste. It is surprising how much of this work may be accomplished in odd moments if one's work and material are kept in a convenient place. The woman who longs to possess the dainty garments which are shown in the shops, and bear the magic title of "French lingerie," need not hesitate to collect her materials and to commence the work, a knowledge of embroidery, and the deft fingers which accomplish this will also sew the fine "hand-sewn" seams, that all these garments may be suitably finished.

No. 7009—Combination Corset Cover and Skirt, $1.25

We are sure our readers will be interested in the lingerie designs which are illustrated on this page. All the whitewear sales which at this season of the year make their annual appeal bring to the mind of every woman that this portion of her wardrobe must be added to, and the styles and shapes of these garments vary somewhat from those of previous seasons. The materials may be as expensive or inexpensive as one's purse will allow. Sheer handkerchiefs, linens, lonsdales, muslins, etc., are used for these embroidered garments, special weaves of all these lines suitable for embroidery are to be had. The designs for these hand-embroidered garments have been selected so that they may be effective without involving too much work, and the same

No. 7007—Kimono Night Dress, $1.10

design may be matched throughout the entire set. The set illustrated shows this idea, and if necessary, the skirt ruffles may be supplied to match the other garments. The embroidery used for these garments shows a combination of eyelet and French embroidery, and we would again remind our readers that a simple design well worked is preferable to an elaborate pattern carelessly embroidered. The

No. 7008—Umbrella Drawers, $1.10

method of working French embroidery is generally known, but a few directions to the novice may not be amiss, and one of the most important is that the padding must be carefully laid. First run the stamped edges of the design, carefully keeping the shape, then fill lengthwise the remainder of the design, making it slightly higher in the centre. The surface or satin stitch is then worked smoothly and evenly across the padded foundation, each stitch

No. 7010--Combination Corset Cover and Drawers, $1.25

lying close to the preceding one. Special attention must be given to the buttonholing, which finishes these embroidered garments, as if not closely and firmly embroidered the edges will fray, and embroidered lingerie instead of being things of beauty will soon become useless. These embroidered edges may be finished with a narrow lace; this helps to protect the edges.

No. 7009 is one of the popular one-piece or kimona night dress. These garments are easily made up after being embroidered, the only finish being the under-arm seams. The design may be worked in either solid padded embroidery or pierced eyelets.

Combination garments are now in such general use that every woman knows their advantages. No. 7010 is a combination corset cover and drawers. The present style of dress demands that as few under garments as possible shall be worn, and all unsightly ridges and bunches must disappear, so for this reason the combination garments have become popular.

No. 7009 shows a combination corset cover and skirt. This, too, is a favorite garment.

The umbrella drawers, No. 7008, are another garment which carry out the same embroidered design. Separate corset covers may be had to match this set. No. 5200 is another design, illustrated on a slip-over corset cover. These garments are now made in two pieces, consisting of a full front and a narrow back, the only making up these require is to have the under arm seamed, and they fasten on

No. 5200—Stamped Slipover Corset Cover, 30 cents

the shoulders. This corset cover has become one of the most popular styles, as they are easily made up.

If these articles cannot be obtained from your dealer, or for further information regarding any of the articles contained in these columns, address Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. L, Montreal.

THE kimono sleeve *per se* is by no means dead, no matter what some authorities say, but an improvement upon it is the long shoulder, with the sleeve joined below the shoulder in a fashion in vogue about six or seven years ago. This by a natural transition led to the fichu, and the latest Paris models have the drapery well over the shoulder to cover the top of the arm. In front some of the dresses have the regular fichu cross-over, but a great many end by being fastened under a big bow or tinsel ornament of some kind, just over the bust.

The collars of all kinds and the cross-over fronts are features of the coats for day and evening wear, and these will last well into the spring.

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To Our Institute Friends

WE trust that all our readers were pleased with our "Convention Number," as we might call the January contents of this department. We should have liked to publish the papers in full, but that, of course, was impossible. The group photograph was an appreciated feature, and we are publishing in this issue also an Institute group. Most of the group photographs we have received have not been suitable for reproduction, but this one is so good that we are making it an exception.

Muskoka District Convention

THE first convention of Muskoka District was held in Bracebridge, on Wednesday, November 22nd. The day was a perfect one and the sleighing good, which, no doubt, helped toward the splendid attendance. About one hundred and fifty women were present, some of them having driven more than thirty miles to enjoy the convention.

Mrs. H. L. Goltz, of Bardsville, presided at the afternoon session, and gave the address of welcome, which was warm and sympathetic. The speaker referred to the spirit of the Institute as being one for mutual help in all questions relating to home life. Mrs. Goltz emphasized the fact that the wife should be a good helpmate to her husband, using all the resources at hand to the best advantage. She also spoke of the work which the Bardsville branch intended to undertake, viz., arranging for a rest room on the grounds of the fall fair, and serving lunch, with the particular thought of making a resting place for the mothers who came to the fair with children.

In replying to the address of welcome, Mrs. DeMaine, of Ashworth, stated that she believed that the convention would mark another step towards spreading knowledge of the Women's Institute. The delegates were meeting together to get fresh information and new ideas to take home to develop the local Institute. They had not yet grasped the real aim of our Institute work, nor had they attached a broad enough meaning to the motto, "For Home and Country." Mrs. DeMaine expressed the hope that they would go home with the thought of training their children in the very best way to make them good men and women.

Reports from the various branch Institutes were read. Baysville, Muskoka Falls, Sanford, Monck, Asplin, Ravenscliff and South Macaulay all brought very encouraging reports.

A paper by Mrs. J. Thompson, president of the W.C.T.U., was full of good thought and to hear it impressed one with the value of the work undertaken by that organization.

Mrs. T. M. Stewart, of Bobcaygeon, read a paper on "The Up-to-Date Homemaker." The home of to-day is in advance of that of our grandmothers. Work is made easier by labor-saving devices. The Women's Institute has for its end "home study," and the science taught is how to be up-to-date housekeepers and homemakers. Labor-saving devices are better investments than doctors' bills and rest cures. Mrs. Stewart's paper was bright and practical.

Miss S. Campbell, of Brampton, the lecturer sent to the convention by the Department of Agriculture, in her usual happy mood expressed her pleasure in addressing the convention. Miss Campbell made the statement that, while housekeeping is a fine art and should be well taught, the finest art is homemaking, and the sphere of every woman is the home. Home is a seed plot more important than the farm and care should be taken to sow the best seed. How many smiles and good manners are kept for company. What a mistake. Give them to the boys and girls, for nothing is too good for them. There is never a boy so bad but that there is some good in him, and, if we look for it, we will find it. Miss Campbell also expressed the belief that if we could have more of the old-fashioned hospitality in our homes, how much more cheerfulness there would be among us. If we would consider that what is good enough for the family is good enough for company, how many more hours we would have for rest, recreation and cultivation of the mind. Our lives would be filled with more knowledge and we would be better teachers, which is the calling of us all. Our Institute organization is a large school, with twenty thousand pupils. What a power these pupils could yield in the future, if properly trained. The speaker urged the importance of better sanitary conditions in the school buildings. With this improved condition the children would have a better opportunity to grow physically, mentally and morally strong, and health is conducive to happiness.

Miss Beaumont's paper on "Cheerfulness" was much enjoyed. A face that is good to look upon has real value, but a homely face too may carry a message of cheer and helpfulness because of the radiance within. There is great need for the cultivation of cheerfulness. Miss Beaumont emphasized the thought of the relation between cheerfulness and health.

Miss Fitzmaurice and Miss Galbraith added to the enjoyment of the afternoon by furnishing music, and before the session closed Miss Campbell gave the branch officers a few minutes' talk on how to make the meetings successful.

An interesting feature of this session was that three of those taking part in the programme were the grandmother, mother and daughter of the one family.

The evening session of the convention was presided over by Mrs. J. T. Galbraith, of Reay. The first address was given by Mr. Shannon, B.A,. who expressed himself as being honored by being asked to address the convention. He was glad to have the opportunity of speaking to the mothers and sisters of the school children, for with them lies the whole training of those children up to the time they enter the schools. The impressions gained in those years remain through life. If the child is kept at home until seven years of age, the moral character can be moulded in the right way, thus making a good foundation upon which to build. Mr. Shannon spoke a warning word against the exciting sports. Those who take a leading part in these sports are not usually at the head of the class. With the excitement of the game, before and after, the child is not able to concentrate his mind upon his studies. He would not for a moment debar sport from the life of the child, but would advise that it be taken in moderation.

Mrs. Stewart's paper on "Woman and Her Interests" was full of suggestion and was much appreciated.

Miss Campbell addressed the convention again, giving many good points and original ideas, brightening the whole with touches of humor. She referred again to the relation of the home and school, asking: "Why have better barns for our cattle than schools for our children?"

The music of Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Galbraith during the evening delighted those present. Mrs. Creasor's reading also added to the pleasure of the audience.

In moving a vote of thanks to Miss Campbell and others who had assisted with the programme, Mr. Thomas congratulated the Institutes upon the splendid attendance.

This convention, for system and good management, quite surpassed many where the women have had more advantages and privileges.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE OF IRWIN CORNERS

A Good Suggestion

HERE is a letter containing a valuable hint. What man will be brave enough to send us an article on the proposed subject?

Dear Editor:

I have read with much pleasure the paper given by Mrs. Currie, of Owen Sound, on "Managing a Husband." I think it will be of benefit to many a young (and perhaps an occasional older) wife. It is so suggestive and quite amusing.

But what about the other side of the subject? Perhaps a member of the Farmers' Institute, who has been a success at "Managing a Wife," would give a paper on that subject at one of their meetings, which would be published and thereby be a benefit, and help some of the younger husbands with this important, yes, *most important*, part of married life.

A Subscriber.

The Alton Institute

OUR Institute was among those first organized. We have a membership of forty-one, which we consider very good, for we are surrounded by Institutes and our village is small.

We thought we would like to take up some special work outside of our regular monthly meetings. As we had a large number of young people, who seemed to have no place of amusement but the streets, a skating rink was suggested, and we decided to build an open-air rink, which would mean good healthy sport for all. We set about to raise the money necessary. First, we gave an ice cream social, a little later a corn social, then we canvassed the people. That, with a few donations, realized $395.00. We paid $50.00 for a piece of rough land in a good location for a rink, 160 ft. by 60 ft., paid for levelling, put a waiting room 35 ft. by 15 ft., a 6 ft. fence all around, lighted it with electric lights, and our rink was then ready for the ice.

We rented it for the season and felt more than repaid for all the work and worry in connection with it when we saw old and young enjoying one of Canada's grandest sports. When the season was over we decided to sell it. We sold to a reliable man, who has since put up a spectators' stand, and the rink promises to be even better this winter.

On October 31st we gave a Scotch social, realizing $51.00. On November 20th we had the well-known entertainer, Mr. J. W. Bengough, realizing $43. The question arose what to do with the money on hand? We wanted to use it to improve the village. As we had good pavements and electric lights, it was decided to buy a park. We bought 4¾ acres for $427. In buying this particular piece of land we had in mind the improving of our school grounds, as they join the other. The children

will have plenty of room for their different games without fear of breaking the school windows. The land is surrounded by beautiful maples, which means considerable. We donated the park to the village on condition that they do the improving, such as levelling and attending to the fences. They have just paid out $200 for levelling, so our park has made very good progress. We feel quite proud of what we have done in a year. We are now going to see what can be done to improve our school. This has long been a vexed question to the mothers and seems a hard problem to handle, as the trustees do not want women interfering.

However, we are going to try and get things in a more sanitary condition for our children, and a woman on the school board, if possible, this year.

Wishing the readers of the JOURNAL a merry Xmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, I remain

Yours truly,
Mrs. Catherine Meek.

Secretary Alton Women's Institute.

This report is most interesting, and we are glad to publish it in full. We are sure that many Institutes will profit by the good work done in Alton and will "go and do likewise."

From Merrickville

THE November meeting of the Merrickville Women's Institute was attended by forty visitors and twenty-two members. According to our programme the answer to the roll call was a suggestion for a simple Christmas gift, and the subject for the paper was: "The True Spirit of Christmas Giving."

The paper stated that instead of making Christmas giving a game of reciprocity with much perplexity, or simply a social duty, it would be much better to look backward over the year and think of those who have real needs, who are suffering or lonely, and to whom a simple gift conveys a sentiment of the Christmas spirit that comforts and sustains.

"It is not the gift that is brought,
But the love that goes with the giving;
The remembrance and the thought
That fills the life with gladness
And the eyes with unshed tears;
That warms the coldest winter
Of the heart along the years."

The true spirit of giving is that the gift should represent something of more value than itself; that it should be an expression first of the giver's own joy in that which the season commemorates, and those of affection, or sympathy, unselfish interest or kindly thought. Christmas stands for more than the making of presents or giving of alms. It means self-service, it means sharing.

The paper in its entirety was excellent in its treatment of the subject.

Many of the members displayed the finished work that they would suggest as a simple Christmas gift. This work was arranged on one side of the hall under the emblems of Canada and the Empire. Some foreign work—Mexican drawn work, Japanese embroidery, Chinese girl's suit, Swiss wood carving, lace from Italy, crochet and embroidery from Ireland, etc., etc.—was arranged on the other side of the hall under the flag of the country from which it came.

Refreshments were served immediately after the programme, and afterwards the exhibit of work was examined at leisure.

Kaslo Fruit Fair

FROM Miss Mildred Twiss comes a report of a most successful and unusual fruit fair held at Kaslo, B.C., under the auspices of the Kaslo and District Women's Institute. Evidently, the West is living up to its golden opportunities, and we are sure that Easterners will be interested in this undertaking.

The local press says: "That Kaslo has held successful fairs in the past is a matter of history and congratulation, and that her fifth annual fruit fair has gone one better financially is a tribute to the careful manipulation of the funds under the auspices of the Women's Institute. After all expenses have been paid, it is found that they are four hundred and twenty-four dollars to the good, and the funds of the Institute have been enriched by exactly that amount. This undoubtedly makes that organization the wealthiest institution of the kind in British Columbia."

The prize list of this Fair shows that the Kaslo citizens must be possessed of a valuable public spirit. Fruit, vegetables, flowers, home baking, dairy produce, jams and jellies, needlework, laundry, art, music and drama were all represented on the committees. We shall be glad to hear from Kaslo again.

One Year's Work

FROM the Whitby Branch comes a paper, with the above title, by Mrs. J. B. Powell, which will interest many Institutes.

We are standing on the threshold,
We are in the opened door,
We are treading in a broader land
We've never trod before.

Another year is opening, and
Another year has gone;
We have passed the darkness of the night,
We are in the early morn.

We have left the field behind us,
O'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future,
Which none of us can read.

Then hasten to fresh labor,
To thresh, and reap, and sow,
Then bid the New Year welcome,
And let the old year go.

Another year of history in our Institute has been made, and we may ask ourselves: "Has the branch to which we belong measured up to the requirements and possibilities of the work?"

The large membership of the province proclaims that the wives and daughters have banded themselves together into one great force, which says, with no uncertain sound, that, as an organization and as individuals, we will do our part to maintain the high moral standards of Ontario homes, to broaden the opportunities for helpful and pure sociability among the women of our land, to furnish means and opportunities for intellectual improvement, to make less burdensome the duties which come to the woman in the home, and to do our part to enable our fellow creatures to get the most out of this life, and to inspire them to accept the responsibilities which are theirs as citizens of this fair country—in a word, to make home and community life more attractive and more elevating.

If our work is to be of permanent value, we must engage in useful activity. Let us be more faithful to our branch, for that is where our work lies. Let us attend the meetings and bear our share of the responsibility. It is individual work, personal effort, that is most effective; individual faithfulness from each and every member.

I wonder if we are more loyal women because of our motto, "For Home and Country." I wonder if we are more loyal to our homes. Are we more helpful, more loving, more self-denying, and more necessary to those with whom we come in contact? Are we doing our work in the broadest sense, putting the cause before all other interests? And then, are we more loyal to our country? You and I have a part to play in making this beautiful land, which we call home, and which we expect great things of in the future, in making it to be the great land we want it to be. We must be loyal always.

Future Canada is rocking in the cradles of our homes. The boy or the girl who goes out from your home, we should teach to be honest, faithful, upright and true, and the influence they exert upon the future life of our country is the atmosphere which is created in and through the home, yours and mine.

A prominent man was heard to make this statement: "Looking back over the years of my life, I believe I owe whatever good is in me in a very great measure, if not altogether, to the influences of three good women, a loving mother, a good, kind sister, and a faithful, devoted wife." Every woman stands in one of these relations, and what a power is hers! We have twenty thousand of these women in our Institutes in Ontario. Let us see to it that ever and always our influence, whether great or small, is cast on the side of right and goodness and purity.

Has the year which is drawing to a close been one of usefulness and activity? Can we look backward with rejoicing and look forward with hope to the work of the coming year? We hold with reluctant, clinging hands to the robes of the receding year, loath to say

Save One Dollar, Lose Two

¶ Isn't that just about the size of it—when something shoddy and cheap is foisted on you in place of the

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¶ You see, the early disability of the shoddy thing, and poor performance while it does hang together, makes it a losing proposition no matter how cheap.

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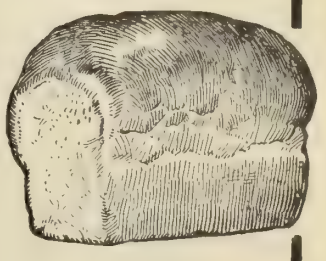

AFTER seeing a batch of big, gold n-crusted, snowy white loaves, that you have baked from PURITY FLOUR, you will, indeed, be proud of your cooking-ability—and proud of your wisdom in deciding to pay the little extra it costs to procure such high-class flour. You will admit, too, that we are justified in the pride we take in milling this superb flour.

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PURITY FLOUR is milled exclusively from the best Western hard wheat—the world's finest. More than that, PURITY FLOUR consi ts *entirely of the high-grade portions of the wheat.* The low-grade portions are separated and excluded during the PURITY process of milling. Such high-class flour, of course, expands more in the baking. It makes "*more bread and better bread.*"

It makes lighter, flakier pastry, too, if you just take the precaution to add *more* shortening. On account of its unusual strength PURITY FLOUR, for best results, requires more shortening than ordinary flour.

Progressive dealers, everywhere, sell PURITY FLOUR and take pride in recommending it.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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The long winter evenings give a woman a splendid chance for sewing or embroidery; but her eyes suffer from the strain unless she has a good light.

The Rayo is the best lamp made.

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The Rayo Lamp is easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Made of solid brass, nickel-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes.

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Such a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

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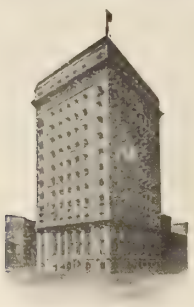

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TOTAL ASSETS
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farewell to our departing friend, yet reaching out with eager, yearning fingers to clasp the hand of the new and untried future, with its possibilities all before us, with its duties, and its pleasures all unknown to us. Another year untried, unproved before us lies. We hail with smiles its dawning. How shall we meet its final day?

Love of God and love of country are the two noblest passions in a human heart, and these two unite in our motto. A man without a country is an exile in the world, and a man without God is an orphan in eternity.

Carlyle says: "We cannot move a step on the earth without finding some duty to be done, and that every one is useful to mankind by the very fact of his existence." How many open doors then invite us as we go through life? The work is abundant, and strength will be provided for the willing gleaners.

February Meetings

WE have pleasure in announcing lady delegates for Institute meetings to be held as indicated in the following list. The Institutes concerned have been asked to arrange for a separate session for ladies in the afternoon, and the custom is for the Farmers' and Women's Institute to join forces for the evening meetings. It is to be hoped that the members will show a deep interest in the meetings, not only by attending, but by inviting others to go with them.

THE MEETINGS ARE FREE TO ALL.

Space will not permit an announcement of subjects for each speaker. We wish to state, however, that the Department has been fortunate in securing a capable, enthusiastic band of workers for the winter series, and the work to be taken up will be found of general interest to home-makers, whether they live in the country, village, town, or city.

BRANT, NORTH.—Miss A. M. Hotson, Parkhill.—Glenmorris, Feb. 14; Oak Park, Feb. 15; White's, Feb. 16; Middleport, Feb. 17; Langford, Feb. 19.

BRANT, SOUTH.—Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.—Ohsweken, Feb. 24; Burtch, Feb. 26; Falkland Feb. 27; Cathcart, Feb. 28; New Durham, Feb. 29.

BRUCE, CENTRE.—Mrs. W. B. Ferguson Strathroy.—Bervie, Feb. 7; Kincardine, Feb. 8; Reed's Corners, Feb. 9; Ripley, Feb. 10.

BRUCE, SOUTH.—Miss B. Gilholm, Bright.—Mildmay, Feb. 15; Belmore, Feb. 16; Lucknow, Feb. 17; Holyrood, Feb. 19.

DUNDAS.—Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby.—Mountain, Feb. 16; Morewood, Feb. 17;

DURHAM, EAST.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Bailleboro, Feb. 12; Millbrook, Feb. 12.

ESSEX, NORTH.—Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Brampton.—Oldcastle, Feb. 1.

Miss Ethel Robson, Ilderton.—South Woodslee, Feb. 17; Maidstone, Feb. 19; Canard, Feb. 20; Tecumseh, Feb. 21; Bell River, Feb. 22; Stoney Point, Feb. 23

ESSEX, SOUTH.—Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Pleasant.—Harrow, Feb. 2.

Miss Ethel Robson, Ilderton.—Leamington, Feb. 12; Kingsville, Feb. 13; Cottam, Feb. 14; Exsse, Feb. 15; Malden, Feb. 16.

GLENGARRY.—Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby.—Martintown, Feb. 6; Maxville, Feb. 7; Glen Robertson, Feb. 8.

GRENVILLE, SOUTH.—Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby.—Spencerville, Feb. 19; Algonquin, Feb. 20.

GREY, SOUTH.—Miss B. Gilholm, Bright.—Elmwood, Feb. 9; Dornoch, Feb. 10; Holstein Feb. 12; Dromore, Feb. 13; Ayton, Feb. 14.

HALDIMAND.—Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.—Springvale, Feb. 15; Circleville, Feb. 16; Nanticoke, Feb. 17; Erie, Feb. 19; Kohler, Feb. 20; Rainham, Centre, Feb. 21; S. Cayuga, Feb. 22; York, Feb. 23.

HASTINGS, EAST.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Melrose, Feb. 14; Claize's School House, Feb. 15.

HASTINGS, WEST.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Wallbridge, Feb. 28; Frankford, Feb. 29.

FRONTENAC, CENTRE.—Miss M. V. Powell. Whitby.—Mt. Grove, Feb. 15.

HURON, EAST.—Mrs. M. L. Woelard, Toronto.—Belgrave, Feb. 19; Harlock, Feb. 20; Winthrop, Feb. 21; Walton, Feb. 22; Moncrief, Feb. 23; Ethel, Feb. 24; Molesworth, Feb. 26; Jamestown, Feb. 27; Bluevale, Feb. 28; Fordwich, Feb. 29.

HURON, WEST.—Mrs. M. L. Woelard, Toronto.—Londesboro, Feb. 17.

KENT, EAST.—Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Lucan.—Highgate, Feb. 19; Ridgetown, Feb. 20; Thamesville, Feb. 21; Botany, Feb. 22; Wabash, Feb. 23.

LAMBTON, EAST.—Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Pleasant.—Wyoming, Feb. 13; Watford, Feb. 14; Warwick, Feb. 15; Uttoxeter, Feb. 16; Camlachie, Feb. 17; Forest, Feb. 19; Arkona, Feb. 20; Thedford, Feb. 21.

LAMBTON, WEST.—Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Pleasant.—Wilkesport, Feb. 6; Rutherford, Feb. 7; Oakdale, Feb. 8; Oil Springs, Feb. 9; Colinville Feb. 10; Courtwright, Feb. 12.

LINCOLN.—Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest.—Beamsville, Feb. 9; Jordan, Feb. 10; Grantham, Feb. 12; Virgil, Feb. 13.

MIDDLESEX, EAST.—Mrs. D. McTavish, Port Elgin.—Wellburn, Feb. 16.

MIDDLESEX, NORTH.—Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Pleasant.—Ailsa Craig, Feb. 22; Beechwood, Feb. 23; Coldstream, Feb. 24; Komoka, Feb. 26.

MONCK.—Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest.—Marshville, Feb. 22; Byng, Feb. 23; Attercliffe Station, Feb. 24; Wellandport, Feb. 26; Smithville, Feb. 27.

NORTHUMBERLAND, EAST.—Miss Susie Campbell, Brampton.—Warkworth, Feb. 22; Codrington, Feb. 23; Menie, Feb. 24.

NORTHUMBERLAND, WEST.—Miss Susie Campbell, Brampton.—Grafton, Feb. 16; Baltimore, Feb. 17; Roseneath, Feb. 19; Harwood, Feb. 20; Coldspring, Feb. 21.

ONTARIO, NORTH.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Goodwood, Feb. 5; Altona, Feb. 6.

ONTARIO, SOUTH.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Claremount, Feb. 7; Whitevale, Feb. 8; Kinsale, Feb. 9; Pickering, Feb. 10.

Miss A. M. Hotson, Parkhill.—Port Perry, Feb. 1; Greenbank, Feb. 2.

OXFORD, NORTH.—Mrs. D. McTavish, Port Elgin.—Innerkip, Feb. 5; Plattsville, Feb. 6; Cassell, Feb. 7; Hickson, Feb. 8; Braemar, Feb. 9; Embro, Feb. 10; Harrington, Feb 12; Lakeside, Feb. 13; Kintore, Feb. 14; Thamesford Feb. 15.

OXFORD, SOUTH.—Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.—Burgessville, Feb. 1; Currie, Feb. 2; Beachville Feb. 3; North Oxford, Feb. 5; Foldens, Feb. 6; Springford, Feb. 7; Brownsville, Feb. 8.

PERTH, NORTH.—Mrs. M. N. Norman, Toronto.—Gowanstown, afternoon, Feb. 9; Britton, evening, Feb. 9; Carthage, Feb. 10; Milverton, Feb. 12; Monckton, Feb. 13; Rostock, Feb. 14; Kinkora, Feb. 15; Shakespeare, Feb. 16.

PERTH, SOUTH.—Mrs. M. N. Norman, Toronto.—Tavistock, Feb. 17; St. Pauls, Feb. 19; Sebringville, Feb. 20; Fullarton, Feb. 21; Staffa, Feb. 22; Kirkton, Feb. 23.

PETERBORO, EAST.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Warsaw, Feb. 26.

PETERBORO, WEST.—Mrs. W. Farley, Smithville. Lakefield ,Feb. 24.

VICTORIA, EAST.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Fenelon Falls, Feb. 21; Bobcaygeon, Feb. 22.

WELLAND.—Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest.—South End, Feb. 14; Allanburg, Feb. 15; Quaker Road, Feb. 16; Crowland, Feb. 17; Stevensville, Feb. 19; Brookfield Station, Feb. 20; Bowen Road, Feb. 21.

UNION.—Mrs. M. N. Norman, Toronto.—Clifford, Feb. 5; Lakelet, Feb. 6; Drew, Feb. 7; Teviotdale, Feb. 8.

WENTWORTH, NORTH.—Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest.—Sheffield, Feb. 28; Kirkwall, Feb. 29; Westover, Mar. 1; Carlisle, Mar. 2; Millgrove, Mar. 4.

WENTWORTH, SOUTH.—Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest.—Jerseyville, Feb. 1; Glanford, Feb. 2; Carluke, Feb. 3; Hannon, Feb. 5; Binbrook, Feb. 6; Tapleytown, Feb. 7; Winona, Feb. 8.

YORK, EAST.—Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—Agincourt, Feb. 2; Stouffville, Feb. 3.

Household Emergencies

IN order to meet intelligently emergencies of various kinds, there must be, first, previous knowledge, said Miss Alice Ferguson, of King. The knowledge of what to do—when something must be done quickly—does not come to us in the moment, but our brain thinks back to some knowledge gained previously, and we proceed to put that acquired knowledge into practice. Therefore, we should seek to acquire all proper knowledge, for it may do great things for us some day, when we least expect it. It may save us and others from an embarrassing situation, or it may even save life. In the second place, it is necessary to have made previous provision. The guest who comes unexpectedly at meal time, need not give us cause for worry if we have provided beforehand fruit and vegetables, etc. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" simply added more water to the potato soup, thus supplying a plate of soup for the unexpected guest. We would probably have added milk, but she gave what she had, and all with the grace of hospitality, that made even watery soup delicious. So when the guests come, welcome or unwelcome, if there are canned vegetables in the cellar and canned fruit, and a well-cured ham somewhere in hiding, with pickles and good bread and butter, this knowledge, and the ability to prepare these foods properly will make the meal a pleasant one, and the guest will feel at ease. Hospitality without grudging will make the simplest meal a banquet. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

When an accident happens, it gives little or no warning, but occurs in the least expected manner. You may be well and whole one moment, and laid up with a broken bone the next; you may make a laughing remark one minute and be dancing about with a badly burned or scalded hand or foot the next. No time to hunt up medical books for information; you must act, and act quickly. Here knowledge is power. In the case of the broken bone, while waiting for the doctor, bathe with hot water and keep down the swelling, for should it swell, there will be difficulty in setting the fracture. In the case of a bad burn or scald, baking soda is usually at hand, cover the burned or scalded place with the powdered soda, cover with a damp clean white cloth, over this a layer of absorbent cotton or cotton batting, and bind the whole gently with a bandage. Or a cloth soaked in coal oil will do, but the soda is better. Use this till carron oil or a special ointment for burns can be obtained. The main thing is to cover the burned surface from the air as quickly as possible.

Then there is the case of bleeding. Now do not faint, but wash off the bloody surface, so as to see the extent of the injury. If it is a deep cut, roll up a piece of clean cotton into a hard lump and press into the cut, over that a larger piece of cotton folded, and over that still a larger piece, thus making a

compress, and bind this on with a bandage as tightly as possible. If it looks as though an artery has been severed, tie tightly a bandage above the wound if it be on arm or leg, thus stopping the flow of blood on the way from the heart through the limb. If it is a simple case of nose bleeding, of course you may tie a cord around the little finger, or apply a cold key to the back of the neck, or press a pencil or tight roll of paper under the upper lip, up against a blood vessel that runs to the nostril, but a surer method is to have the patient hold his or her hands above the head, or have someone do it for him, or apply pieces of ice to nose—we used to apply a snowball in our schooldays—or snuff up a solution of alum and water.

When a bee or other stinging insect stings us, a mud poultice is easily prepared, but bathing it with a lotion of baking soda and water will kill the poison of the sting, and reduce the swelling. When a person gets a black eye or a bruise on any part, it may be relieved by the application of cold water, ice water or pieces of ice in a cloth applied to the bruise. Or you may have in your home drug box a bottle of witch hazel or some such preparation for such a purpose.

When baby begins to writhe in convulsions, place it quickly in a hot bath, testing the heat with your elbow. Sponge it well over, bathing thoroughly, then dry quickly, and roll in a blanket. Give the child another convulsion by administering a dose of castor oil. If the child becomes croupy, give the hot bath, as in the case of convulsions, then rub the throat well outside with goose oil and turpentine. If relief does not come quickly, apply a sponge wrung out of hot water, to the front of the throat.

When a lady faints, lay her out straight on her back, relieve all tight places in her dress and collar and waist. If necessary, dash cold water over her face, or carefully hold a bottle of spirits of ammonia to the nose, and chafe the hands. If she does not recover, try artificial respiration by working the arms. And so on, down the list of creature complaints, it is the knowledge of first aid to the wounded that counts. Some time ago we read in the papers of a woman who, with her husband, lived a couple of hundred miles from a doctor or hospital. The woman took ill, her husband diagnosed her case as appendicitis, and as the only chance of saving her life, he operated on her himself, then by canoe, or carrying her as best he could, he made his way with her to the nearest hospital, and the last reports were that she was doing well. Had that man not had some knowledge of the location of the appendix and knowledge of how to sterilize his rude instruments and some idea of surgery, he must have seen his wife die, without being able to relieve her sufferings. His previous knowledge put into practice saved her life. That man was a hero. Most of us who are used to driving horses, have had accidents sometimes—harness breaking or something like that. A knowledge of how that harness is put together is quite as necessary as the knowledge of how to drive a horse. A man in his wonderful pockets usually has a knife and a string, and can readily adjust the harness. A woman may have to resort to using a shoe lace or even a suspender, but she can usually find a way out of the difficulty, providing either the horse or she herself, does not lose its, or her head.

That brings me to the last point. In all case of emergencies—keep cool—keep your head—that is the part that will guide fingers presently. The person who has the previous knowledge is likely to be the self-possessed person, and the one to be relied upon to help out of the difficulty. We women often have to do things we otherwise would not have to do, because a man is not around at the right time, but if we are women of resource, with plenty of practical knowledge stored away in our heads, and a fair amount of strength, we can meet and overcome any emergency that may arise, however difficult it may appear.

Music in the Home

MRS. JOSEPHINE M. SCRATCH, of Kingsville, contributes an interesting article on the above subject, from which we make the following extracts:

Now that music has become a real factor in education, a force in the psychic world, and a moral agency, it behooves us to give its influence a more careful consideration than was afforded it in past years, when we looked upon it as an accomplishment to be taken or left, as suited the individual. The change in the viewpoint, perhaps, is the outgrowth of a better understanding of what music really stands for in the soul's life. So much has been written of music as a therapeutic agency, that I will not touch upon it in the broader sense, except where it indirectly touches my topic.

The home is merely a collection of human beings, subject to the same needs as affect the world at large. In all the progressive insane asylums of the world, music is employed as an agency of healing mental ills. In the sanitariums devoted merely to broken-down nerves it plays a prominent part in the treatment. And can we question its value? Who of us that will not vouch for the effects upon our mental conditions of the stirring excitement of the French "Marseillaise," the exquisite joy of the "Spring Song," and the majestic sorrow of Chopin's "Funeral March?" A great artist once declared that music had saved him from a breakdown, which would have been the natural outcome of his own work, long hours and irregular life. We have Martin Luther as authority for saying, "Music came from heaven, and would be found in heaven again." From out of every personal experience I am sure there will flash forth the memory of some mood, grave or gay, that was either produced or dispelled by the power of music.

The ancients comprehended this fact, and made the sounding of brass and tinkling of cymbals a salient feature of their victorious jubilees. In the earliest remains of prehistoric races we have found traces of musical instruments, and music plays no mean part in the folklore of the most primitive people. If, then, and the proof would make it seem so, music is a necessity to the emotional life of the world, can we ignore *its need in the little world we lovingly call home?*

Were I asked which could best be spared from the modern home, delicate food, or the same money expended to producing good music, I think I would take the part against the food. We know that the body needs less than we give it to be well and vigorous. We know that the soul of the average man or woman is starving for the thing it needs for growth and development.

No one questions the need of air and sunlight and beauty, as it comes to us in God's great out-of-doors, and yet we are all full of questions as to the need of the thing *which is the essence of moonlight, sunlight and beauty—the voice of God when He talks to His children, the best legacy to a world that needs solace, and faith, and hope.*

I can sooner imagine a life shut away from all light, and therein finding peace and delight, than I can imagine a world soundless, musicless and happy.

But perhaps someone reminds me that the deaf are happy. Yes—but they certainly possess the sense of rhythm. Have you ever seen a roomful of mutes dancing? The perfect time, the visible delight, and oneness with the orchestra; through other channels of communication, we get the sound, but the music nevertheless has entered and possessed their souls.

To bring it to a perfectly practical basis: The great fight of the thinking world of to-day lies between two forces that threaten the home life of the world: individualism and commercialism. Individualism, its opponents tell us, is at war with all authority which would silence the ego.

Simple obedience to authority it abhors. With a son growing into manhood, a mother meets with many problems of life. How can she keep him at home, when the long winter evenings offer him charm elsewhere; where will come the influence to bind the discordant strings of his being and make them respond to the highest within him? Where, indeed, if not by the power of music. It is a source of cheerfulness in the life of the brain fagged, a possibilitv of health to the overwrought, and an influence of refinement that has no limit.

Commercialism is the sordid instinct which weighs only the money value; the thing must be worth while, of value received.

Music is the antithesis of this widespread human instinct. By this counteracting influence the soul is fed, even in the atmosphere of a home controlled by greed, and, wherever the soul is fed, who shall say that a man is not saved?

Come again, Pie Time, and often.
For wholesome, *digestible* "eats" —give us PIE.
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Close-grained — melting — even textured.
Flaky, too, and crinkly — crisp yet *tender*.
Put into *your* bake things the rare nutlike sweetness of *Manitoba* wheat kernels.
All soppy with the rich red juice of the cherry—or lemon pie—or apple—or healthy custard—meat, may be, or mince—
Put the FIVE ROSES "crust end" about 'em.
See the hungry *wedges* fade behind busy milk teeth.
At Pie Time—
Use FIVE ROSES. 7

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The Influence of Readers

A post card came in yesterday, "Kindly send me sample copy of Canadian Home Journal and terms of subscription. I have never seen a copy, but I heard some people discussing one of the items published. I did not know there was such a magazine in Canada." We send hundreds of free sample copies on such requests as these. Will every Journal reader make a New Year's resolution that when she learns a friend does not know the Journal she will tell her to write for a sample, or send us lists of names of those she thinks do not know the Journal.

January 8, 1912 CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Canadian Girls' Club

A COLUMN OF LETTERS

IF you were interested in seeing the JOURNAL succeed, if you wanted to earn some pin money, and if you knew some ladies whom you thought probably didn't know of the Journal, or had not given it full consideration, then you would naturally write to the secretary for information about the Canadian Girls' Club, a club of girls from all over Canada who are doing just that kind of work.

Then, if your application had been gladly accepted, if perhaps, you felt a personal interest in the secretary, if you had earned more pin money than you hoped for, if you had raised the number of JOURNAL subscribers in your town from five or six to fifty or sixty, wouldn't you feel very much elated? And as the secretary is so interested in each member of the Club, you can believe that she is very much pleased to get such letters as these, and to publish those which are not too personal.

"Dear Friend:

Thanks very much for the express order which came yesterday. I am glad that I joined the Club. I always praised the JOURNAL, but the pocket money I earned and the success of the club have been the incentives to real work. I am going to help you all I can.

Very truly,
F. M."

"Dear Secretary:

One member has much thanks to give you. I wanted so much to earn some pocket money to spend on the foolish things for which I didn't like to spend father's money. Mother needed my help at home, still I had lots of leisure time. Then I joined the club, and it has meant pocket money, exercise, social interest, and a new feeling toward life. Much success to you.

Sincerely,
L. R."

"Dear Friend Secretary:

Really, haven't you overpaid me. That seems too much for the work I have done. I was surprised when I started to find so many people did not know we had a Canadian magazine like the JOURNAL. I had a regular harvest. Nearly every day I meet some of my subscribers who tell me how pleased they are with it, so I am looking forward to the easiest money I ever earned when I go for renewals.

Yours sincerely,
R. N."

"Dear Secretary:

Probably I have gone further than most of the members, partly because I needed the money and partly because I like the JOURNAL and the work. I started, as I suppose, hundreds of the members have done, to get subscriptions just from acquaintances and friends. But I found that Canadians everywhere could be interested so quickly in a Canadian magazine, that everywhere the JOURNAL worker was received so cordially, and the money returns so satisfactory that I now get subscriptions wherever I find a woman who reads.

The JOURNAL is certainly the coming magazine. Wishing the club every success.

N. A."

"Dear Club Secretary:

All hail to the Girls' Club. It fills a long-felt want and a very empty purse. In ye olden days when I needed $2.00 for this, and $2.50 for something else, I saved it dime by dime. Nowadays, I go and visit a few acquaintances who haven't subscribed to the JOURNAL. I know everyone in town, so as rapidly as my finances require renewing, you may expect subscriptions until everyone in town knows the JOURNAL. I am certainly proud of our JOURNAL and delighted with its growth in these past two years.

A Hustling Member."

Just before Christmas many JOURNAL readers found that their funds on hand and the total of expenses for gifts and entertainments and such like didn't balance by some dollars. So lots of them turned to the "Girls' Club." That the club helped many of them is shown by the letters the secretary is beginning to receive even so early in the month, as I must write this to get it in an early form.

"Dear Secretary:

Indeed I don't know what I should have done without the money I earned in the Club. Several small brothers and sisters certainly would have had a much less enjoyable Christmas. It was a lucky day for me when I picked up the copy of the JOURNAL and read your Girl's Club column, and I wish you all luck too.

Yours very truly,
B. H."

There are many, too many towns and villages in Canada where no member of the Girls' Club is taking advantage of the opportunity to make money and to help the JOURNAL. Will you join the Canadian Girls' Club?

Very sincerely,
SECRETARY.
Canadian Girls' Club,
Canadian Home Journal,

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to the needs of the skin, scalp, hair and complexion are oftentimes the cause of much self-recrimination. Less than half-an-hour daily devoted to the care or betterment of the skin and hair will reward every woman who does it. You ask, What shall I do and how shall I do it?

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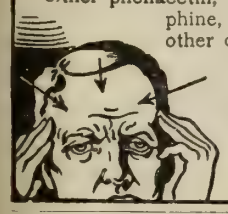

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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

"BLOW, blow, thou winter wind!" is the cheerful refrain of one of Shakespeare's daintiest songs. If Shakespeare had been a woman, he would never have allowed a character, however robust, to utter such sentiments. The winter wind is all very well in moderation, but, when it makes up its mind to a good hard blow, it is no friend to any woman. It is not necessary to abstain from winter sports, on this account, for, with ordinary precautions, the complexion may be protected.

There are women who make certain rules and adhere to them slavishly, without the slightest regard for exceptional cases or occasions. For instance, there is Bertha Crawford, who has made a rule to go for a walk every day and to make that walk of certain length. Along comes a stormy day of unusually low temperature, and Bertha, with a Spartan expression on her lips, sets out for her ordinary promenade, regardless of wind or weather. She becomes aware, before she has gone far, that she is tired and cold, and she longs to turn back. However, with a curiously perverted stubbornness, she continues on her way, only to find at the end of the exercise, that she is chilled and exhausted. Her face is stinging from the cold winds, and for days thereafter, she suffers from the entirely needless exposure. Perhaps, most of us err on the side of taking too little exercise, but there are a few like Bertha, who adhere to a rule with foolish tenacity, in spite of all circumstances. Do not remain in the house because it is stormy, but take comparatively little out-door exercise on a very severe day. Fortunately, such days are few, and we are able to get enough ozone under clear Canadian skies to keep our systems in cheerful and healthy condition.

Dr. Eleanor Rogers, a New York authority, of *The Ladies' World*, says, regarding cold weather conditions:

"The cold takes the moisture from the skin, and for this reason it is much more likely to become harsh and dry in wintry weather. You must use some kind of cold cream to supply the grease which the skin needs. It is a pity that using cold cream on the face is liable to stimulate the hair follicles and so promote a growth of hair. This is especially likely to happen if there is a fuzzy light growth of hair on the face, which ordinarily does not show. One should be very careful in the use of massage, cosmetics, and of all kinds of applications, not to occasion the growth of hair. Camphor added to the vegetable oils is excellent for the skin, and often will prevent the hair from growing. In these cases, the best massage is that which is deep. For instance, take the flesh between the thumb and forefinger, and pinch and squeeze it well, not so hard as to cause pain, but just short of it. This brings the blood to the minute glandular structure of the skin. The reason one's skin is dry in winter is often because of the dry atmosphere of the overheated rooms in which one lives. Care should be taken that the heating apparatus should be supplied with vessels containing water, so that the evaporation of the water will give moisture to the air.

You doubtless have a delicate skin and the wind and the cold affect it very quickly. You must toughen the skin, so that it will bear the temperature changes. It is not difficult to do this. After washing your face with hot water, you should use very cold water, even putting ice in it, and dashing it on the skin with both hands. If you do this night and morning you will find that soon your skin will become accustomed to cold, and the blood-vessels will not respond so unpleasantly to winter weather. To thicken the texture of the skin, which is desirable in your case, use, after the cold water applications, alcohol and water in equal parts, some toilet water, or diluted eau de cologne. The effect of hardening the skin in all toilet waters is due to the alcohol which they contain.

Chilblains, which are a species of frost-bite, come because of a poor circulation of the blood. Young children and those who are run down are liable to them. When there is a tendency to them, one should be careful about coming from the cold winter atmosphere suddenly into a hot room. Chilblains occur in those parts of the body where the circulation is poorest and in those parts of the body which are most exposed to cold—that is, the feet, the hands, ears and cheeks. The best remedy is tincture of iodine, painted over the chilblains. Camphorated alcohol is also good. If you are run down, ask your doctor for a tonic.

STEAMING the face in many instances is an excellent remedy, and it is true that it is good where there is an inequality of the circulation. If used when there is a great tendency to flushing and redness, it may dilate the blood-vessels, but the better way would be to alternate very hot water with that which is very cold. Have two basins of water side by side. In one the water should be as hot as can be borne by the hands, in the other it should be correspondingly cold. Dash the hot water a half a dozen times on the face, scooping it up with both hands, then in the same manner use the cold water. Continue thus alternating the hot and cold water for ten minutes. This procedure gives the blood-vessels most excellent exercise and causes them to acquire a healthy tone.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

BROWN EYES.—Talcum powder is decidedly beneficial to the skin and may be used to advantage in all seasons. I am enclosing names of two or three of the best in a letter. As to the trouble you mention, it may be caused by too much greasy food. Eat fruit every day, drink plenty of water and be sure to have an abundance of out-door air. At night wash the face thoroughly in hot water, using a good pure soap; rinse in cold water and dash with eau de cologne. Rub in a little good cold cream and massage thoroughly. The trouble you mention is indeed annoying and frequently comes from indigestion or liver disturbance, rather than from any infection of the skin. It if continues to be troublesome, I should advise you to consult a physician. A dollar in time often saves a larger bill.

MARY S——.—The preparation you mention is quite to be depended on and has, in some cases, entirely cured the affliction. As to your question regarding brisk brushing of the hair, it is usually quite healthful and desirable. The English girl has very poor teeth in comparison with her Canadian sister, but her "head of hair" is much more luxuriant than that of the "average" Canadian girl. And the English maiden always gives the hair a good, vigorous brushing at night. Massage is excellent, and a good tonic should do the rest. If you resort to vaseline, be careful to apply it delicately, with the tips of the fingers, before rubbing the scalp thoroughly. The salts you refer to should not be used on the hair, as the effect is decidedly bad. In fact, I know of several instances where the use of this substance has injured the hair seriously and made a thorough "treatment" necessary. I could not say what nationality affords the best hair-dressers, although I believe that the French are generally credited with most skill in this art. On this continent, there is hardly a city which does not contain several excellent hair-dressing establishments. Do not go to extremes in the style of coiffure, as women of the best taste always avoid startling effects of an over-elaborate type. Ribbon bandeaux may be worn or very delicate wreaths. The fashion for everything Oriental has introduced some dazzling affairs in gold and jewels, but these are not likely to be in favor long. The pins and combs of pearl-grey are extremely becoming when worn by grey-haired women. Do not worry over the few grey hairs—and, above all, do not use the mixture to which you refer, as it will give the hair that hideous brassy tinge, which is associated with vaudeville artistes of the tenth rate.

MILDRED.—Patchouli is an old-fashioned perfume which is rather too heavy to be liked by modern girls. Violet is, perhaps, the most popular perfume of all—but, in these matters, follow your own preference. If you like lilac, use it in sachet for your gowns and lingerie. A suggestion of this springtime fragrance is far more effective than an obvious odor.

"A Pride in Your Appearance"

shows itself in the care taken of your hair. The many modes of dressing the hair in vogue to-day makes necessary the exercising of careful judgment in the choice of the style adopted. To secure a coiffure that will enhance the natural charms, and what is more important—to avoid those not suited—to secure beauty with simplicity and individuality without extravagance, THE SERVICES OF AN EXPERT ARE REQUIRED.

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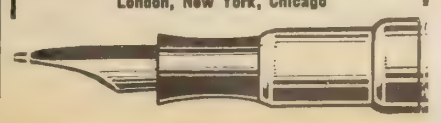

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MATTERS MUSICAL

OF the winter's musical events, the Mendelssohn Choir cycle of concerts in Toronto has foremost place. This year the tour of the choir includes a wider itinerary than for some years past.

The cycle will consist of four evening concerts on February 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, next, with an orchestral matinee on the afternoon of February 8th. In addition to the Toronto concerts, the society will appear in Convention Hall, Buffalo, on February 26th; in Carnegie Hall, New York, on February 27th and 28th; and in Symphony Hall, Boston, on February 29th.

On Monday, the choral numbers will include excerpts from the Bach B minor Mass, Elgar's "Caractacus," the Suite "From the Bavarian Highlands" and Wagner's "Meistersinger," and unaccompanied numbers by Palestrina, Lotti, Van der Stucken, Tschaikowsky, Gounod, Elgar, Bantock, Herzogenberg, Howard Brockway, Bullard and others. The orchestra's contribution will include the "Hustika" overture, Dvorak; the "Die Koenigskinder" suite, Humperdinck; Fantasia "Francesca da Rimini," Tschaikowsky.

The Tuesday programme consists of:

Part I.—"The New Life," by Wolf-Ferrari, based upon the text of Dante's "La Vita Nuova," for soprano and baritone solo, two adult choirs, an auxiliary choir of 250 children and large orchestra.

Soloists: Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano; Mr. Clarence Whitehill, baritone.

Part II.—Te Deum, by Hector Berlioz, composed in commemoration of Napoleon I., for tenor solo, two adult choirs, an auxiliary choir of children and large orchestra.

Soloist, Mr. George Hamlin, tenor.

The Wednesday programme will be:

Verdi's "Manzoni" Requiem, for soprano; Mr. Clarence Whitehill, baritone. soloists, chorus and orchestra. Soloists: Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano; Miss Christine Miller, mezzo-soprano; Mr. George Hamlin, tenor; Mr. Clarence Whitehill, bass.

The programme for Thursday will be miscellaneous in character, consisting to some extent, in the choral numbers, of excerpts from the programmes of the preceding evenings, as well as Greig's ballad "At the Cloister Gate," for soprano and contralto solo, women's chorus and orchestra. Soloists: Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, Miss Christine Miller, mezzo-soprano.

The orchestra will contribute the overture to "Der Freischutz," Weber; Symphonic Poem, "Die Toteninsel," Rachmaninoff, any Symphonic Waltz, Frederick Stock.

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra, under Mr. Frederick Stock, will present a programme of orchestral works on Thursday afternoon, February 8th, including masterpieces by Beethoven, Brahms' orchestral creations, his No. 2 phony being that most beautiful of Brahms' orchestral creations. his No. 2 in B minor. The piano concerto (in commemoration of the composer's centenary) will be the Liszt A major.

~

ONE of our readers has asked for information concerning Kathleen Parlow, the Canadian musician.

Kathleen Parlow, was born at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, in 1890, and comes of a musical family, her mother, who was a native of New Brunswick, being herself a violinist. Miss Parlow is very proud of her Canadian birthright, although she has few recollections of her native country, owing to the fact that her parents moved to California when she was only five years old. It was a year later that Miss Parlow made her first appearance at San Francisco, her chief recollection of that memorable occasion being that her violin was almost as large as herself. She went to London and gave her first recital in Bechstein Hall on March 23, 1905. On November 1, following, she played with the London Symphony Orchestra in Queen's Hall, and in the same year had the honor of a royal command to play before the queen.

The following criticism appeared in the Times at that date:

"Very rarely indeed, have we heard tone of such volume, and there is no sign of forcing it, so that its quality is beautiful. Her intonation is immaculate, and her technical equipment magnificent."

This was promising enough for a young girl barely fourteen years of age, and naturally aroused considerable interest in her career. Miss Parlow played at nine concerts in Helsingfors and two in Riga, while in July, 1907, during the International Musical Festival at the Kursaal, Ostend, she was selected to play at the Russian concert. The programme was made up entirely of pieces by the famous composer and conductor, Glazounow, who himself conducted, and her success was so remarkable that Director Rinksopf at once engaged her for his classical concerts in August of the same year. At this time the well-known impressario-director heard her in London, and was so delighted with her playing that he engaged her immediately for a Continental tour. In the following November the youn violinist began a tour during which she played 6 times in Berlin, 10 times in Copenhagen and Stockholm, and ten times in Christiania, where she received a royal command to play before the Queen of Norway, and was presented with a magnificent brooch of brilliants. Her majesty paid Miss Parlow the honor of attending the last of her concerts in Christiania. Miss Parlow was also presented after these concerts with a beautiful Guarnerius violin which cost 40,000 marks ($10,000).

Queen Alexandra, the Queen of Norway, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and many other distinguished personages have taken a lively interest in the career of this artist.

~

AS the concert season, and more especially the pupils' concert season, is about to open, perhaps a few notes on "how to behave" on the concert platform would not come amiss to some of our budding musicians, says a Canadian musical critic.

Many of them don't even know how to walk across the platform properly, the writer asserts. "Some roll on, some slouch, some are deprecating, some overbold; few seem to possess the art of being at once natural and dignified." But any actor will tell you that the apparently simple business of walking on to a stage without appearing awkward and ill at ease is one of the most difficult things to learn that confront a beginner.

Complaint is further made by the writer quoted that another "detestable practice" has latterly come into fashion of affecting "absolute indifference to the audience's expressions of approval," young British artists, it is conceded, being most frequently the offenders in this respect. Whereupon the London Daily Telegraph, rousing itself from the silly season lethargy, volunteers these "few simple rules for the guidance of young beginners."

Do not slouch on to a concert platform.

Male singers and pianists should never come in with their hands in their pockets.

No performer, male or female, should ever make faces at the audience.

Or cast disapproving glances at them.

Or smile too frequently in the direction of friends in the auditorium.

An artist should always appear to be on more or less amicable terms with his or her accompanist.

The latter should try to avoid violence to the assistant who turns over more than one page at a time of the piece he is accompanying.

To leave off in the middle of a song or piece when late-comers enter the hall may be justifiable, but looks "sidey."

Avoid talking to your audience, unless your name happens to be Pachmann.

Don't leave the platform with such haste as to suggest that you fear your audience are armed with missiles.

WITH THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Our Competition

OUR competition for the best letter on the subject, "A Winter Adventure," will not close until March 1st. We hope to hear from many of our Juniors before then. The New Year's Puzzle has not yet been decided, but the name of the winner will be announced next month.

A Kitten's Tale

WEEKS and weeks ago, as long ago as I can remember, I was much smaller than I am now, and not near so pretty. I lived in a big basket at first with my mother and my two brothers. My mother was very good to us, and washed us all over several times a day.

There were some very queer sort of cats about the house where we lived; they walked on their hind legs, and their claws were no use to anyone, and they only had fur on their heads. My mother told us they were human beings, and that they owned us and took care of us. I got quite used to them after a while, but at first I used to run away from them and hide under the barn. The big human beings were very good to me, but some of their kittens that they called children, were not so good. They would hold me upside down and squeeze me. Then the big ones would say, "If you hurt the kitty, Susie, I shall take it away from you."

One day, after one of these games, I was tired, and went down to the lilac bush that grew through the front fence to sleep. I curled myself up in a little hollow in the roots, and began to dream about a red beetle my brother caught and ate. And then a voice said, "Hello, there's a kitten!" and someone snatched me.

It was a strange child, a boy. He was so dirty you'd think he never used his tongue on himself in his life. I didn't like him. I scratched and squealed. He squeezed me dreadfully and bumped me against the fence. So then I knew he was a bad boy. He carried me away down the road. I never saw my mother and brothers again.

After a while he got tired of carrying me, and dropped me at the corner of a country road. I crawled into the grass and lay as still as a stone. I was bruised and sore and hungry, and oh, so scared. I heard him go on farther and farther, whistling. Then all was still. I peeped out of the grass. The whole world around me was strange. The grass was dusty, the wind moved in the elder bushes as if a lot of kittens hid there, but when I mewed there was no answer. It was growing dark. I trotted along the road, mewing, but no one heard me, and I couldn't find out a house. There were no houses at all. Soon it was dark, and began to rain. The wet stuck to my dusty fur until I was like a little ball of mud. I caught a cricket, but it didn't taste as good as when I caught them in fun. Kind of dry. I hid again and went to sleep. I cried in my sleep, I was so lonely.

Do any of you boys and girls know what it's like to be hungry? Really starving hungry, I mean, so that you feel as if you would die, and your eyes are weak, and you ache all over, and seem to have swallowed a hot cinder? I guess you don't, or you wouldn't neglect to feed your pets, or move away and leave your kittens behind to starve. I was like that the next morning, so weak I just crept down the road and lapped a little water from a puddle.

PRETTY PUSSY

I went on it seemed to me for a very long time, a very long way. There were houses in front of me. I was afraid.

There were no bad boys, but there was a dog, a horrid white one. It came at me with its mouth open. I ran as hard as I could. There was nowhere to run to but the houses, so I ran for the nearest, a big, black, noisy place. I was too weak to run far, and the dog was close behind. I ran past two men with hammers, and past a horse's hoofs, and turned in the corner and scratched the dog's nose. He howled and backed off.

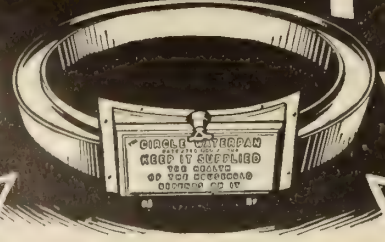
The men laughed. One of them chased the dog, and then picked me up gently in a big black hand. "My, but you have grit," he said, "and I guess you are hungry. You are going to be a fine cat."

He gave me milk and a little piece of meat, and I knew my troubles were over.

Yes, I have lived with the blacksmith ever since. He doesn't allow any bad boys round. I sit in the forge and play with the sparks, and catch the rats if I feel like it.

PRETTY PUSSY.

A Waterpan worth while



The object of the Furnace Waterpan is to give back to the warmed air the natural moisture that the fire has dried out. But in the average Furnace the Waterpan is made insignificant and insufficient and placed in the least effective position. But the

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Has A Big Circle Waterpan

entirely encircling the fire-pot. This waterpan holds 4 to 6 gallons, and is placed where it will evaporate the water rapidly. It keeps the humidity of the air up to the normal 60% or 70% while the air from the average furnace often contains less than 25% of moisture.

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"Good Cheer" Furnace construction throughout is of the same high standard of excellence as the Circle Waterpan.

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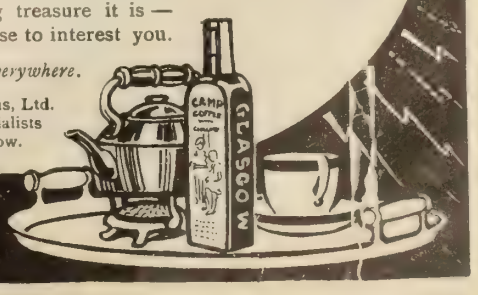


Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

Continued from page 10

THE morning sun was shining cheerfully through the curtains of Mark's bedroom when, three days later, the young man awoke with the delicious consciousness of returning health strong upon him. The confusion in his head had cleared, and as his other injuries had been of no very serious nature, he was already pleading to be treated no longer as an invalid

"You know," he said, smiling into his adopted father's grave face, "that nothing is so bad for an invalid as suspense, and although I am not an invalid, I feel sure that I shall become one if you don't stop being so plaguey mysterious! Seriously," his laughing face grew grave, "I want to know what is troubling you, sir. You are so different. Every day you are whiter and more worried. I know that the search can't be going well; but sometimes I think there is more than even that troubling you. If you could only trust me. The doctor says I may get up to-morrow, by the next day I shall be ready for anything.

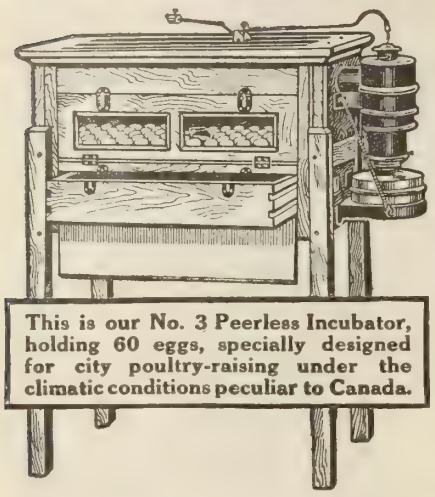
"Mark," said Mr. Torrance irrelevantly. "Haven't you something that you want to tell me on you own account? Something which you promised to tell me when you were stronger?"

"Yes. But I do not want to worry you while you are so troubled. It can wait."

"I am afraid it cannot wait any longer, my boy. You are right in thinking that I have bad news for you—but before we speak it I would like to hear the story that you promised me."

"Well, sir, it is very simple. It is just that before I went away to Vancouver I met the girl whom I hope to some day make my wife. You will be disappointed and hurt perhaps when I tell you that she is a poor girl, and that

YOU CAN MAKE POULTRY RAISING PAY IN YOUR OWN BACK-YARD IF YOU WILL ADOPT THE PEERLESS WAY



This is our No. 3 Peerless Incubator, holding 60 eggs, specially designed for city poultry-raising under the climatic conditions peculiar to Canada.

RAISING poultry on a city lot or in a backyard can be made far more than merely a fascinating hobby. It can easily be made a mighty profitable business that will bring you in a handsome revenue. At the same time knowledge of how to do it right will make the work doubly interesting. Now all that you need is knowledge—and the right kind of incubator. Yet these two necessities are both within your reach; for, by following the methods of The Peerless Way and adopting the Peerless Incubator, 20,846 Canadian poultry raisers are to-day making big cash profits. Do the same! Make poultry raising both your hobby and a business as well. Ride it as a hobby if you want to—but do more; make it yield you dividends and add to your bank account! You can do it. Remember that twenty thousand successful poultrymen have seen that our experience was worth having and following as operators of the largest and most successful poultry farm in the Dominion,—the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, at Pembroke. So they wrote and told us they wanted to raise poultry as we raised it. You can do that too; we have guided these twenty thousand odd successful poultrymen and we are ready to guide you.

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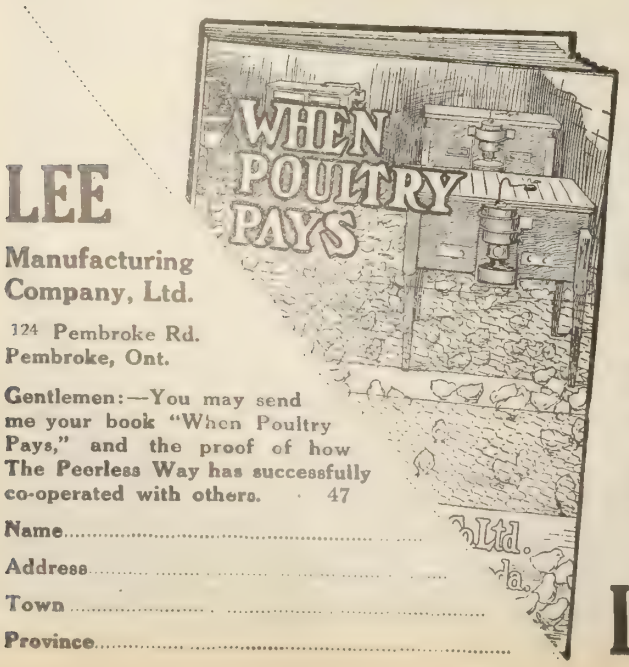

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Manufacturing Company, Ltd.

124 Pembroke Rd.
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Gentlemen:—You may send me your book "When Poultry Pays," and the proof of how The Peerless Way has successfully co-operated with others. 47

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TO get the maximum profits out of anything requires experience or knowledge. A bad start may take years to overcome; don't handicap yourself. Use our experience and knowledge instead of purchasing your own through bitter and costly disappointments. The Peerless Way has made smooth the hard road of the beginner and solved his problems before he even knew of their existence. Step by step, we will teach you every detail of The Peerless Way, so that as the business outgrows your back-yard, you can engage in it on as extensive a scale as we do.

It Will Cost You Little To Adopt The Peerless Way

TO start The Peerless Way working and making money for you, will not cost you much money. The principles of this plan are the same on a large or small scale—scientific management. But the cost of proper equipment varies—to start on a city lot in your own back-yard need cost you very little. And as your business grows, its own increases can be made to pay for the extension and yield you handsome profits besides.

Our Poultry Advisory Board Will Teach You

THE Peerless Way teaches our system—complete. But if, at any time, special problems peculiar to you alone, do arise, our Poultry Advisory Board is always at your service free of charge,—not only when you are starting out in business, but to the very last day you are running a Peerless Incubator and following The Peerless Way—ten years hence or even longer! All you need to do is to write and your problems will be investigated individually and answered personally. We stand back of our followers not only in the raising of poultry, but also in turning their poultry and poultry products into revenue producers of the highest type.

We Teach You Co-operative Marketing

THE few extra cents of profit which you might lose through ordinary marketing, cause but a small loss on your total selling price; but they represent a very, very big per cent. of your profits! Our Peerless Co-Operative Marketing Plan will put you in touch with buyers who will take your entire output,—large or small,—at highest, spot-cash, market prices. Or we will show you how you can sell direct to the consumer, or to the special private trade that is always glad to pay higher prices for guaranteed fresh eggs. We will show you how to handle that too. This is merely one more detail of the service offered by The Peerless Way.

Get Into An Under-Supplied Market With Rising Prices

THE rise in prices of both eggs and poultry, during the last few years, will show you that the market must be a tremendous money-maker for someone. Why should not you be among those who are taking the easy profits? You can be as successful as anyone, if you will only let The Peerless Way show you how—if you will follow our methods and devote just a little time and more or less common-sense to the work. Send the coupon and get "When Poultry Pays"; it will tell you more about The Peerless Way.

LEE Manufacturing Co., Ltd. 124 Pembroke Rd. 47 PEMBROKE ONTARIO CANADA

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

her family is just—well, just an ordinary, everyday family, you know. Her name is in fact, "Brown."

He paused for a moment, but as the other made no comment, he went on sturdily. "You have told me that you do not insist upon money, but that you wished me to marry a lady. That Miss Brown is a lady I can assure you, upon my honor. I only ask you to meet her. Of course, I do not know whether she—whether I have any chance."

"Have you known Miss Brown long?"

"No; but you see it was a case when time didn't seem to count. It sounds silly, I know, but—oh, well, one can't explain these things."

"It was, of course, to her that you sent the note? You had not seen her before the accident—at the station, or anywhere?"

"Why, no. I just swung off the train and into a car. Christine knew I was coming back, but she is not the sort of girl who would go to the station to meet a chap she had met only a few times."

"No, I suppose not. Well, then, I must now give you my news. I have met the Misses Brown and I do not need your word to assure me that they are ladies. I have seen Miss Christine and spoken to her, in fact, she was for a time a clerk in the Stores—"

Mark smothered an exclamation.

"But she never received your note saying that you were ill. The evening of your accident she disappeared, and has not yet been found. That is bad news, my boy, and that is why you must get well quickly. We need you to help us find her—no, you must not try to get up! To-morrow is the earliest by the doctor's orders, and besides I have much to tell you yet."

Then very quietly he told him of the strange discovery of the past weeks. Of his certainty that Christine was his own lost daughter he said little. The astonishing facts alone were enough to stagger belief, and the invalid listened in dazed silence.

"Then you think these fiends have got her hidden somewhere? Keeping her away out of revenge on you?" he asked at last. "The thing is too preposterous to be believed."

For answer Adam Torrance laid the last letter on the bed and bade him read it, watching his face grow ghastly as he realized its dreadful meaning. He expected a fainting fit at the very least, and had his hand already on the bell, but Mark was not made of fainting stuff. Scarcely had the vile purport of the scrawl become plain to him before he was out of bed, swaying a little, but utterly determined.

"If you will leave me I will dress," he said politely. "Send Benson along to help me, for I must be careful of this arm. No, I am not mad, but I soon would be if I lay there in bed with Christine in God knows what peril! Why didn't you tell me before—my poor little girl!" Tears of weakness stood in his blue eyes, but there was no slackening of purpose in his face.

In spite of his concern, Adam Torrance felt a thrill of pride. No one could say that little Christine had not won a worthy love!

"Mark, don't be foolish! Don't you believe that everything is being done—*everything?* Do you suppose——"

"Everything is not being done while I am doing nothing," said Mark briefly. Then, suddenly flaring out with impotent rage, "Everything being done? Why haven't they found her, then? What is Johnson thinking of? There must be plenty of clues. There can't be many old women like *her* around here.. She ought to be as easy to find as the nose on your face. With eyes like hers—"

"What are you talking about? What do you know about the old woman's eyes?"

"Eh? Why—I *saw* her, of course! You see what you have done by not telling me before! Do you mean to say that you haven't a description of the old wretch?"

"That is exactly what we have not. Christine never described her, and the boy who saw the meeting was too far off to see her face." Mr. Torrance spoke soothingly, for indeed he thought that the boy had lost his head entirely.

"Oh, I'm not delirious," said Mark quickly. "I did see the creature. Saw her plainly under the street lamp. It was the night I walked with Christine to the post-box. The night I left for Vancouver,"

"Why, yes. She did speak to Burns about it that night!" he admitted eagerly. "She said she thought she was being followed."

"She was. I noticed an old woman slipping along behind us. I took her for a beggar, but as I turned to leave Christine, I passed her when the light was full on her face, and I declare the malignant hate I saw there frightened me! She was such a repulsive-looking old creature that her face haunted me long after. I have never forgotten it—why, I can draw it! I thought at the time what a good sketch it would make. Get me some paper—quick! For once my talent for drawing will be of some use in the world."

"Some use?" Why, Mark, it will be every use. Oh, to think that we have a clue in hand at last! I'll send Benson with your sketching kit and I'll telephone Johnson—and, Mark, won't you do the sketch in bed?—just to take one worry off my mind?"

(To be continued.)

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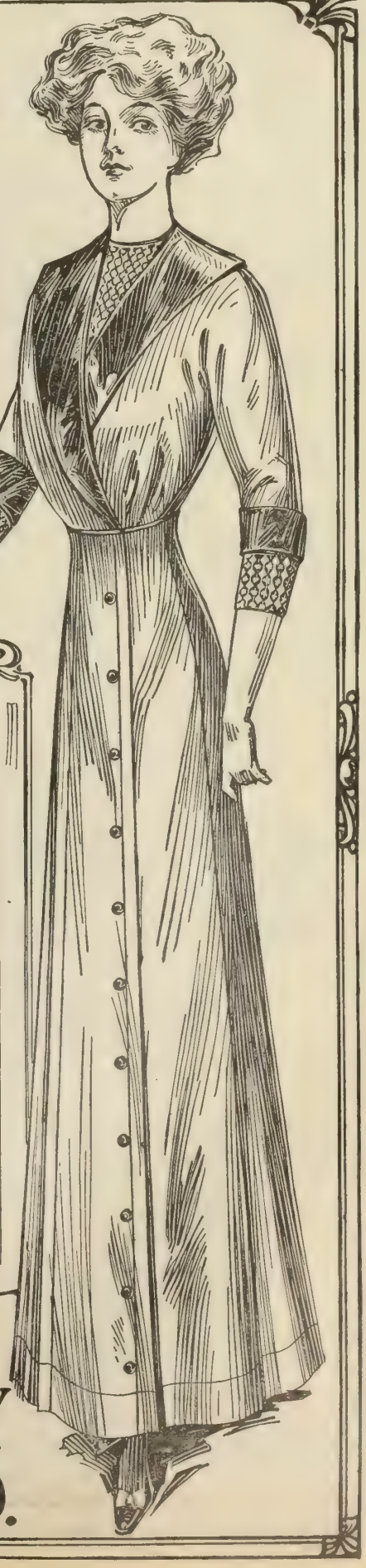

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This dress is SIMPSON MADE, which means that experts designed it, experts made it in the Simpson work rooms, and more important still it was inspected the Simpson way, not one little defect was passed. We bought too many yards of the cloth and want to clear it out quickly, hence the great saving in price to you.

Misses' Sizes

Years	14	16	18
Length	33	35	37
Bust	32	34	36

Women's Sizes

Waist	23	24	25	26	28	29
Bust	32	34	36	38	40	40
Length	38	39	40	41	42	42

Order Number G90581

This attractive dress for women or misses, is splendidly made from richly finished lustre. The shoulders are made so as to give a dainty kimona effect. The pretty yoke of fine net lace is outlined with a new rolling rever and a square-designed black satin collar comes over the shoulders from the back and continues to the waist-line at front; the lower part of sleeves trimmed to match. Skirt made with correct and graceful lines, fastens at left side of front panel, which is finished with small black satin buttons. Colors, black, navy or green. **Sale Price**..... **$6.49**

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Seal Brand
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Those Things That Won't Wear Out

but of whose faded, dingy appearance you get so tired---they can be freshened up like new again with

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Your choice of 24 brilliant, fadeless colors, from which you can make any shade. Being in cake form, Maypole Soap does not make a mess like powder dyes, nor does it stain hands nor kettles. It will brighten up your home and your own and the children's clothes with the least possible trouble and expense.

Colors 10c. --- Black 15c. --- at your dealer's or postpaid with booklet "How to Dye" from

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An early breakfast without getting up early! That's Winter joy without Winter worry or work. Such a thing is possible in the home where

SHREDDED WHEAT

forms the daily breakfast. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve one does not need to wait for kitchen fires or slow servants for a warm, nourishing, strengthening breakfast.

Simply heat the biscuit a few moments to restore crispness, then pour hot milk over it and salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Deliciously wholesome with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, canned peaches or other canned fruits. At your grocer's

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I-73

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Avoid Alum Powders

THERE are many housewives who unthinkingly use alum baking-powders in making biscuits, cake and pastry, when it would only take a little precaution to avoid doing so.

Baking-powders that contain alum cause indigestion and nerve disorders. English food experts condemn alum as an injurious adulterant unfit for a baking-powder ingredient. If you are not careful you may be buying alum in your baking-powder and putting it in food. The way to be sure is to read the label on the baking-powder, and if the ingredients are not plainly printed on it, refuse to accept it.

Bother the Button

ALL know the annoying hab' buttons have of coming off at a moment when they are most needed. It seems sometimes as though nothing short of wire thread would keep them in their places; and even wire breaks away from the cloth.

When next you are sewing on a button, follow these directions and that button will never trouble you again.

Place your button, take a hairpin—a strong one—and lay it across the button, then sew it over the hairpin. When you have put as much thread through the eyes as they will hold, withdraw the hairpin. Then push the needle through near the button, pull the button up and wrap the thread several times round between the button and the garment. Fasten the thread on the under-side of the button, and then you will find that that button will stay on until the garment is worn out.

Rice Dainties

RICE boiled tender in milk, seasoned with sugar and lemon juice and when cold cut into pieces, rolled in egg and cracker crumbs and fried makes a tasty dessert for luncheon.

For Spanish rice, brown half a cupful of rice in hot fat, add an onion, chopped fine, a tomato and a mashed clove of garlic. Cover with hot water, season with salt and pepper, cook the rice till tender, adding water as it is needed, but not stirring.

For rice tortillas mix a cupful of flour, a cupful of ground rice, half a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of butter and a little salt. Knead the mixture thoroughly, break off pieces and pat into cakes until each cake is large and very thin. Bake on a griddle until brown.

A rice omelet makes the ordinary omelet more substantial. Add to the well-beaten yokes of three eggs a third of a cupful of milk and half a cupful of boiled rice with two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs at the last. Cook the omelet slowly.

Delicious stuffed eggs have the hard boiled and mashed yolks mixed with an equal part of hot boiled rice and the whole seasoned with minced ham or tongue, pepper, salt, made mustard and a little lemon juice. Fill the paste into the hollow whites.

Minced ham and boiled rice mixed together and filled into individual baking dishes with an egg on the top makes an excellent luncheon dish. Fill the little dishes about half full of the rice and the ham mixture and put them into the oven until they are heated through. Then remove, drop an egg on to each with bits of butter, salt and pepper over the top, and bake until the white is set.

Washing New Flannel

IT is surprising how a little care bestowed on new flannel lengthens its life and preserves its appearance. First of all, put the garment, or the piece of flannel, into a large tub filled with cold water—rain water, where obtainable—but otherwise a little ammonia added to the water will serve equally well. The water must be cold, no other method will extract the sulphur which is contained in all new flannel. Steep it for a least two hours.

Have ready a tub of hot water, add a little soap-jelly—too much soap makes flannel slimy—and a small quantity of ammonia. Put the flannel into this and rub lightly, giving extra attention to seams, gathers, and thick places. The water must not be boiling—only hot. Wash again through warm water with a small quantity of soap-jelly in it and rinse in tepid water. Pass twice through the wringer and hang out-of-doors, if possible, with the thickest and heaviest part uppermost; this precaution is necessary, otherwise the moisture drains into the yoke, collar or waistband and thickens those parts. Fine flannel may be pressed with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side, but heavy garments are usually mangled.

Earache in Children

ONE of the most distressing of common ailments from which children of all ages suffer is earache. It may arise from nothing more serious than a cold, which attacks the throat and extends upwards to the ear, but in too many cases it denotes the presence of inflammation of the drum of the ear. The slightest pressure will cause agonizing pain, the child cannot lay its head down, whereas in ordinary earache from cold relief will be obtained on laying the ear against the mother's breast or a warm pillow. Where the pain does not rapidly subside upon the application of repeated hot fomentations or bags or hot salt, together with a mild aperient, medical advice should be sought without delay, or the consequences may be very serious. The membrane of the drum of the ear is extremely sensitive, and every sound from without only reaches our brain through the movement produced by it on this membrane. The differences of sound are all recognizable only by the sensitiveness of the tympanic membrane, and inflammation of the middle ear is sometimes followed by perforation of this membrane, the inflammatory fluid thus escaping into the outer ear. There is then a so-called "running from the ear" which lasts a variable time, according to the case. Doctors differ as to the best treatment for aural discharge; some advise that the ears be syringed twice daily with warm boracic acid lotion; others that no water be used but that the ears be wiped out with boracic wool, and a little powdered boracic acid blown into them afterwards.

Dressing for Burns

WHEN a burn or scald is not severe, but enough to redden the skin cause much pain the best dressing is oil of some kind, the best of all is carron oil, that is olive oil and lime water in equal parts. The great thing is to keep the injured surface from contact with the air, and therefore lint or cotton wool should be used. In an emergency a thick coating of flour over the oil will do till more suitable coverings can be prepared. A saturated solution of carbonate of soda applied by means of lint or soft rags kept wetted from time to time is another good remedy for burns or scalds which are not very severe, but whenever a large surface of the body is involved the danger of prostration is too great for cold water to be safely used. In cases of very severe burns, it must be remembered that the clothing should not be removed until some form of dressing is ready for application, so that the injured surface may not be exposed to the air one minute longer than is necessary, also that any such clothing must be carefully cut away, not pulled off, and every effort must be directed towards treating the patient for shock. Strong hot tea or coffee, half a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or small quantities of hot beef-tea, may be used for this purpose. Butter or lard is a good substitute for olive oil when the latter cannot be obtained.

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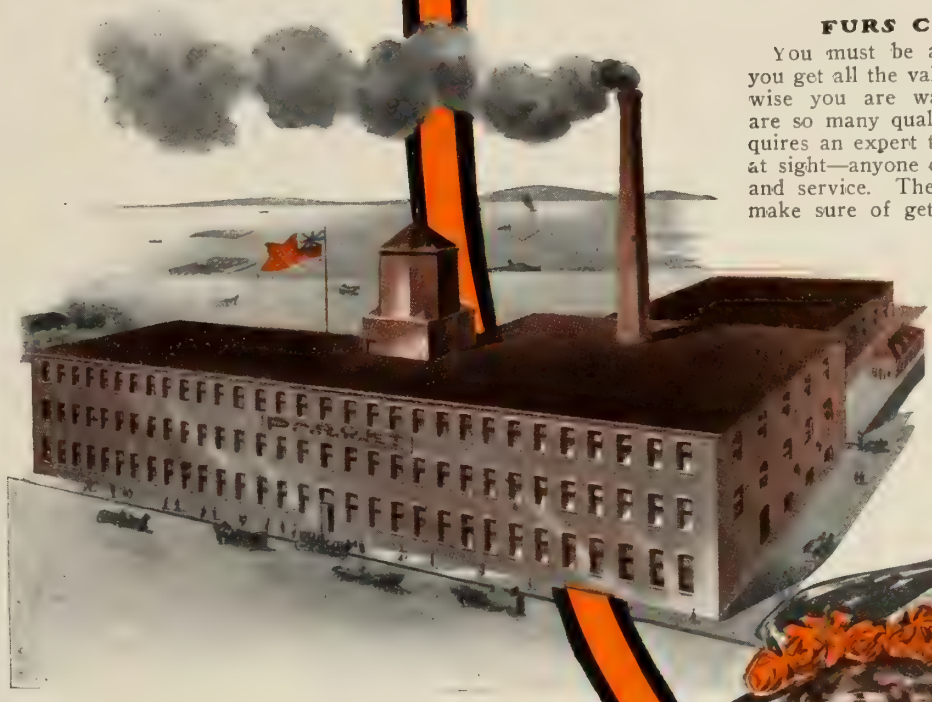

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CANADIAN
HOME JOURNAL

SPRING FASHION NUMBER

MARCH
1912

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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE SPRINGTIME is almost upon us, and no one can say that we have not had an old-fashioned winter, with abundance of snow and ice. We are fairly tired of velvets and furs, and quite eager to know what we may expect from Dame Fashion in the coming season. And such a tempting array of light and graceful fabrics as we see on the counters and the shelves of the city shops would be enough to lure any daughter of Eve to become a purchaser. The new goods seems a fresh story every year—one we have never known before—and we turn from gowns to hosiery, and from hosiery to hats, with a keen interest in all that is "the very latest." This month we have devoted especial attention to the fashion department, with a result which can hardly fail to be pleasing. Our exclusive fashion letter is from an authority in direct communication with the makers of styles in Paris and London, and may be relied on for the most recent information regarding modes and fabrics. Millinery is also given its share of attention, as the hat is of surpassing importance to the woman who desires to complete her spring costume. The scientific improvement which has been made of recent years in the manufacture of dyes renders the dyeing of goods at home a comparatively simple and easy matter. Our article on this subject will be read by every woman with a lively appreciation of its utility. We are receiving every day commendation of our fashion department as regards the pattern supply. Our patterns have the virtue of simplicity and do not present the intricate problems for which so many "fashions" are noted. Many a woman hesitates to send for a pattern lest it should prove utterly impracticable, when it comes to the process of "cutting out." No such troubles need be feared with our supply, and you will be surprised to find how easily you can "manage" the manufacture of the latest blouse or skirt.

MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS has lately been the subject of adverse criticism. We have received from Ottawa a newspaper containing several strong parental letters against such a feature in our educational system. From other sources, also, have come protests against it, as an entirely unnecessary measure. Those who read an article by Dr. Annie Backus of Aylmer in our February number concerning medical inspection, as needed in rural schools, will be prepared for a further consideration of the subject. In the current issue will be found a second contribution from Dr. Backus about the equipment of rural schools, which will be recognized as only too true to life by those who attended the little red school-house in the long ago. If the parents who are so indignant regarding medical inspection will stop to consider how many cases of defective sight or hearing have been detected and treated through the visits of medical authorities to the school, they may not be so unwilling to consider their usefulness.

OUR CANADIAN SERIAL, by Mrs. MacKay, is generally recognized as the most successful story we have published. It is nearing completion and the interest culminates in the heroine's final adventures. The writer's ability to hold the interest of the reader, as the plot becomes more complicated, has been demonstrated thoroughly by subscribers who have sent us such plaintive messages as this: "My January JOURNAL went astray. Please send me one, as I don't want to miss a chapter of 'The House of Windows.'" In this number we are publishing a short story by a Canadian writer, "A Man He Would A-wooing Go," which presents in amusing fashion a masculine type, which will be readily recognized in many communities. An English tale of rather sensational character tells of an adventure which is highly unusual, but which is all the more exciting on that account. This tale, "A Leap From the Train," introduces a highly dramatic incident which results in the conventional "happy-ever-after" ending. We hope to announce at an early date a forthcoming Canadian serial.

OUR GARDEN NUMBER will be issued in April. As this will be our Easter number, also, there will be an interesting sketch of "Easter in Bermuda," by Miss Helen E. Williams, a Quebec writer, who has contributed to several Canadian publications, and whose picturesque account of Eastertide, as seen in a city of the West Indies, will be of unusual charm. Katherine Hale, one of Canada's most popular journalists, whose talent is shown in recital as well as in review or romance, is to give us an Easter story, and those who remember her Christmas story, "The Unconfessed Cross," which appeared in our pages, will not need to be urged to read her latest production.

There will be a number of technical articles, dealing with the garden and its care and culture. An article on "Hot-beds and Cold Frames" will take up these features of horticulture from the standpoint of an expert. Mr. A. B. Cutting, who is a reliable authority on the subject, will write on the subject of vegetable gardens and show how these may be brought to the desired perfection. Photographs showing Canadian gardens at their best will appeal to all lovers of flowers. Miss M. E. Blacklock, who contributes "Garden Chat" to this issue, will help to make our April number a memorable presentation of garden trials and triumphs. We expect to have contributions from Miss Blacklock throughout the summer months.

SPECIAL ARTICLES, such as appeal to women whom ambition or necessity urges to look beyond the home for employment, are always eagerly read. "The Lady of the Dainty Lunches," which appeared in our Christmas number, was of interest to many of our friends. In this number we publish an article, "Chicken Lore and Table Eggs," which tells of how success came to an enterprising woman who had determined to make poultry pay. There will soon be another contribution on a diet kitchen whose feminine promoter and proprietor has met with most cheering results. We are sure that these actual accounts of how women have been successful in various business undertakings will prove more stimulating than any amount of advice on imaginary careers. We shall be glad, at any time, to receive a practical article of this nature, dealing with the real work that women are accomplishing, especially one on the woman rancher.

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Volume VIII TORONTO, MARCH, 1912 Number 11

The Musical Club

IN most of our Canadian towns and cities will be found a Women's Musical Club, which contributes not a little to the higher interests of the community. The value of music in the home or in the life of public entertainment can hardly be over-estimated, and no woman can afford to be without its refining and uplifting influence. The charm of such an interest is that it is ever widening and expanding, until one realizes that, like the other great arts, it is endless in development and infinite in variety.

By means of the musical club, women who might otherwise forget their musical interest or ambitions are encouraged to keep in touch with the activities of the realm of harmony. In our cities the women's musical clubs have induced many distinguished artists to appear in recital and have done much to foster local talent. The choral societies are the ultimate outgrowth of musical organization, which have given the greatest impetus to study of the world's masterpieces. In the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, Canada possesses an unrivalled choral society, which has conferred inestimable benefit on the community by its performance of the finest works, and every year the concerts prove a widening source of inspiration to clubs and choirs beyond Ontario's boundaries.

* * *

The Ways of Fashion

IT was a wise Greek philosopher who said that there is nothing constant in life but change. It is the very nature of things, and the critic who is always finding fault with the varying of feminine fashions, would do well to watch the changing fields and woods, as they alter from spring's tender green to the ermine mantle of winter. It is, indeed, as Bryant tells us, a "circle of eternal change," and the girl who desires ardently a new spring hat is only in harmony with the daffodils and the robins.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELSIE BANKS

Wherefore, we need not regard the ways of fashion as altogether those of folly. Their extremes may lead to what is harmful, but the ordinary change and novelty which come with the new garments of each season merely add interest and beauty to life. The existence of the average woman is made up of details, and a variety in the day's dress makes the round of domestic duties much more enlivening. Even a new ribbon or a fresh jabot may make all the difference between an old gown and one that is "renewed." Whatever new interests woman may gain, she is sure to keep always a regard for fine raiment—and no one who enjoys the brightness of this changing globe need regret that it is so.

* * *

A Word To Country Girls

A WORD of warning to country girls who seek employment in the city appears to be needed occasionally. There are, perhaps, no communities in the world where intercourse between girls and boys is more wholesome and free from morbid sentimentality, than the small towns or villages of Canada. It is quite natural that the girls from such homes are prepared to regard the world as a friendly place where a stranger who offers help or information has only the kindest intentions. It is difficult to believe in the absolute fiendishness of certain agencies which exist for the entrapping and destruction of innocent or over-credulous girls. We do not wish to magnify their danger, but the country girl who comes to a large centre seeking employment cannot be warned too plainly regarding their existence and methods.

No girl employed in a store or office should accept invitations or gifts from a stranger—even if the unknown benefactor be an elderly woman of gracious manner. There is only one rule for the young girl who is traveling or working alone—avoidance of all acquaintanceship with those who are not properly introduced. The Y.W.C.A., and other friendly organizations are now on the watch for young girls coming as strangers to the city, and it would be well to communicate with them as to boarding-houses before coming to the large centres of population.

* * *

Why Have Slums?

A WOMAN who has traveled widely said with impatience: "There is no sense in Canadians talking about slums as if we were helpless and could not avoid them. A young country like ours has no excuse for them and should take vigorous preventive action now."

There is an idea abroad that every city must have slums and paupers, that there is no use in trying to keep large districts from becoming breeding-places for disease and crime. This is the worst kind of fatalism and needs to be condemned by all good citizens. A writer in "LIPPINCOTTS' MAGAZINE" emphasizes the wisdom of and need for instant preventive action. In the United States, Kansas City, Cleveland, Rochester and St. Louis, have aroused to the seriousness of the situation. In the first-named city, an official Board of Public Welfare, composed of five citizens who serve without pay and who have a fund of two hundred thousand dollars this year, are waging war on the slums. Rochester affords an admirable civic example in the matter of slum prevention, and has made good provision for decent wages for all citizens. This work should be carried out by business men on a financial basis—and the Local Council of Women can give material aid.

There is no palliation for the slums, for what one city has done, another may certainly accomplish. But the evils associated with the slums are such as grow with mushroom rapidity, and they must be contended with early in the day if they are to be crushed. The ideal city has not yet been seen, but we are beginning to realize that Heaven helps those who make the best fight.

BACK DOOR OF EASTERN FARMHOUSE

A LETTER OF GREETING

To All the Girls on All the Farms in All of Canada

GREETINGS and my best wishes for 1912. This is the first opportunity I have had to extend New Year's greetings to you as it was hens and nothing else in my last letter. Now this time I have designs on you, each one of you girls who lives on a Canadian farm and reads the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. I want to draw you out. I want *your* opinion, *your* aid, and *your* helpful suggestion. I think the most effective way to arouse you is to pick a subject which I am sure you have all thought of at times,—even if it was a subconscious thought—and state my views emphatically enough to stir you to express your own opinions on the matter either pro or con. Perhaps I should not give myself away at the beginning, but I dislike concealing a motive without any real reason, so I shall be open and above board, and then we are ready to say what we mean and mean what we say.

Now, if we were having a face to face conversation—a regular heart to heart—and this question was put to each and all without warning,—"Have you ever thought of a career?" I wonder how you would answer either aloud or to yourself. Don't picture to yourself a masculine, long striding, loud voiced suffragette as synonomous with a seeker after a career. That is farthest from my mind and my meaning. That women have a right to earn their own living, I am convinced, and that they can do so is being proved more and more. That they want equal rights with men to earn their daily bread is unquestionable, but this they can demonstrate much more effectively by proving themselves capable of holding a man's position in the business world, than by insulting their own womanhood as the fanatics, who need some excitement to change the monotony of their lives, are doing. When I speak of the question "Have you ever thought of a career?" I mean have you had the longing, too strong to put aside, to make your own way, to try yourself and prove yourself worthy, and to do it simply because it is your right. I don't mean you are planning to throw away your femininity or your dreams of a home of your own; if either or both of those won't stand the test you put upon them, it certainly is well for you to find it out for yourself.

Probably the majority of you, perhaps none of you, have used the word "career" in connection with your future life, but I am sure that every girl who has reached the age where she is capable of independent thought and ideas has pondered over the general course she wishes to pursue and has arrived at her own conclusions. Those two last clauses are the nucleus of this talk on careers. Let me repeat then that I am convinced that the present day country girl has her own firmly grounded notions about the course she wishes to pursue and has pondered over the matter and *arrived at her own conclusions*. I don't believe many of you will dispute that fact but there might be some reason to doubt the appropriateness of the conclusion.

Granted that a career or a future course or conduct of life, or whatever you prefer to call it, is the subject of meditation and planning with the girls who live what many of them consider a narrow, humdrum existence, please satisfy me on this point. How many girls plan practically, sensibly, logically for the work they wish to start on, and how many girls dream and imagine and build bright and impossible bridges over an unknown gulf which they know to be between them and the positions they desire to occupy?

I am very much interested in this subject. I have been a girl on a farm and know it is quite possible to be happy in that free, busy existence. I have lived the life and been satisfied with it, yet at the same time I have had those "immortal longings" which come to all of us, I believe, a one time or another, and which should be considered so very seriously and gravely, and decided one way or the other. Yes, form a definite opinion of your line of action and having come to your own conclusion, stick to it. Impossible, you say? Don't attempt the impossible, but plan as far as you are able and work towards your chosen intention as faithfully as you are allowed, remembering that "not failure but low aim is crime." Selfish, you think? Not if you consider carefully before choosing which way you shall set your course. Then if, as far as you can see, there is no outlook for you, and your work lies plainly at hand, take that work and make it your aim and object. Specialize your duty and if the real desire of your heart becomes too painful to harmonize with existing conditions lay that treasured longing and aspiration away and be a healthy minded capable girl, not a languid dreamer of dreams who wastes so much time craving a fellow being who will "understand" her that her mother has nearly all the work to do and almost wishes her daughter could follow the desired bent. If that longing of yours is the undefined call of your special talent don't be afraid to put it from you or to try and forget it; it is a part of you and will spring to life at any time.

I was brought to earth once with a sudden flop at this stage of the game. I was wasting a good deal of precious time worrying over the pros and cons and establishing myself on a pedestal as a martyred member of rural society, when a good friend of mine from whom I expected much sympathy, familiar as she was with the world and its possibilities as well as with my life, addressed me in words to this effect:

"You must make up your mind one way or the other. It is the indecision that is doing you bodily and mental injury. I would like to see you try to earn your own living and I think you have an over exalted idea of the difficulties you would have to overcome, and an underestimated notion of your own ability. I may be prejudiced in your favor, but I do not like this uncertainty and indecision."

Frankly, I was offended, and when one can sulk one's skirts are still not far from earth. When I had recovered my good humor I was off the pedestal on solid earth with a realization of my own responsibilities before me.

I find this subject a most difficult one. I am afraid I will give you an impression different from the one I really have, and lead you to think my ideas are most conflicting. Yet I am going to stumble along with it for I am positive there are girls and girls and girls who feel deeply on this tangled topic of an independent course for women, and perhaps some of them will gather new ideas or will feel glad of an opportunity of exchanging views. I know I am always anxious to discover how far my mind works like other people's, as far as a career is concerned, and how many of their arguments I am convinced are superior to my own. But right here let me stop once more and make my meaning clear. You may gather all the ideas and opinions and advice you can assimilate, or more but it is you alone who must decide the matter.

Suppose you are a girl who has decided on a career. What have you in mind? Are your ideas and plans practical, and will they stand the test of calm logical examination? Here we can see the advantage of the advice of some friend wiser and better versed in the ways of the world than ourselves. But no one can give advice who does not thoroughly understand the conditions, and it is so extremely difficult to explain all the circumstances, even to our nearest and dearest that it becomes imperative the final decision should rest with ourselves.

If your mind is set on a business position or a musical career, or a journalist's life, don't spend your spare moments seeing a rosy future in the fire or in the blue of the summer sky. It is much better to underestimate your ability and be pleasantly disappointed, provided your pluck is sufficient to carry you beyond the realm of aircastles into the stern unsympathetic world of realities. There is no time when a career, or whatever you would choose to call it, seems quite so easy and so much within our reach as when we are curled up before the fireplace of a farm house, secure from the storm which is raging ourside, or stretched on a rug or in a hammock under the trees in the shadow of the same protecting home. Be disillusioned before you start, and then having faced the fact squarely and found that it is possible or feasible or best or whatever the cause or reason may be, that you should make this move, marshall all the forces with which you have equipped yourself for the fray and never lose confidence in yourself until your last reserve has been routed. And that day will never come if you have acted up to the foregoing mode of procedure. The business world of to-day is a busy one and demands trained workers, yet it will make way for honest effort tempered with originality and a determination to succeed. If you can get experience in any particular line before starting for your Mecca, so much the better, but a farm isn't exactly a business college or an establishment for apprentices or anything of the sort, is it? That's one reason why the girls who go from the farms make their mark, as we say; they realize the handicap lack of experience has placed upon them, and they work more earnestly and with more concentrated effort, and with most enviable results.

A WESTERN RANCH HOUSE

If any one of all the girls or all the mothers of all the girls thinks I am urging the aforementioned girls to leave their homes in search of what I have called a career, I protest and emphatically deny the accusation. Every girl who is happy and contented in her life on a farm and looks forward to a happy marriage and a sheltered home life need give no thought to this perplexing problem; and every girl who sees plainly that circumstances forbid her leaving the work which lies clearly at hand should not let the matter trouble her. But in this progressive century of ours it is as natural for many girls to demand a test of themselves as it was for our grandmothers to marry before they were grown up. And those girls must think the matter out and act according to their best judgment, looking forward to the time when the successful outcome of the venture will do much to heal the wound inflicted at the seeming selfishness of the flitting.

Let me pass on to you the advice of a woman who has "made good," has made a name and an enviable reputation for herself. This letter of counsel was in answer to the inquiries of an inexperienced country girl who had stated her qualifications and asked for an opinion as to her chances in a large city.

"I think," she was told, and the "think" was underlined, "judging from your letter that you have good health and common sense. You have a knowledge of ——. Remember (to be commonplace) that so much depends on yourself. I think you should have enough money to keep the household of one going for three months. Excuse the practical details. It might be a little lonesome at first, but there is always good music and there are so many other things which 'may be had for the asking.' *If* you have *pluck*, skill, and good health you may toss mountains around in a game of ten pins,—which is Irish but true."

I am sure that sane, wholesome, encouraging advice will touch a spot in many hearts. It appeals particularly because of its directness and simplicity.

I am going to stop now with a recipe for success as a parting word. I don't know the author but the sentiment is truly commendable.

"Keep your head cool—your feet warm—your mind busy. Don't worry over trifles. Plan your work ahead and then stick to it—rain or shine. Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem, someone will find you. Don't whine. Tell people you are a failure and they will believe you. Talk and act like a winner and in time you will become one."

Farm Girl

The Girl on the Farm

ONE of the most startling features of the census, says the Toronto *Globe*, is the recorded drift of women from the farms to the cities. While their adventurous brothers go West the sisters are crowding into the cities and towns to take places in whitewear factories, in departmental stores, and as stenographers and clerks. The migration of young men from the farms of Ontario has been going on for many years. In some measure the drain has been made good by the influx of male immigrants from Great Britain and other European countries.

The migration of the young women is a more serious thing for the future of the province, because the place of the migrants is not being taken by anyone. In Bruce there are 1,875 more males than females, in Grey 1,719, and in a small county like Welland, 2,381. There is scarcely a county in Ontario devoted chiefly to agriculture in which there are not many more men than women, while in the single constituency of North Toronto there are 7,500 more women than men.

Why is rural Ontario unable to keep the girl on the farm? In what respect do the cities and towns present superior attractions? The steady drain upon the country to supply school teachers for the West accounts for only a few hundred girls yearly. Ontario sends them forth joyfully, knowing that their career as teachers will be short, and that in their prairie homes they will become the mothers of the best types of Canadians.

But what happens to the girl who leaves the farm for a place in a whitewear factory or behind the counter? What of her future? Why should she prefer the discomfort of a hall bedroom and the physical weariness of factory life to the freedom and the healthy conditions of a country home? It would be worth the while of the Young Women's Guild and the Y.W.C.A. to get a few hundred answers to these questions from farmers' daughters in the stores and factories of Toronto. It would probably be found that the desire for pocket-money and the instinct of gregariousness are the two chief causes for the drift of the girls from the farm. Too many comfortable Ontario farmers think their daughters have no need of money, and that for their services an occasional dollar grudgingly doled out is ample recompense.

The desire for social intercourse is another potent reason for the country girl's migration. It seems to be generally agreed that there is not so much social life in the country as there was a generation ago.

Political and fiscal changes will not keep the girls on the farm. The telephone, with its facilities for arranging social gatherings; good wide roads that would permit women and girls to drive about more without danger of being crowded into the ditch by every passing motor car; the making of regular, systematic money allowances to the girls to be spent on their own initiative, and the introduction of sanitary conveniences into farm buildings would do much to prevent rural Ontario from becoming a country of elderly and middle-aged people, while the cities are swarming with pallid and restless girls who should be the life and the joy of the farms of this fertile province.

A LEAP FROM THE TRAIN

The Story of a Romantic Rescue with a Happy Conclusion

By E. EVERETT-GREEN

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I

"GREAT blazes!" shouted the traveler, springing from his seat and leaning out of the window in an access of furious excitement and indignation. "Stop the train, you dundering fools! Can't you see it's deadly earnest—maybe life or death for the girl? Does nobody else see? Good Lord, he'll have her. Why in thunder haven't I my rifle with me? Good Lord—and to think this sort of thing can go on in old England."

The train—a fast express— was rushing through a bleak expanse of desolate moorland. No house was to be seen; scarce a tree broke the monotony of the wide dismal expanse. Two white roads, one east and west, the other north and south, meandered like pale ribbons in undulating curves over the uneven surface of the vast heath. Where they met and crossed a gaunt dead tree raised its blasted head, and stretched forth two great limbs with a weird resemblance to some twisted, writhing human form.

Hangman's Oak this tree was called; and time was when from its strong limbs human forms had dangled. Hangman's Heath the moorland was called, and it was, at every season of the year, a singularly desolate region; but perhaps never more so than beneath the lowering sky of a dull November afternoon, when the short daylight was waning, and the shades of night imperceptibly stealing on.

The traveler was alone in his compartment. He had been reading for some time—reading with eagerness the latest news in English papers, as a man does who is just off a longish voyage, where wireless telegraphy has not kept the ship's company in touch with recent happenings.

Suddenly, chancing to look up, he had leaped to his feet and to the window in a state of wild excitement. A man was pursuing a girl—the girl was flying as for dear life. His immensely strong and powerful eyes caught something of the wild terror in her face, the savage ferocity on that of the man. A casual onlooker might think that he was witnessing a playful contest of swiftness between rustic lovers: one of those playful episodes which enliven rural courtship. But this man's eyes told him more. This was no play—it was deadly earnest—and some woman was in peril—an English maiden—with no succour at hand. What could he do? He rushed to the communication cord; but, with his hand upon it, he paused. This was a swift express—a train of importance. What could he say to the guard? Who would stop a train for what he had to tell? But would he stop the train before he came to ask the cause? Was it worth the experiment? Ivor's strong hand was still upon the cord, when something else caught his attention.

The pace of the train had changed. It was slowing down; had someone else seen, and acted with greater promptitude than himself? Headlong though the speed still was—carrying them right past the scene which had challenged his attention—it was certainly slacking its pace. Ivor thrust his head out of the window once again. Surely the stars in their courses were fighting—for someone. There were signals at a place where a branch line joined the main—and the signals were against the express. The panting engine was slowly drawing up.

Ivor knew that at any moment the signal might drop and the pace instantly accelerate; but he vowed that when this thing happened he would not be on the train. He was out upon the footboard, waiting, waiting till he dared to make the leap. Luckily for him the raw air kept guard and passengers from any great interest in the doings of the train. Slower—slower—now he could adventure it. One lithe spring in the direction in which the train was traveling; firm ground beneath his feet which reeled for a moment and then recovered balance. Next instant Ivor Dane, his luggage and impedimenta left behind in the London express, was scooting back along the line of the rail as fast as swift feet and powerful lungs could carry him, in the direction of that chase which he had witnessed, and the issue of which had been all too clear to him—if help could not arrive in time.

II

MISS MURIEL, dear, it's no use waiting longer. The doctor isn't going to come to-day. We'll have to go for the medicine ourselves—you or I; and it'll have to be you to-day, dearie. My poor knee is that bad, I'd never get there and back before midnight."

The girl's face turned suddenly white. She was warming up beef-tea over the fire in a cosy farm-house kitchen. She looked at the old servant with a mute appeal in her eyes. This appeal was instantly understood; but the woman sought to put a brave face on the matter and spoke cheerily.

"Now don't you go and get too much afeerd, my dearie. I know what you're thinking of—the Black Squire of Wildacre. But he can't always be watching for you, and there's nobody could be telling him that you were crossing the heath this afternoon. He's got his land to see to and his game to shoot. It's not like Sunday afternoon, when folks can guess as you might be on your way to church. Besides, even if he did walk a piece with you, and try and say a few pretty things——"

"It's not pretty things he has to say to me now, Martha," spoke the girl with a visible shudder. "Since I refused him the third time, he has been terribly angry. He says dreadful things. He frightens me horribly. He says he will have me, living or dead, and that he'd rather kill me with his own hands than see me the wife of anybody else. I've toldhim there is no one else; but it scarcely makes any difference. He says there will be one before long, and he'd like better to see me lying dead at his feet than that any other man should ever—"

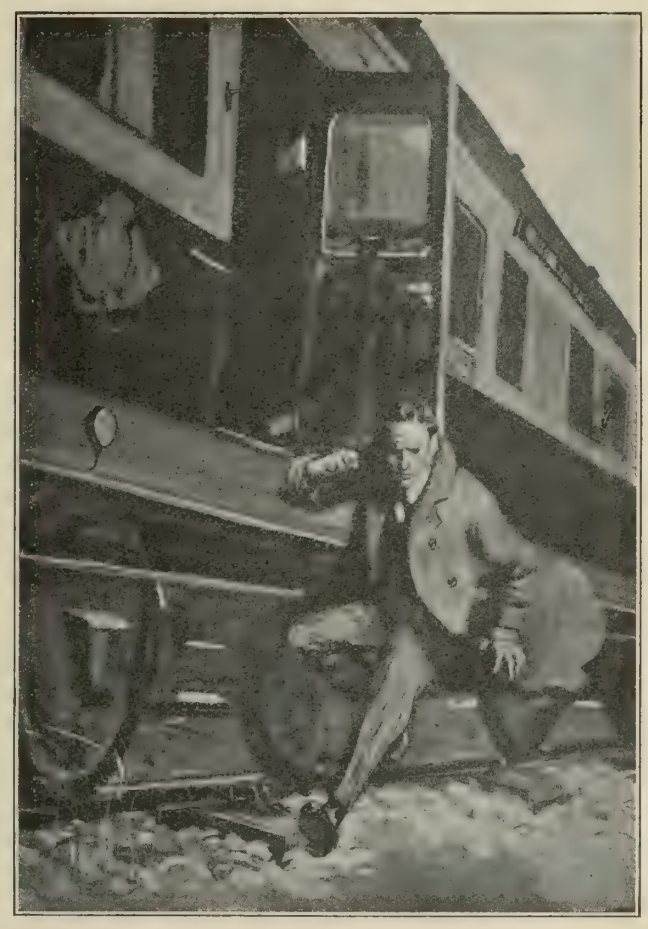
"Hoots, lassie; that's just his silly clavers. Men like him don't mean half they say. They get a wild, wicked fashion of talking, and nobody pays much heed to it. It's just his ill way of wanting to scare you into doing his will——"

"Which I never, never, never will, Martha. I'd sooner die—if that was the only choice."

"Which it isn't, my bairn. Now don't go for to worrit yourself into a fever. Your poor mother is suffering, and we have got to get that medicine for her. I'd go and welcome, but for this knee of mine."

Muriel, with a set, stern young face, was already donning her cloak and hat. She was very pale; but her mind was evidently made up. Martha watched her, and saw the pressure she was putting upon herself. She laid a hand on the girl's arm.

"It's a good lassie and a good daughter you are,



"One little spring in the direction the train was travelling——"

my bairn, and I'll be praying for ye that no hurt comes your way. Yon Black Squire likely will be miles away and ye'll never clap eyes on him. And his words be a deal worse than anything as he would dare to do to you—so don't ye show any fear of him; and maybe if you get to the doctor's all safe and sound, he'll bring you home himself."

"Perhaps he will," spoke Muriel, with as confident an air as she could assume. "I don't mind anything but crossing Hangman's Heath. It's so terribly lonely and eerie. Only Wildacre's chimneys to be seen from anywhere, and I hate the sight of them. I wish they were farther away."

The girl set forth upon her lonely walk, without even a dog as a companion. She often longed for a faithful four-footed friend to guard her steps and act as her companion; but her mother's diminished income was so pitifully small, since the failure of a bank had spread distress far and wide through the locality where once they had lived in modest comfort and simple luxury. Even the keep and the licence of a dog would have to be carefully considered. They had taken this quaint, but almost ruinous old farm house, because it was near their faithful Martha's old home. It was to be had for a mere song, if the tenant did not bother the landlord to spend money on it. Martha had stalwart nephews in the carpentering and building trade, who came over to "take tea" with her, bringing their tools with them, and spent their time in patching and tinkering, so that the poor lady and her winsome daughter should have a dry roof over their heads. Muriel's sweet thanks was all the pay she could give, and all they wanted. Their humble friends and neighbors showed them much true kindness in a surreptitious fashion, which showed much of native delicacy and dignity. The girl would have been very happy in her strange home, save for two causes—the ill-health and frequent severe suffering of her fragile mother, and the most unwelcome and unwarrantable attentions of a man of eccentric behaviour, who lived upon the edge of the heath, and had won for himself the sobriquet of the Black Squire of Wildacre.

He had seen Muriel in the hamlet once as he rode through; after that he called upon Mrs. Grey, making himself singularly agreeable (at the first), and sending presents of fish or game or fruit according to the season.

Then, almost without warning, he began making furious love to Muriel. Had he gone about more warily, had he not frightened her with his violence and almost scorched her by the intemperate heat of his passion, she might possibly have been won; for he was a personable man, though much her senior, and she was lonely in her life, and grateful for his kindness.

But he terrified her by the stormy nature of his wooing, and when thwarted he showed a brutal and terrible side to his nature, of which otherwise she might for long have remained in ignorance. Now she feared him terribly, for he had not only ceased his friendly visits, he had threatened her with his undying enmity. Men whispered of the man that he was not entirely sane; that there was insanity in the family, which broke out unexpectedly, no one exactly knew why or how. It might take many forms. There had been homicidal Wilderses in old days, and others who had taken their own lives. Muriel could not help listening to the legends of the wild squires of the heath; but it was these stories which caused her own fears to assume proportions which had not so far been justified by events. Old Martha would remind her that hard words broke no bones, and try to laugh away her fears; yet all the same it was with a very timid and shrinking heart that Muriel set forth this drear November afternoon upon her walk over Hangman's Heath.

III

MURIEL accomplished her journey to the doctor's house without adventure or misadventure. She had seen nothing of her enemy as she crossed the lonely heath; with the exhilaration of her breezy walk, and the cheery, kindly greetings of the doctor, she felt her fears melt away and her spirit return.

He could only take her back a little part of the journey, for he had had an urgent summons in another direction. He put her down just on the confines of the lonely heath, and himself took the road which ran beside the railway line for some way, and then branched off into the hilly country beyond.

But Muriel had been cheered and heartened by his kindly talk; she had the medicine with her which would ease her mother's pain. The heath looked grim and lonesome indeed; but home was just on its other border. She set forth with a lightened heart, for she felt it absurd to think that the Black Squire kept watch for her infrequent passage of the lonely waste; and she was humming a little tune to herself as she went her way, when suddenly she was stopped short—her pulses leaping, her whole frame shuddering with an access of terrible fear.

A tall figure leaped up from a hollow in the ground which had concealed from her view the fact that any human being was near. The man she feared and hated stood towering over her; he held out his great strong hands to her.

"At last, my darling—at last!"

There was a strange wild light in his eyes—was it the light of madness? The stories she had heard of him and of his forbears rushed through Muriel's agitated mind. A terror, cold and grim, seized upon her; she flung out her hands as though to hold him back; and words sprang to her lips which it had been more prudent to leave unspoken, but she was in no case to weigh the probable effect of them—they were uttered almost before she was aware of them.

"Go away—go away! I am not your darling—I never was. You have no right to speak to me like that. I have told you that I never wish to see you again. Ah——"

The interjection was almost a scream, for the mad fury that sprang into his eyes terrified her, and she turned in her tracks and fled wildly from him in the direction in which she had come—careless where her steps led her, if only she might escape from the horror of being clasped in the arms of that madman and forced to submit to his wild endearments. That he was mad she did not doubt. Oh, whither could she flee from him? For he was possessed by a fury of anger, as well as that of wild love, which frightened her yet more. Had he not said he would kill her, rather than let her belong to another? And that

spark of red in his eyes that she had seen looked like the light of murder.

Terror lent wings to her feet. For a moment her swiftness was so great that she distanced him by a considerable gap. He had been lying on the cold ground, and his limbs were a little stiff and chilled. But he sent out his voice in a roar, like that of a beast deprived of his prey, and Muriel's feet faltered for a moment; then she sprinted on with every power she possessed.

But he was coming after her—he was gaining upon her—she knew it, though she dared not look round. On and on and on she fled, her breath coming in long drawn sobs, an icy hand clutching at her heart, the thunder of her blood drumming in her ears. What was that other thundering noise? Surely one of the great express trains flying across the dreary waste! Oh, if she could but gain the metals—fling herself across them—let herself be cut to pieces by grinding wheels rather than fall into the hands of that madman behind!

Her foot caught in some obstruction in the path; she fell prone along the heather. She heard a shout as of triumph; then her senses failed her. Blackness swallowed her up. She knew no more.

When next the girl began to be conscious of her surroundings she was aware of a succession of strange sounds in her immediate vicinity. She was still lying face downward in the heather; she was bathed in the sweat of terror and exertion; but no hands were laid upon her, no voice was uttering words either of endearment or of threatening anger. Yet there were deep breathings, stamping of feet, strange hissing noises that she could not understand or interpret. Then with a great effort she lifted herself into a sitting posture and what did she see?

Two men wrestling together like the gladiators of ancient days—wrestling silently, with a deadly intensity of purpose which sent shivers through the girl's frame. One dark, wrathful face with starting eyes and protruding purple veins she knew all too well—the face of her pursuer. The other man was a total stranger—fair, stalwart, deep of chest, lithe of limb. Ah, heaven be thanked! He had flung his adversary at last. Wilders fell heavily, his head against the ground. He fell and lay still, like a creature without life.

With a little cry of mingled terror and relief, Muriel sprang to her feet. She found herself face to face with the fair-haired stranger.

"Did he hurt you?" asked her rescuer, still drawing his breath hard.

"No, he did not hurt me; but oh, I was so frightened. They think he is mad around here. Oh, how did you come? How did you know? He is not dead, is he?"

She looked fearfully at her prostrate foe. The tall man beside her laughed.

"Oh, no, he is not dead; he has only had the breath knocked out of him. He will be all right in a few minutes. Will you let me see you safe home? I saw how he was frightening you as the train passed along. It was stopped by the signals over yonder, and I got out. I was just in time to see you fall—and to give a lesson to yonder gentleman. See, he is beginning to move. Suppose we get on. I am quite ready to fight him again if needful; but perhaps you would like better to save the situation by flight."

IV

"HOW can I thank you, sir?" asked Muriel's mother, with tears in her eyes, as the tall stranger, who had brought home her darling child, came at her request and stood beside her couch. From Martha she had heard the story of the girl's adventure and peril; for the arrival of the stranger had caused some excitement, and the old servant felt that her mistress ought to hear all the tale. She had insisted upon seeing Ivor Dane himself, and there were tears in her eyes as she held out her transparent hands towards him.

"Indeed, I am only too glad to have been of service. It was a horrible thing to watch—helpless. The stopping of the train was a bit of sheer Providence—I'm not ashamed to say so. It gave me my chance; that was all. But it's Providence you have to thank for the chance it gave to me."

"Indeed, I thank God from the ground of my heart; but I want to thank you also. Is there any little thing that we could do?"

Ivor recognized at once the genuineness of the wish, and answered smiling:

"Could you put me up for the night in this old farm of yours? Any kind of a shakedown does for a traveler who has roughed it as I have."

So the stranger stayed, not one night, but many. Fot the next day the weather broke; pouring rain was succeeded by heavy snows, and strong, willing arms were wanted at the lonely homestead if the little party there was not to be reduced to direst straits.

But to a man who has wintered in the Arctic—who has known life at Klondike—the snows of Cumberland were but as child's pastime. And what a pastime it was! As if by magic a sledge and horses arrived at the door. Muriel was wrapped to the chin in furs, and was driven into the nearest town by the stranger guest, where stores were taken on board—undreamed-of luxuries for the invalid—and blankets and down coverlets galore. Coal by the truck load, at fabulous price (Muriel was sure), was commandeered, and arrangements made for delivery. His own baggage, wired for the first day, was likewise transported to the farm. Ivor had made his own appeal to the tenant of the ramshackle place.

"I've not a soul belonging to me over here. This place is big for you. I wish you'd sublet a corner of it to me—for my headquarters. I won't be in your way, and it would have a sort of feeling of home about it!"

How Muriel's eyes had glowed and sparkled when she heard. All the fear had passed from her face now. She sang as she went about her household duties. Whenever she knew that Ivor was out, she would run to his rooms to dust and sweep and keep every thing in the most iexquisite order. As for his meals——

"If you would just let us have a common table it would save such a lot of trouble—and expense," he had pleaded. And now good joints, nourishing food of every kind graced their board; the invalid gained strength, Muriel unfolded new graces and charms every day—like a flower in the sunshine. Though the days were dark and grim, there was light and warmth at the homestead. Two men attended daily to care for the horses which now lived in the long-disused stable, and care for the cow whose milk delighted Martha's heart and did so much for the invalid shut up in her now well-warmed room.

Mistress and servant knew well what it all boded.

"Thank heaven he's such a good lad—and kind of heart. For I saw it in his eyes the first time I clapped mine upon 'em, how it was going to be. It was love at first sight with him—whether he knew it or not; and, bless her heart, she can think of nothing but him from morn till night. Well, well, it's Providence we see through it all; and though he was a stranger to us a few weeks ago, I'll not be afraid to give our darling to him when the time of the singing of birds is come."

It was a wild, snowy Christmas Eve, when a strange bit of news came to the homestead, where Ivor Dane was decorating the rooms with holly, and Muriel watching and helping, as she toasted cakes for tea, and set forth jam and all sorts of luxuries once undreamed of in honor of the festive occasion. How sweet she looked, the man thought, with the red fire-light shining in her eyes and lighting the cream and roses of her happy face. His own heart throbbed strangely as he watched her. How soon would he dare to put his fate to the touch? For well he knew that the whole wide world held but one woman for him.

There was a little stir at the door, and one of the men came in with an armful of logs for the fire. As he piled them up in the corner of the ingle-nook, he spoke his bit of news.

"They've found the body of the Squire of Wildacre; he was lost in a snowdrift; maybe he'd abin there for days. Doctor said he'd bin dead a goodish while. Well, well—them Wilderses seldom dies in their beds—and seldom want to, they say."

The man went out, and Ivor came and stood close beside Muriel. News had been brought before that the squire had taken himself off without a word, just a week ago; but as this was rather a way of his, no particular surprise had been aroused. And now his body had been found in the snow; he was dead and gone. Muriel lifted her face and looked mutely at Ivor.

"Poor man," she said softly, "I suppose he was not quite like other people. I was terribly afraid of him once, but—but—I have not had time to think of him lately."

"And I can only think of him with gratitude," spoke Ivor, his arm stealing inch by inch round Muriel's slender waist; "for had it not been for the madman's chase across Hangman's Heath—oh, my darling, my sweet one, my own and only love—I might be living in loneliness and solitude still. Muriel, Muriel, I cannot keep it to myself another moment. I love you—love you—love you!"

V

"THE Mad Squire" had made a will which there was none to dispute. He had left Wildacre Hall to Muriel. He had nothing else to leave, having squandered his money to the last farthing. The place was mortgaged too, but Ivor's gold, won at Klondike, redeemed it, beautified it, made it a fitting home for their happy married life.

Muriel's mother lived to see her darling a happy wife and mother. Old Martha still holds sway in Muriel's nursery, and the children love to cluster round her high backed chair and hear the legends of the countryside from her lips.

But the story they love best to hear is how daddy came to the rescue of their darling mother, by leaping from an express train going at full speed—for a legend that does not improve upon fact is but a poor thing—just as she was being chased by a raving lunatic black man across the lonely waste of Hangman's Heath.

IS THE OPAL UNLUCKY?

THE belief that the opal is unlucky apparently is not as ancient as has been supposed. The Greeks, says the *Pall Mall Gazette,* believed it possessed the power of bestowing second sight to those under its influence, provided they did not use the power for selfish ends. By its misuse they became unlucky in love, disappointment and misfortune dogging their footsteps.

The theory was started that for occult reasons the opal was unlucky or that it brought ill luck to its possessor, and succeeding generations have inherited the distrust that was thus aroused.

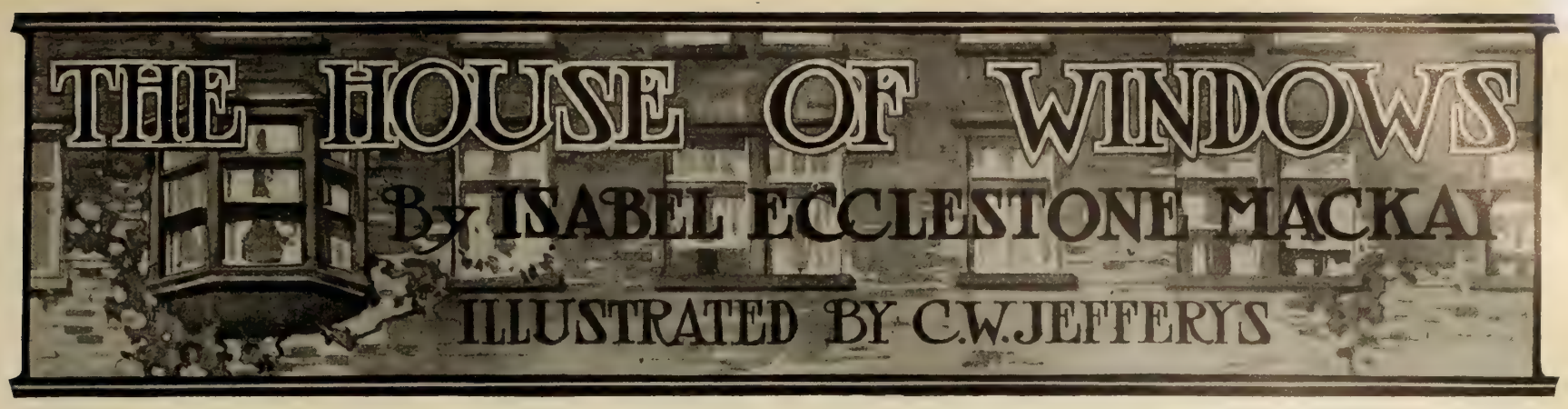
The idea that opals were unlucky is thought by many to be on account of the unfortunate part Sir Walter Scott assigned to it in his "Anne of Geierstein." But the gem must have appealed to so great a lover of beauty in animate and inanimate Nature as Sir Walter, and it must have been far indeed from his thoughts to engender superstition by giving a bad name to a marvellous example of creative energy.

The opal is also associated with misfortune by Russians of both sexes, who should they chance to see an opal among the goods displayed for purchase will buy nothing more that day, and it is a curious fact that the Japanese, being under the sign that this stone belongs to, should be the nation to bring such ill luck to the Russians during the disastrous war between these two countries.

The Romans of old loved the opal so well that they bestowed upon it the name of "lovely youth." It never occurred to them that it was a gem which carried ill luck to its possessor. Lucky indeed did that Roman esteem himself who was the owner of an opal that filled his neighbor with envy.

In the Middle Ages there were not wanting men who shared the Romans' weakness, for opals did not lose popularity as time went on. Each century brought its own joys and sorrows, luck and ill luck to the human race, and each age brought its fashions in jewelry as in clothing, but the opal remained high in favor and entered largely into the adornment of both sexes. Its frangibility was well known, but this was regarded not as a failing so much as a special claim on the care of all who handled it.

Along among jewels the opal defies the ingenuity of the imitator. It owes its charms not so much to its own intrinsic merits as to the splendor of the rays of light that it reflects. It is the chameleon of stones. Pliny, writing 1819 years ago, remarked that it "displays at once the piercing fire of carbuncles, the purple brilliancy of amethysts, and the sea green of emeralds, the whole blended together and refulgent with a brightness that is quite incredible."



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attention of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress. He shows them great kindness. On his return home he finds a letter informing him that his daughter is alive and in peril. He sets out to find her, and, in the meantime, his nephew, Mark Wareham, returns and is injured in an accident. To complete the catastrophe, Christine disappears suddenly. It is discovered that Christine is Adam Torrance's long-lost daughter, and that she has been kidnapped again by the old beggar woman. Mark tells of his attachment for Christine and joins in the search.

WITH a chastened air Mark permitted himself to be propped up upon the pillows. "So long as I am doing something," he declared, "I don't care where I do it."

"And, Mark, Aunt Miriam is here. She has been staying here since you were hurt. She wants to see you! but I warn you she will talk of Christine—"

Mark groaned. "Oh, let her come up. Nothing could make the suspense worse than it is, and Aunt Miriam is such a good sort."

Adam Torrance smiled a little as he left the room and despatched Aunt Miriam in his stead. He knew that, if Mark could only stand it, her constant talk of Christine, of her beauty, her sweetness and their own unnatural stupidity in not recognizing her by instinct, would effectually prevent the young man's mind from dwelling too closely upon the more immediate problems. For by some curious psychological process, Aunt Miriam had almost convinced herself that she and she alone had had some inkling of the truth from the very moment she had seen Christine. The news, she declared, had not come to her as a surprise at all! She had 'felt in her bones' that Christine was not what she seemed to be and she was never tired of bitterly blaming herself for what she described as the criminal want of self-confidence which had prevented her from stating her convictions earlier. Nevertheless, the good old lady had virtually adopted Ada, and, by proxy, Celia (whom she had not yet seem) and her unfailing optimism had done much to keep up the general courage in those anxious days.

For in spite of all the new information which had made the detective so hopeful, there had been absolutely nothing to relieve the ever growing dread of those who loved Christine. The young girl seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth. In spite of Mr. Johnson's best efforts, no new facts whatever had been brought to light. Time, money, effort, had been spent like water, and the only result, so far, was a few dozen old women frightened into fits by the well-meant efforts of eager detectives.

One can imagine, then, the relief with which the unduly self-confident Mr. Johnson received the news that at last a certain clue had been found: although his satisfaction was necessarily tempered with annoyance that he had not thought of such a possibility before. At any rate he lost no time in hurrying down to the Torrance house where he found Mark surrounded by sketching materials and just putting the finishing touches upon a vivid sketch of as forbidding a face as any he had seen in a long day. Mark, who, in his amateur way, had the making of a clever artist, had certainly surpassed himself. The ugly, repulsive face stared at one with eyes that actually seemed alive with hate. The thick lips were curling into a snarl.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the big detective. "It's only a question of time now, and a short time at that! A woman with a mug like this ought to leave a considerable mark somewhere. She's not known to the police, that's certain, or I would recognize her at once. But then we were practically sure of that, for there's not a spotted character in the city who has not been through our hands during the search. Well, I'll get photographs of this in the hands of our men at once. To-morrow ought to see us sure of our quarry."

"And to-morrow I get up!" said Mark. "Henceforth where you go, I go. You'll need me, you know, for identification and perhaps for a few other purposes also."

"There is no use trying to dissuade him," declared Aunt Miriam, "Doctors or no doctors. Doctors are fools anyhow—look at me! If I had believed everything that the doctors had to say I would be dead instead of only half dead, as I am now. Besides, I have an intuition that Mark is destined to find our dear girl. If I had followed my first intuition she would never have been lost. The moment I saw her I felt a strange instinct—yes, I did, Adam. I think I may be allowed to know my own feelings!"

"Quite so," agreed the detective, blandly. "And now I will lose no time in getting this excellent picture into the proper hands. You may be sure that the moment I have placed the original I will let you know. Like Miss Torrance, I have an intuition that we shall not have long to wait."

As he left the room he passed the solemn Benson, who entered to announce that Miss Ada Brown was waiting in the library.

"Thank God, there is news for her at last!" said Mr. Torrance. "Tell her I'll be down at once." He left the room in a hurry.

"Did you see that, Mark?" asked Aunt Miriam, shrewdly. "I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet, but I have an intuition—" she nodded mysteriously after the retreating figure and made strange but illuminative gestures with her tiny hands.

"Why, Auntie! How absurd. It is only his natural anxiety—"

"Natural anxiety, indeed! Did you see him fix his tie in the mirror as he went out? (Just as though she could see whether it was straight or crooked, poor thing!) Did you notice that he did not ask me to go down to her—as he might very properly have done? Besides, I have seen what I have seen and I feel instinctively that I am not mistaken. Intuition is a very strange thing—I shall always feel that if I had followed my intuition in regard to Christine—"

"I think it is time for my medicine, Auntie—will you see?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"LIFE is queer!" said Mark, and having made that brilliantly original remark he proceeded to amplify it. "It seems to me," he said, "that life is like a portmanteau packed in the deuce of a hurry. All the necessary things are there but they are so misplaced, so jumbled together that one never places one's hand upon the right thing at the right time. If one wants, for instance, the time-table, one invariably grasps the soap; if a tooth-brush is frantically needed, one's pyjamas persist upon being the only thing in evidence, and so forth. Still, if one waits and is properly patient it is possible that things may sort themselves in time."

"Perhaps," said Tommy absently. He was pacing the room impatiently, stopping at every turn to gaze out of the window for the usually prompt Mr. Johnson was already ten minutes late.

"Take me, for example," went on Mark, who, as he had been forbidden to walk more than was necessary, was trying to drown his own fiery impatience in philosophy. "My life portmanteau is fairly well supplied, but everything was put in upside down. I have (I hope you will pardon these personal allusions) a certain artistic talent but it had never been of the slightest use to me until yesterday. I have a certain amount of brain power but I have never been allowed to use it properly. Uncle's money is a good thing: I adore money and what it will buy, but, in my portmanteau, it has been, like the suit of pyjamas, a coverer up of other things just as useful. And then—there is Chr—Miss Brown. If I had met her a few years ago what a difference—?"

"He is coming now!" said Tommy. "Let me help you on with your coat. You feel quite sure that you are able to go with us?"

"Quite. I'm perfectly well."

"That's good news," said the big detective, who entered in time to catch the last words. "We can't do without you this morning. The picture has been thoroughly identified and that without approaching the original—whom of course, we must not frighten too soon. She is known as Granny Bates and lives in a hovel on Hill Street. The place has been under constant surveillance since we spotted it early this morning, but the sooner we make our raid the better. The men report no sign of life but, of course, that is to be expected. It's early yet and she is probably lying low. Mr. Torrance is waiting in the auto so we will start if you are ready."

"We are ready. But you are not going to take an auto, surely?"

"Only part of the way. Although we might, I suppose, drive right up to the door. No one in that house can get away. Still it might be a risk."

"Johnson," said Mark. "If you take any risks—why man, if they are frightened, who can tell what they might not do?—even now if they guess that your men have surrounded them and she is there—in their power—'?

"They can't guess. The men are not sitting on the door-step, and—we're wasting time."

"She must have been lying upon this very bed."

It was a quartet of stern and white-faced men who left the auto at the corner of Hill Street. Now that the end of their long search seemed in sight they were sick with apprehension. Even the phlegmatic detective was less cheery than usual. "Somehow," he whispered aside to Tommy, "I kind of believe in intuition myself. and if there's anything in this kind of 'gone' feeling that I have we're in for another disappointment, and a big one."

They walked down the squalid street singly, although indeed it seemed as if a regiment might have tramped by at that hour without arousing much interest behind its dirty window panes. At a time when other streets were awakening to the life of a busy day, Hill Street still sleeps. The clock goes backward in Hill Street, and night usurps the place of day. Only one rickety door sprang open as they passed and one towzeled head regarded them with eyes of lively suspicion.

Upon Granny Bates' hovel there rested an ominous quiet. There are differences in quiet, not only in degree but in kind. There is the quiet of living things, the stillness which speaks of bated breath and hushed, strained waiting, and there is also the quiet of emptiness, the stillness which means that life has gone away. This and the instinctive realizing of it was all expressed in Mark's whispered phrase, "It feels as if there was no one here!" A remark at which the big detective shook his head and striding up to the closed door he lifted the latch, prepared to use his great strength to force immediate entrance. But greatly to his surprise, the door opened without much effort. Its only security had been a rusted key in a crazy lock. They found themselves in a tiny passage, dark and evil-smelling. To their right an open door led into a small room whose one dirty window faced the street. Its spare contents were plainly revealed in the morning light—a table, three rickety chairs, a broken stove. The air was comparatively fresh owing to a broken window pane, inadequately plugged with paper, but the ashes in the broken stove were long cold. The room was empty! With a sup-

pressed groan, Mark dashed past the rickety table to a closed door upon the other side. This led into a room, still smaller, dirtier, more evil smelling and quite as empty. Its one window looked out upon a small and filthy back yard where a gaunt cat sunned itself. In a corner stood something which was probably intended for a bed, its soiled bed clothes dragging upon the unswept floor—

"Gone!" ejaculated the detective. "By Jove! It's a cold trail—we've come too late!"

There was only one other room in the hovel—a tiny, lean-to kitchen, chocked with refuse and plainly never used. It's broken door was half open and led into the back yard, untenanted save for the hungry cat.

With a sudden feeling of nausea, Mark sank into one of the rickety chairs. The other men looked at each other in silent dismay.

"She's made a clean get away!" declared Johnson. "But we're this much farther ahead. There's no doubt, now, but that we are on the right track. The old woman who fled from this place is the old woman we want—that's something! Now let us see what else we may find to help us. With practised ease he moved around the room sniffing, peering, examining with trained senses. The others watched him in silence.

"Well," he said presently, "there is not much to go on. This fire has been out for a long time, weeks probably. They must have got out of this the moment they had the girl. It was all well planned; everything done quickly, but not in a hurry—the room's disorder was natural, I imagine—everything shows signs of having been deliberately abandoned."

"How about the disordered bed in the other room?"

"Oh, old Granny wouldn't trouble to make a bed—although it does look as if this one were even more than ordinarily upset. Notice the wild disorder of the clothes. They have been taken up bodily and flung upon the floor!"

"It looks," said Mark, who had succeeded in recovering himself. "It looks as if someone had been searching for something."

"That is so. It does. Look, the pillow-case even has been stripped off. By Jove, that accounts for the way in which the ashes in the stove are raked out! Someone has been searching and, not finding, has been looking for traces of something which might have been burned."

"Suppose then," said Mark, "that we look also. See, there is candle grease on the bed, the other searcher had to look by night. What she could not find, we may."

"Excellent," agreed the detective, a little drily. "If you go on you will soon be deducing things like Sherlock Holmes. Strange how deductions are almost always wrong—except in books. I remember once—"

But what Mr. Johnson remembered was never known for at that moment Tommy, who was struggling with a very dirty blanket began to sniff violently and to dance around in a most peculiar manner.

"Smell this!' he almost shrieked, pushing the unsavoury covering under Mark's nose. "Smell it, smell it!"

Marked sniffed eagerly. "Why, it's—it's—What is it anyway—it's like the dressing that they put on my head!"

"It's carbolic acid, man! Carbolic—acid—don't you see? Christine had carbolic acid—and glycerine and rose water! And this blanket has been dosed with the acid—not the pure, the kind they sell diluted—but the smell is the same!"

"It is certainly carbolic," said the detective, gravely. He turned away that the others might not see the sudden fearful suspicion in his eyes.

But Tommy saw nothing ominous in the discovery. "She has been here," he declared, "and she has been clever enough to leave at least a trace of her presence. She had the stuff in her pocket; what more easy than to soak the nearest thing at hand. She must have been lying upon this very bed—"

"Stop it!" Mark who was tugging frantically at the rotten mattress felt deathly faint at the vision which Tommy's excited words had conjured up. "Here, help me with this. If she left that, she may have left something else." They dragged the mattress into the other room and carefully examined it. It was dirty and torn, but it concealed nothing. The bed itself was then examined with a similar result—the floor was gone over almost inch by inch; the blanket, the quilt, the pillow, all yielded nothing. Yet Mark would not give up. "I am sure there is something," he declared over and over. "If she was here she left something and they missed it and came back for it."

"Perhaps they got it?" suggested Mr. Torrance.

"No—else why did they rake out the ashes in order to satisfy themselves whether or not it had been burned?"

"Your reasoning is sound," said the detective. "But like lots of sound reasoning it doesn't help any, for if the other searches did not find it, it is evident that we are not going to fare any better. We have tried everything—"

"No, there must be some things which we have not tried. For instance, one might try putting oneself in her place." Suiting the action to the word, he flung himself at full length upon the uninviting bed. "Now," he went on, "two of you go and seat yourselves in those two chairs by the table, so that I may see in what possible places I might hide something without making any movement which you might detect."

Tommy and Mr. Torrance at once did as he requested and the detective, tired of what he considered mere tomfoolery, made a dignified retreat into the back yard.

Left alone, Mark began eagerly to examine his immediate surroundings. "I shall imagine," he said to himself, that her hands were free, otherwise she wouldn't have been able to extract the cork from the carbolic acid (They usually put a pretty tight cork in a bottle like that). Also it is unlikely that she could move very much without being seen." He lay very still examining every inch of wall and bed and floor which might possibly have come within reach of the girl's hands. The result seemed to be absolutely nil. Barring the mattress, which had been thoroughly searched, there seemed no possible hiding place anywhere. There was nothing on the wall and although the plaster was chipped and in places broken, there was nowhere a crevice deep enough to serve. The floor also was without cover of any kind, and the cracks were solidly filled with packed dirt.

"And yet," thought Mark obstinately, "she must have left something—else why—"suddenly his heart gave a leap and then seemed to stop beating! His hand, which had been blindly groping along the low wainscotting behind the bed, had touched something—something soft! Cautiously he peered over the edge—he could see nothing but the line of dirty grey board skirting the plastered wall. And yet he had certainly touched something soft! He felt along carefully with his fingers—yes, there, pressed tight into a crevice where the warped board had parted a little from the wall, was something—something so small, so tightly pressed in, so like the color of the grey board, that it's presence had escaped the sharp eyes of all the searchers! With the feeling of almost superstitious awe Mark drew the something out—it lay in his hand, a little grey silk glove! With something very like a sob he raised it to his lips.

Holding it reverently, he went into the other room and laid it quietly on the table.

Tommy caught at it with a choking cry. "Christine's—it is Christine's glove!"

It lay there on the table like a living thing—already falling again into the shape of the hand it had covered—a girl's small hand whose helpless fingers seemed to clutch their hearts.

Adam Torrance drew a deep breath. "God keep her!" he said. "If we fail to find her now, we are less than men!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LET us leave the puzzled searchers now with the clue of the glove in their hands and go back to Christine, who has certainly been left to her own devices long enough. We know that upon the evening of her disappearance she came out of the Stores sharply upon time. It was raining but not heavily, and as she wore a raincoat and a little toque, that the rain "wouldn't hurt," and as she loved the feel of the rain upon her face and her hair was the kind which rain loves to fashion into lovely curling tendrils, she decided to walk home. This decision was strengthened by her seeing, without seeming to see, the watchful figure of Van Slyke, upon the opposite side of the street. It would never do to allow this impudent young man to imagine that she, Christine, was conscious of his pursuit, and was compelled to escape from it by means of an unromantic street-car! All this was decided in the passing of a second and so, without perceptible hesitation, she set out, turning at Market Street, and having the satisfaction of seeing, again without seeming to see, that Van Slyke had moved moodily off in the opposite direction.

"So that's settled!" said the girl to herself, with a little gurgle of laughter. "Perhaps after a while Mr. Tommy will admit that I am quite capable of taking care of myself!"

She walked along briskly, thinking of nothing in particular until, as the red and yellow lights of the corner drug store gleamed through the wet, she remembered that Ada was expecting glycerine, rose-water and carbolic acid. All three girls were careful of their pretty hands, and they made up their own lotion. Christine went in and gave her order. The druggist was quite right when he said that she laughed at his observations upon the badness of the weather. She felt like laughing, and did not think the weather bad at all—did she not have in her pocket a letter from Him—shortest of all his letters (a note, really), but saying that He was coming home! The druggust could not be expected to know this, neither could the messenger boy, upon whom she smiled as she went out, and who was charmed into watching her down the rainy street.

At first sight of the old woman, Christine felt nothing save gladness that this time she had something in her purse besides car tickets. She could give the poor creature some money and satisfy her. But, to the girl's surprise, the beggar did not ask for money; instead she burst into a long story, not very lucid, of a little grandchild of hers who was very ill and who had been crying all day to see the lady with the pretty hair. By this it was evident that Granny Bates had watched Christine to some purpose, for no plea could more quickly and surely have won the instant sympathy of the young girl. She loved children, and they loved her. On Brook Street there was not one who was not her friend, and she knew quite well that there were many others from darker streets to whom she had often passed a pleasant word. That one of these poor mites should wish to see her was not surprising, and out of the young and innocent joy in her own heart was born a tender pity. She went with the old woman without a moment's indecision or suspicion, eager to give of her own fullness and intent only on the possible relief which she might bring to the suffering child.

It was darker now, and Christine followed the old woman blindly. Of the squalid streets she had not the slightest fear. They were quiet enough at this hour. Once, with a sudden alarm for Celia, she asked her guide if the child's illness were a fever; but with quick cunning, she was reassured. The child, it seemed, had merely fallen and broken a leg, but the pain was bad, and nothing would quiet her but a sight of the pretty lady from Brook Street. They slid into Hill Street unnoticed. A fog was creeping up; the policeman who ought to have been thereabouts was elsewhere (a common enough phenomenon), and the rain and supper time had swept the dismal street almost clear. Not once did Christine's sixth sense warn her of danger. The happy and healthy are seldom clairvoyant, and the aroused instinct of the girl's sub-conscious mind might beat in vain against the barrier of her pleasant thoughts. She entered the hovel eagerly—smiling—thinking only of the restless child.

A man, dark-browed and lowering, rose from beside the broken stove. Christine gave him a pleasant nod. "Where is she?" she asked in her clear voice. The old woman pointed to the inner room. Drawing off her gloves, Christine turned to the door—the next moment she was seized, her half cry was choked by a handkerchief held tightly against her lips. She was conscious of a strong, sickly scent.

When she struggled back to consciousness she realized nothing except that she felt very ill, that she could scarcely breathe, and that she was lying down somewhere in the dark. As memory came back and her brain cleared, she knew that she must be upon the bed in the inner room of the hovel she had entered. What had happened? Had she fainted? Was she lying there waiting for the doctor? Then, with a chill feeling, which as yet was hardly fear, she remembered how she had been seized from behind—she had not fainted. Something else had happened, but what it was she could not realize. Perhaps that man, whom she remembered as sitting by the stove, had tried to rob her. A thought of the pitiful sum in her purse made this idea seem ridiculous. At any rate, it was evident that there was no child with a broken leg and that she had been lured to this place upon false pretences. A feeling of anger surged up,

Continued on page 50

"A Man He Would A-Wooing Go"

The Story of a Stingy Sweetheart and His Loves

By JENNIE A. STUART

ALEX. COLLINS was deep in thought. The subject on which he was allowing his mind to dwell was not altogether new to him. To tell it briefly it was—"marriage"—not "love"—that was apt to be too expensive, for he noticed that when men allowed themselves to fall in love with a damsel, they stopped at no extravagance which might find favor for them in their fair one's eyes. There was Bob McCormick who, canny Scot though he was, paid five dollars for railway fare two or three times a year in order to go to see a girl with whom he was popularly supposed to be in love. Now, he could have found lots of good workers around home who would have done very well to "go with" if he had soberly and properly thought of marriage, apart from love, which acted on many individuals like intoxicating liquors, making those under its influence perform many freakish actions which in their sober senses they would not think of doing.

Alex's acres were broad, his lots in town were daily increasing in value, his property in Muskoka was held at a high figure, his bank account was being steadily—decreased? Never! Banish the sickening thought!—increased by no small amounts. When you add to these attractions a pair of blue eyes and a head covered with curly hair, you may, perhaps imagine that the possessor of them was a man for whom all the girls in two townships were setting their caps. Alas! that we should have to tell it. His chief characteristic was the unlovely one of stinginess—the blue eyes were always looking for cents or dollars—the curly hair covered only a multitude of plans for making and saving.

However, time is money and must not be wasted in such an abstract thing as thought. Therefore Alex stepped briskly off the verandah of his big house—far too large for himself, his mother and his sister—with a glance over the place where his lawn ought to have been (the ground was too good to be used for such nonsense, though, and so it grew turnips), he went to the barnyard, whence he issued in a few minutes, seated in his buggy and driving "Prince," who was a good steady goer, not very speedy, but still he did not let the grass grow under his feet.

It had been just the day before that Mr. Collins had been talking to Sam Ross regarding the Nixon family, who lived near Sam. There were several girls of generous proportions in said family, and Alex. had known them "to speak to" for several years.

"I tell you, they're hustlers to work," observed Sam.

"They get that from their father, I suppose," said Alex. "He never spends his time on the road, like some of the men you see."

"They're pretty tricky, though, but I guess they come by that honestly, too," went on Sam. "They say that after they test their incubator eggs they soak the ones that ain't going to hatch in buttermilk, and then take 'em to market and sell them."

Now, in a measure, this had appealed to Alex. Of course it was a little shady, but one who would be thrifty in regard to incubator eggs would doubtless keep her mind on the almighty dollar in its other phases.

And so, on a Sunday afternoon in July, Alex. started on the six-mile trip to Nixon's, with the purpose of beginning a courtship which would end profitably to all concerned; *he* would get a strong, careful, energetic wife, and *she* would have a husband with a large amount of this world's goods and also the privilege of adding thereto.

He was welcomed effusively by Mrs. Nixon.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Collins? Come right in. Won't you put your horse in?"

Alex. making no motion to the contrary, she went on: "Jim, you go with Mr. Collins to the barn and show him where to put his horse."

When he returned to the house Anna (to whom he had resolved to direct his attentions, she being about twenty-three, according to Sam's statement, and therefore the nearest to him in age of the girls at home—Alex. was fair, thin and forty) was discoursing to a neighbor upon the subject of the raspberry market.

"We were in London yesterday, and we had the first berries there have been on the market."

"I suppose you got pretty good money for them," remarked Alex.

"You bet; I made them pay up—got fifteen cents a box for them," replied Anna.

"How did you get along with your eggs?" enquired the neighbor.

"Oh, real well. I tell you it pays to have things to take to market these days," was the response.

"Do you go to market often?" asked Alex.

"I'll be going up three times a week during the berry season if we have rain enough to ripen the berries well," said Anna.

All this so heightened his opinion of the elder Miss Nixon that he asked if he might take her to church that night, which manœuvre he repeated for three consecutive Sundays. Anna found this admirer of her good works a little too "slow" for her liking, but thought that if she could not love him for himself she might do so for his money, and every visit served to show Alex. some hitherto unthough-of way in which a woman might earn or save. So, it began to look as if the course of their love affair would be as smooth as the blancmange which Anna made for tea.

Surely it was an especially malicious demon who whispered in Alex.'s ear that perhaps these tales he heard on a Sunday were not strictly truthful—perhaps when Anna was moved to speak of her own exploits she dwelt on them until they assumed proportions which were not verified by fact. The demon took the form of a gossiping old woman, but it could scatter discord in that shape, perhaps better than in many others. Alex. began to wonder if his choice on the age basis had been wise.

"Sam knows them," thought he. "He's there on week-days and the Ross girls are there sometimes, and he'll know which is the best worker. I'll ask him."

So when next he met Sam on the road he hailed him thus: "Say, Sam, you know those Nixon girls pretty well. Which one does the most work around home?"

Sam, not being unblessed with a sense of humor, responded without even a betraying glimmer in his eye: "Well, they *do* say that Anna is rather lazy sometimes; tries to get off milking the cows every once in a while to have a game of tennis or such-like. I've heard that Millie's the one who really makes things hum around there, although to hear Anna talk you'd thing she did it all. Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, I just wondered, that's all. Get up," and Alex. drove on, experiencing a faint feeling as he realized the indiscretion into which he had almost been led. Why, he had nearly made up his mind to propose to that girl the next time he went down there. Fortunately he had not committed himself by word or look; he could break with the girl without breaking with the family.

He missed a weekly visit, and then being in town saw a post card on which was "Millie" in large gilded letters. He felt himself growing wildly extravagant as he counted out five coppers for it, expending a sixth one on a stamp to speed it to its destination with the announcement that the sender would be at the Nixon residence on the following Sabbath, health and weather permitting.

The neighbors were lost in wonder as to why that Alex. Collins took Millie Nixon to church on Sunday, while Anna went with her father.

"I wonder if Anna wouldn't have any more to do with him, and he had to fall back on Millie," said Mr. Cochrane, for once giving the girl the benefit of the doubt, although we see in this case she did not deserve it.

During the week Alex. met Sam, the mischief-maker, again. When they had agreed that rain was not what the crops needed at that time of the year, had comforted each other over the fact that hogs were down, and rejoiced together over the promise of a good apple crop, Sam let fall a remark regarding the Nixons. "Susie Nixon, the one who's been in London sewing, you know; well, she's home now. 'Spose you'll see her next Sunday."

"What kind of girl is she?" asked Alex.

"Well, she used to pitch in while she was home. Did things in the house and helped her paw in the field. Gosh, but she did work!" exclaimed Sam. "And, I say, Alex., you ought to hear her play the organ, and sing; why, she always knows all those new pieces. First time I heard 'I'm Afraid To Go Home in the Dark,' was one time when she was home."

"What's she home for now?" enquired Alex.

"Oh, just for a change, I guess; perhaps she thinks she'll land a rich farmer," and Sam went off chuckling at his parting shot, which found a lodging in Alex.'s mind.

What if it were so! Why should he not go one better than Millie, and get a wife, not only of sterling qualities as a worker but having accomplishments to boot—that is, if she knew the time and place to display them. Then this Susie was older than the girls who had stayed on the farm, and so her head was likely to be more level than theirs. Both Anna and Millie were too much inclined to laugh and giggle and treat even such serious matters as the loss of one's best cow a little lightly. Even in the role of a husband he might find it difficult to restrain their youthful spirits. Plainly the matter of Susie was one worthy of consideration.

When next he turned his face Nixonward he met Miss Susan, who was graciousness personified.

"Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Collins. I've heard so much about you from maw and the girls."

"What were you doing in London?" queried Alex. in the course of the afternoon.

"Oh, I sewed for the Helena. They're wanting me back, too, but I'm not going. They just hated to let me go, and tried to make me promise to go back in the fall, but I didn't." Susie could be her own megaphone almost as well as Anna.

"Do you like living in the country?" Alex. enquired.

"Oh, I just love it!" gushed Susie. "I'd always live in the country if I could get anything to do here, but of course I can't. Do you like it, Mr. Collins?" she pursued.

At length Alex. mustered courage to say: "Do you play some of those pthere pieces?" pointing to the music.

"Oh, yes; I can play them all. Suppose we sing some of them. You can sing, can't you, Mr. Collins?" she asked.

"No; I'm no singer," replied Alex. "Go on yourself."

"Well, I can try; I know you could, too, if you'd only try," and nothing loath Susan commenced her very amateurish interpretation of popular melodies which her admirer felt sure was never surpassed in Canada.

His voice almost faltered at his own "nerve" as he asked the strikingly-dressed young lady if he might take her to church. A smothered titter from Millie's direction did not add to his comfort, but Susan's heartily spoken consent put him at ease; so he was not even disturbed by frequent collisions between his head and the stylish hat which was his companion's most noticeable adornment.

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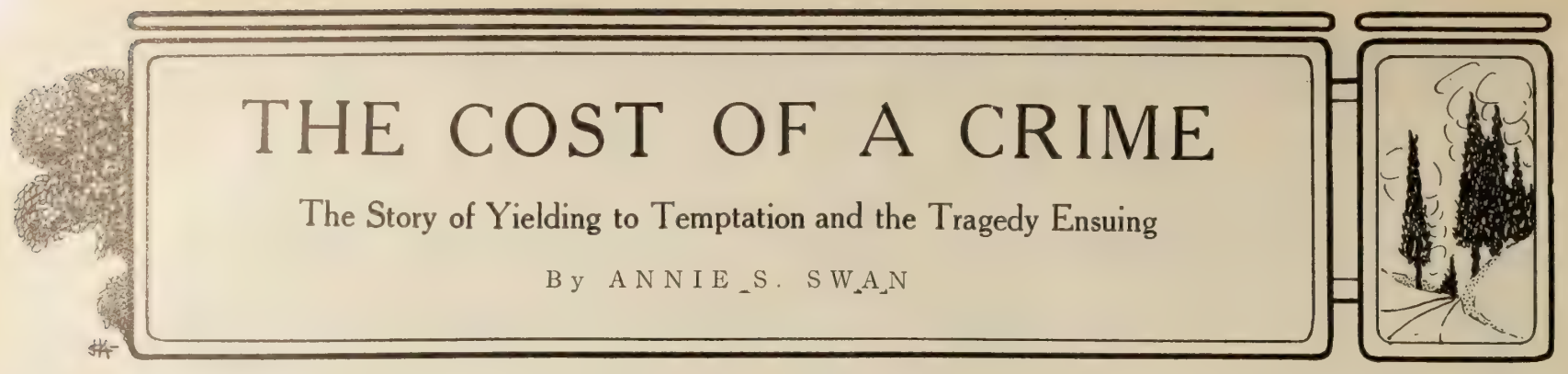


THE COST OF A CRIME

The Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company, in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton. He obtains employment with Archibald Currie, a brother of his former partner and is unrecognized. "Charlton" does well and wins the esteem of Mr. Currie and his ward, Katherine Wrede. Mrs. Reedham suffers from financial stress. Archibald Currie takes Leslie Reedham, also, into the office, but the latter does not recognize his father.

ONE day she gave voice to some of her fears to the vicar, when he paid a pastoral call. He had discovered by accident that the man to whom he had offered a cup of cold water on the top of an omnibus was now resident in the house of one of his parishioners, and he had twice paid a call upon him there. But though Charlton had been perfectly courteous, Fielden felt himself left on the outside, and wisely decided not to force the acquaintance, but to wait until it should ripen of its own accord. He had been curiously drawn to the man, and was always interested in him, and glad to think of him in such good care as Mary Anne Webber's.

"Oh, Mr. Charlton, 'e's quite well in hisself, sir," said Mary Anne when he enquired one day regarding Charlton's welfare. "But 'tain't a life for any man, wot 'e lives. I don't see myself how it's goin' to go on. I do wish as you'd get him to come out of hisself. 'E ain't well, no, 'e ain't, how could anybody be well settin' up arf' the nite like 'e does?"

"I suppose you don't know anything about his people?" said the vicar, interestedly.

Mary Anne reddened, and put up her apron under pretence of wiping a smut from her nose.

"'E don't talk much to me, sir, 'e don't. 'E's bin in trouble, anybody kin see that. But people 'ave the rite to keep their troubles to theirselves if they wants to, eh, sir?"

"Surely, but every human soul needs sympathy, Mrs. Webber."

"Well, they do, an' they don't, so to speak. There's times when we feel like burstin' to speak and other times when wild 'osses wouldn't drag it from hus. I guess that's 'ow Mr. Charlton's feeling now. Anyhow, I'm sorry fer 'im, for a more inoffensive and sweet-tempered gentleman never took any woman's fust floor."

"I am sure of that; I'll drop in one evening quite casually and have a chat. Meanwhile I am pleased to hear all is well with you. I often say to my wife that it is as good as a breath of the sea to have a word with you. You make the best of everything, and never a grumble. That's the true spirit in which to meet life. It breaks down the hills of difficulty, doesn't it?"

Mary Anne's face beamed at this unexpected tribute from the vicar, whom she adored, and her heart and step were light for the rest of the day.

Her lodger came home earlier than usual, and when she took in his dinner, a task she never relegated to anyone else, she noticed how unusually haggard and pale he looked.

"Lor' you ain't well, sir!" she exclaimed, as she set down the tray.

"I am all right,' he replied, with a faint attempt at a smile. "Ive had a trying day at the office."

"'Ave you, sir? I knows what them tryin' days is, don't I just? Yer gits up of a mornin' sure things ain't goin' ter go rite, there's somethink hinside wot tells yer. Never mind, sir, the dy's done, an' thet's every pore creatur's comfort in this weary world, that there ain't never a dy but comes to a hend."

She placed the covered dish before him with a sympathetic nod. Her kind face, her ready and good-natured sympathy were once more as wine to his riven heart.

"Mary Anne, I'm bound to tell you. I can't get out of it, and if I don't I shan't be able to get through."

"I know," said Mary Anne, lowering her voice mysteriously. "Leastways I kin guess. They've begun to think who you reely are."

"Not so bad, though it may very well be the beginning of things. I had a new boy put under me to-day to train in the way he should go, whom do you think? My own son."

"Oh, Lor' no, yer don't sy so! Yer own pretty Leslie, and did the pore little dear run strite inter yer arms an' cry 'is 'eart hout?"

"No, he didn't recognize me at all."

"An' yer never said a word?"

Mary Anne's excitement and interest rose every moment. It was more melodramatic than the penny novelettes with which she beguiled her scanty leisure downstairs.

"No, I did not betray myself, and I've got to keep it up, all that up, Mary Anne, and crush down all I feel, day in and day out, perhaps for the rest of my natural life."

"Mr. Reedham, sir, beggin' yer pardin', but jes' for onst let me sy the reel nime. It'll 'elp wot I'm abart ter sy. Yer carn't do it, sir, no yer carn't. Flesh and blood carn't be crushed like that. Don't yer go fer to try. It'll kill yer sure."

"But what am I to do, Mary Anne? If I own up now, it's all up with me."

"Is it, sir? 'Ow long do they keep up spite like?"

He could have smiled at the directness of her speech.

"I am not beyond the pale of the law yet, Mary Anne, believe me, and after all I've gone through, it seems needless and hard to give up now, just when success, the success I have dreamed of, is beginning to loom within my reach."

Mary Anne continued to shake her head.

"I ain't clever, and I never 'ad no 'ead fer business, pore Webber used to sy thet, but there's things that God Almighty teaches even pore wimmen, sir. An' I carn't think this yer is rite, or thet it will ever come to any good. Oh, do think over it, an' quit! Go abroad even, anythink would be better than wot's going on now."

But the very warning and objection urged upon Charlton seemed only to impart added strength to his own resolve. There are natures so constructed that the most strenuous opposition acts only as a further incentive. Charlton had relieved his mind, and the future began already to be robbed of its new terror. Nay, even the hidden sweetness lurking in the appalling danger allured him. Mary Anne, entirely forgetful of her place, pushed his plate a little nearer, and bent her kind, anxious eyes on his face.

"Yer carn't do it, sir, believe me. Yer pore 'eart will be tore all to pieces, an' anyhow the day will come wen everythink will come hout. Do think it over, there's a dear."

She withdrew, shaking her head ominously, seriously disturbed in mind concerning her lodger and the strange complications in life.

"'Ere, you, Hannie, tike this letter to the vicarage, an' see thet it goes inter Mr. Fieldin's own 'ands," she said, after she had labored with a pencil and paper for a few toilsome moments. She did not write much, simply a few words begging the vicar if he had an hour to spare to call up and see her lodger, who seemed in trouble. Then having shifted the responsibility she felt better. She could not, of course, be sure that Charlton would unburden his soul to the vicar, the chances were probably against it, but he could not fail to be strengthened and helped by his company. Happily the vicar was at home, and by no means averse to the idea of a chat with the man who continued to interest him, though he had not of late seen much of him.

Charlton was smoking a pipe by the hearth when he was shown in, and he rose to receive him with a cordiality which showed that he was not an unwelcome visitor.

"I have often thought of dropping in lately, Mr. Charlton, you have been on my mind somewhat. But just at the beginning of the winter there seems to be a multiplicity of things calling my attention. The winter's work for one thing has to be got into shape. I hope you are very well?"

"So, so, Mr. Fielden; pray sit down. Do you smoke?"

"I can take a cigarette to keep you company, though it is not my habit." he said, stretching out his hand for the case which lay on the corner of the table. "Well, how are you getting on at New Broad Street?"

"Very well."

"You like Mr. Currie?"

"I do. The man who could not admire and reverence that fine spirit has something seriously the matter with himself," he answered on the spur of the moment; and then his face flushed a little at the anomaly suggested by his words.

"I thought you would like him, and get on well with him. He has treated you generously, then?"

"Most generously; in fact, I am sometimes ashamed at the largeness of the trust he has bestowed upon me."

"But it is the way to make men," said the vicar musingly. "I have to deal with a good many derelicts in my common experience, and I have proved that trust is the master key."

Charlton was silent a moment, not knowing how to answer. He might have resented the analgoy. Fielden observed that he did not, and perhaps drew his own conclusions therefrom.

"What department of the business are you in? Has he promoted you?"

"I am at present his confidential clerk," replied Charlton. "I have had some experience in business, as I think I told you that morning we met on the omnibus, and he has discovered where my chief capacity lies. He has a new scheme for the furtherance of his business in the colonial branch of it. It is possible he may send me abroad later in the year."

"You would not object to that?"

"No, I should welcome it," replied Charlton. "Not so much for the splendid opportunity it offers, for —for trying to justify the confidence Mr. Currie has placed in me, but because I shall, for personal reasons, be glad to get out of London."

"It would be a premanent appointment, then; at least for a period of years?"

"No, I think not; rather a visit of investigation and report. Mr. Currie has long been dissatisfied with the management of the branch abroad, and, but for his age and the fact that he does not wish to leave his ward, he would go out to South Africa himself."

"Ah, I see," said the vicar, still studying Charlton's face intently, while seeming merely to be casually interested. He felt that this was the best attitude to adopt towards this strange man, who had a whole history in his face.

"Mr. Fielden, an interesting question in what, I suppose, might be called ethical psychology came under my notice lately. May I offer it for your solution?"

"Certainly; it is a part of life that has a natural attraction for me. If I could get rid of it I might get through a good deal more than I do," he added good-humoredly.

"Well, supposing that a man had got off the straight, and that there seemed nothing for him but absolute ruin, but managed to reinstate himself by sinking his own identity?"

"Becoming a new man, so far as the former conditions of his life were concerned, you mean?"

"I don't mean that he was converted, exactly. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. He was lucky in evading the consequences of his own folly, and the chance offered for him to build up a new career. Would you say he was justified in taking it?"

"Certainly, providing his action did not involve others, or suggest disaster in other quarters. Could you be a little more explicit?"

"It is not easy. He took another name, and began to work up slowly towards the things men prize, and which he had prized and lost. Would you say he was wrong?"

"Was it right that he should have suffered for his first failure? I mean, did his conduct entail suffering or deprivation on others?"

"Not in the sense you mean. It was a question of money, which came out of the pockekts of rich people."

"It makes a difference to the result, but does not, of course, affect the main issue, the man's own sin. And what was his idea in making a bold bid for reinstatement? Was it purely a selfish one?"

"I think not. His idea was to atone, to pay the money back, to make full reparation wherever possible, and to have achieved it by his own effort."

The vicar nodded, took two puffs at his cigarette, and looked Charlton straight in the face.

"You state your own case, Mr. Charlton?"

Charlton nodded, and threw the end of his cigarette into the smouldering fire.

"It must be a matter between you and your God," said the vicar slowly. "I am hardly in a position to pronounce finally, because the details are too meagre. But the idea is a noble one, provided in the interval you do not crush others by your silence."

Charlton covered his face with his hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS CHANCE.

ARCHIBALD CURRIE had no partner. Since the death of Abraham Willett, the original founder of the firm, he had pursued his way alone. It entailed a colossal amount of work upon him, but, as he was fond of saying, it had its compensations. He found the chief one in the fact that he could do absolutely as he liked without consulting or considering others. To a man of his tempera-

ment, and somewhat quixotic method of conducting business, this liberty was peculiarly satisfying and welcome. His brother James, though not admitted into his confidence, knew enough of the methods of business at Old Broad Street, to be able to describe them as suicidal. Yet in spite of all, Archibald had amassed a considerable fortune, how considerable James did not know. That it must be ample he gathered from the large sums his brother gave to charity and the lavish conduct generally of his private life. It was a mystery to James Currie, who had no great faith in his elder brother's acumen.

But in this estimate he was entirely wrong. Archibald Currie in business was very keen, and as we have already said, seldom made a mistake in his man. He had gathered a strange crowd of derelicts about him at Old Broad Street, but he kept his own hands firmly on the reins. Then he had bound most of them to him in ties of gratitude which nothing but death could break. The life stories of his own staff would in themselves make interesting reading. He was beginning to realize now, however, as age and its accompaniments began to creep upon him, that perhaps he had made a mistake in not having taken a partner earlier in life. He discovered now that while he had many eager and willing servants, there was no one to share the burden that was beginning to press. Now, when he would have slackened off a bit, and eventually retired, there was no one to take his place. It was a curious position, and an unusual one, for a man of his standing to find himself in.

As he sat at his desk surrounded by the accumulation of the morning's mail, his face wore an unusually harassed look.

It was the African mail day, and the news was disquieting. For a time he was at a loss how to act.

It was now the month of May, and Charlton had been in his employment almost two years. His thoughts naturally turned to Charlton, in a dilemma which he could not for the moment unravel. The natural outcome was to ring the bell and ask that he might come to him at once.

Charlton was now fully established in Old Broad Street, and enjoyed his employer's full confidence. On the whole, he was a favorite with the rest of the staff, chiefly because he was very retiring and inoffensive, and gave himself no airs. The only man who hated him and longed to see his discomfiture and disgrace was Richard Turner; that worthy was still biding his time. Charlton entered the private room with the quiet assurance of the man who knows that he is welcome and trusted.

Archibald Currie turned to him kindly, not forgetting to smile, in spite of the worries gnawing at his mind.

"Read that, Charlton, and tell me what you think."

Charlton took the letter and read it through.

"There seems to be a muddle somewhere," he said when he had finished. "A panic among all concerned."

"'Panic,' that's the word. A regular war fever of scare. They don't seem to be able to grip the fact that now's their opportunity. You remember I spoke to you in the autumn of last year about going out. You'll have to go now, immediately, as soon as you can get ready."

"I am ready, sir, if you think I am the man."

"There is no one else," said Archibald Currie, with a sigh. "And in the last two years I have proved you. Do you know Charlton, that to-day, for the first time, I realize my sixty-five years?"

"You don't look them, sir."

"That's neither here nor there; I feel them, which is the chief thing. I can't face the South African journey and the organization and direction that is needed there. I must leave everything to you, and give you absolute carte blanche."

Charlton's lip slightly quivered, and the blue spectacles suddenly grew dim.

"Sir, it is a great trust you would place in me, I might easily betray you."

"Yes; but you won't," said Archibald Currie with the easy confidence of the man who knows. "How soon can you be ready? This is Thursday. What about Saturday's boat? Would it be possible?"

"Quite; I could go to-night for that matter. I have no ties; I can rise up and walk at any moment."

"It has its advantages," said Currie, but with a scarcely perceptible sigh. "Just get on the telephone to the steamship company and ask them what they can do."

Charlton passed into the outer office, and was absent about five minutes.

"Plenty of berths, Mr. Currie. I will call round at lunch time and settle it," he said when he returned.

"Ah, that's all right. It's a ghastly time of year for South Africa. You'll have to occupy yourself to-morrow or this afternoon in getting a suitable outfit. Go to the proper place and take their advice, and send the bill to me."

"Thank you, I shan't want much. A man who can carry his belongings in his hand scores on occasion, and I can buy what I want in Cape Town."

"A man after my own heart," said Archibald Currie, heartily. "You can see for yourself what a little foresight now would mean later on, especially in the event of war. I will give you carte blanche. You must charter steamers, build them, if need be; get everything in readiness for what may happen, and let us be first in the field."

Charlton nodded understandingly. The prospect of such scope filled him with lively anticipation. The man who is wholly trusted, provided he is capable, can work wonders.

"I grasp the situation fully," he said.

"And when in doubt cable, cable for all you are worth, never mind the expense; but I don't think you'll be in any doubt. The thing's as plain on the face of it as a pikestaff. We've got to get ready, to be ready for any emergency, and if it doesn't come off, well, we don't lose anything. Try and knock that into them, and steady them a bit, don't you know, that's what they want."

"Yes, sir."

Archibald Currie was silent a moment gazing through the window at the blue sky.

"And Charlton, I need scarcely say that I hope this will be worth your while. Engineer this bit of business successfully and I'll make you a partner when you come back."

"Mr. Currie, that would be impossible! Who am I to have such an honor conferred? It would be too much, sir. I am satisfied with what you have done for me already, as indeed I ought."

"That's all right, my boy, said Archibald Currie affably. "We won't say any more about it. You'll be six months gone, I should say. When October comes, we'll have another talk. Meanwhile are you disengaged this evening? Come out to Hyde Park Square to dinner; my ward will be pleased to see you, and detached from the routine here, we can go more fully into affairs at Port Elizabeth."

Charlton thanked him, and with a full heart withdrew. His pulses thrilled at the prospect opening out before him. In six months' time, perhaps, he would have accomplished that object he had set before him. He would then throw himself on the mercy of Archibald Currie, and face the world a new man. But above and beyond all he would restore his home. God alone knew how hard it had been to play the part in the last six months, how often he had been on the point of betrayal, especially where the boy was concerned. His only safeguard was to keep away from him as much as possible, to say little, to cut down opportunities for which his whole being longed and craved. But while he had sternly repressed himself in one direction he had encompassed the boy with an atmosphere of loving care. The whole of the office, understanding that young Reedham was Charlton's special protege as well as in special favor with the master himself, seemed to vie with one another in doing him kindness. Leslie Reedham, indeed, found his lines fall in pleasant places, and his happiness shone in his face.

He knew that his heart was warm to Charlton, that each day was brightened and made alive for him by his kind word. And out of the fulness of his heart he had spoken at home. Bessie Reedham was so grateful to the unknown friend who had made the way so easy for her boy, that more than once she had wished to thank him on her own account. But the letter she had often penned in her mind remained unwritten.

In the course of the afternoon when Charlton was out regarding the preparations for his hurried journey, James Currie made a call at Old Broad Street. This in itself was so unusual that his brother looked naturally surprised to see him.

"A most unusual honor, Jamie," said he in his most genial mood, feeling the relief consequent upon Charlton's acceptance of the trust offered. "How are you all? It seems ages since we heard anything about Fair Lawn."

"Well, it isn't our fault. You know you refused my wife's last invitation to dinner," said James Currie rather coldly, for the memory of it rankled.

"Ah, well, I explained that I had practically given up dining out, and it is a long drive to Hampstead. Tell Jane I'll come one of these odd days and make my peace with her."

"Oh, she didn't care, I assure you, but she blamed Miss Wrede. We seem to have lost you altogether since she came to London."

"It isn't that, Jamie, but I'm getting to be an old man, fonder than ever of my own fireside. Tell Jane I'll give a big dinner myself to atone. How's business?"

"Only so-so. We haven't recovered yet, Archibald, from Reedham's disgrace. But of course these persistent rumors from South Africa have a disquieting effect. Have you any letters to-day from the Cape? I thought I might pop round to enquire whether you had any first-hand information."

"I think that war is inevitable, James, but whether sooner or later I don't know. I'm sending a representative out, he sails on Saturday."

"Who?" enquired James Currie, interestedly.

"Charlton; you remember the man who has been here about two years. An uncommonly smart chap, and reliable."

"It's a big thing, and you don't know anything about him, practically. Hadn't you better be careful?"

"I think I know my man; anyway, it's all settled and he sails in the Walmer Castle on Saturday."

"Well, I hope it'll turn out all right. I sometimes wish I had asked you to take Stephen in with you. It's a more secure business than the Stock Exchange, and he hasn't the kind of brain for our business. He'd do better handling your kind of business. I suppose it's too late now?"

"I am afraid so," replied Archibald, doubtfully. "There's nothing the matter with Stephen's brains, Jamie," he added good-humoredly. "He would probably have used them to better purpose if he hadn't had a father before him."

"He hasn't been indulged too much, excepting perhaps by his mother," replied James Currie in an aggrieved voice. "And he's a good lad without any vices."

"He's too cocksure of himself, Jamie. A little experience of life will make him a better man, as it does or should do all of us."

James Currie was silent a moment, uncertain how to proceed. He had come to plead a certain cause with his brother, and the opening was not very propitious.

"Fact is, Archie, Stephen's just at the age when a young man is unsettled. Marriage would cure him of the faults you speak of, and after all they're very slight faults. You know without my telling you that he's not been the same chap since he met Miss Wrede."

"I can't help that, Jamie."

"But after all, you're so far responsible, for you introduced her into our circle, where I'm bound to say she's done some harm. Stephen hasn't done a good day's work since he fell in love with her, and if I could see them married now it would be the best thing that could happen, I feel sure, for everybody concerned."

"That's a matter for the young people to settle for themselves," Archibald observed.

"Well, so far, of course, but a little judicious advice or pressure is sometimes of use. Miss Wrede is playing fast and loose with Stephen, and his mother is very angry about it."

"Pardon me, I don't agree with you," said Archibald, a little hotly for him. "I can't see where the fast and loose comes in. They hardly ever meet. She said only the other day she hadn't seen him for over two months. You must allow that isn't very hot love-making."

"Ah, but before that she led him on. Well, we needn't argue about that. I may as well own up that I'm here to-day solely on Stephen's account to ask whether you won't do something to hasten matters. No doubt she means to have him in the end, for, of course, he's a good-looking chap, and a fair match. But her coquetting foreign ways are driving him off the straight, Archie, and I hope you'll put in a word, seeing the mischief has been partly brought about by you."

Archibald Currie straightened himself in his chair, and squared his shoulders. A little angry, he spoke with unusual brusqueness.

"You ask what's impossible. I've spoken to Katherine again and again, and even so far back as the first year she came from Bruges she told me quite plainly she would never marry Stephen. She has never swerved from that, and I'm afraid that's the answer both Stephen and you will have to take. I'm sorry, but Stephen will have to take his disappointment like a man."

"Well, the lad's ruin may lie at her door," said James Currie gloomily. "He's off his sleep and meat, as the saying is; and as for his work, it's a vanishing quantity. I feel very bitter about this, for Stephen had his chances in more desirable quarters. Robert Bracebridge's daughter would take him to-morrow, and her fortune won't be less than thirty thousand."

"You're blaming me for this, and it isn't just," said Archibald Currie quickly. "I can't do more than say I'm sorry; but, after all, Stephen has to take his chances in the fortunes of war, and he's not the first man who has had to start life on the heels of a personal disappointment."

James Currie rose, somewhat gloomily. He could not gainsay what his brother had said. Archibald's own life story was a case in point; but he was bitterly disappointed and sore all the same, and could not hide it.

"You might have given Stephen the chance to go to South Africa for you. Couldn't he go yet, even with this Charlton? He could be useful in many ways, and I won't charge you his expenses. He'll have to get away somewhere. Do you think it would be any use his coming to Hyde Park Square and trying to get a final answer from Miss Wrede?"

"I think she's given him his final answer, not once, but many times," replied Archibald.

"And about South Africa?" he enquired, as he turned towards the door.

"I have no objection, of course; but the time is very short. Would he be prepared to start on forty-eight hours' notice, or even less. Charlton sails on Saturday afternoon."

The door opened at the moment, and Charlton himself appeared, having returned from his visit to the offices of the steamship company. At sight of James Currie he gave a start, and with a hastily-muttered apology, turned away. But his principal called him back.

"Come in, Charlton, and be introduced to my brother. I think you have never met."

Charlton had no choice. Accustomed as he was to the exercise of a perfect and colossal self-control, which had become second nature to him, the ordeal was the most searching he had yet been through.

But he did not shrink. He came a little way into the room, thankful that the blinds had been drawn closely down to shut out the glare of the afternoon sun. As Archibald Currie spoke the words of introduction he bowed, but apparently did not see James Currie's only half-offered hand.

James Currie was jealous of Charlton's influence with his brother, and not, as he might have been, happy in the thought that he had found someone he could trust. He had, indeed, no faith in Archibald's judgment of men. There was thus some comedy in their relations one to another.

(To be continued.)

Rural School-Houses and Their Equipment

A Thorough Consideration of a Most Important Subject

By A. A. BACKUS, M.D.

IT is only within a very few years that educationalists have concerned themselves with those subjects that are the practical ones of life: home-making, domestic science, care of the child, agriculture; those everyday things which make up the ordinary human life. This is a vast stride towards the welfare of human beings and the goal of content.

Content comes from doing the everyday duties with interest and intelligence. The knowledge of the whyness of the doing makes a joy in the doing. Why should we eat certain foods? Why should we ventilate our homes? Why should we develop our bodies? Why should we beautify our homes? Why should we learn to love nature? And a thousand other questions correctly and intelligently answered by the doer makes the doing a pleasure.

The earliest impressions of the child—what it sees in its own home in the way of answers to these questions, is of very great importance in after life—and next to the home, the impressions the child receives in school and school surroundings are the factors which influence mind and body in the years to come.

Architecturally, what do our rural schools say to us and to the children? Is there any effort made in their building to convey a sense of beauty and order either inside or out? Is there any effort made (except in rare instances) to have the grounds about the schoolhouses anything but a barren waste? It is the true answer to these questions that suggests the writing of this article.

In going about the country the one thing which most strikes the traveler is the uniform ugliness of the rural school buildings, and the sod-bare disorder of the grounds. This, with the two hideous little buildings so prominent in the background, and quite unscreened from every point of view, makes one wonder what ideals of beauty and modesty can be developed in such surroundings, and when the schoolhouse is entered the same careless barrenness is found within—togther with bad air—not only from lack of ventilation, but from the fact that the children's outdoor garments and their lunch baskets are kept in the schoolroom.

Remember, the school children in the country must in many cases carry a lunch for their mid-day meal, and the odor from fifty or sixty lunch baskets is not by any means the odor of violets, particularly as many of them are made up of pie, cheese, bread and butter and onions.

The medical inspection of rural schools would necessarily put an end to this unsanitary condition of things; and considering the influence of order, decency and beauty, upon the health and morals of people, would introduce some proper care of the school grounds, and a decent privacy for teachers and children. If more care were given to the situation and proper equipment of country schools, it might lessen the attendance later on in our hospitals and reformatories.

The site of the schoolhouse is usually and very properly chosen from the centre of the district, and as the land value in the country is not great, there are generally roomy grounds on which to build, and ample space from which to select an elevated spot where the earth will dry quickly after rains. This is of importance, as in damp, low-lying land we find consumption, rheumatism, catarrh, and fevers prevail. In building schoolhouses in the city, so many things have to be considered that are unthought of in the country: space for grounds, adjoining buildings, noise, light, to get out of the shadow of high buildings, and many other things. But in the country none of these problems come up, and space is unconsidered. Yet we find the brounds in the city, at least at the entrance of the school, green and cared for, while those of the country schools are bare and uninteresting from one end to the other. There is no less interesting spot in the world than the grounds of our rural schools, and yet every one could be made a bower of beauty without any cost but labor and taste.

It would be well if a representative from every school board in the rural districts of Ontario could visit the Jordan Harbor school, and witness what can be done, not only in beautifying the school surroundings, but at the same time planting a love of beauty and order in the hearts of the children attending that school, giving them a knowledge of horticulture and agriculture, and while so doing, placing the children in the most practical way towards the acquirement of physical strength.

The objectless screaming and yelling and tearing about of school children at play is waste of time and strength—there should be discipline even in play—if not, the bully develops at the expense of the weak, and the children who most require physical development are either jerked about beyond their strength, or kept by fear from play at all.

If we owe any education to our children at all, it should be a practical one, and to learn how to beautify and care for the school grounds is to learn how to make beautiful and to care for that part of the great earth which falls to the lot of anyone so taught, and which she or he calls Home. The grounds about our schoolhouses should be a constant object lesson in order and beauty, and the interior of our schoolhouse furnished with some thought of the welfare and comfort for those children who must sit there so many hours in the day.

The light in the room is of great importance—well-lighted, well-ventilated, properly heated—not a case of those near the stove being choked and those far away freezing. Another important feature is the seating—graded seats, with proper adjustment of desk to seat.

It is no unusual thing to find spinal deformities acquired at school from the improper relative position of desk to seat, and to furnish a schoolroom with seats all of the same size is an absurdity.

Go into any well-regulated dairy stable in the province and you will find the stalls graded to the cows; but in the rural schoolhouses tall and short children are expected to accommodate their bodies to the seats and desks, too often at a sacrifice of comfort and health.

The interior of the schoolrooms should be orderly—consequently a separate apartment is necessary for cloaks, lunch baskets, etc.; one for boys and one for girls. The walls of the schoolroom should not be without some adornment, and the Education Department might well appropriate a few dollars for pictures of historic interest, events and characters, women and men who in the early days braved every hardship to make Canada a country wherein to live.

The first educationalists in this country were the brave women who in the earliest days opened schools in Montreal and Quebec. Pictures commemorating these things would be lessons in history more impressive and lasting than pages of history. If our artists have not already painted these pictures, why not encourage art by offering substantial premiums for such pictures, they to become the property of the province, and from these originals have plates struck off suitable for the walls of our rural schoolhouses.

Mr. John Ross Robertson expresses himself in these words in presenting to the Toronto Public Library that wonderful collection of historical pictures: "In the hope that this collection may be a teacher of historical knowledge and a source of patriotism and inspiration to Canadians, who will love their country, and will love the British Empire in the days that are to come, as the people whose homes are depicted in these pictures, loved the land of Canada and the flag of Britain in the years gone by."

There must be some way by which to interest the children in patriotism and love of country, and the best way is to make them realize what individual effort and sacrifice have done in making the nation. Heroes, heroines, statesmen, writers, poets—have something in our rural schoolhouses to direct the thoughts of the pupils to these and to their achievements.

The ordinary schoolroom is more like an untidy barn than anything else. In some places you will yet see the pail for drinking water in the corner, and the tin cup for all. Even if there were no danger of contagion from this, it would be a bad example. No truly clean person cares to drink of water that has been standing in a room where the atmosphere is contaminated with the exhalations from many lungs, and from the dust floating about from blackboard and books.

All schoolhouses should have proper lavatory equipments, and every child taught to be particular in habits of cleanliness in order that those children coming from well-kept homes should not have their sensibilities blunted by carelessness, and more particularly in order that children coming from ill-regulated homes be taught that cleanliness is or is very near akin to godliness.

A few hundred dollars added to the appointments in the schoolhouse would mean only a trifle in taxation, but it would mean a value beyond price to the health of, and moral influence on the children. If the schoolrooms were made more pleasant and comfortable, and used by the people of the section for entertainments in the evenings, debates, dialogues, lectures and kindred subjects, it might waken a pride and care for the appearance of the room.

Day after day, so many hours in the day, the children sit in these schoolrooms; these children in turn become the men and women, and it is the environment of to-day that must influence to-morrow's conduct and ideals. There are many schoolhouses in the rural districts beautifully situated amidst trees and fertile fields, but so badly cared for that they look like disreputable dives. This state of things is not only unfair to the children, but to the teachers as well; although sometimes a teacher is able to secure the co-operation of trustees, and with the assistance of the pupils, turns the wilderness of grounds into a garden of beauty.

These are the rare exceptions that show the possibilities and the educational value along that line of knowledge dealing with horticulture and agriculture—most important subjects in the country home. We often find an anxiety shown about keeping the girls and boys on the farm. These subjects properly understood might be factors in holding them there. Make our country houses and our country schoolhouses as convenient and as beautiful as those in the city, and we have gone a long way towards keeping the young people happy and content.

It is particularly strange how little attention is given to making country life interesting to children; but it is not a bit strange the difficulty country schools have in securing first-class teachers. The wretched conditions of our schoolhouses alone makes every ambitious teacher anxious to secure a school in village or town. The medical inspection of rural schools might necessitate many changes, but they would all be for the good of the children, the teacher and the community.

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY

MARY H. NORTHEND

NO form of entertainment is more popular at the present time than the informal luncheon. It serves as a delightful finis to a pleasant gathering of friends, and the wide scope of its possibilities has won appreciation. On holidays, when no special family observance is held, such as on March 17th, the luncheon affords a pleasant diversion, and the task of adorning the table in appropriate array is a pleasure to the housewife, to whom a holiday is a welcome break in a somewhat monotonous routine.

Several charming schemes present themselves to mind, as one pauses to consider how to deck the table for a St. Patrick's Day affair. The green and gold of Erin's flag at once suggests an effective color combination, and the task of arranging an attractive theme in these harmonious tints requires but little tact. Flowers, too, can be introduced into the scheme, if desired, and surely nothing is lovelier. Green pinks and ferns are appropriate in coloring, and, combined with old gold effects, are wonderfully attractive. The harp and flag affords another theme, and the shamrock offers a suggestion that can be made much of.

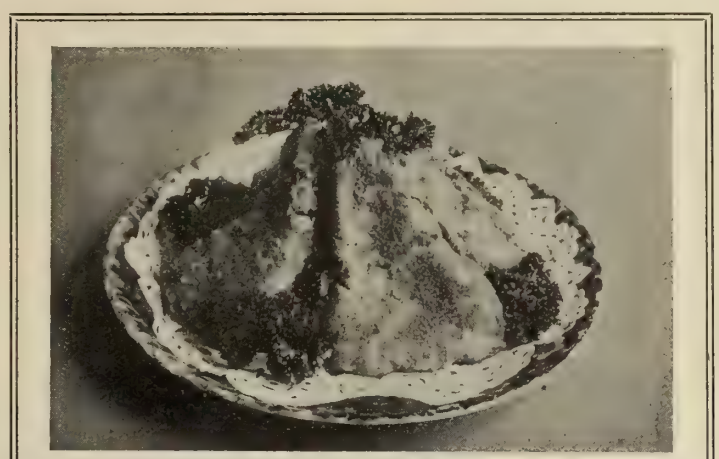
One attractive arrangement shows as a central feature a cluster of small Irish flags tied with a green ribbon bow, and arranged on a mound of green pinks. Small green-covered boxes adorned with tiny flags make appropriate favors to be used with this arrangement, and for place cards plain white cards adorned in one corner with a sketch of Erin's flag can be used. Small crystal candlesticks equipped with green tapers, will afford a pretty outline to the central theme, and large crystal candlesticks, with green candles and green cardboard shades made on an asbestos foundation, will serve to give an attractive finish to rows of tiny flags extending from the centrepiece to the table corners.

Green pinks and shamrocks constitute the principal decorations of another scheme. In a large, deep bowl mass green pinks on an outline of asparagus fern. Use this same greenery as a foundation for the bowl to rest on. Group these small crystal candlesticks on either side of the centrepiece, and equip same with green tapers and green shades adorned with shamrocks. Extend rows of tiny shamrocks from the central theme to each plate, and at each corner use low glass baskets filled with shamrocks and asparagus fern. Tiny pots of shamrocks will serve as dainty favors, and for place cards a pink surrounded by asparagus fern and tied with green ribbon, from which a shower of small shamrocks depend, will prove most attractive. The shamrocks and pinks can be made of paper, patterns for the latter being procurable in any store that carries a line of tissue and crepe paper. Artificial shamrocks are easily fashioned, and in the scheme just mentioned will serve admirably for all but the favors. These, of course, should be real. Little pots of shamrocks are procurable at five cents apiece at this time—a price that is within the means of almost everybody.

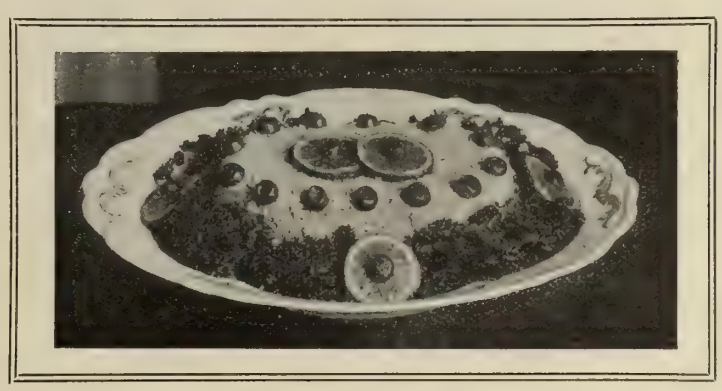
A large harp, fashioned of cardboard, covered with gilt paper, and laid on a fairly high mound of shamrocks, affords an attractive centrepiece. Outline same with tiny baskets, filled with shamrocks, and from the top of the harp to the handle of each basket extend narrow green ribbons. Small harps will serve as place cards, and for favors use green boxes adorned with harps. The latter are purchaseable in most any confectioner's store at this season. Large brass candlesticks, laid on mats of shamrocks, and equipped with green tapers and green shades, will add a finish to the table corners, completing a most effective whole.

Of equal importance with the table decorations is the menu. It is a pretty idea to have the various dishes suggest as far as possible the event being commemorated. In shape and garnish it is possible to follow the scheme to a remarkable degree, and the result is most pleasing. As a suggestion, the following is offered:

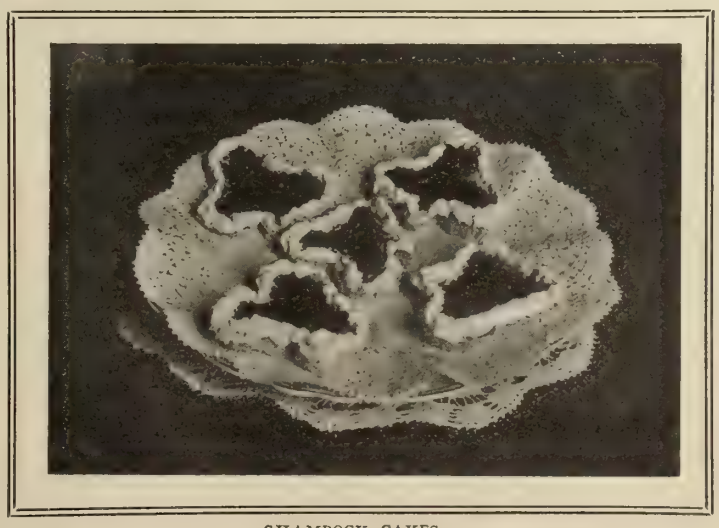
Asparagus Soup
Toasted Crackers, Olives
Rechauffe of Fish
Jellied Chicken with Peas
Cream Cheese Salad
Pineapple with Jelly
Shamrock Cakes
Coffee



RECHAUFFE OF FISH



CREAM CHEESE SALAD



SHAMROCK CAKES

ASPARAGUS SOUP: Boil three bunches of asparagus in one quart of salt water till tender. Drain water off and add one quart of cream. Rub together one tablespoon of butter and one-half tablespoon of flour, and add to mixture before removing from the stove. Then season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve with toasted bread or crackers.

RECHAUFFE OF FISH: Add to each pint of cooked fish, minced fine, the beaten yolk of one egg and a sauce made of two level tablespoons of butter and flour and one-half cup each of cream and fish stock. Bake the mixture in buttered paper cases, turn out and sprinkle with the sifted yolk of hard boiled eggs. Garnish with parsley and tiny silk Irish flags.

JELLIED CHICKEN WITH PEAS: Arrange small pieces of cooked chicken in individual moulds and fill them with a clear amber jelly made of three cups of clear soup, one-half box of gelatine soaked in half a cup of cold water, the beaten white of one egg, and cloves, onion, celery, salt and pepper to taste. Unmould, surround with peas tossed in salad dressing, and garnish with parsley, whole cloves, and Irish flags.

CREAM CHEESE SALAD: Soften the cheese with a little milk or cream and add a cup of chopped walnuts. Chill and serve in individual blocks on beds of parsley. Decorate with shamrocks cut from pickles, and a small green flag.

PINEAPPLE WITH JELLY: Arrange slices of canned pineapple in a ring around a mould of lemon jelly tinted green. Decorate the pineapple with blanched almonds and whipped cream, and serve a spoonful of the jelly with each slice.

SHAMROCK CAKES: These dainty little cakes are particularly appropriate for a St. Patrick's luncheon. From thin sheets of sponge cake cut shamrock-shaped cakes, and ice same with almond frosting tinted deep green. Decorate the edges with pipings of sweetened whipped cream.

A
Marmalade Secret!

Let me tell you one of my very own secrets. One that I have kept for some time.

During the past few years I have been honestly trying to keep up with the increasing amount of housework, and to care for my growing family The task has been fairly heavy and at times I must have shown it, for occasionally my good husband would sympathise with me.

Two years ago I visited E. D. Smith's Fruit Farms and kitchens. I watched them make Orange Marmalade—the fruit used was spotless—the lads and lassies were neat and tidy—the kitchens and utensils were exceptionally well kept, and when I saw the expensive machinery in use I understood how the label could mean what it says. I took home a jar of Marmalade and was well pleased when my husband said "it is just like yours."

From that day to this I have never had to go through all the unpleasant task of making Marmalade.

I know that the label

E D S

on jars of marmalade, preserves, jams and other table delicacies means purity, cleanliness and delight. I was welcomed at the kitchens, and you also would be.

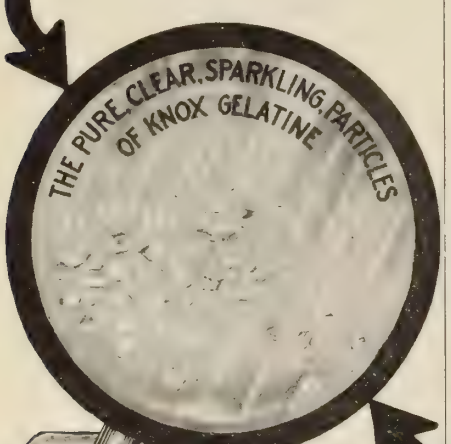
E. D. SMITH
WINONA, ONT.

Why Knox Gelatine is Granulated

First—Because in this form it dissolves immediately, saving housewives time and trouble. *Second* — Because the clear, sparkling, flaky particles show the pure quality of Gelatine used. It would be less trouble for us to powder Knox Gelatine but then the particular housewife could not see with her own eyes how pure, clear and dainty it is.

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

By adding pure sugar and real fruit juices to our world-famous pure, plain, granulated Gelatine, you can make the most delicious Gelatine desserts—because every ingredient is pure and wholesome.



Another great advantage of Knox Plain Gelatine—it does not limit you to Desserts. The most tempting Salads, delicious Candies, thick Soups and Gravies, and dainty Aspic Jellies are a few other dishes you can make or improve with Knox Gelatine, because it is neither sweetened nor flavored.

Knox Pure, Sparkling, Acidulated Gelatine

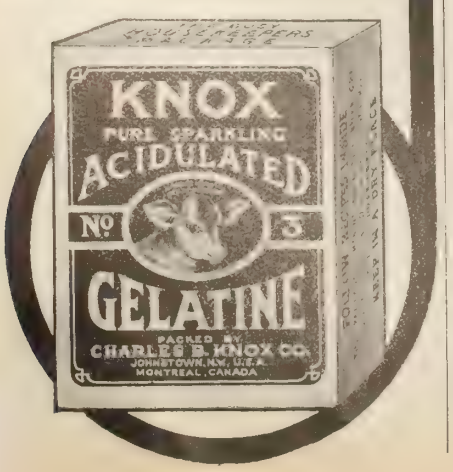
This is our "Busy Housekeeper's Package." In addition to the two envelopes of Gelatine (making two full quarts—½ gallon—of jelly) the same as contained in our plain package, this Acidulated package also contains an envelope of Pure, Concentrated Fruit Juice (Lemon), affording the busy housewife a pure, ready prepared flavoring.

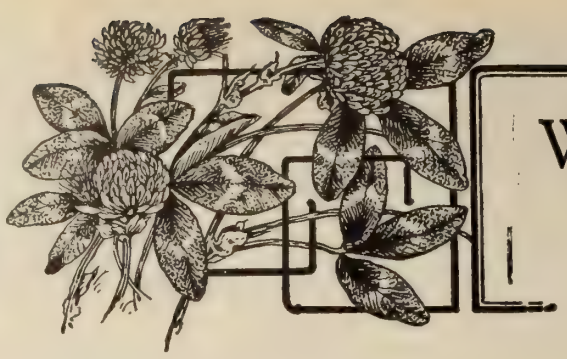
Knox Recipe Book FREE

This book entitled "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" contains over one hundred recipes for various dishes, very quickly and easily prepared with Knox Gelatine. We will send you this helpful book FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
501 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.





With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Editor's Talk

OUR New Year's puzzle proved quite a success, eliciting a large number of replies. Some of you did not observe the rules of the competition. The answers, as sent us by Mrs. Gardner, are as follows: 1. Africa. 2. Hen. 3. Abroad. 4. Plum. 5. Petunia. 6. Yawn. 7. Nobody. 8. Edinboro. 9. Waif. 10. Yacht. 11. Elijah. 12. Axe. 13. Ram. The reading of initial and final letters is: "A Happy New Year, and Many of Them!" The prize winner is Teddy Wilcox, of Bond Head, Ontario, the first competitor to send in a correct answer complying with conditions.

As St. Patrick's Day comes in March, we are publishing this month a photograph of a scene in Old Ireland, which, we think, you will appreciate. We have a variety of letters this time, some of them in "A Winter Adventure" competition, and others which are sent by our occasional correspondents.

Our Letter Box

Ravenscliffe, Oct. 10, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

This is my third letter to your charming club. Some of the members have written such nice letters that I thought I would try as interesting a letter as I can. I am going to tell you about my pussy and the ducks. Nearly every night when I go out in the shed I find my pussy lying on the ground with the ducks curled around her, and her head sometimes resting on a duck, purring as if she was putting them to sleep.

Would some of the girl members (age 12) write to me? If they would I would be very pleased. As my letter is getting long, I think I will close.

I will sign myself

Bertha de Forest, Ravenscliffe, Ont. HONEYSUCKLE.

I certify this is the unaided work of my little girl, aged 11.

MRS. A. DE FOREST.

* * *

My dear Honeysuckle:

What a nice, sweet name you have! I think the kitty and the ducks must look very comfortable together. I am sure some of our girl friends will be glad to write to you. You write a clear, pleasing hand.

Mount Forest,
Sept. 30th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

During my summer holidays I stayed home the first month and helped mother work. I washed the dishes, made the beds, and swept the floor. The next month I went away down to my three uncles', and I had lots of fun. My Uncle Albert is building a new brick house, and the masons are done, and the carpenters are there now. My Uncle Bert had a new dog and it ran away from him. My cousin and I ran after it and we got ahead of it and chased it back home again. We were up past the school after it, and we met an old tramp and he chased us. We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and we enjoy reading it. My three uncles have a tell-a-fone and I was talking through them all. My Aunt Mable has a little baby boy and she calls it John Harly Wells. Everybody likes that name. When I was down to my uncles' we had a party and there was twenty invited, but only fourteen of them came. My two little cousins were there and they are twins. We had a real nice time.

I will close now, wishing your page success.

Yours truly,
BERTHA CALLAWAY.

Bertha wrote this. Her age is 10.

MRS. CALLAWAY.

* * *

My Dear Bertha:

I think you had a very jolly summer. A new dog is so likely to run away, isn't he? Your baby cousin's name is quite charming, and I am sure he is a nice, good-tempered baby, who hardly ever cries. It is a pleasure to read such a well-written letter.

Wellington, Jan.

Dear Cousin Clover:

As I saw in your Christmas number that a composition on "A Winter's Adventure" was open, and, as I think winter, of all the year, is the time for adventures, I thought I would enter the competition.

Sleighriding is one of our main sports of the winter, and one day, while enjoying this pastime, we met with our adventure. The boys make sleighs called "bobs," which consist of a long board fastened at each end to a sleigh. There is a very good hill for sleighriding not far from our place, with a small creek at one side near the bottom.

One day four of us got a "bob" and went up to the hill to have some fun. We had had a lot of fine rides and were preparing for another one. On we got, and, after some pushing by the one on the back, we were off. But alas! The front sleigh of the "bob" was turned to one side, and as we were going pretty swift, the steerer could not get it turned straight again.

On, on, we went, holding our breath and with eyes closed. We were on the side where the stream was and were steering straight for it. We two at the back jumped off, but the steerer could not get off, as he was lying down, and the girl next to him was hanging on for dear life. Splash! and the girl and boy are sitting on the "bob" in the creek, drenched, but laughing. We soon had them out by pulling the rope that was on the front sleigh. Needless to say, we then went home, as we had had enough for one day, and we never forgot our adventure.

Wishing the Journal Juniors' Page success, I am

Yours sincerely,
Age 14 GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

I hereby certify that the above composition is my daughter's own work.

MRS. W. ELLIOTT.

* * *

My Dear Gertrude:

So you sent the "bob" clear into the creek. Your friends were lucky to escape with only a drenching. It would not be any fun to fall into a creek in such weather as we had in January. "Bob-sleighing" is one of our very best sports. Write again.

Penzance, Sask.

Dear Cousin Clover:

Here comes a new cousin to join "A Winter Adventure" competition.

ON AN IRISH ROAD

One bright day in January my brother and I went out hunting for the cattle. In the afternoon the snow began to blow, and in a few minutes there was quite a storm on. We both got very frightened, as we had heard about so many that had got frozen. We walked a long time but we could not find our tracks. We finally made our way to a straw pile, where we made a hole in the straw and crept in and covered ourselves with the straw.

We fell asleep and when we awoke it was daylight and the storm had abated. We got out and looked around to see if we could tell where we were. The day was cold, but off we started for home, not knowing what direction to take. We walked for about two hours before we came into our own vicinity. I was so fatigued that I was hardly able to walk any farther. We came to a friend's place, where we went in to rest and have some refreshments.

In the afternoon our friend hitched up his horses to take us home. On our way home the horses ran away, and before we could get control of them again we were a long way off the road. While the horses were running away the sleigh nearly upset several times. When we had reached the road again it was growing dark, and as our friend's house was four miles distant, and we had only a mile to go, we thought we had better let our friend go home and we would walk the rest of the way home. We got out and started off, chatting gaily. When I looked up I asked my brother where we were? What had happened? We had wandered off the track again and were now going the opposite direction. When we found the track again we had enough of common sense to keep the track till we got home. When we came up to the house the dog began to bark, but when we spoke to him he went away. We went up to the front door and knocked. Mother came to the door, and when she saw who it was she nearly fainted from the shock of seeing us alive. Father and some of our neighbors had been out hunting for us all day. When they did not find us they thought we were frozen to death. I was quite fortunate, as I had only froze four toes, a thumb and my nose. That was my last adventure in the winter time.

Yours sincerely,
Age 13. AGNES FLORENCE AYLWARD.

I certify that Agnes wrote this without assistance.

CECELIA AYLWARD.

* * *

My Dear Agnes:

Such a splendid letter and all the way from Saskatchewan. I should like to know more about Penzance. It must have been named by a Cornishman. What a truly thrilling adventure you had. I have never been through anything so exciting as that.

CHICKEN LORE AND TABLE EGGS

Success in the Poultry Yard

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

"YOU want to know about my fluffy family, or, rather, families," said the Chicken Specialist. "Of course, I'll tell you all about them. They're the most interesting things. Just sit down. Do you find that chair quite comfortable?"

I assured her that I did, and that I was prepared to listen to as much as she would tell me.

"Now, what is it you really want to know about them?" she inquired.

"Oh, everything," I said eagerly. "I've been told that you have made quite a success of chicken farming, and I'm quite curious to know how you happened to begin it."

"Well, you know, it's rather a joke the way I happened to launch out into this business. I'm not conscious of having had any ambitions chickenward whatever. In fact, I never dreamed of such a vocation, although I aspired to a good many others, with not nearly such satisfactory results. But one day Dottie and I found a white Leghorn pullet wandering about in the back yard scratching for a good fat worm. She was a beauty and quite tame. We fed her and amused ourselves with her for a while, then Dottie caught her up in her arms and set out to find someone to claim her. We knew of no one in the neighborhood who kept hens and it was quite a while before she found a probable owner.

"'No, little girl,' he said, when Dottie told him her story, 'I don't think she's mine, but if she is you may have her.'

"So Hen-Len became our property, and probably felt it incumbent upon her to contribute somewhat towards the family income, so she did all she could. She laid an egg.

"At this juncture I began to do some calculating. If one fresh egg was so acceptable, how much more acceptable would be six? So, eventually, I invested in a few hens, hoping soon to be able to enjoy the luxury of having really dependable eggs for breakfast. What right I had to hope for such luck, I'm sure I don't know, for I knew absolutely nothing about taking care of hens. But whatever good chance sent Hen-Len to me also sent an instinct which taught me how to care for my biddies. They thrived and did their duty faithfully.

"Notwithstanding my inexperience I was ambitious. It is remarkable how one becomes attached to hens and how much confidence they inspire. I determined, not only to revel in fresh eggs for breakfast, but to make some money. I lived in the city. Our yard space was limited, so I couldn't keep many more hens. I must think of some other way. That was plain if I was going to succeed. At last I had what seemed like a workable idea. I would get an incubator and raise chicks for sale, that is, chickens to sell to people who kept hens, but did not want to be bothered with the hatching process. I knew that this was done extensively in Buffalo and other cities. Here was my one big chance. For twenty-nine dollars I bought an incubator, with a capacity of two hundred and forty chickens, and launched out into the deep."

A YARD OF WHITE LEGHORNS

"You were plucky," I remarked. "Did you have any trouble at first?"

"Yes, a little. Of course, I couldn't expect to have good results right from the first. I had to pay something for my experience. I paid a moderate price for it. I didn't seem to be able to regulate the temperature of the incubator with a lamp and some of the eggs were spoiled. If I had persevered I dare say I should have come out alright, but I got it connected with gas instead, and after that I got along nicely.

"The funniest experience I ever had, I think, was when I attempted to incubate ducks' eggs and hens' eggs together." She laughed heartily at the recollection of the experiment, and then proceeded to relate the story.

"I thought I should like to have some ducklings, so I went to market and got a 'setting' of eggs, which I put in the incubator and filled it up with hens' eggs. I went through the usual process of examining and culling and regulating of temperatures, and in due time—twenty-one days—the hens' eggs were hatched, but not a quack from the ducks' eggs. I waited for a day and then made some inquiries, learning that it takes ducks' eggs 28 days to mature instead of 21. Here was a dilemma. I had orders for the next hatch of chickens, and I could not afford to leave the eggs in the incubator eight days longer. I decided to let Old Sally finish the job. She usually raised the incubator families, when any were to be raised, which was not often, as the chickens were almost always bargained for before they were hatched, and taken away when they were a day or two old.

"Poor Old Sally! She didn't know the trials and humiliations that were ahead of her with that family of aliens. When she saw what she had been instrumental in bringing into the world, she squatted down on the ground dejectedly, and refused to go near them. I never saw dismay so plainly depicted on any creature's face as on that poor old mother hen's. And the ducklings weren't any better pleased with their foster mother than she was with them. She wouldn't swim herself and she scolded when they tried to swim in the drinking water, and only succeeded in getting it too dirty to drink. Then we gave them a big pan of water and things went on more smoothly."

"Where do you buy the eggs for your incubator?" I asked, supposing that she bought a special kind and paid a fancy price for them.

"Usually on the market," she replied. "I inquire if they are fertile, and, if I am assured that they are, I take them. Yes, of course, they must be fresh. I never pay more than twenty-five cents a dozen. You know, I don't go in for fancy birds. I believe there is money in that branch of the industry, but so far I have adhered to the common garden variety—the kind that lay well and make good eating.

"First, I place the eggs carefully in the incubator (there are always instructions for this with it) and turn them every day. By the ninth day you can tell whether any are infertile or not. The infertile ones are removed and only the fertile ones left in. Up to the nineteenth day I keep the temperature up to 102½ deg. or 103 deg., and from that time until the birds are hatched it should register 103 deg. to 105 deg.

"Just to convey an idea of how a hatch averages, I might give you one of my experiences. Out of two hundred and forty eggs forty were infertile, and out of the remaining two hundred I had one hundred and ninety-seven healthy little chicks. Not a bad average, eh?

"Now, the beauty of dealing with chickens, as I do, is, one has no bother raising them. As I said before, they are sold, often before they are hatched, and taken away before they are forty-eight hours old. Occasionally, when by any chance they remain longer, Sally or one of the other old ladies, adopts and teaches them how to scratch. There are patent brooders, but I've not invested yet.

"At first I feed them pinhead oatmeal dry, and one must be careful not to let them have too much water. I turn a cup upside down in a saucer of water. This prevents their drinking too greedily.

"Indeed," she went on enthusiastically, "I'm so well pleased with the result of my experience that I'm thinking seriously of investing in another incubator. I certainly shall if I remove to the suburbs, as I half expect to; I may get another anyway. I could have sold as many more chicks last year if I had had them."

"What did you say about a brooder?" I inquired, anxious to know all about the Chicken Specialist's methods.

"Oh, nothing much. I've never had a real brooder; I don't know much about them. Once or twice when I required one, I invented one of my own, just a cheese box turned upside down in a larger box, and inside the cheese box a gem jar filled with hot water and an old stocking pulled over it. Put the chickens under the cheese box and they'll cuddle around the gem jar as fondly as under Old Sally's wing. Give them air, to be sure."

"Where do you keep the incubator?" I asked, much interested in this mechanical parent of innumerable chicks.

"In the cellar," she replied. "To ensure the hatch coming out all right, there should be darkness, quietness and an even temperature. I don't know why it is, but noise or a disturbance of any kind brings certain disaster. I also keep the ground sprinkled with water directly under the incubator. I find this conducive to good results.

"I should be very lonely indeed without my family of hens and chickens. I keep a few hens all the time, too, you know. I have enough eggs for table use and a few to spare. I've never sold any for less than twenty-five cents a dozen, and, of course, they are very much higher than that at some seasons. Last winter I got sixty cents for them. During October of this year they barely paid their board and keep. In November and December I'll have to credit them, but by the first of the year I expect they'll begin to pay up with big interest. You may tell your friends that there's money to be made in keeping hens and hatching chickens. And there's pleasure too, for they are such grateful little things. They seem to appreciate everything you do for them. But you must keep them busy, make them scratch, scratch, scratch, and they enjoy scraps, too. I save all the table refuse for them. I often take my sewing and sit out on the back porch, where I can watch them. They really seem to like to have me there, and peep through the wire netting in such an interested fashion, to see what I'm doing. Why, they're the most agreeable kind of company; I don't know what I should do without them."

"You cannot have much of a run for them?" I queried, thinking of the average size of city back yards.

"No; that's the worst of living in a city. One has so little room outside, but, as I said before, I may move to one of the suburbs, and if I do I shall take good care that I have plenty of space for a good run. I know I could do well if I had better facilities."

"I don't suppose you use the improvised piano box hen house that I've heard people talk about," I laughingly remarked.

"Oh, no; I have the real thing. I wish it were daylight, I'd take you out to see it. It's very small, and is built on the colonial plan."

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LEAD THE WORLD

No part of a woman's wardrobe is of such importance as the hat. An expensive costume is often spoiled because the hat is not becoming or is not fashionably trimmed.

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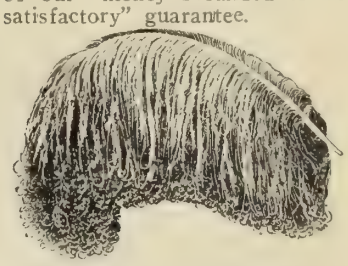

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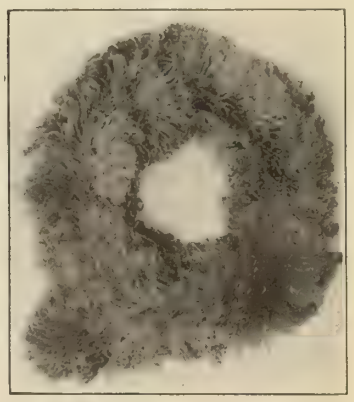

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"Poor lone Hannah!
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree.
Spring and Winter
Hannah's at the window binding shoes."

COLORLESS LEAVES

REMEMBER that poem in the old school readers? And the pathetic picture of the sad-faced girl at the top of the page? Watching for Ben who had sailed away twenty years ago, and never returned to claim his bride. How colorless her life, the return of the seasons brought no change, the same routine, "Sitting at the window binding shoes."

Right around us are just such lives, though the occasion is not public knowledge; but deep-seated in the innermost recesses of hearts, whose hopes sailed away or were buried years ago, lie the ghosts of love, and hope, and yearnings, destined never to be fulfilled, the wreck of lives that have lost their roseate hue, and only the dull pain has taken the place through the grey monotony of the passing years.

There is the elder sister who has been mother's right hand through years of toil, helping to raise a large family, and although her own ambitions were great, and her capabilities still greater, she has resigned an education that the younger brothers and sisters may go to college, and come out with professions. She has packed the trunks and sent them joyfully away; she has unpacked them when they returned; has rejoiced over their successes, their interests have been hers, and one by one the family have gone out, and in their busy lives have grown away from her. She has crossed her mother's hands in their last repose, and lives on with the lonely white-haired man in the old home, and in the memories of the old days that the younger ones are, perhaps, striving to forget. The color scheme is grey, with here and there a golden tint, as she sits musing on the past.

The manly lover who sought her hand, she turned away, because she felt her duty was to assist her mother with her arduous tasks. Again he came, and was sacrificed once more, because her father would be left alone. Then he married. How well she remembers the joyous wedding bells that rang out on that fair June morning when her favorite sister went away with the husband of her choice! And then, six years later, how mournful and hollow-sounded the train whistle that brought her remains to be laid in the family plot! The handsome big brother, too, was laid low in a distant grave with a white cross to mark his resting place. These are her companions in the declining years of her life—the ghosts of her friends, fair visitants clothed in their old-time flesh and blood. These are her thoughts as she sits in the twilight, she is linking the past with the present, she is "Sitting at the window binding shoes."

~

SHE is a very delightful woman, I admit," said one friend to another, as they discussed a mutual acquaintance. "I have always admired her for her refinement and sweet manners, but she has had things all her own way through life, and there has been nothing to call a real disturbing element ever crossed her path, unless we should name her husband in that connection. He, of course, did not prove the affinity she expected, and soon drifted into a divorce to free his bonds, but that never even ruffled her serenity, rather relieved her of a burden, and so, she has had smooth sailing, comparative ease, plenty of money, surrounded by all that makes her life enjoyable, why should she nor develop into a sweet character?"

The speaker was a jolly little woman, and smilingly added, "Now, I'm a nice sort myself, although I cannot boast of such an even temper, and am not so literary, but you know my knowledge on practical lines, of which she knows nothing, offsets that, and so, weighing me in the balance against her, I should not be found wanting. To drift with the tide that smoothly carries one onward in the direction they want to go, is a different matter to struggling against odds year after year for thirty and more. Now, my husband is as near perfection as any man on earth, but there have been times in our lives, when our ideas did not coincide, and times when we faced most provoking circumstances, and with my mind perverted by some strong opposition, I have felt like deserting the whole thing. But I didn't. I have stuck to the ranch, and I believe some credit ought to come my way, even if I have failed to acquire the easy restful character so much admired in this individual."

There was so much in that "I have stuck to the ranch." It stayed with me. It meant so much. It carried strength with it, the kind of strength that convinces the world that there are conquering heroes living quietly within the four walls of home, fighting battles and winning out, standing by the guns, meeting sickness and death, poverty, domestic problems, child-training, bearing burdens like a good soldier, often without love, or sympathy, yet ever at the helm. The body may become weakened and frail, the mind dazed and confused with the strain of always remembering, but the duties never vary, and though the eyes grow dim, the senses dulled with the grind and monotony, the meals are on time, the clean clothes are mended, and in the drawer, the comfort of every one is looked after, nothing that should be done is left undone, because she has stuck to the ranch—"Hannah at the window binding shoes."

~

POOR old man! He was seventy-two last birthday. He has always belonged to a certain village, for no one can remember a time when he was not there. He runs a little country store, has weighed out sugar, tea and butter since he was fourteen. That was when his father owned the store. At twenty-one it was bequeathed to him, and it was not long before he took as partner a dear little woman. For a few short, blissful years they lived in peace and harmony, then she left him, after a long illness, with four helpless little ones. With his sister's aid they were cared for and educated until they flew from the home nest, and found other positions and homes.

Then he married again, a widow with two sons. Three more children came to the home, and he has toiled on, never taking a holiday. His stepsons have given him much trouble, have cost him pain of mind, as well as financial loss. They have been ungrateful to their mother, and to him, but he has not complained. His hair is grey, his form is bent, but he is found behind the counter at the usual hours. The world races on apace. Kings and queens are crowned and pass away, governments rise and fall, great inventions set the whole world staring into the skies at balloons and air-ships, and down into the water at torpedo boats and submarine marvels, new and improved machinery keeps the industrial markets busy, yet he can only read and listen to the wonderful tales. If he has any aspirations towards more material knowledge of these things they are smothered.

His place cannot be filled in his little world, because his wife's mind is quite unbalanced, and no one can do for her the little offices he understands so well. Then the youngest boy, the baby of the three families is a constant sufferer from heart affection. Only his tender old father knows exactly what to do for him when a fierce spasm seizes him. How could he leave the lad? How could he get away even for a day? The bank account is low—very low—after all those years of constant work. There have been so many drains upon it for education, for sickness, for clothing and food. He has always paid his way, has never gone into debt, but it has meant a long, steady pull, he must not give up now, he has always been independent, and hopes to stave off for a few years the feebleness of old age. He looks forward with trust, never speaks discouragingly, shoulders his burden, carries it manfully, sticks to his post, "Sitting at the window binding shoes."

~

THE majority of lives are humdrum, but it does not follow that they must be lifeless and melancholy. It all depends upon the viewpoint, the disposition, the color of glasses through which we survey life. Some people choose to look through the bluest glasses. They are so constituted. They always remind me of this little verse I learnt years ago:—

"The way is dark that lies before us,
In every quarter dangers loom;
The thunder clouds are spreading o'er us
But still we hurry to our doom!
Although you call my sadness folly
I will not drive my fears away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

That is what they enjoy. They are gloomy because that is what they desire. With them it is to the manner born. From earliest childhood they display the traits that later develop into hard and fast habits, and become accustomed to indulging themselves in gloomy thoughts and forebodings. They becloud their minds with pessimistic views until it becomes a melancholy pleasure, and they would not, if they could, be gay. Their lives are colorless, and they do not wish it otherwise.

It does not follow because our lives are monotonous and commonplace that we necessarily must be unhappy, or move in a rut. Let us all endeavor to avoid ruts, for of all people we may encounter those to be shummed are the ones who live in a groove so narrow that there is not room for an opinion outside of their own. They are so satisfied with their own views, so hampered with their own narrow-mindedness that they cannot perceive anything beyond themselves. If aught occurs to alter the even tenor of their way, or change their way of living in the slightest degree, they pose as martyrs, and cause every one around them to feel uncomfortable because their life in a rut has been invaded, and their equilibrium disturbed.

An old man I knew very well moved in such a rut, and wanted his meals served on the minute. His impatience was very manifest when anything prevented his tray coming to his room on the stroke of the clock. The dear little woman with whom he lived did her utmost to humor his whim, but one hot July day when she had been busy sweltering over the kitchen fire all day baking bread and pies and cakes for the harvest hands, and had sent a toothsome supper to a distant field, in order to save time for the busy workers, so they could finish without the long walk back and forth, she prepared a dainty meal for him a few minutes earlier than usual, so she could cool off in the hammock swung under the apple trees before milking time. As she entered with the tray, he glanced at the clock, and in slow, withering tones said, "Are you aware that it is only five minutes to six?" I asked, "What did you do?" "Do," she said, "I set the tray down and pattered away." I am afraid the "bit Irish" in me would have flashed a retort, but I suppose she understood his rut.

~

MANY people are melancholy from force of circumstances. So much sadness has crept into their lives, and their environments, perhaps, accentuate the state of mind in which they perpetually live that they cannot throw it off. They brood over the bitterness of their troubles, and become morbid and morose, with indifference and despair plainly written in the countenance. Everything in their words and actions would indicate the trend of their thoughts, their faces wear a habitual settled look. I often pick those persons out on the car, on the street, and wonder to what reef they can ascribe their woe; and if, by any means, they could be roused to an enjoyment in their surroundings, or if they must go on preserving that apathetic look of abject unconcern forever. It is hard to understand such natures, and it must be *very* hard to live with them.

Again, we see those to whom the gods have sent rich gifts too late in life—long delayed joys—many things that could have given pleasure with the joyousness of youth come when health had gone, and life has lost its spring. To have the means of gratifying the appetite, and be a hopeless dyspeptic; to have money and leisure for travel, and be wheeled around in a chair, to have a large bank account at forty, and no education, these are all gifts that come too late.

We have only too look around us from day to day to see people who have scrimped and saved, lived frugally, and seldom indulged in pleasure, in order that there might be a "good time coming." When they feel that they are ready for it, somehow it eludes them.

One of the new books that came out at Christmas entitled "Right living as a fine art," contains a symphony by Channing, which reads as follows:—"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never, in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this is my symphony."

Thus many of the lives that seem deprived of pleasure, and lacking enthusiasm, apparently colorless, may be full of the sweet poetry of a symphony that others miss in the hurry and rush of activity, the wear and tear of our modern way of living. They do not need our pity, nor our sympathy; their paths run smoothly along, their days filled with a quaint joy of duty done, their nights calm and peaceful, they do not envy the great majority who run swiftly, filled with unrest and discontent, giving no heed to the still voices that lead to spiritual growth, and the uplift of the soul.

Do You Know Your Color?

THE girl who believes in good luck charms or likes to think that she does will want to know about her particular astral color.

The girl who was born in January should wear green. All shades of pink should be the February girl's choice, while those of March will feel most comfortable in purple. The April daughter can wear red and especially rose red. The special color for May is blue, and the girl born in this month should choose jewellery and clothes of light tints of blue. This girl is supposed to be sensitive. Bronze green is for the June girl, which is apt to make her a little melancholy. Light red is the color for July, and deep blue for the girl born in August. Yellow is for the girl born in September. If you were born in October you will take the greatest comfort in wearing brown, while if November is your month you may choose a light gray. Instead of the gay holiday colors the girl who is born in December should choose mauve.

FASHIONS FOR COMING SEASON

SPRING fashions always make a subject of deep interest. This year they are charmingly attractive, altogether desirable, and present a most fascinating picture. We have grown away from the extremes of the narrow straight lines and have developed what are really pretty and becoming effects, with the result that the coming season is one of much promise

A great many different materials are to be worn. While it may be said in a general way that for the street costume, serge and taffeta are conspicuous favorites, there are numberless other suitings that must be added to the list. Light weight broadcloth is always beautiful for spring wear. Scotch cheviots and mixtures are admirable for hard usage, mohair is shown in unprecedentedly beautiful designs and colorings, and will be a favorite, and for the dressy costumes will be used ottoman and other silk as well as taffeta, although the last is the favorite. The silk is delightfully soft and supple, takes lovely lines and is shown in such a marvelous variety of beautiful colors as to make a choice a difficult matter. Two toned effects are much seen and a great many stripes are shown. Many smart costumes for the street will combine plain taffeta with striped or plain or with changeable, and, again, taffeta will be used in combination with wool and with satin, and with other materials.

Coats are short and jaunty, extending to just a trifle below the hips. Many cutaway effects are noted, and there are collars and revers of many different sorts, but in a general way they are of generous, but not extreme, size. Both three-quarter and long sleeves will be used. Empire jackets are smart and are liked for dressy costumes and among the simple ones for morning wear must be included the Norfolk coat. Skirts are narrow without exaggeration. The two-piece skirt is a favorite, but often it is made with plaits at the sides or over the panels to provide slightly additional flare.

Tunic effects are many, and numbers of the best models are made with skirts of two materials, the lower or foundation portions being stitched to the upper, well within the edge to give the overskirt effect, while in reality there is only the weight of one skirt to be carried. What are known as Russian effects, or belts used in various ways, are conspicuous. That we will have some loose coats, actually belted, unquestionably is true, but for the most part the belts are used over the coats of semi-fit to be ornamental rather than to serve any practical use. They are shown entirely round the waist and over the sides only in equal numbers, and if they do nothing else they afford opportunity for the use of handsome buttons.

Buttons, let it be said, are all-important. They are not employed for prosaic use only, but also for ornament. On the coat suits the ball buttons are liked, but there are a great many beautiful metal and bone ones shown that are adapted to special materials and make singularly handsome effects, while buttons made of the material or the trimming are preferred by a great many tailors to every other sort. With the coat suits will be worn the dainty collars and cuffs of white that are always so pretty, and beautiful ones of embroidered muslin and of heavy laces are shown, macrame, Cluny and crochet being favorites for the purpose. The season is one of so much beautiful color that it is difficult to select any shade as favorite, but it is probable that a great deal of grey, and of the cooler blues will be worn, while white suits promise to be extremely fashionable, both in serge and cloth. Coats of changeable taffeta with broadcloth skirts are to be mentioned among the novelties also, and taffeta is likely to be employed in almost every possible way. Three-piece gowns made with skirts of cloth or fine serge, and blouses, combining the material with taffeta and net, while the little coats are of the taffeta, are very smart and distinctive.

Hats are both close fitting and large. A great many of the brimless turbans will be worn, the mushroom shape is frequently to be noted, and there are numberless of the moderately-sized and large hats with the rolling brims, among which can be found something adapted to every face. Taffeta with fine hemp and tagel straws makes some of the smartest and prettiest hats, and the changeable taffeta is a favorite. Frequently there is no other trimming, the taffeta being draped and the straw looped to form bows, but wings and small leathers on turbans and the like are shown, and there are a good many substitutes for Paradise and aigrettes that are made from ostrich and fowl feathers that are used, but for the early season flowers will be largely reserved for hats of the more dressy type. For these, Panama and peanut and Java straws are favorites, although hemp and tagel are always beautiful and much worn.

WE have no very sensational hat novelties sprung upon us, and many of the additions made to the already long list of different styles of hats and toques are revivals from not so far back. The most important of these revivals is that of the marquis. This is no servile copy, however, of the old tricorne. There is the three-cornered effect, of course, but it is frequently very slightly indicated, seldom with mathematical precision, and when this is the case, something is always done to mitigate the regularity of its outline.

A good example of such treatment is to be found in a model which has a domed crown, stretched over with black velvet, just high enough to show above the inward curve of a brim in soft white felt turned up against it. The three upward points of the brim are rounded off and the severity of its outlines moreover mitigated by a wide binding of plain ermine. It comes well on the head (as indeed do all shapes this season), and is made to be worn slightly tilted towards the right side, so that one of the points is exactly over the right ear. This point is held back to the crown by a large cockade consisting of two flat pleatings of white silk encircling a button covered with ermine, from the forward side of which comes a little point of the same and three small black-tipped tails.

In larger hats the tricorne effect is less pronounced. For instance, the brim of a very large black velvet hat is folded back straight across the front and only a small portion slightly rolled over on the left side of the back, the result being a very decided point on each side and merely a sketchy one behind. An inch-wide fold of dark blue velvet is mounted on the under side of the brim a little within the edge, and a large "feather broom" aigrette stands erect above the low-domed crown.

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When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 12 cents each. Send cash to PATTERN DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. PAPER PATTERNS TWELVE CENTS EACH POST PAID.

Frocks for the Small Person

FROCKS for the very small folk and little girls are exceedingly charming this season, and in the group are shown a number of most attractive as well as eminently fashionable designs.

Number 7271 shows a pretty girl's dress, which, in this instance, is made of plaid Scotch gingham, combined with plain linen. The feature of the blouse is found in the overlapped edges. The skirt is straight and plaited and the two are joined by a belt. All seasonable materials are appropriate, challis and the like, as well as washable fabrics. For the 8 year size will be needed 3½ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 for the trimming, ⅞ yard 18 for yoke and under sleeves. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8 and 10 years.

Number 7289 is a dainty little frock, the body portion or yoke of which is made in one with the sleeves. The skirt is straight, gathered and joined to it. In the front view it is made of flouncing. In the back view the whole dress is made of plain material with a frill of embroidery at the lower edge. For the 4 year size will be needed 1¾ yards of bordered material or embroidery 18 inches wide, with ½ yard of plain material 36, and 1¾ yards of beading, ¾ yard of insertion to make as shown in the front view; 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3½ yards of embroidery to make as shown in the back view. The pattern is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Number 7298 is a most attractive dress, designed for slightly older girls. The skirt is six-gored and laid in plaits at front and back, while it is plain at the sides. The waist portion is distinctly novel. The kimono sleeves are cut in one with the side portions. There are separate front and back sections that are stitched to them, and there is a yoke to which both sleeves and main portions are attached. It can be made with high or square neck and with three-quarter or long sleeves. For the 12 year size will be needed 5¼ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming, ¾ yard 18 for yoke and under sleeves. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

Number 7319—Tunic dresses are among the newest shown and this one is exceedingly smart. In the illustration it is made of natural colored pongee, and the trimming is red silk braided with soutache matching the gown, but dresses of this kind will be found admirably well suited to the simple washable materials, such as linen, chambray and the like, as well as to pongee and other fabrics of the kind. The skirt is straight and plaited and joined to a belt. The tunic is cut with front and back portions and is closed over the shoulders beneath the trimming. For the 10 year size will be needed 4¾ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Number 7257—Dresses that are made with body portion and skirt in one are the best liked for the younger folk. This one is simple yet novel. There is a little panel at the front, to which the main portions are attached, and the shaped trimming bands and yoke give a distinctive touch. The closing is made invisibly at the back, where there are inverted plaits. For the 6 year size will be needed 3½ yards of material 27, 3¼ yards 36, 2⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 for the trimming. The

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Coat Pattern No. 7314
Skirt Pattern No. 7261

Coat Pattern No. 7296
Skirt Pattern No. 7283

Coat Pattern No. 7332
Skirt Pattern No. 7297

pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Number 7279 shows one of the newest dresses made with a panel at the front and one at the back. These panels are attached at their upper edges only, but held slightly to position by means of a belt. The round bertha makes another attractive feature, and the deep cuffs are smart in the extreme. The skirt is four-gored. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves. The dress can be worn with or without a guimpe, and can be made without the panels if something plainer is wanted. For the 10 year size will be needed 4¼ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming. Cut in sizes for girls 8, 10 and 12 years.

Number 7326 is a pretty one-piece dress that is finished with a V-shaped yoke and trimming that makes it entirely novel and individual. The closing is made at the shoulder beneath the trimming straps. This dress is made of rose-colored linen and the trimming portions are of white eyelet embroidery. For the 6 year size will be needed 2 yards of material 27, 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 18 for the trimming. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Number 7260—Overlapped effects are just as smart for the girls as they are for the grown folk, and this frock shows the effect handled with exceptional success. The trimming portions are made of embroidered banding and the dress itself is of blue linen, but frocks of this kind are made from a great many different fabrics, the wools as well as the washable materials. The waist can be made with or without the lining that includes under sleeves. The skirt is four-gored and the box plaits at the sides are applied over it. For the 12 year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of banding and ⅜ yards 18 for the round neck yoke, ¾ yard 18 for yoke and under sleeves. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

Tailored Suits of Spring Fashions

SPRING fabrics for tailored suits are unusually handsome this season and unusually varied. Here are three that show novelties of three distinctly different sorts.

The suit at the extreme left is made

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of striped serge with trimming of taffeta and heavy lace. The coat is made with cutaway fronts and a big collar that can be either round or square at the back. The sleeves are of the regulation two-piece sort. The skirt is quite novel; it is four-gored, but the back gore is extended for full length, and there is a two-piece lower section that is overlapped for several inches at the front, so that it provides ample freedom for walking. For the medium size the coat will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is of lace banding. For the skirt will be needed 4¼ yards 27, 3¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is 2¼ yards. The pattern of the coat, 7314, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 bust, of the skirt, 7261, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

The misses' costume shows one of the novelty suitings and is made with collar of satin. The Norfolk coat is extremely becoming to girlish figures, and will be much worn this season. The skirt is made in two pieces, and is a pronounced favorite. It can be finished either at the high or natural waist line. The model is an excellent one for mohair and for linen and other lightweight suitings, as well as for the wool illustrated. For the 16 year size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ⅛ yard of velvet; for the skirt will be needed 3¼ yards 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is 1⅞ yards.

The pattern of the coat, 7296, and of the skirt, 7283, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The third and last suit combines an Empire coat with four-gored skirt. The coat is an exceptionally smart one and very generally becoming. It includes three-quarter sleeves and flaring cuffs, and a becoming collar. The upper and lower sections are finished separately, and the lower section is lapped over the upper and stitched to position, therefore the making is a very simple matter. The coat is held by a single button and buttonhole. The skirt is four-gored. There are extensions at the edges of the front and back gores that reach to about flounce depth and these extensions form deep inverted plaits. The skirt can be finished with a belt at the natural waist line, or be cut to the high line and underfaced, as liked. For the medium size will be needed 4¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide for the coat; 5¼ yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 for the skirt; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 3 yards, 2⅛ yards when the plaits are laid.

The pattern of the coat, 7332, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, 7297, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

Coat Pattern No. 7324
Skirt Pattern No. 7327

Coat Pattern No. 7305
Skirt Pattern No. 7269

Coat Pattern No. 7320
Skirt Pattern No. 7321

Fashionable Street Costumes

THE street costume is always the one of first interest with the change of seasons. Here are three attractive models, one of which is designed for young girls and for small women.

The suit at the extreme left is made from a double-faced material, and the underside makes the trimming. The coat is without a collar and can be made with either one or two revers, and it can be worn open or buttoned up closely about the throat. The skirt is seven-gored. It can be made with inverted plaits or with habit back and with high or natural waist line. All suiting materials will be found appropriate for the model with the trimming of any contrasting one that may be liked. For the medium size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 6¾ yards 27, 4½ yards 44 or 52, when material has figure or nap, but if not 5 yards 27, 3 yards 44 or 52 inches wide will be sufficient. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¾ yards, with inverted plaits, 2½ yards with habit back.

The pattern of the coat, 7324, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, 7327, in sizes from 26 to 36 waist measure.

The second costume shows a distinctive and altogether novel coat, which gives an Empire effect at the back, and a skirt that is all in one, yet suggests a tunic. This skirt is fitted by means of little tucks at the back that are quite new and in every way attractive. In this case the material is one of the novelty suitings and the trimming is satin, but the skirt could be made of two materials with equal success, and any seasonable suiting will be found appropriate. For the medium size the coat will require 4½ yards of material 27, 3 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1⅛ yards 27 for the collar and 2½ yards of braid; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27, 3 yards 44 or 52; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

The pattern of the coat, 7305, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, 7269, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure.

The misses' costume is exceedingly smart after a simple manner, and simple lines are always the best both for the young girl and for women of girlish figures. The skirt is made in two pieces. It can be finished with the overlapping points, as illustrated, or with straight edges, as preferred, but the overlapped effect is new and in every way to be commended. The coat gives the straight lines that are essentially smart and always becoming. It also can be made with or without the overlapping points, and with the collar that is either pointed or round at the back. This costume is made of striped mohair trimmed with taffeta in two shades, and with black and white cord, but any suiting material can be used with a trimming that is harmonious in effect, or plain material could be used for the entire costume with the overlap- with soutache. For the 16 year size the coat will require 3 yards of material 36, 2⅜ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ¾ yard of satin of each color for collar and cuffs; for the skirt will be needed 2¼ yards 36, 44 or 52 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is a little less than 2 yards.

The pattern of the coat, 7320, and of the skirt, 7321, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Spring Hats

THE first spring hats have appeared, anticipating a need for them among the South-goers, for almost before we had a chance to realize that winter was upon us, the holidays had passed, says Toronto *Saturday Night*. For the present, there are still new hats of velvet and satin, especially designed to give a new impetus to the flagging season. Chief among these are two or three of the shapes from which the new straws were modeled. One is of moderate size, with a mound-shaped crown and a brim rolled evenly across the front, then gradually more deeply, till, at the centre back it is as high as the crown itself. The only trimming is a large gold cloth rose with a sprig or two of foliage just at one side, close to the crown, with a swirl of black velvet curving up and around one side. It is both smart and apt to be generally becoming. A large velvet hat worn well down over the ears, is turned up abruptly in a diagonal line across the front to a much greater depth at the left side than at the right, and slopes far back so that the shoulders are hidden. The "Frog" hat, which has a draped crown of velvet and a cluster of roses tucked in the folds at one side and a satin-faced brim, is another new model, and it, too, is to be one of the spring designs, developed in straw with a silk crown, and with the crown fashioned of a straw or braid plateau, and the brim faced with ribbed silk.

Borders Popular

BORDERS, borders, and yet again borders, at cotton, linen, silk and wool counters alike—this is the main feature of the new displays of spring materials. Some of these so-called borders, to be sure, are so wide that they are less real edges for trimming than a combination of two kinds of material or two-color schemes or a plain and figured pattern for combination in costumes. A conspicuous mem-

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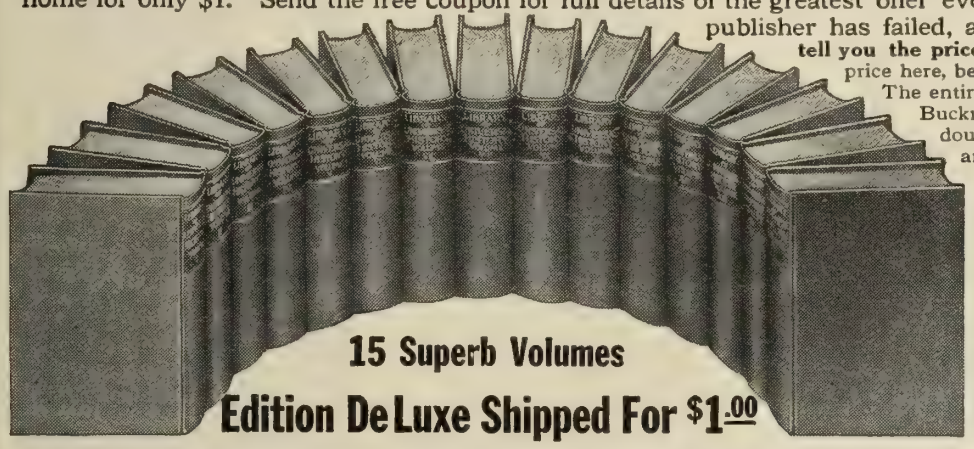

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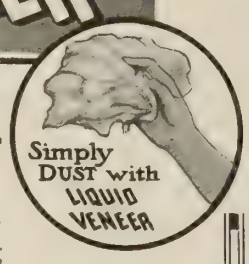

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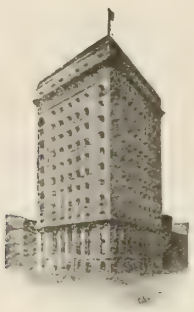

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ber of cotton departments is a chiffony texture that has a cotton ratine border which makes a striking contrast between the sheer and the opaque weaves. of roses tucked in the folds at one side This ratine border comes in stripes or solid colors. Another new cotton fabric has a plain ground with a border made up of an embroidered weave that looks more than anything like the humble Turkish toweling.

A Smart Suit

THE costume that gives continuous lines is one of the very newest and smartest. This one includes many of the best features of the spring. In the illustration it is made of broadcloth with trimming of satin, but the model will be found a good one for all seasonable materials, the poplins that will be so much worn, the taffeta that promises such favor, the heavy ribbed silks that are always handsome, for mohair, and for all the familiar wool suitings, with trimming of any contrasting material. Plain taffeta with striped is to make a feature of the season, and the suit would be very handsome made with the main portions of plain and trimming portions of striped. The coat is a smart yet simple one, made with seams that extend to the shoulders at both front and back, and with regulation two-piece sleeves. The trimming portion is arranged under the front edges, however, and gives a distinctive effect. The skirt is made in three pieces, which are joined and lapped on to the trimming portion, which is extended to form the little panel at the left of the front. The closing is made beneath this panel.

For the medium size the coat will require 5 yards of material 27, 2½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1 yard of satin 21 for the trimming; for the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27, 2½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1¾ yards 21 for the trimming; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

The pattern of the coat, 7334, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 bust; of the skirt, 7273, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

Girl's Dress

THE dress that is closed at the front is both a smart and practical one. It is easy for the little girl to slip on and off and it is in the height of style. This one includes an unusually attractive collar and can be made from a variety of materials. It can be finished either with or without the chemisette and under-sleeves, and, consequently, is adapted to all seasons. In the illustration it is made from shepherd's check with trimming of plain colored broadcloth and narrow soutache braid and buttons, but the model is just as well adapted to washable materials and to cashmere, challis, and all fabrics of the kind, with the trimming portions made of the same material in a contrasting color, or of a contrasting material, as liked. The trimming on the skirt combines with the collar to give the continuous lines that make one of the latest features.

The dress is made with blouse and skirt. The blouse consists of front and back portions and of separate sleeves sewed to the armholes. The collar finishes the neck and front edges. The side and back portions of the skirt are straight and there is a narrow front portion that forms a box plait. The trimming is arranged over this box plait and the closing is made beneath it. When the shield is used it is arranged under the blouse and closed at the back, and the undersleeves are attached beneath the cuffs.

For the 10 year size will be required 4¼ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming, ½ yard of all-over lace.

The pattern, 7301, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Girl's Tunic Dress

THE tunic dress is one of the newest and prettiest for little girls. This one is equally well adapted to one material throughout and to combinations. In the illustration it is made of striped voile and the tunic is made on the straight, while the skirt is made on the cross, but the tunic could be made of one material with the skirt of another equally well. Striped material could be used over plain or over plaid, or one fabric could be used over another. In whatever way it is treated the model is a charming one, admirably adapted both to the present and to the coming season. Dresses of this sort will be charming made from the washable fabrics that are so varied and so beautiful.

The dress consists of tunic and skirt. The skirt is straight and plaited and is joined to a belt. The tunic is made with front and back portions joined over the shoulders and under the arms above the belt, but is open at the sides below the belt. Trimming is arranged over the shoulder seams for a portion of their length and the closing is made beneath this trimming.

For the 10 year size will be required

Coat Pattern No. 7334
Skirt Pattern No. 7273

4¾ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of banding.

The pattern, 7319, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Child's Empire Frock

THE empire frock is always a becoming one to the little children. This one is very dainty yet very simple. The yoke or body portion is made in one piece with the sleeves and the skirt is straight, consequently there is very little labor involved, and flouncing and bordered materials can be used with perfect success. In the front view, the dress is shown made with a frill at the lower edge and with trimming over the centre portion of the yoke, but one of the advantages of this design is its availability, and both frill and the trimming can be omitted to make a plain frock adapted to morn-

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ing occasions, while if still greater elaboration is wanted, the dress could be made from embroidered batiste or other material of the kind.

The dress consists of body portion and skirt. The body portion is tucked over the shoulders and includes the sleeves. The skirt is straight and gathered at the upper edge. Whether the sleeves are long or short, they are finished with straight bands.

Dress Pattern No. 7301

Dress Pattern No. 7289

For the 4 year size will be required 3⅛ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3½ yards of edging, 2¼ yards of insertion and 1¾ yards of beading to make as shown in the front view; 1¾ yards of flouncing 18 inches wide and ½ yard of plain material 36 inches wide to make as shown in the back view.

The pattern, 7289, is cut in sizes for children of 2 to 6 years of age.

Girl's Dress

KIMONO sleeves that are sewed to the blouse are among the latest features to be found in girls' dresses as well as in those of their elders. Here is a frock that shows them and that is just as attractive as can be. In the front view it is made with a square neck and elbow sleeves. The material is cerise cashmere and the trimming is banding. In the back view it is made of royal blue serge, and there is a yoke of all-over lace, while the sleeves are made long. The two frocks are essentially different in effect, yet the model is the same in both cases, and many suggestions might be made for still different treatments. Plaid fabrics are much liked and later it would be charming made from linen, pique and other materials of the kind.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made in two portions with separate sleeves and these are all joined to the yoke. When square neck is used the yoke is cut out on an indicated line and trimming is arranged over the lower portions. The skirt is six gored and forms a double box plait at front and back. The closing of the blouse is made at the back of the skirt invisibly beneath the box plait.

Daess Pattern No. 7319

Dress Pattern No. 7298

For the 12 year size will be required

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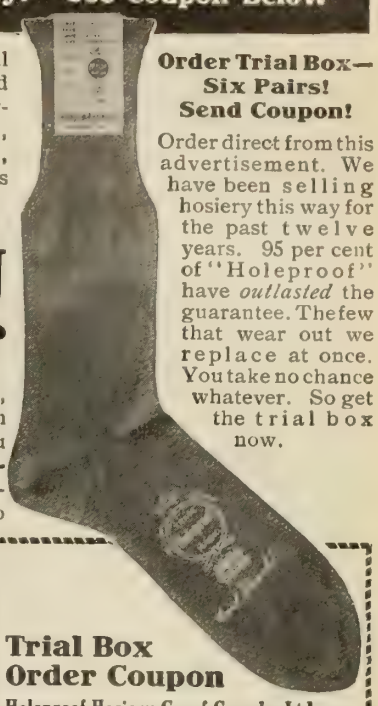

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5¼ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards of banding to trim as shown in the front view, ¾ yard of all-over lace to make as shown in the back view.

The pattern, 7298, is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

Raglan Blouse

THE blouse made with raglan sleeves is the very latest. This one includes a pretty pointed collar and is smart in the extreme. In the illustration it is made from Scotch flannel,

Blouse Pattern No. 7290

but it will be found adapted to all waisting materials. It is excellent for linen, pique and the like, it is equally desirable for the thinner washable materials, and it is most satisfactory made from flannel or other lightweight wools.

The blouse is made with fronts and back with sleeves that are made in sections. These sleeves are extended to the neck edge and are joined to the blouse. The collar finishes the neck edge and the closing is made with a regulation box plait at the center front. The sleeves are finished with straight cuffs.

For the medium size will be required 3⅛ yards of material 27, 2⅛ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 7300, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

A Dainty Waist

THE blouse that is closed at the front is such a comfortable one that every woman welcomes a new design made in that way. Here is a

Blouse Pattern No. 7287

model that is chic in the extreme. It includes the new kimono sleeves that are sewed to big armholes, and that are shapely beneath the arms, and it can be finished with or without a frill and with or without the stock collar. In the illustration it is made of crepe meteor with trimming of banding, and is lined, the lining including plain under-sleeves, but it can be made without a lining if preferred, or it can be made with lining and puffed under-sleeves, in place of the plain ones.

The blouse is made with fronts and back portions that are seamed over the shoulders and with one-piece sleeves that are stitched to it. The lining is a simple one, fitted by means of darts, and is closed at the center front, while the blouse is closed at the left front. The stock collar is joined to the neck edge of the blouse and closed at the back. The under-sleeves make a part of the lining, whether they are puffed or plain.

For the medium size will be required 2⅝ yards of material 27, 1⅞ yards 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of silk for the trimming, and ⅞ yard of all-over lace and ⅞ yard of lace 7 inches wide.

The pattern, 7290, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

A Fancy Blouse

A BLOUSE that is made with sleeves in kimono style, but which still are separate is a favorite. This one, designed for young girls and small women, is exceptionally attractive and unusually available. In the illustration it is made with a lining that includes puffed under-sleeves and is finished at the high waist line, but it can be made just in this way without the under-sleeves if liked, or it can be made with-

Blouse Pattern No. 7300

out a lining, and it can be finished at the natural waist line quite as well as at the high one. As a result of all these possibilities, it becomes available for many occasions and for many materials, and can be used with equal success for the entire dress and for the odd waist. In the illustration plaid taffeta is made over a guimpe of lace, but combinations of material are much liked and a pretty effect could be obtained by making the blouse without a lining and with the sleeves of a contrasting material.

The guimpe lining and blouse are separate. The lining is made simply with front and back portions that are faced to form the yoke and under-sleeves are sewed to its armholes. The sleeves of the blouse are arranged over the lining and attached at their inner edges and the armhole edges of the blouse are finished and arranged over the sleeves. When the lining is omitted the sleeves and blouse are stitched together at the armhole edges and the gathers at the waist line are stayed by means of a belt.

For the 16 year size will be required 2 yards of material 27 or 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of all-over lace and 1 yard of lace for the frills.

The pattern, 7287, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

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Furbelows

FOR spring trimming, taffeta will be much used, velvet is to be combined with straw, too, and it is probable that later a great deal of lace will be utilized for trimming in combination with flowers. Whatever the shape of the hat, however, it is drawn down closely over the head after the prevailing style of the winter.

Blouses are being made of taffeta in color to match or to harmonize with the costume, and are very charming. They show a good many variations, but the most pronounced novelty is found in what is known as the bosom effect, or the blouse that is cut to allow an inset shaped much after the manner of a bosom of a man's shirt, and this may be either of the same or contrasting material or color. The edges frequently are piped or corded, but almost uniformly collars are thin. If the waist is of taffeta or satin, the collar will be of lace or of net, and shadow nets are favorites for the purpose.

Beneath the coats are to be worn a great many jabots and soft lace effects, and with many of the blouses are shown single, tapering revers, but the one-sided full frill has been overdone, and will not be distinctly smart. Flat revers and the straight, square jabots are newer and better liked.

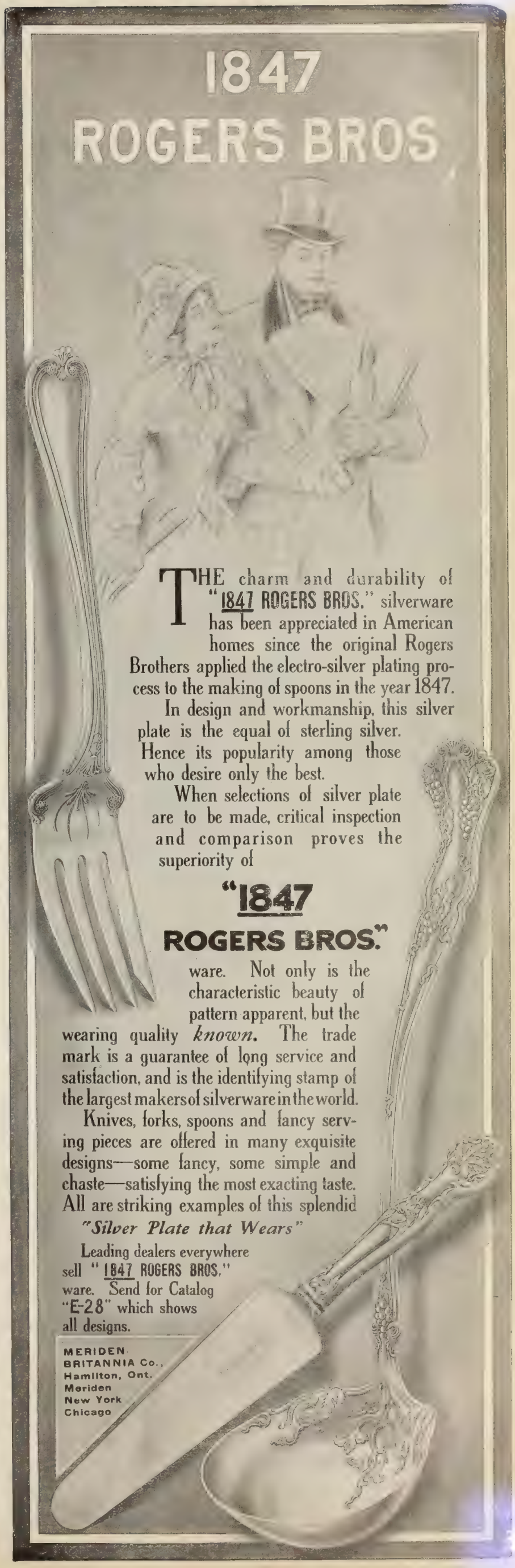
~

ALL sorts of pretty puffs and ruchings have been revived from an earlier period, and while our skirts are narrow, they will be trimmed with frills that are shirred over cordings, with ruches that are plaited and gathered over cords and finished in all sorts of similar ways. Taffeta is one of the best liked materials for afternoon and evening wear, and in many instances the edges of the trimmings are frayed to form their own finish. The two-toned, or chameleon taffetas are the favorites, and the fringe on these is always singularly attractive. The colors developed by the combination of tones are apt to be indescribable, but the foundation threads are distinctly in contrast, and when frayed they form a finish not to be obtained in any other way. Some of the newest blouses are finished with little turned-over collars, and a pretty one seen recently, which serves to exemplify the treatment, is made of taffeta, giving a shimmering gold effect, but the threads one way are blue, the other gold color, and the edges of the collar are finished with narrow frills frayed out to give a tiny blue fringe that is very attractive.

~

VEILS are being worn with all kinds of hats, and also toques, says the *Millinery Trade Review.* The most fashionable are in net with lace patterns, but different kinds of craquelin net are fancied in colors as well as black and white, the latter often preferred even for dark hats and toques made of fur. Veils are arranged so as to come well down under the chin and to cover the ears and the throat, and are fastened at the nape of the neck as well as to the hat.

Flowers are not quite as much out of the running as they were last month, several of the leading milliners showing velvet hats trimmed with roses—chiefly made of velvet, too—in sombre damask shades, relieved with touches of brighter reds—mostly unmounted and fastened on the brim close to the base, and now and again made up into bunches without leaves. The exceptions to the rule are roses made of padded cerise satin or panne, covered with white silk gauze, which has the effect of making them look slightly transparent, mounted garland fashion on stems, with small leaves made of composition.



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EATON EXAMPLES OF THE

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MISSES' SELECT STYLES FOR SUMMER WEAR

MISSES' COTTON VOILE WAIST 2.75

TA—28. Misse's Fine White Cotton Voile Waist, made in Bolero effect by the insertion of silk and embroidered bands, the pattern of which is outlined by a single thread of black, showing up the design in relief; the cuffs having in addition two rows of Valenciennes insertion, and the sleeves one row of Valenciennes, and two of Plauen insertion, one of the latter extending over the shoulders at the back, where a button fly fastening is arranged. **White with blue,** (as shown), or **pink** trimming. For ages, 14, 16 or 18 years; 32, 34 or 36 bust. Price..... **2.75**

NOTE.—Please note size and when ordering do not omit to give style number and color.

Years	14	16	18
Bust size	32	34	36
Waist, ins.	23	24	25

Choice of skirt lengths 33, 35 or 37 inches.

MISSES' SHANTUNG SILK WAIST 2.00

TA—15. Misses' Waist of Shantung silk in a trim sailor style; having flat silk trimming in contrasting shades on shield, collar and cuffs giving a youthful touch to the whole design, while the collar is cut square at the back. The fastening is invisible in front. In natural shade only, with choice of trimming in **Vice-Regal green** (as shown); **brown or King's blue.** Ages 14, 16 or 18 years; 32, 34 or 36 bust. Price..... **2.00**

JA 48 Misses' Plaid Gingham Wash Dress, in a stylish serviceable design, with a trimming of plain chambray on cuffs and yoke, the wide pleats over shoulders giving a smart tailored effect, while the skirt shows a plain panel pleat back and front from waist down. Invisible fastening at back. Choice of **black and white** (as shown) or **navy and white** plaid with **cadet blue** chambray trimming. Price..... **2.35**

JA—58. Misses' Dress of fine even weave percale, in **tan or cadet blue;** the material lending itself admirably to the tailored design in which it is developed; the waist fastening invisibly at the back, where the skirt shows a panel pleat from waist line and flaring loose from the hips down. In **tan** with **brown,** piped with **white** (as shown); or **cadet blue** with **white** pipings only. Price..... **2.50**

JA—78. Misses' Dress of fine printed cotton voile, richly trimmed at waist line and cuffs with heavy lace insertion, while the yoke is of Swiss embroidered lawn, with lace motifs extending below and at sides. The fine tucking extends all round the skirt, below which the two tucks and wide hem show effective finish. Pearl button fastening at back. Choice of **helio** (as shown); also **sky or pink.** Price..... **4.50**

NOTE. **In taking skirt measures for any of the above dresses, tie a cord around waist, so as to locate natural waist line and then measure down to desired length (either 33, 35 or 37 inches.)**

JA—68. Misses' Wash Dress, a light weight duck in a smart sailor model, having the characteristic collar handsomely yet plainly trimmed in contrasting shade of material and soutache braid, and which extends over shoulders in square cut at back. The fastening is effected in front with pearl buttons and hooked placket. Choice of **blue with white** (as shown); **white with blue; and champagne with tan.** Price..... **2.75**

JA—38. Misses' Wash Dress, of polka dot printed percale, on **white** ground; the plain wide trimming being edged with a bias fold of striped material in matching tones, while the back where the fastening is affected, is plain, excepting where the wide band at the neck shows in continuation. Choice of **black** and **tan** dots on **white** ground (as shown); or **navy** and **sky** dots on **white.** Price..... **2.25**

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The following are the lengths (from collar down front) for the various ages:

2 years, length 21 ins.	8 years, length 29 ins.
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4 years, length 24 ins.	12 years, length 36 ins.
5 years, length 25 ins.	13 years, length 39 ins.
6 years, length 26 ins.	14 years, leng h 42 ins.

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TB—28. Child's Stripe Percale Dress, in a trim, simple little style; an invisible button fastening all the way down the back, making the laundry work easy. Can be had as shown only, in **navy and white** stripe, with band trimming of **plain navy** and the piping of **cardinal**; for ages 2, 3, 4, or 5 years Price..... **1.15**

GINGHAM DRESS 1.85

TB—63. Girl's Plaid Gingham Dress; the Waist trimmed with bands of the fine percale, pipings and Bulgarian embroidery in colors as shown, also in **black and white** and **blue and white** plaid with bands of **cadet blue** and **red** piping. Invisible fastening at back; all sizes 6 to 14 years. Price.. **1.85**

PERCALE DRESS 1.50

TB—48. Girl's Plain Percale Dress, in **pink**, with **black and white** box check trimming as shown, also in **tan** or light **blue** with same trimming, as illustrated. It fastens all the way down the back with concealed buttons. All sizes 6 to 14 years. Price.... **1.50**

CHILD'S PLAID GINGHAM WASH DRESS

For ages 2, 3, 4 or 5 years

1.15

TB—18. Child's Plaid Gingham Wash Dress, made on simple lines, buttoning down the back and showing Bulgarian embroidery trimming on cuffs and front of waist. In **tan and white** plaid with **tan** trimming, **blue** embroidery and piping; also in **blue and white** plaid with **cadet** trimming, **blue** embroidery and piping. For ages, 2, 3, 4, or 5 years. Price.... **1.15**

PERCALE DRESS 2.00

TB—78. Girl's Percale Wash Dress, distinctively trimmed with contrasting shade and Bulgarian embroidery; in **cadet blue** with **tan**, as shown, also in **tan** with **brown**. Fly button fastening the way down the back. Sizes 6 to 14 years Price.. **2.00**

PERCALE DRESS 1.75

TB—88. Girl's Printed Percael Dress, in **blackdot** on **white ground**, trimmed as shown, having new handkerchief pocket in **cadet blue** with **black** and **white** piping; also made in **light blue dot** on **white ground** with **blue** trimming and **black** and **white** piping. Invisible fastening at back; all sizes, 6 to 14 years. Price **1.75**

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TB—38. Girl's Percale Dress, with stripe border trimming in colors as shown; also in **pink** ground with **pink and white**; and in **light tan** ground with **navy and white**; it buttons invisibly down the back. All sizes for ages 6 to 14 **1.50**

GINGHAM DRESS 1.65

TB—58. Girl's Check Gingham Dress, buttoned in front; trimmed in plain sihade. Made in **navy and white** check with **cardinal** or **tan** trimming; also **black and white** check with **sky** trimming. Ages 6 to 14 years Price **1.65**

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Canadian Home Journal.

SPRING MILLINERY

THE four hats displayed on this page will give our readers a very fair idea of the various styles to be worn during the coming season. They are from the millinery display of the T. Eaton Company, Toronto, and are typical examples of Miladi's spring headgear.

The illustration at the top shows a stunning new style in a ladies' dress hat, handsome new shape of fine quality patent Milan straw braid, soft draping of shirred silk chiffon around crown and brim shows the designer's wonderful skill. A handsome 17½-inch three-ply willow plume is used to complete the trimming of this very charming hat. Colors: Shape and chiffon in white only, with plume in black or white.

The second is a very dressy toque of exquisite design, brim bound with rich silk velvet, a fine mohair hood artistically draped forms the crown and upper brim, with a fancy bandeau of mohair braid in contrasting colors around edge, caught at right side with knot of velvet, trimmed with fancy genuine ostrich mount and pleated rosette of silk velvet. This will be one of the season's most pleasing and becoming styles. Colors: Black with burnt bandeau, white with black bandeau, and solid black. Mount comes in black or white only.

The third is a very fashionable and exclusive dress hat, new shape of fine quality soft finish patent Milan straw braid, effectively trimmed around crown with striped satin, and at side with two handsome uncurled genuine ostrich quills 16 inches long, finished with large ornament of striped satin, edged with black. Comes in white only, with striped satin in black and white, brown and white, light navy and white. Ostrich quills in colors to harmonize.

The last is a decidedly handsome and unusually becoming dress hat, new shape of chip and tagel braid in two-tone effect, trimmed with genuine ostrich feather bandeau around crown, beautiful ostrich mount and bunch of flowers at side, and finished with bunch of roses and forget-me-nots at right side. Shape in black and white or black and tuscan. Bandeau and mount in black, tuscan or white, and flowers to harmonize.

A NEW hat is always a matter of supreme interest to the feminine world — especially when that new hat blooms in the spring. After such a stern winter as we have just experienced, the vista of spring millinery stretches alluringly away, and we are ready to squander all our February savings on a hat which will be the correct Easter vogue.

There has been much guessing at spring millinery styles, but Paris has kept its secrets well, and we have only recently learned what the world's wife is going to wear for April headgear.

In shapes, the Breton brim is certain of popularity, and the high roll is to be characteristic of most designs. The hat of taffeta silk is to be a pronounced favorite, and the Tam o' Shanter crown will be worn. The straws are to be displayed in the most delicate and soft effects, Milan, tagel crinoline and chip being the popular makes. In coloring the shot and shaded effects will prevail and most attractive samples have been seen in tans, blues and greys. The Oriental touches are still seen, and the Durbar at Delhi is held accountable for shades that are suggestive of Indian bazaars and Persian gardens. Purple, gold, cerise, crimson, emerald, topaz and blue are all shown in brilliant silks, which, when blended, are decidedly Eastern in magnificence. Black and white will be still in high favor, and a soft grey will also be much worn, in the midst of all the more dazzling hues.

The brims of almost all large hats roll somewhere, says *Dry Goods Record*. Sometimes it is an even roll all the way around, or with perhaps a dip in the back. Others turn up almost straight in front, with a more gradual roll towards the back; still another droops over the face, widens as it turns up on the right side, taking a sudden dip before it reaches the front again.

A bandeau of feathers and a high mount adorns some of these witching shapes, while others look like bowers to accommodate nestling groups of dainty rosebuds. In fact, the novelty is so great that one can scarcely so astray in buying hats. Fashion designers have been most liberal in the variety of patterns they have made.

There is some doubt in the minds of certain millinery authorities as to whether this will be a really strong flower season, though all are stocking up quite liberally, feeling that there must be at least a conservative demand.

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ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

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Sovereign Construction Co. Limited 852 Lumsden Bldg. TORONTO

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LACQUERET

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INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

TORONTO -:- WINNIPEG

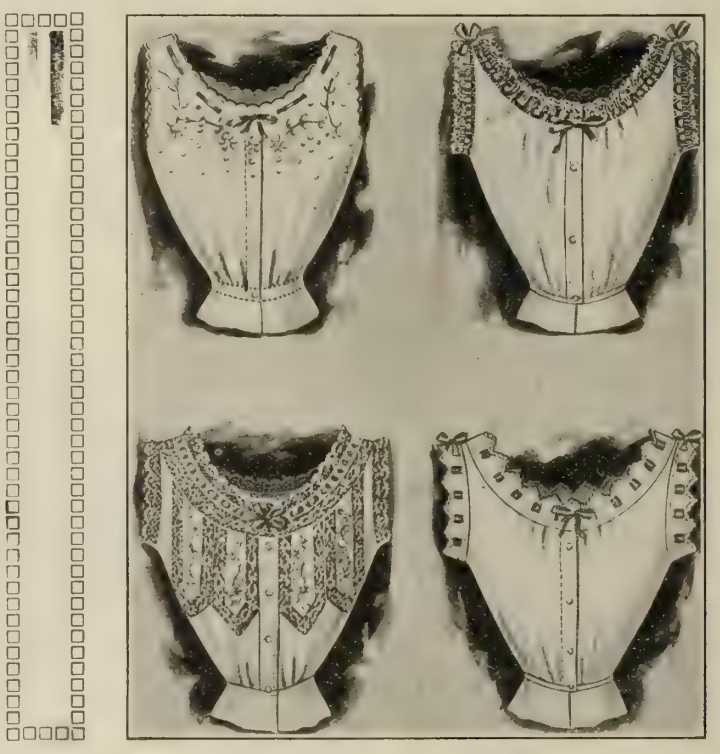
Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

LINGERIE AND LACE

ON this page and the opposite will be found illustrations of some of the latest and daintiest styles in lingerie, published by courtesy of the Murray-Kay Company, Toronto

The corset covers displayed on this page are made of fine nainsook, which is one of the most favored materials for high-class underwear. The upper left-hand cut shows one which is hand-embroidered and hand-made in one of those marquerite designs which appeal to those of fastidious taste. The upper right-hand cut is of a cover finished with linen lace and linen beading, with pretty finish of silk ribbons. Below the first cut is a very handsome cover, trimmed with Swiss embroidery medallions and Valenciennes lace insertion all round, beading, embroidery beading across front to give Empire effect, all run with pretty satin ribbons. To the right is seen a high-necked gown with open front, yoke of fine Swiss embroidery, finished with fine Swiss beading. The sleeve bands are trimmed with tucking, two rows of beading and embroidery frill.

The upper gown in the cut at the bottom of the page is of finest nainsook with handsomely embroidered yoke, joined to gown by embroidery beading; short puffed sleeves, finished with embroidery frilling and beading, two rows of ribbon at neck and one in sleeves. To the left is a dainty slip-over gown of fine nainsook, with low neck and short sleeves, trimmed with good quality embroidery and good beading, fine satin



with Valenciennes beading and lace at the neck. The fourth cut shows a cover of plainer style, trimmed simply with scallop-edged embroidery and ribbons.

On the opposite page are found illustrations of nightgowns in half-a-dozen varieties of style. The upper one in the first cut is a handsome gown of nainsook with yoke and sleeves made in one, of rows of Swiss insertion and Valenciennes lace finished with Valenciennes lace and ribbon. Then on the left, in the same cut, is a dainty Empire gown of fine nainsook with neck and sleeves finished with good quality embroidery and ribbon. That to the right is a gown of fine nainsook with novel embroidery insertion with scalloped edges, two rows of beading and satin ribbon.

The simplicity of OXO Cubes appeals to every woman who cooks or has a cook.

You boil the water—we have done the rest.

OXO Cubes are so handy and complete in themselves—no mess—no trouble—no measuring—no sticky bottles or troublesome corks.

Exact — convenient — and economical, because no waste.

58

One Cube to a Cup.

Fashions and Fancies

THE tailor-made suit is naturally the most important wear for the spring season, being useful and practical; while for smartness, the blouse can do wonders—and never were blouses prettier or in such variety as now.

The tailored suit for morning is plain, and made of tweed or serge, void—or nearly so—of trimming, but most perfectly fitted and machine finished. For dressy wear, the tailored coat and skirt can be of velvet, satin, faced cloth, etc., elaborated more or less, as fancy dictates, by the use of braid, and the beautiful soutache garniture now so popular.

Short coats are worn (about 27 inches, or rather more, in length), although there is a tendency to lengthen coats; while the full-length garment is considered very smart, with its long and important-looking revers, and over afternoon toilettes the long coat is indispensable and protective.

Skirts are gaining in width, but very gradually, as the straight, long effect is yet correct, while the waist line is certainly nearer its normal positon, although the slightly raised waist is yet in good form, and will be for some long time to come; so individual taste can be consulted.

For afternoon, entire gowns are *de rigueur*, made of soft satin, silky taffetas, *rigeur*, made of soft satin, silky taffetas, supple, to ensure the long, slim effect so popular.

The manufacturers of materials are highly busy, and I have seen the new foulards in very smart allover designs, the newest having lace borders and panels printed on the foulard—antique, also Viennese lace designs being selected for the purpose.

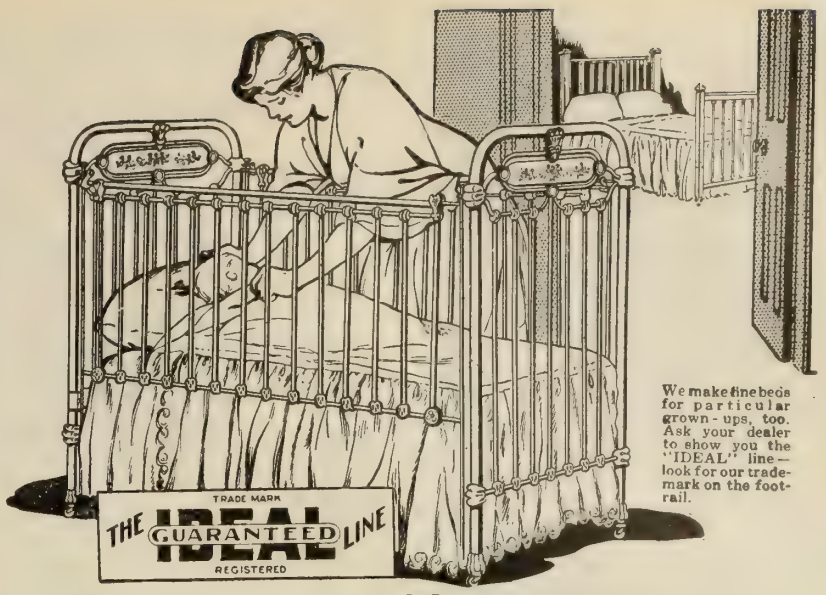
Taffetas, so beautifully supple, and in plain or shot designs, are among the latest weavings; crepe de chine, too, will enjoy a new reign; while marquisettes, bordered voiles and ninons, also chine silks, are for the coming season.

Showerproof foulard is promised us for spring gowns, also indestructible chiffon voile, as soft and fine as a cobweb, but unexcelled for wear.

There are some serge silks and thin wool-back satins for early spring gowns and tailored suits.

Macrame edgings and insertions, also antique laces, guipure, Irish crochet and Russian laces are all for the coming season; then cut-work, known as Richelieu embroidery, will lead for linen dresses, being used as insertions, borderings, collars, etc.

The skirt on right is a novelty, made of fine nainsook, cut straight, and open at side from ribbon down, to allow of freedom in walking. It is beautifully trimmed, the frill being made at the side of bias rows of linen lace and Valenciennes lace insertions.



We make fine beds for particular grown-ups, too. Ask your dealer to show you the "IDEAL" line—look for our trade-mark on the foot-rail.

Wouldn't you like to put your baby to bed in a beautiful, safe and comfortable crib like this?

It is an "IDEAL" nest for the best baby in the world." You can lower the sides to make it a convenient annex to mother's bed, when desired. Ends and sides are high enough to prevent baby climbing out. Spindles are so close together that baby's head cannot get between them. No dangerous sharp corners or rough edges often found on cribs less carefully made. Decorated panels on the ends lend an inviting touch of color. Few cribs are so altogether attractive.

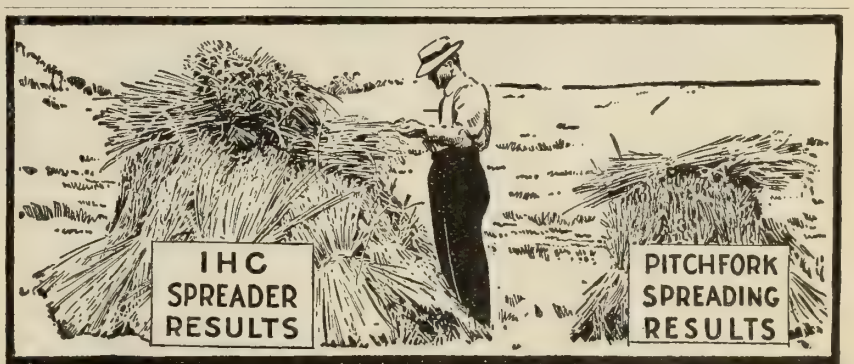
This is only one of many "IDEAL" designs. Be sure and ask your dealer to show you "IDEAL" Cribs. Our trademark on the foot-rail identifies them.

Write our nearest Office for Free Booklet No. F66

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED

MONTREAL—TORONTO—WINNIPEG

32



How Do YOU Spread Manure

THE above illustration shows the difference in crops, between the I H C way of spreading manure—and the pitchfork method.

The pitchfork way is slow, hard, and disagreeable, wastes much of the value of the manure, and the results hardly justify the labor and time invested.

The I H C Spreader cuts the manure into fine shreds, spreads it evenly, and makes the work easy. Spreading manure the I H C way is bound to result in better soil, bigger crops, and more profits.

I H C Manure Spreaders

Corn King—Cloverleaf

are simple, strong, and durable. They have many advantages that make them superior to other spreaders.

All working parts are extremely simple and wonderfully strong. The beater driving gear is held in a single casting, so that there is no binding—no cutting of parts caused by the gears springing out of alignment. The roller-bearing support for the apron reduces the draft. The levers are convenient. The feed changing device can be shifted quickly and easily. The wide range of adjustment allows you to spread manure heavy, medium, or light, as your judgment tells you is best for the soil.

Whether you have a large or small farm, or want a spreader for orchard use or truck gardening—there is an I H C that will suit your requirements. Why not see the I H C local agent at once? Get a catalogue from him, or, write nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

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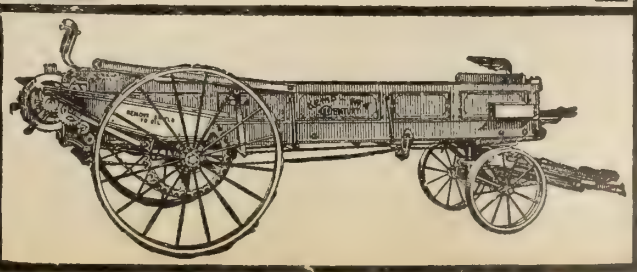

I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish farmers with information on better farming. If you have any worthy question concerning soils, crops, pests, fertilizers, etc., write to the I H C Service Bureau, and learn what our experts and others have found out concerning these subjects.

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FOR THE EASTER BRIDE

THE bridal costume is always one of deepest interest. Here is a model that is charming in the extreme. In the illustration satin is combined with lace and with chemisette of chiffon, and there is a bunch of orange blossoms arranged at the left of the corsage. The arrangement of the veil is distinctive and new.

The blouse is one of the very new ones, giving the surplice effect, and with a postillion back. It includes double sleeves, and in this case, the upper sleeves as well as the fichu is made of lace flouncing. The skirt is a simple three-piece one, the portions of which are overlapped at the front above a panel. It can be made with a long pointed train, or with a round train that is either longer or shorter, as preferred. The bodice also can be made without a postillion if liked.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27, 1 yard 36 or 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of lace 12 inches wide, and 1¼ yards of chiffon for the chemisette and puffed under sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 6¼ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36, 4 yards 44, with ⅞ yard 18 inches wide for the panel.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7351, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust; of the skirt, 7352, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

There are many brides-to-be who would delight in embroidering their own wedding veils, and the work will be found both easy and effective. To make a good-size square veil, four yards of Brussels net are required. This should be fine and have six-sided meshes, and floss silk or lace thread should be used for the darning. It is important to select the net and silk or thread, so that a single thread will just lie easily in the meshes when darned through them. If the thread be too fine the contour of design will be less pronounced and so look undecided, whereas, if too thick, it would look heavy and probably tear the net in working.

Skirt Pattern No. 7352
Waist Pattern No. 7351

A Great „Queen"

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King of Horse Trainers

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Gown or Skirt

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Spotted with
Pimples

BLOTCHES, BLACK-HEADS, ETC.

you see them every day, young men and women by the score. We treat them personally and by mail, and cure them, too, after all else has failed. Many were told they would outgrow them, that they couldn't be helped, etc. Are you one of the number?

Our Home Treatment

A fair trial of our HOME TREATMENT will convince the most skeptical that our remedies are the most reliable made. We've given twenty years to the study of skin, scalp and complexion blemishes, and are daily treating them.

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SHAW'S SCHOOLS
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THE NEW EMBROIDERIES

THERE are so many places in the home where embroidered linens are desirable that one can hardly have too many, and the good taste of the housewife is shown in her selection of these decorative pieces, which add so much to the attractiveness of the home, as they should harmonize both in color and material with the style and furnishing of the room in which they are used.

Many designs beautifully suited to living rooms are quite out of place in dining-rooms and each

No. 5820—Scarf, 22 x 54, $1.50.

should be retained only for such use. These points should be well considered in planning the household embroideries.

A popular idea at present is to have matched sets consisting of scarfs, cushions and centres, where the three are to be used in one room. One of the newest embroideries being shown is known as the "Heather Bloom," and its popularity is easily explained, as it is so simply and quickly worked, as it consists of the well-known French knot stitch. The set illustrated has been embroidered on heavy cream linen, finished with a fringe matching in coloring. The heather is embroidered in shades of reddish purple, greens being used for the straight, long stitches (which are taken the full length of the stamped petal) and dull browns for the stemming. A most artistic touch is given by using greys for the trellis which connects the wreath design.

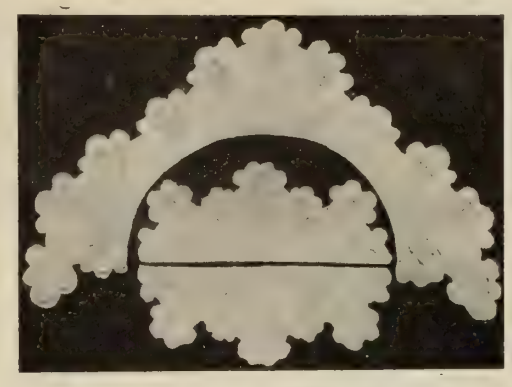
The "Heather" stitch is formed by twisting a heavy silk two or three times around a coarse

No. 6506—Cushion, 60 cents.

needle, so that the knot is full and round, either two strands of Royal Floss, or four threads of Filo Floss may be used, and this embroidery is so quickly worked that one can easily be tempted to embroider the complete set. This embroidery is also effective on dark linen worked in stronger colorings, or for dining-room use dainty pale shades produce an exquisite result embroidered on fine white linen.

This is the season of the year when one's thoughts turn to spring and summer clothes, and to the embroidered articles which complete them. The present styles are so simple that a handsomely embroidered collar and cuffs are all the trimming they need, and No. 8214 shows one of the latest ideas suitable to wear with either a suit or a one-piece dress. Colored linen appliques are basted on to the stamped linen foundation, and are buttonholed closely all around, cutting away the edges afterwards. The veins and dots are then embroidered on the appliques which form the rose design. The set illustrated has been embroidered on white linen

No. 6065—27-Inch Heather, 55 cents.



No. 8214—Collar and Cuff Set, 50 cents.

with pink appliques. The remainder of the design is solidly embroidered in white.

No. 8212 is another handsome design which also shows the colored appliques. In this case they form the border upon which are embroidered the dots. The appliques are connected to the white linen by an effective wreath design. Cuffs may be supplied to match either of these collar sets, and if preferred the colored appliques may be omitted, and the entire design carried out in white.

This No. 5208 is another design different in form and the embroidery very easy of execution. The design has been embroidered on heavy white linen in solid padded satin stitch, and we would here

No. 5208—Collar and Cuff Set, 35 cents.

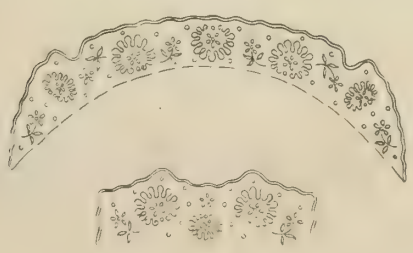
draw the attention of our readers to the care with which the scalloped edges on all these collars should be worked, otherwise they will fray and soon become shabby. Pad the edges closely and carefully, and buttonhole firmly, cutting away the linen very closely afterwards.

Further description of any of these embroideries will be furnished and a diagram lesson illustrating the Heather Embroidery will be enclosed with any of the stamped designs ordered. Silks may be sup-

No. 8212—Collar and Cuff Set, 50 cents.

plied to embroider any of these designs at 55 cents per dozen, and suitable fringes can also be had to finish these.

Readers will please understand that the prices quoted are for the stamped linens only. Prices for



No. 4107—Coat Set, 35 cents

embroidered pieces will be furnished on request. For further information regarding any of the articles described in these columns, address Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Dept. L., Montreal, P.Q.

IF YOU WILL SEND US

— 35 CENTS —

we will send you

8 SKEINS OF EMBROIDERY SILK

which is sufficient to finish a

15 INCH CENTRE PIECE

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"THE NEW HEATHER EMBROIDERY"

This is the very latest embroidery which will be fashionable for 1912.

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sufficient lace to edge this Centre Piece, and the diagram enclosed will furnish full instructions for this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send at once as this generous offer is made for a short period only.

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Gerhard Heintzman Pianos
Pianos of Prestige

"Too Old To Learn"

is never applied to the production of music with a

GERHARD HEINTZMAN
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MANY of the most delighted owners of this celebrated player are among those who are no longer young in years. In spirit, however, the possessor may well consider himself or herself young. Nothing else makes life worth living like good music—what else brings back so alluringly the remembrances of youth?

You will find every day finer and happier for the presence in your home of a **Gerhard Heinztman Self-Playing Piano.**

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Your present instrument taken as part payment at a fair valuation.

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Write for salary and commission rates. **CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL**

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

IN THE SHOPS

FLOWERS and sunshine are suggested by the shop windows as soon as the first day of spring approaches. March may come in like a lion, but the roaring alarms us not. It is only the last, futile noise made by Old Winter, and does not begin to be as dreary as the blasts of November.

The new fabrics in cotton materials show some attractive styles in "waistings" of fancy wash ducks and pique, and we are assured that the white waist is to be as popular as ever. Eaton's are showing a pretty material known as "the silk-finished wash suiting," with a soft, sheeny appearance, shown in equal-stripe combinations of cadet, black, tan, navy, old rose, mauve, red, blue and white. It is forty inches wide and only seventy-five cents a yard.

The taffeta silk gown for afternoon wear will be very popular this spring, and the shops are already showing a dazzling variety of ready-made costumes of this class. Brown is seen in all shades, from the most delicate fawn to a shade which is of the darkest woodland tinge.. The tans are exceedingly bright and attractive. Black and white, which is never wholly "out," will be worn a good deal, and some of the striped gowns are decidedly smart and chic. There are some extremely pretty gowns of white chiffon with black lace which are quite equal to any occasion, from a garden party to a vice-regal reception.

SLEEVES are both set-in and raglan, with the balance of favor on the side of the set-in models, says *Ready-to-Wear*. A new feature which has developed since the incoming of the spring preparation season, and one which is meeting with general appreciation, is the increased size of the armhole.

The sleeves in all the separate coats now being turned out for the spring and early summer trade are full length, plainly inserted at the armhole and slightly wider than formerly at the wrist, where they are finished with a deep turned-back cuff.

Deep collars and revers for street coats continue to hold popular fancy, especially in demand being the collar, which is deeply pointed at the back. The one side effect is a feature of many of the new coats, obtained through the medium of a single rever.

The buttons match the tone of the material, and are in two or three sizes, the largest for the fastening, with a smaller size on the seams, and the smallest of all on the cuffs.

Full length coats are closely followed in favor by seven-eighths, and a few in three-quarter length, the materials used giving very smart effects in the loose or slightly fitting models.

In the summer coats linens and silks, shot taffetas, and reversible satins are being ordered, while another style meeting with some favor is the reversible coat, one side of pongee and the reverse of satin, or two different colored serges, worn either side.

THE new summer coats are loose-fitting, and invariably have a side fastening. Rounded effects in the fronts of these garments are also a feature. Large collars and lapels continue in favor, and in them are to be seen some clever productions in one-sided effects. Some garments shown during the winter season had but one lapel, the newer ones, however, have two lapels, but of different materials, or one trimmed and the other plain.

A prominent feature in the better class garments is the use of lace trimmings in which Macrame and flat Venise laces prove effective. Plain broadcloth and satin trimmings are also popular.

There is every indication of narrow flounces, rouches and kilts being in vogue this summer.

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will be the result of your baking, if you use White Swan Yeast Cakes. Your grocer keeps them in 5c packages of six cakes. Send to-day for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MY LADY'S GARDEN

Garden Chat

By M. E. B.

To the Grower of Annuals

IF you are the kind of gardener who grows nothing but annuals, why not make a change this year and put in a few spring flowering perennials to add interest to your garden? You will be surprised how much more pleasure you will take in gardening after their advent. You know how bare your garden is of flowers until about mid-June or early July, and then they all come with a rush. To change this—for April you need some of the single "Rock Cress" (*Arabis alpina*), to give you a mass of snowy white. It lasts into May, when the double form of it begins to bloom, and keeps on into June. For May there is also the "Golden Tuft" (*Alyssum saxatile*), the purple "Rock Cress" (*Aubretia*), primroses, polyanthus, cowslips, dwarf iris, "Moss Pink" (*Phlox subulata*), "Lovely Phlox" (*Phlox amoena*), and Iceland poppies (*Papaver nudicaule*). For June there is "Snow in Summer" (*Cerastium tomentosum*), a glorious dwarf blue speedwell (*Veronica tencrium dubia*), the gorgeous Oriental poppies (*Papaver Orientate*), German iris, in all the tints of the rainbow, foxgloves (*Digitalis*), "Jacob's Ladder" in variety (*Polemonium caeruleum*, in both white and blue, and *P. reptans*, which blooms in May), Madonna lilies (*Lilium candidum*), columbines in variety (*Aquilegias*), and paeonies, the most sumptuous of all hardy plants, and beautiful beyond description. Is there nothing to tempt you to make a spring dress for your garden with all these lovely materials to choose from?

To the Grower of Perennials

YES, my friend, I know how hard it is for us to find room for annuals when some of our best-beloved need more space as things are; but we must own, just amongst ourselves, let us whisper it, that there *is* a time when the delphiniums are over, and before the heleniums, boltonias, hardy asters, helianthus and autumn monkshoods have begun their reign of splendor, when we need something to fill the gap. This is the moment when we regret that we have no stocks, no asters, no snap dragons, no sweet peas, no nasturtiums, no mignonette—a word to the wise is sufficient.

Get Your Plans Made Now

GARDENING on paper is almost as fascinating as the real thing. Plans made now save an immense deal of time later on. Knowing exactly what you want to do is half the battle, so draw a plan of your garden to scale, give your imagination full play, and see if you cannot think of some way to redeem it from the commonplace. If you have no artistic ideas of your own, then use some of other people's. Photographs of beautiful gardens abound in the horticultural magazines; perhaps one little feature copied from them would make all the difference between an uninteresting, two-feet-all-the-way-round-bordered back yard and a lovely garden.

Order Your Seeds and Plants Early

IF the early bird does not always get the worm, it is certain that the early order has the best chance of being completely and correctly filled. It stands to reason that the seed and plant people can take more interest in an order sent before the spring rush begins, than they can afterwards, when they are tired and overworked—and you avoid getting substitutes.

Growing Water Lilies From Seed

DID you ever try growing water lilies from seed? If not, you have missed a great deal of pleasure. This is just the experiment for those poor mortals who have no room for a garden—all they need is space enough for one or two tubs out of doors when the warm weather begins, and a tomato can, lard pail, or even a tumbler now. No time should be lost in getting the seed. If you want bloom this coming summer the seed must be sown in February. I do not suppose all water lilies would bloom in so short a time from seed, but I do know that the Zanzibar varieties will, because I have tried them. These are catalogued as Nymphæa Zanzibarensis, and come in beautiful shades of pink, blue, rose, and also white. They are, of course, tender, coming from a warm country, and will not live out of doors through our winters, but they can be either treated as annuals and a fresh supply raised from seed every year, or they can be wintered in the house, the only difficulty being the carrying of the tub indoors. I wintered mine in an empty attic room, and they came through splendidly. The room was cool, but the temperature never went down below 38 deg. or 40 deg. At the end of the second season the plants had grown so large that they were unsuitable for tub culture, so the poor things were thrown away. But the lilies the second season were larger, so they repaid the care of wintering them.

Get either a packet of mixed seed, or, preferably, a packet of blue and a packet of pink. If you want a white one, the variety minor of our own wild water lily is the most charming of lilies for tub culture—this is the lovely little one with a pink tinge to the outside of the petals, which grows so freely in every little bit of backwater of the Muskoka lakes and rivers, a root of which can be easily procured.

Sow your seed as soon as you get it. A tin can or pail in which to sow it is better than a tumbler, because you can hang it up in a warm place, which is better than standing it on a register or radiator, for, even with something underneath, it is liable at times to become too warm—if hung up over it, there is very little danger of this happening. The temperature should be kept as nearly as possible at 70 deg. Half-fill your tin with very rich earth and press it down firmly, sprinkle a packet of seed on this, cover with a layer of sand a quarter of an inch deep, and add tepid water, very gently, so as not to disturb the soil, until the water stands half an inch above the sand, and put in a warm place. A shelf over the furnace answers nicely until the seedlings are up. If there is any danger of your forgetting to add water as it evaporates, fill the can up at first, too much is better than too little. The seeds germinate rather unevenly (at least mine did), but in about ten days you will see little grass-like leaves appearing here and there, which are the seed leaves of the baby lilies. Now, your can must be placed each morning in the warmest, sunniest window available, and at night put in a warm place again. The next leaf to appear is of the orthodox shape, the most fairy-like wee lily-pad you ever saw, but its tiny stem is equipped with the air tubes of its race, to carry the leaf up to the surface of the water, where it can float about in the air and sunshine. Once the little seedlings arrive at this stage they grow rapidly, and should be transplanted before they crowd each other too much.

Give each plant a little thumb-pot to itself, using rich soil, and again putting sand on top. Place the pots, after planting, in a pan about six inches deep, on a layer of soil (which the roots will soon work their way into through the holes in the base of the pots) and fill

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up the pan with tepid water high enough just to float the leaves. Then replace in a warm, sunny window and watch them grow. You will be astonished how soon you will have to repot them again into larger pots. If you neglect doing this at the right time you will find the pot will have to be broken to allow the roots to come out whole. As soon as the weather is nice and warm and all danger of frost is past, they can be safely planted in tubs out of doors, using about four plants to a large tub, if the plants are small; one to a tub, if large. If possible, the tubs should be sunk in the ground up to the top, a deep layer of well decomposed manure put in first, then some good rich soil, in which plant the lilies; then an inch or two of sand on top, to keep the soil down and prevent the water getting muddy when more is added. When first put out in the tubs it is best to add tepid water when needed, but as the plants get large and strong and the weather warm, the hose can be allowed to play beside the tub, if a fine spray is used, so that the air has a chance to warm the water as it descends. Large hogsheads cut in two make admirable tanks, though it may be necessary to add another hoop to keep the top of them watertight. A bit of thick galvanized wire answers the purpose if put on and thoroughly tightened with pliers, using an occasional little staple to keep it in place. By midsummer you will begin to see buds nestling at the base of the leaf stalks, and great will be your excitement when your first lily opens. From one packet of mixed seed I grew nearly fifty plants. There were so many that they were almost a nuisance, until enough had been given away to relieve the situation, for every pail, pan and tub about the place was full of lilies, reminding one of the story of the man who thought he would boil some rice while his wife was away at church, and because he liked boiled rice—not knowing its little peculiarities in the way of expanding, he put all there was in the house in a saucepan, added water, and was busy the rest of the morning finding things to put it in, ending up, in desperation, with the washing boiler.

The lilies that were put out in the garden did wonderfully well, though they were left, each in a large pot, and far more plants used than should have been in so small a tub, the result being smaller flowers than if they had had more room to grow, but the flowers were quite numerous, and of several shades of blue, rose, also a white. They well repaid the small amount of trouble expended upon them. The birds came from far and near to have a bath in the tub and it was a pretty sight to watch them enjoying it.

Bees and Their Work in the Garden

LAST spring we put a hive of bees in the garden and they buzzed about right merrily all summer long. I found, as the different flowers ripened their seeds, that the buzzing had been to some purpose, for there was an unusually large supply of nice plump seeds. Later on, when the grapes were ripe, it was quite a surprise to find how much larger the bunches were than they had been other years. This was particularly true of "Lindley" (Rogers No. 9), also known as the "Red Roger," which requires pollen from other varieties before it can set much fruit, all of which goes to show that bees are useful in a city garden for other purposes than mere honey making. The honey produced was very dark in color and unappetizing in appearance, though the flavor was pleasant enough, so it would have no market value. It was very interesting to watch these industrious little creatures at their work, how busily they collected the pollen from the flowers, revelling as much in the dusky interior of the gorgeous Oriental poppies as in the dainty sweetness of the Rugosa roses, and flying back to the hive heavily laden with their spoils. Where they gathered their honey I do not know, certainly the garden would not supply them with very much; so perhaps it would be as well not to be too curious about it, as I have rather strong suspicions that most of it was stolen, and, alas! not from flowers alone. The disadvantages of having bees is, that where you have more than one species of a plant, you cannot obtain pure seed unless you cover the flower, so that they cannot get at it, for they are the oldest and most persistent hybridizers known.

The next issue of the Canadian Home Journal will be our Special Spring Garden Number. Several of our leading horticulturists have contributed special articles for this splendid number, and we feel safe in promising an issue that will far surpass our Garden Number of last year.

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A WRITER to this journal objects decidedly to our references to "powder and paint" in this department, and seems to consider that we advise strongly the use of these aids to beauty. Now, we have not said one word about the use of "paint," as we consider such stuff on the face harmful to the skin and vulgar in effect. In fact, the ordinary rouge is emphatically objectionable, and we should not advise anyone to resort to its use.

Powder, however, is quite "another story." There are powders *and* powders. A "cheap" powder is to be avoided, but a little good rice powder is regarded as a necessity by the modern woman. It is all a matter of the evolution of personal refinement. There are women who consider the use of soap and water a waste of time, and there are others who regard the use of a manicure set or of dental floss as absurd. But such women are hardly to be regarded as models of grace or refinement. Dr. Sabouraud, of Paris, who is a scientific student of the skin, has recently published an interesting article on the harm or benefit of cosmetics, in the course of which he remarks:

In fact, in comparing on the one hand the complexion of a woman of thirty in the town and in the country, or, on the other hand, if a comparison is made between the complexion of a woman in town who uses cosmetics and another of the same age who does not, the former will generally be superior to the other, for the reason that the complexion is better protected against physical injury from wind, rain and sun. Why is the skin of the face nine times out of ten ravaged by time at sixty years of age, while the skin of the body remains fairly delicate—more delicate, at least, than the skin of the face? The reason is evident. The skin of the body has always been protected, while that of the face has always been bare.

Why is it that the black patches which cover the back of the hands of certain aged peasants do not appear on other parts of the body? The reason is always the same:—The face of the peasant is exposed to the wind, cold and sun; that of a woman in the city much less frequently. And it is incorrect to say that the features of actresses apparently pretty on the stage are ugly when seen closely, because they are spoiled by the use of cosmetics. In reality, says Dr. Sabouraud, numerous actresses, owing to the care they take, have more youthful features than the majority of women of the same age.

Let any woman who doubts the fact make the experiment of a long drive in an automobile or a mountain climb with cosmetics on one cheek and none on the other, and on her return in the evening she will be converted. The non-protected cheek will be hot and smarting and the next day will peel slightly. A week afterward it will be darker in color than the one protected by cosmetics.

Hence features which are to remain youthful must not be exposed quite bare to the weather. When cosmetics or creams are used, if the skin supports them well without redness or smarting there is no need to fear that they will be hurtful.

As regards dyes, Dr. Sabouraud also considers it merely prejudice on the part of many doctors who forbid them.

Hydrogen peroxide dries and hardens the hair and renders it coarse and brittle. Many dyes, if not all, act in a similar way. In the first place, they all necessitate prior treatment with soap, and also subsequent treatment, practised with soft soap or a shampoo with potash soap, which injures the hair. And as a dye rarely gives the desired effect on first trial, hydrogen peroxide is resorted to in order to lighten the shade if it is found to be too dark, and this results in still further injury to the hair and by no means the least.

Accordingly, it may happen, after ten to fifteen applications of the dye, with accompanying intercalations of hydrogen peroxide treatment, together with numberless corrections, that one fine day a part, sometimes as much as a half or two-thirds, of the hair, will fall, broken at a distance of the width of the hand from the scalp.

It is therefore true to say that many dyes render the hair more brittle and fragile. When, however, a head of hair has not been too badly treated, the result is marked but little—little enough to pass unperceived. What must be avoided are counterfeit dyes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. M. E.—I am sending you the name of a preparation which is excellent for blackheads. I do not think there is any danger of the kind you mention from the use of these preparations. Blackheads are often caused by a diet of greasy or too highly-spiced food. I have a friend who declares that as soon as she eats a dish seasoned with pepper her complexion suffers. Wash the face at night with hot (not merely warm) water and a good soap. Soap will not injure the skin if you will use plenty of rinsing water. Dash very cold water on face and neck and then dab chin and cheeks lightly with *eau de cologne*. Massage with a little good skin food. Try this for a month and see if you are not benefited.

E. J. S.—This is not an altogether unusual state of affairs. You wish to have the window open at night, and your father objects to open windows in the house. Well, well! And yet we are wondering why there are so many cases of tuberculosis or white plague in the land, while there are obstinate "daddies," who persist in having all the doors and windows closed. I do not wish to say anything disrespectful regarding your paternal parent, but he certainly does not deserve to have healthy sons and daughters. I really hardly know what to advise. Perhaps some more experienced reader will make a suggestion. It is positively necessary for you to have your room aired at night, and, if I were in your position, I should lock my door and open the window. Yes, the powder is good for the skin. I am sending you names of several good ones. Try steaming the face occasionally. Do not wear your hair "fluffy" at the side of the head, and—for your age—nothing is more becoming than the old-fashioned plait. I shall be glad to hear from you again and hope you will manage to have plenty of fresh air.

Mrs. B.—Here is what a medical authority says regarding the trouble you mention:

The disappearance of pigment from certain parts of the skin is characteristic of a disease called leucoderma. The cause of it is not known, but it is supposed to be due to a disturbance of the nerves of the skin. It usually occurs in persons who have reached middle age. All authorities agree that any treatment of it is unsatisfactory. Electricity has been tried without result. The general health should be kept up with food and nerve tonics. The change in the skin does not affect it otherwise than in the color. I think it would be well for you to take hot baths upon retiring, and massage the skin with a view to improving the circulation; but I doubt if you can ever restore the color to the patches which have lost it.

M. G.—So your husband objects to your using face powder, and you wish to know what to do. My dear girl, if you get the very best face powder and use it delicately and with discrimination, your husband will never know that it is there. It is none of his business, anyway, but do not tell him so. Just go on and do as you please, in a nice, quiet, ladylike way, and the dear man will forget all about it. This is not a deceitful policy—it is only diplomacy. So far as the use of face powder is concerned, there is a rumor to the effect that men use talcum powder after shaving. I am quite sure that your husband dislikes to see you with a shiny nose—and yet he objects to face powder. I have no doubt that he is an excellent husband in many respects, but in this matter he is a trifle inconsistent. However, if you are a really clever woman (and your writing looks as if you are well supplied with grey matter), you will get your own sweet way without much trouble or any shedding of tears.

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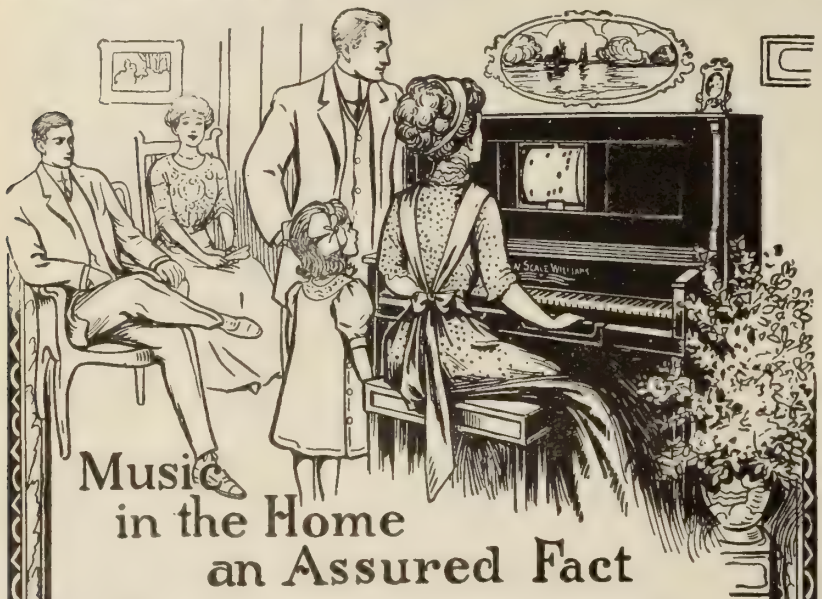

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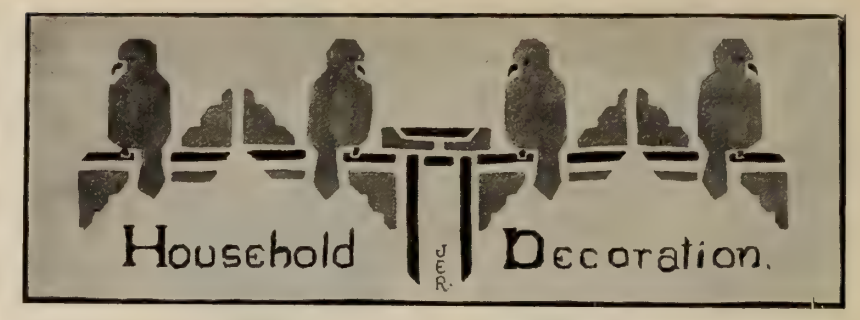


Furnishing a Home on a Moderate Income

By JESSIE E. RORKE

THE NURSERY

MANY of the homes that must be built and furnished from a moderate income do not include a nursery, but where it is possible at all to devote one room to the children, it adds much to their enjoyment as well as to the comfort of the rest of the family. Where the mother takes entire care of the children the tiniest tots of course must be with her, and the children's room becomes a playroom for the slightly older ones, not a place to banish them, but a room where their toys and playthings are kept, and where they will be glad to spend merry hours that are too damp or cold to be out of doors.

RUG BORDER

Make this playroom pretty. It will probably take time and planning, but it will necessitate very little expense, and it is well worth while. We so seldom pause to analyze our pleasures—the simple happiness of a quiet ordinary day—that we fail to realize how much of it comes from the beauty that surrounds us, the light and color that beauty of form that are about us everywhere, and lend their influence so unobtrusively that we may fail to recognize its source. No carelessness on our part can make us entirely blind to this influence, but our degree of sight is largely dependent on our training, and we may so blunt our faculties that we absorb but a small measure of what is so abundantly offered us. There is no surer way of doing this than by a constant association with what is crude and unlovely, and surely it is most important that we should make the surroundings of the children the reverse of this, letting them grow up amidst harmonies of form and color that will teach them to see and comprehend the greater beauties of the world around them.

Children are fond of bright colors, and these have the merit of proving more serviceable than the dainty pinks and blues and lavenders, but they require more careful handling to ensure harmonious results. Different shades of one bright color with a neutral background will make a pretty room; or a dull tone of one color with a brighter shade of some harmonious contrasting one, as a dull green with a brighter red, or a dull blue and yellow. Blue and green are difficult to handle together in the brighter shades; bright red in large quantities is trying to both eyes and nerves, but when used sparingly with tan, brown or dull green makes a room cheery and attractive.

CUSHION DESIGN FOR NURSERY

Probably no more serviceable covering can be found for the floor than matting. It takes much less labor to keep it fresh and clean than a hardwood floor or linoleum, and though not so warm and cosy-looking as a rug, it is more easily swept, and will wear better, unless the rug be an expensive one. A few small rugs about the room will add to its comfort. These may be found in the shops with pretty and suitable designs, quaintly conventionalized patterns that interest the children, but the hooked rugs that are made at home are more durable and may be quite as artistic. A very pleasing result is obtained by using a plain matting in its natural color, and rugs with a background of a slightly darker shade with design in the prevailing colors of the room.

If the room is intended for little children a wash paper will be most serviceable. These are to be found with designs that are especially adapted for the nursery, Mother Goose and many other of the nursery friends lending themselves as a motif. Another treatment of the walls that will interest the children is to use a plain paper, dividing it at the height of a chair rail with a stencil illustrating some of the nursery rhymes: Little Boy Blue with his horn and the haystack and open gap in the

PANEL FOR NURSERY SCREEN

background, will make a very good subject, or Jack and Jill with their pail following the path up the hill. As the children grow older, however, these pictures will lose their interest, and it is better to choose some of the pretty, inexpensive papers that are sufficiently inconspicuous to form a good background for pictures. Have these abundant if possible, and choose them with the greatest care. I scarcely know how to urge the plea strongly enough for good pictures for the children, not expensive ones, but those that are true, as well as beautiful, in light and line and color, and have a subject sufficiently fine to be impressed on small minds that may keep it in memory for many years. No matter how simple fairy tale or nursery rhyme we desire for the children we would not select one that was ill-spelled or ungrammatical, or even poorly expressed. Would we not be wise to exercise equal care in the choice of our pictures? Many different prints of the world's best pictures are offered at very slight cost, both in the brown tones and in color. Among these are numbers that will interest children and by arousing their curiosity provide a subject for many a bedtime story as well. Millais' beautiful picture, "The Boyhood of Raleigh," will not fail to rouse interest in the wistful-faced boy, and beyond the stirring adventures of the man, until he will seem like an old friend when at last he appears in history. "Baby Stuart," too, and Rembrandt's child picture of William, Prince of Orange, will lead to acquaintance with other historical char-

acters, while Watt's "Sir Galahad" will open a way to the wonders of the legends of King Arthur.

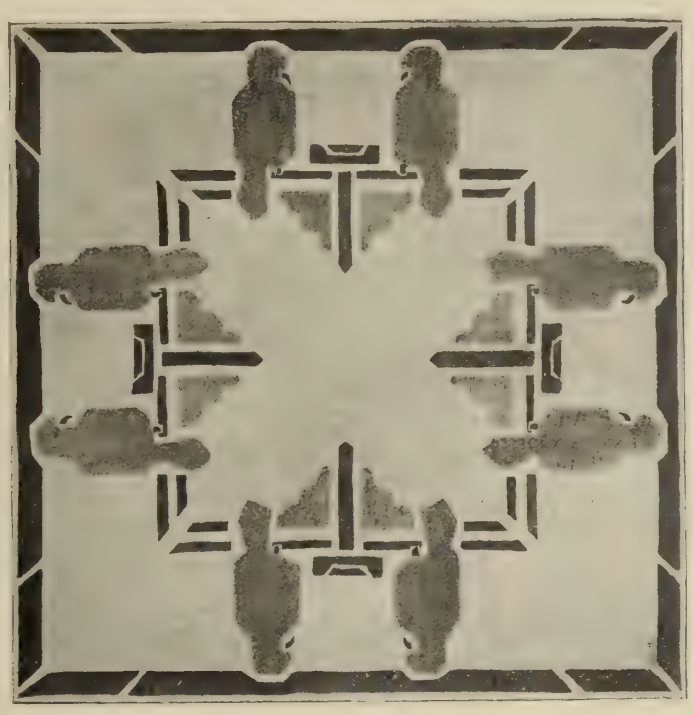
ANIMAL pictures never fail to please, and Rosa Bonheur's and Landseer's offer many to choose from. "A Noble Charger," "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," and "The Hunted Stag" are only a few of many that are equally good. Herring's studies of horses are fine. "Pharaoh's Horses" and "Three Members of a Temperance Society" are most familiar, but "The Frugal Meal" is quite as good. "The Dog in the Manger," by Walter Hunt, and "Mother and Son," by H. W. B. Davis, are both charming animal pictures.

Nor will pictures with a deeper meaning fail to appeal to children. Millet's "Angelus," "The Doctor," by Fildes, and "The Arrival of the Shepherds," by Leroile, are familiar pictures that are not beyond their understanding. Indeed there are so many to choose from that the difficulty is not in finding pictures that would be suitable, but in deciding which among the many one would like to use would be most desirable. If the more expensive prints are used, it is better to frame the pictures with simple mouldings and a protecting glass, but pictures that can be easily replaced may be neatly mounted with wide mats of gray, brown or dull green (whichever will harmonize best with the picture itself and the other colors in the room), and hung without frames.

The simplest curtains are, of course, the best. They should be made of material that will launder easily, and hung so they may be drawn back to admit as much light as possible. Some of the pretty muslins will answer the purpose nicely, or cheesecloth or factory cotton with stenciled border will make dainty, inexpensive curtains. Stencil decoration for the nursery may be most effective and full of interest for the little people. The motif may be borrowed from their familiar nursery rhymes or designed from the animals that they know and like, but if more than one motif is used in the room, care must be taken to repeat the line and color used in the first, or unity is lost, and the result is a patchwork effect that soon becomes wearisome. The illustrations show designs adapted to the various furnishings of the room. The parrot design would be very pretty worked out in blues on a tan ground, while yellow, yellow-browns and browns seem to suggest themselves at once for a room done in the bunny motif; but these color schemes are, of course, only suggestions, the designs being sufficiently conventionalized to make any colors appropriate.

If it is possible to furnish the nursery with the dwarf furniture designed for children's use it will not only delight the small owners with the feeling of possessing something that was made really for them, but will add much to their comfort as well. It is so long since we were small that we are inclined to forget the discomfort of sitting with our feet dangling a few inches from the floor, or beside tables that were hardly below the level of our eyes. The designers have supplied us with attractive little chairs, tables and couches in almost as many varieties as in the larger furniture. The better class of these is quite expensive, being made of oak and walnut, and upholstered with leather, but pretty and serviceable little pieces are made up in wicker and some of the less expensive woods. Indeed, every variety of furniture is displayed for the benefit of the little people; easy chairs, diminutive sideboards, small desks, and bookcases are all to be found, made up in different designs and woods. These novelties are an unceasing source of pleasure, but are not essential to a happy and comfortable nursery.

IF the children's room is to be kept neat and tidy it is necessary that there should be a convenient place for "everything," and if possible, a place so attractive that the children themselves will take pride in putting their things away. If one of the pretty little bookcases from the shops adds too much expense one may be made at home that will answer the purpose quite as well. If neatly made and well-proportioned, and stained to match the woodwork of the room, it will be almost as ornamental. The picture and story books will be much more likely to find their way back to this than to any ordinary shelf or box. A built-in window-seat may conceal several small cupboards, or rather sets of shelves without doors, where toys of various kinds can be laid away. Upholster the seat in heavy denim, and let the valance across the front completely conceal these shelves. A drawer in the table will keep the pencils, crayons, paints and brushes, blunt scissors for paper cutting, and other utensils where they can be easily found.



DESIGN FOR CUSHION IN TAN AND BLUE

The Care of Mahogany

IT is not difficult to keep mahogany beautiful if one is willing to put time and work upon it, but the labor is not a light one as the secret of success is thorough and vigorous rubbing. The cabinet-maker brings a man's strength to the process, but that need be the only reason for his greater success, and the busy housekeeper who develops firm muscle in doing her own housework need not despair of achieving decidedly good results. The application of a good furniture polish may at first seem to be sufficient without the rubbing, but soon a dull haze will appear over the surface of the wood, which only grows heavier with repeated applications of the polish. This is the result of an excess of oil to which the dust adheres, refusing to yield to ordinary methods of dusting. The best way to remove this haze, if it has been allowed to form, is to wash the wood with a damp chamois wet in tepid water and dry immediately with a soft cheesecloth. There is nothing better to use than a good furniture polish which is usually made up of linseed oil and turpentine, but it should be put on very sparingly.

Old pieces of mahogany that are too badly scratched and dented to be restored by rubbing, present such a discouraging problem that unless one has an infinite amount of patience, it is better to send to a cabinet-maker at once. All of the old finish must be removed, and this often means several coats of varnish, and sometimes paint as well.

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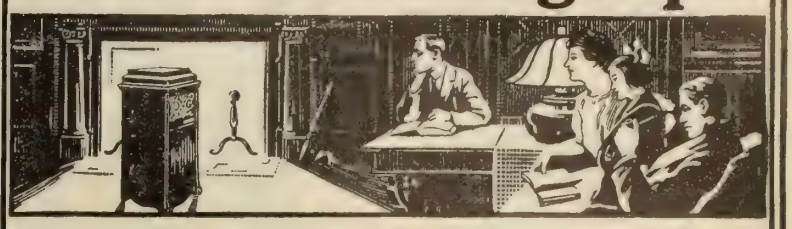

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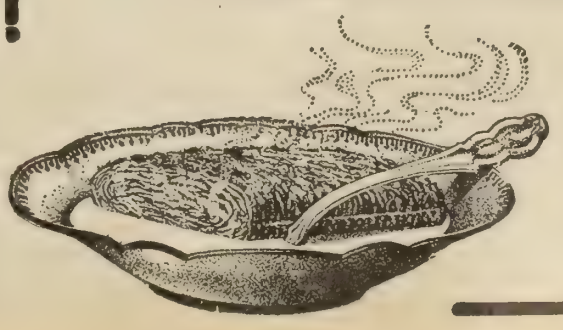

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Ontario Women's Institutes

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Homemakers of Saskatchewan

By LILLIAN K. BEYNON

"CAN you not provide something for our wives."

It was this oft-repeated request of men at the annual meeting of the agricultural societies of Saskatchewan, that led Mr. Auld, the Director of Agricultural Extension Work for the University, to send out women to organize the women of the province into associations for the scientific study of their work; this, and the knowledge that the women were looking anxiously around for improved methods of work, and they knew not where to find them. It is centuries since the intelligent women of the race knew that they were not born with the knowledge of housekeeping and motherhood duties, but it is a popular fallacy which dies hard. So while men have been studying how to feed the stock, conserve the strength of the soil, and conduct their business scientifically, the women have been groping along, stumbling every few steps over a little grave that they have attributed to the mysterious dispensations of Providence, until some one pointed out that it was ignorance and not Providence. Then all the motherhood, which is one of the grandest attributes of woman, rose up, and they demanded to know. It is this insatiable desire to know, which lies at the foundation of the progress made in the Homemakers' Clubs in Saskatchewan.

It is less than a year since six women met in a small room in the Agricultural Hall at Broadview, Saskatchewan, and discussed the advisability of organizing a club for the study of home problems. None of the women present had ever belonged to such an organization, and none of them knew what the public sentiment regarding such work would be. But they saw possibilities in such an organization and they said: "We will try it."

They organized at once, half the officers belonging to the town, the other half living in the country. They arranged for their first meeting, and without any literature but a roughly-sketched suggested constitution, and with no name but "A Woman's Club," they went to work.

Eight clubs were organized in a number of small towns along the main line of the C.P.R. None of the women in these towns were familiar with the work, and there were many who discouraged it from the beginning. There were those in every town and country district visited who thought the movement was good, and might be a success in other places, but they were quite sure it would be a failure in theirs. The reason was that the women were a little peculiar there, and did not take much interest in such work. There were others who believed that the church organizations served the need. A peculiar thing about it was that the women most active in church work were usually the ones most ready to see the advantages in such an organization, and to help in it.

Then there was always the woman who thought that such organizations would be merely places of gossip, and the women would be better at home. But in greater numbers and with more enthusiasm were the women who saw the possibilities of such work, who had faith enough in the people of their own district to believe they could make a success of whatever others could, and who helped in the organization. An interesting feature about the inception of this work in the West has been the fact that in many cases, the men in the district have been quite as enthusiastic as the women, and often more enthusiastic regarding the success of such an undertaking. And in a readiness to adopt new methods of housework, such as the use of a gasoline engine for churning, separating the milk, washing, and various other things, men are less conservative than women, perhaps because these are things that they are often required to help with; but I think it is more from the fact that the average man regrets that his wife should have so much heavy work, and he is glad of any solution of the work problem on the farm.

Two months after the organization trip, in which eight clubs were organized, a convention was held in the capital city of Regina, at the same time as the annual meeting of the agricultural societies. The organized clubs were asked to send delegates, and all agricultural societies were also allowed to send representatives. This convention lasted for three days, fifteen papers were read and discussed, a name and constitution was adopted. At the sessions the attendance was between two and five hundred women. Every meeting was bright, and the discussions were lively, backed by genuine enthusiasm. A committee of the delegates from the clubs adopted a constitution, which was submitted to the full meeting of the delegates, and was read and adopted clause by clause, with but few amendments. The name "Homemakers' Clubs" was chosen after much discussion. Some thought it wise to adhere to the name of Institute, as in Ontario, but as Manitoba had taken a name of its own, making it impossible to have a complete band of Institute workers from coast to coast, it was decided to choose a name for the province, a name that we believe the province is large enough and enthusiastic enough to make as well known and as influential as Ontario women have made the name Women's Institutes. The band of workers will be none the less sisters in the work, and none the less one band, because in Manitoba they are known as Home Economics Associations, and in Saskatchewan as Homemakers' Clubs.

All the delegates to the convention went home with renewed enthusiasm, but notwithstanding this it was with many fears that another trip to the clubs was planned. Not fears regarding the earnestness of the workers, but many had had no experience in the work, our supply of literature was limited, and the winter had been an exceptionally cold and stormy one. The question was, could the enthusiasm of the little bands of women keep hot amid such odds. The visit made first dispelled all such fears, and gave reason to expect great things from every club, an expectation that was but seldom disappointed. The Pense Club, which was visited first, had more than doubled its membership. It had been visited by a lady from the adjoining town who had been an Institute worker in the East, and who had wonderfully encouraged them. The club had almost completed arrangements for a rest and reading room, to be kept open afternoons and evenings, for the use of farmers' wives and daughters, and for the young people of the town during the evening. Arrangements for a flower show during August had been almost completed, forty-six prizes in all being offered. In all this the men of the district had helped by both sympathy and material aid. The club is also planning to have sewing taught in their school.

HOME OF MR. WEST, SASKATCHEWAN
PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

The first club organized had quadrupled in membership, had two rest rooms furnished, and was struggling with the problem of having a caretaker to keep the rooms heated in the winter and keep them open afternoon and evening, so that the town, as well as the country, might benefit. This club, our pioneer, has also many plans for extending the work during the coming year.

It might grow tedious were we to try to give a full account of the plans of each club, but it must interest women the world over to know that these clubs are breaking down the barriers of creed, and the barriers which so quickly grow up between town and country women. In one club some of the members were afraid that with the membership increasing so rapidly, it would soon be unwieldy, and it was suggested that clubs might be organized in the rural districts around. An unexpected opposition was offered by the women of both town and country. Both said that in the club meetings was the only opportunity the women had of meeting socially, and they regarded it as such a privilege they did not wish to give it up, and again divide into town and country. The membership is now over forty.

MR. MARTIN'S HOMESTEAD, NEAR NORTH BATTLEFORD
PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

In another the line between the different denominations had been very hard and fast, so hard that the social life was largely determined by it. Since the organization of the club, women who had wished for years to know each other better, had become well acquainted and good friends. Then the clubs have done much to make people forget old feuds, the trouble long forgotten had left merely the cleavage, which has been bridged. This is outside of the practical help which has been gained from reading, and from the experience of others, and is also, apart from the social gain, which is a very large benefit that the members in the West derive from such organizations.

This summer a district convention was held at Wolseley, to consider the organization of county Institutes. The attendance was much smaller than at the provincial convention, but the enthusiasm was just as great, and while the clubs each felt that they had still too many local problems to work out to undertake anything else, many valuable suggestions for future work were made, and it is the intention to organize the county work in the near future. The many practical papers given at the convention were thoroughly enjoyed and fully discussed, and much time was spent discussing the problems that the clubs were trying to solve. Also during the summer a domestic science teacher visited each club and gave a practical talk.

Besides this a lady member of the staff of university extension work, attended all the large fairs in the province and talked to all those interested about the clubs, and distributed much literature. In this work is has been found that the Institute workers of Ontario have turned much sod for us. Wherever an Institute worker has been found we have been sure of sympathy and help, and we have found that those who never took part in the work in the East, but who have read about it, are almost invariably glad to take part out here. In fact, the word Institute has been our first word of explanation about our work, and where it was understood, our road has been easy. I am glad to be able to say this, for Mr. Putnam has given us much encouragement, and also literature that helped us, when we began to feel our way.

During the summer ten new clubs were organized in the southern part of the province and in the newer districts. Most of the meetings were well attended, the women in some cases walking from two to five miles to attend. Some of the women confessed they would not have attended had they not been urged by their husbands. Others spoke of their loneliness, and the social advantages they expected, while others wished practical help. On the prairie there are many young mothers who are ever anxious for any information they can get about the care of children, while there are many women from other countries who do not understand conditions, and are very anxious to learn the methods that have been found best. Others hope that in time the clubs will be able to take up the question of bringing out women help and placing nurses in the districts where they are needed. And there are those who miss greatly the big libraries of the older countries and the abundant supply of papers and magazines, and who hope through the clubs to get much help for the intellectual side of their nature.

Requests for organizers are coming in from all parts, and already the work has assumed immense proportions. It is an organization that is filling a need in our Western life, and is being welcomed by both men and women. All over the province the ministers, the teachers, the nurses and the doctors have been ready to help when asked, not even waiting for an invitation, but willingly offering all the help possible. The newspapers, the agricultural societies, and the business men of most of the towns have given help and encouragement, and there appears to be no obstacle in the way of this great movement, one of the greatest ever started among women, a

movement than which there is no greater in the influence it may have on the national life of our country.

Not only is there no obstacle in the way of this work, but with the sympathy of Principal Murray of the University to be depended upon, and the enthusiasm of Dean Rutherford of the Agricultural College, to encourage the workers, the Homemakers' Clubs cannot fail.

Two Programmes

FROM the Stouffville Branch, of which Mrs. Elias Hoover is president, comes the following:

July 19th, 1911—President's Address, Mrs. Elias Hoover; Prize Essay, Miss Brand; Reading, Miss V. Burnett; "Cool Dishes for Summer," Mrs. Mowat.

August 16th—Picnic.

Sept. 20th—Invitation to one of the Branches to give programme.

Oct. 18th—"Citizenship," Mr. Robert Rae; Vocal Solo, Miss Vera Hoover; Question Box.

Nov. 15th—"A Young Woman's Place in the Home and Society," Mrs. Jourdan; Reading, Miss Campbell; Subject to be chosen, Dr. W. A. Sangster.

Dec. 20th—"The True Spirit of Christmas Giving," Mrs. Percy; Vocal Solo, Miss LaFraugh; Question Box.

Jan. 17th, 1912—Reading, Miss Edna Warriner; Report of Convention; Vocal Duet, Misses Hoover.

Feb. 21st—Programme by the girls.

March 20th—Address by District President, Mrs. R. Fairles; Vocal Solo, Miss Garbutt; Reading, Mrs. F. Sangster; Violin Colo, Miss Lorna Wideman.

April 17th—"Bee Culture," Mr. J. L. Byer; Vocal Solo, Miss M. Forsyth; "Spring: Its Beauty and Work," Mrs. W. Mitchell.

May 15th—"How Are We Benefited by Meeting Together?" Mrs. D. C. Smith; Reading, Mrs. Pollock; Annual Meeting, Election of Officers.

June 19th—Paper from one of the Branches; Vocal Duet, Mrs. H. W. Sanders and Mrs. G. Collard; Reading, Mrs. W. J. Thompson.

From Thedford we have received this interesting programme:

August, 1911—"Sunday Dinners," Mrs. M. Willsie; "Canning Vegetables," Mrs. G. R. Jaap; "Life of Queen Alexandra," Miss Jessie Dallas.

September—"Apples: Their Food Value and Their Preparation," Mrs. R. Wilson; "Women's Part in Country Life," Mrs. R. Lithgow.

October—"The Prosperity of Canada," Mrs. J. G. Dawes; "Winter Vegetables: Their Growth and Method of Keeping," Mrs. Leng.

November—Social Evening, Miss G. Wright, Miss E. Willsie, Miss A. Jaap, Mrs. W. Tudor, Mrs. J. Wakefield.

December — "Inexpensive Christmas Gifts," Mrs F. Traver;; "Christmas Decorations for House and Table," Mrs. N. J. Kearney.

January, 1912—"Thoughts on New Year," Mrs. Dr. Clerke; Report of Annual Convention, by delegate; "Breakfast Foods and Their Value," Mrs. H. Mosure.

February—"Desserts," Mrs. J. Houston, Mrs. F. Wright; "Cold Weather Supper Dishes," Mrs. J. Walden; "Life of Laura Secord," Miss Vera Lawrie.

March—"Spring Sewing and Exchange of Patterns," Mrs. R. Thomson; "Pie Making," Mrs. M. Crawford; "Life of Florence Nightingale," Miss Creta Kearney.

April—"Flowers and Bulbs," "Farm Gardening," Mrs. J. Ticknor; "Education a Farmer's Daughter Should Receive," followed by discussion, Mrs. W. P. Johnson.

May—"Most Suitable Foods for Summer," Mrs. Watcher; Annual Business Meeting, election of officers; "Life of Queen Victoria," Miss Myrtle Thomson.

The Effect of an Outburst

ONE of our masculine contributors, "Henry," writes to us as follows:

One day in passing the log schoolhouse where I had spent many days as an inferior student, thinking more of fun and playing what was commonly known as "hookey" than of studying, my attention was attracted by the horses, buggies and wagons standing around, so I strolled in to see what was going on. Twenty years had elapsed since I last set foot inside the gates, and a peculiar sensation passed over me as I pulled the string which held the latch and allowed the door to swing open. Everything came back clearly to my mind, and it seemed as if it were only yesterday I had stood there and held out my hand for a strapping. A loud clapping and cheering greeted me as I entered, only explained when a big man, bigger by far than any other there, jumped up and in a voice like thunder shouted that he would nominate me for school trustee. A yell like a storm greeted this remark, and before I was aware of what had happened I was elected a school trustee. I tried to decline, but nothing would induce that audience to change its mind. When I told them I would erect a schoolhouse worthy of the name, the applause was deafening, and that applause was what gave me encouragement, that outburst made me feel that I could and would do something. For twenty-one years I was a representative, and regularly at the old-time "yearly meeting" and one year after the last of its kind was held, a beautiful $18,000 school stood to commemorate that one outburst of approval.

P.S.—I was reading an account of the Ontario Women's Institute where Dr. Helen MacMurchy asked if women ever took an interest in school trustees, and to the women present she said: "Do you ever say to your husbands, 'No, not that bunch,' evidently meaning that women are afraid of their husbands taking part in public affairs. I would point her to the Crown Princess of Germany, who is ever on the alert to keep her Royal husband before the public; but women are, at time, to blame for the many poor representatives who govern.

The Everett Branch

THE Everett Branch of the West Simcoe Women's Institute now numbers twenty-seven members, with a prospect of two or three more being added in the near future. Meetings are held the second Thursday of each month at the members' homes, tea being served at the close of the meeting. These meetings are purely informal and social, and while it is not always possible for every member to attend, yet it is an established fact that every member tries not to miss a meeting because they are always so enjoyable. We have given the traveling library a trial, and are very much pleased with it.

For the social time of our Institute we always hold a fowl supper every fall, which is looked forward to with great interest. I am enclosing an account of our fowl supper, which took place some time ago.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sallons, when the members of the Everett branch of the Women's Institute held their annual fowl supper. Each member had the privilege of bringing with her the husband, brother, or "gentleman friend."

At 7.30 o'clock about forty-five assembled guests sat down to a most sumptuous repast. After everyone had done ample justice to the many good things they were invited into the cozy parlors, where they were entertained in a pleasing manner. A button-hole contest among the gentlemen was of special interest.

Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. McAlpine were appointed to judge the work. Mr. George Peacock won first prize and Mr. Mitchell the booby prize, although it must be said that Mr. Mitchell exceeded all the rest of the gentlemen in speed. Following this, a programme was given, Mr. Robert Crosbie making a very efficent chairman. Messrs. Herbert and William Wilkinson gave several vocal solos, which were very much enjoyed. Our president, Mrs. Herbert Ludlow, gave a humorous reading, entitled "Lodge Night," which was very amusing, and a reading by Mrs. McAlpine on "Mose and Lize's Courtship," was also very much appreciated. Miss Maud Patton and Miss Clara Ruthven contributed to the evening's enjoyment by rendering several instrumental solos. Mr. H. Gilbert, of Mansfield, gave an interesting talk on his trip to Cuba, citing many amusing incidents. Short speeches by the following gentlemen were also given: Messrs. H. Ludlow, H. Magill, W. A. Ruthven, W. McCrae and R. Sallons.

A pleasing feature of the evening was, its being the anniversary of Mrs. Sallons' birthday.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to our host and hostess for their hospitality and their kindness in opening their home on this occasion, and we hope we shall have the pleasure of spending together with Mrs. Sallons many more happy birthdays. The social evening was brought to a close by

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all heartily singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which all returned to their homes feeling that a very enjoyable evening had been spent with the members of the Institute.

Better Farming Special

THE Canadian Pacific Railway has placed a train at the disposal of the Ontario Department of Agriculture for the purpose of giving instruction to the farmers along its lines throughout Ontario.

The train will consist of four baggage cars and three coaches, to be used for lecture purposes. The former will be equipped with exhibits covering:

Fruit Growing—Samples of fruit nursery stock, mounted specimens of insects and fungus pests, spraying apparatus and mixtures, tools for pruning, packing outfits, sample fruit barrels, boxes and baskets.

Live Stock—Bones showing blemishes in horses, diseased tissues of horses and cattle, models of horses' teeth, hind legs, feet, tuberculosis specimens, common veterinary instruments.

Field Husbandry—Samples of oats, wheat, barley, peas, grasses, clovers, corn, potatoes, germination tests, effects of seed selection, weeds and weed seeds.

Drainage—Leveling instruments, tools, tile, soil samples, charts showing beneficial effects of drainage and proper cultivation, etc.

Dairying—Pails, strainers, churn, butter worker, Babcock tester, cooling equipment, samples showing effect of dirt in milk, samples of cheese, butter, boxes, paper.

Feeds—Bran, shorts, milkfeed, cotton seed, linseed meal, oilcake, alfalfa meal.

Poultry—Model poultry houses and appliances, incubators and brooders, egg cases, apparatus for candling eggs, feeds, trap nests, feeding troughs, etc.

Bee-keeping—Hives, appliances, honey, charts.

Fertilizers — Commercial fertilizers, charts showing results.

Concrete—Blocks, bricks, tile, etc., method of testing, moulds.

The growing of suitable crops for the feeding of live stock, dairy cattle, beef cattle, horses, pigs, etc., will be duly considered, and samples of foodstuffs that are offered for sale upon the Canadian market will be on exhibition, with analysis attached. The places to be visited and the time at which the train will reach each place is given on the last page.

Immediately upon arrival of the train lectures will begin in three lecture coaches. Those in attendance will then be given an opportunity to examine and hear explanations of the exhibits in the four baggage cars.

Lectures at each point will be so arranged as to best suit the requirements and possibilities of the locality. Every farmer, no matter what branch he may be specializing in, will find something of interest and value in both lectures and exhibits.

One lecture coach will be reserved for the women, boys and girls; and lectures on poultry raising, bee-keeping, growing of small fruits, etc., will be given for their benefit.

There will be a staff of from ten to fifteen lecturers and demonstrators with the train, as well as representatives of the C.P.R. Such men as Professors C. A. Zavitz, G. E. Day, R. Harcourt and W. H. Day, find it difficult to leave their work at the Agricultural College, but have been secured for a portion of the trip. The farmers cannot spend two or three hours more profitably than by taking advantage of the demonstrations and lectures to be given by these and other men on the Better Farming Special. P. W. Hodgetts, Director of the Fruit Branch; L. Caesar, of the Agricultural College; Frank Herns, Chief Instructor for Western Ontario; some of our most experienced Institute workers, district representatives of the Department of Agriculture for Essex, Lambton, Waterloo, Grey, Dufferin, Ontario, Hastings, Peterboro, Lanark, Dundas, etc., as well as other men who are giving special attention to some particular branch of agricultural work, will accompany the train, some for only two or three days, others for a greater portion of the trip.

This is an exceptional opportunity to get valuable information along agricultural lines.

The farmers should show their appreciation of the liberality of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Provincial Department of Agriculture by attending in large numbers. Every person (men, women and boys) will be made welcome at the exhibits and lectures. It is to be hoped that Institute members will invite their friends and neighbors to accompany them.

List of Places

Monday, Feb. 26—St. Joachim, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Windsor, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Elmstead, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Tuesday, Feb. 27—Tilbury, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Chatham, 12.45 p.m. to 3.15 p.m.; Kent Bridge, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 28—North Bothwell, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; North Glencoe, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Caradoc, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Thursday, Feb. 29—Hyde Park, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Thamesford, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Woodstock, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Friday, March 1—Belmont, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Tillsonburg, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Ingersoll, 4.15 to 6.45 p.m.

Saturday, March 22—Drumbo, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Galt, 12.45 p.m. to 3.15 p.m.; Milton, 4.15 p.m. to 7.00 p.m.

Monday, March 4—Moffatt, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Elmira, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Milverton, 4.30 p.m. to 7 p.m.

Tuesday, March 5—Goderich, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Blyth, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; McNaught, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Wednesday, March 6—Streetsville, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Brampton, 12.45 p.m. to 3.15 p.m.; Cataract Junction, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Thursday, March 7—Orangeville, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Shelburne, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Dundalk, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Friday, March 8—Chatsworth, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Markdale, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Flesherton, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Saturday, March 9—Bolton, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Woodbridge, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.

Monday, March 11—Agincourt, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Claremont, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Myrtle, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Tuesday, March 12—Pontypool, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Peterboro, 12.45 p.m. to 3.15 p.m.; Norwood, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Wednesday, March 13—Ivanhoe, 8.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m.; Tweed, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.; Sharbot Lake, 3.30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Thursday, March 14—Perth, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Smith's Falls, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Carleton Place, 4.30 p.m. to 7 p.m.

Friday, March 15—Merrickville, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Mountain, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.; Winchester, 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Saturday, March 16—Finch, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; Apple Hill, 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.

Demonstration Lecture Course

THOSE who attended the annual convention of the Ontario Women's Institutes held in Toronto on November 15th and 16th, 1911, will remember the report on a series of lectures and demonstrations given to a group of six Institutes in Haldimand County and adjoining districts.

Several who had taken advantage of the instruction given spoke very enthusiastically of the work, and expressed the hope that some method would be adopted whereby the advantage of a regular series of lectures, extending over a period of fifteen or sixteen weeks, would be given to many of our Institutes.

The Institutes' Branch undertook to finance the trial course referred to above, whereby each of the Institutes concerned (six in number) agreed to secure twenty-five members, and as many more as possible, to pay $1.00 each for the course of lectures. The Department agreed to become responsible for additional outlay required to cover the salaries and expenses of the lecturer. The Institutes concerned were required to furnish a suitable place in which to hold the lectures, and to furnish the supplies required for the demonstrations. This cost was not very great in any case.

The net cost to the Department is considerable, and at the present time, such a liberal offer cannot be repeated. The Department is prepared, however, to assist in organizing similar work in other localities. It will be necessary, therefore, for the Institutes concerned to guarantee at least twenty-five students at $2.00 each at each of five or six places conveniently located. Those who take advantage of occasional lectures will be required to pay 20 cents per lecture. The guarantee will, therefore, be $50.00 from each Institute tak-

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ing advantage of the work, and one-half of the receipts above this amount must be paid towards the lecturer's salary and expenses.

Branches which think favorably of the above proposition, should communicate with surrounding branches and ascertain whether or not a group of five or six Institutes can be secured. As soon as they are in a position to make a definite proposition it would be well to write to the superintendent.

While the above is the best offer which can be made at the present time, we are in hopes that some method will be provided through the co-operation of the Departments of Education and Agriculture, whereby instruction in domestic science will be given to Women's Institutes at a nominal cost. The whole question is now being considered by the departments concerned.

More About Homemakers

MISS ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG, editor of the Woman's Page in the Regina *Leader,* has a pleasant paragraph or two in the issue of that paper of January 6th. This is rather late to quote, but it is better now than never.

Our Homemakers' Department is making a very good start for the New Year. This week, we have reports from a number of the clubs that have not been heard from for some time, and all are most encouraging. The editor is very grateful for kind letters received during the past few days, containing appreciative reference to this particular corner. Were it not for the unfailing support and the interest taken by many of the club members, it would not be possible to continue it. We believe it has, in some measure, fulfilled a mission since inaugurated last April, but we have larger ambitions for the coming year. We want it to keep pace with the growth of the movement and to have each and every club in the province regularly represented by reports, helpful suggestions, recipes, papers and other notes of interest from club members. We look to the secretaries for reports and are doubly grateful when these are forwarded as soon after meetings as possible. We want each and every homemaker who is a reader at some time also to become a contributor—if only by asking a question—and to feel that this particular corner is as much her own as the house she calls her home.

To be a faithful and loyal worker in the ranks frequently bespeaks a much finer spirit than to live up to the obligations of office. The responsibilities of position demand effort in order to retain self-respect, the respect of others. In the ranks one may be indifferent or a shirker with apparently only loss to self. Letters received from some of the presidents testify in glowing terms to the loyalty, the unselfishness and faithfulness of the untitled members of

FARM OF MR. A. E. GRAY, KENVILLE, MANITOBA

their clubs. One president, who has been honored with a second term, writes: "I think I am especially favored with members, the best, or one of the best lot of women to work with. Although I was green as grass and did not know anything about that kind of work—always making blunders, and still do—they have been so patient and kind that it has been a great pleasure to me to attend the meetings. I do hope all presidents have as good members as I have."

No homemaker can fail to be interested in the year's history of the Pense Club, as delightfully narrated by Mrs. Hugh McGillivray. All the clubs have not been able to achieve so much as this flourishing one, but each club has done something that might prove helpful in the way of suggestion to other clubs. Can't we have more of these stories in brief of the first year's efforts? Perhaps your club is only a few weeks old, but, according to instructions issued by the extension department of the College of Agriculture, you are beginning a new year. Let us hear what you have done and what you propose doing.

A report of the Mayfield Club, kindly forwarded by Mrs. A. Perry, was accompanied by her own recipe for compote of apples, which sounds delicious, as it no doubt tastes. The following is Mrs. Perry's compote: Take about 14 or 16 medium-sized apples, 1 pound of loaf sugar, 1 pint of water and 1 lemon. Peel the apples very thinly, remove the cores carefully with a fruit cutter. Put the sugar and water into an enameled stew pan and boil until it forms rather thick syrup; add the lemon rind cut into very tiny, thin strips, about an inch long, and the strained juice of the same. Put the apples in and let them simmer till tender, then take them out carefully, drain them on a sieve and reduce the syrup by boiling quickly for a few minutes, or until it is a thick syrup. When both are cold, arrange the apples neatly on a glass dish, pour over the syrup and garnish with strips of green angelica, cut the same as the lemons, over the tops of each apple. A preserved or crystalized cherry on the top of each adds to the appearance. These apples look very pretty and dainty with good whipped cream in the centre of the dish and the apples arranged around it.

The topic for discussion at the last meeting of the Maryfield Club was: "Apples: Various Ways of Cooking and Preserving them." Recipes for preserves, pies and puddings were supplied by several of the members, and a number of these have been kindly promised for this department.

An earnest club worker speaks with enthusiasm of the pamphlets being sent out by the Extension Department of the College of Agriculture. She writes: "The monthly pamphlets which are being sent out to us by the Extension Department are splendid helps, and give us new ideas, aiding us greatly."

On Friendship

A BRIEF article on this subject by Mrs. Earley, of Annen, North Grey, is as follows:

What is friendship? Friendship is intimacy united with affection, and where there is affection there must be sympathy. George Moore says sympathy is the grandest word in the world. It overcomes evil and strengthens good. It disarms resistance, melts the hardest hearts, and draws out the better part of human nature. Often we can show our friendship by a smile and a warm handshake. It was only a helping hand, and it seemed of little avail. But its clasp was warm and it saved from harm a brother whose strength was failing.

Do not refrain from doing your own little because you cannot do the much of some one else. To women more than men there is a danger of becoming narrow, and we get narrow when we live only to ourselves. All honor to the women who make good housekeepers and good homemakers, for you cannot be a good homemaker unless you are a good housekeeper. It's a good thing to have a nice home. It's good to have money, and the things money can buy, but it is good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things money cannot buy.

We were not brought into this world to live to ourselves. We are all to do what we can to help others. If you cannot do a kind deed speak a kind word, if you cannot speak a kind word think a kind thought. Be not simply good, be good for *something.* Drummond says: "The world delights in friendly, sunny people." The old are hungering for love more than bread. There is no anodyne for heart sorrow like ministering unto others.

Dainty, *Disappearing* Doughnuts.
Devoured near as fast as you make 'em.
Golden — tooth-teasing — able-bodied nuts of dough.
Made from dough that *Tastes Like Nuts,* you know.
Use FIVE ROSES flour.
Get that *individual* toothsomeness of *Manitoba* wheat kernels.
Doughnuts with a Palate-Pleasing *Personality.*
See 'em bob up in the rich deep fat—swelling, soft-textured.
A hole entirely circled with Light *Digestible* Food.
Fat without being *fat*—for FIVE ROSES is the sturdy *glutinous* flour that *resists* fat absorption.
Just enough to *brown* deliciously, to *crisp* quickly.
No greasiness, heaviness, sogginess.
Filling a vacant place so pleasantly with never an *outraged* stomach.
Like these make YOURS.
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A skin food, rich in tissue-building properties. A daily massage will remove impurities, banish wrinkles, and give the beautiful glow of health to your skin.

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50c and $1.00 sizes. thoroughly cleanses and invigorates the roots of the hair. It will then be soft and lustrous because it will be healthy.

LUSTR-ITE NAIL ENAMEL

makes the care of your nails a simple and pleasant task. It contains no pumice or grit and imparts a brilliant, lasting polish.

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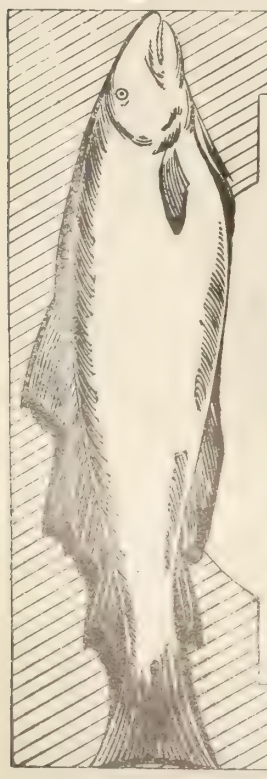

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Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Compound contains the valuable properties of the Cod Liver Oil without its disagreeable flavor. In fact, this preparation is decidedly pleasant to the taste. With Extract of Malt, Extract of Wild Cherry, and Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, Potassium, Manganese and Iron added, it makes a combination that puts an edge on the appetite—aids digestion—invigorates the nerves—relieves and helps to cure affections of the throat and lungs — and generally builds up strength and restores health.

For puny, delicate children there is probably no better "builder-up" than Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound. 102

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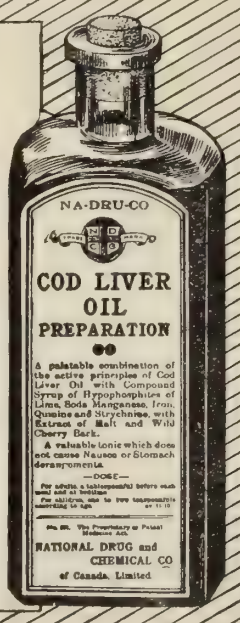

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Canadian Girls' Club

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

Sec. 1.—We will do our best to make the JOURNAL known to every acquaintance.

Sec. 2.—We will earn as much money as we can for ourselves while we are helping the JOURNAL.

Sec. 3.—We will endeavor to make this an organization of the most successful, most enthusiastic girls' club in Canada.

Sec. 4.—There shall be no age limit nor matrimonial restrictions. All workers will be welcome.

Dear C. G. C. Members:

We want you always to remember the Girls' Club. Now how were we to accomplish that when the money you earn is so quickly spent and the things it purchases are so soon gone? So we needed a permanent souvenir. After thinking over many different things we finally decided that nothing would give more satisfaction and practical service than a watch.

You cannot help liking the dainty little sterling silver timekeeper that we have selected; it is a beauty. It will keep fine time, too, for its internal workings are many jeweled and of high quality. On the back your initials will be engraved, in monogram. Our artist designs most beautiful ones.

This watch is entirely additional to all the regular commissions and bonus as given on the latest schedules. Doesn't that sound important, "schedules"? And this schedule certainly is important to our members. Each subscription pays so much, and then the bonus—why, the bonus is a joy in itself. It increases mighty fast, too, for each few additional subscriptions. That schedule certainly is a surprise to the new members when they first receive it.

THE GIRLS' CLUB WATCH

The Reliable Indicator

It doesn't matter how many members there are; we have a watch for each. And each new member who joins the club is a help to the others, for the more widely we can make the Journal known, the easier it is to get subscriptions.

THE NEW CLUB PLAN.

We are always planning ways to make it easier for members of the club to get subscriptions. In our new plan, subscribers who will help you get up a club will get a special rate, and at the same time will help their friends and neighbors to get the special rate.

So I hope that every reader who cares to see the Journal win will write me. Let me tell you about the new club plan; about the money you can earn for yourself. I feel sure that everyone can get a club of ten subscriptions, and I am confident that once you have been interested in the work you will take as great pleasure as I do in seeing your list getting steadily longer.

Dear Secretary,—

I cannot tell you how glad I am that I wrote you, for I am getting lots of enjoyment from the work, as well as earning lots of money. I am so enthusiastic about the JOURNAL, and believe so thoroughly that it should be in every Canadian home that I would have helped even without pay. Each order that I sent in I added up my list, and when it got above fifty I could scarcely do anything else but talk JOURNAL, I was so anxious to pass the hundred mark. Now I am working as hard to reach the next century.

We just need an enthusiastic member like this in every town in the Dominion to make the Journal the most popular magazine in Canada. Will you join us?

Very sincerely,

SECRETARY.

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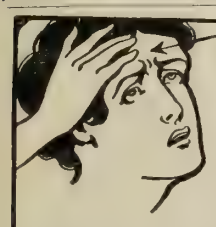

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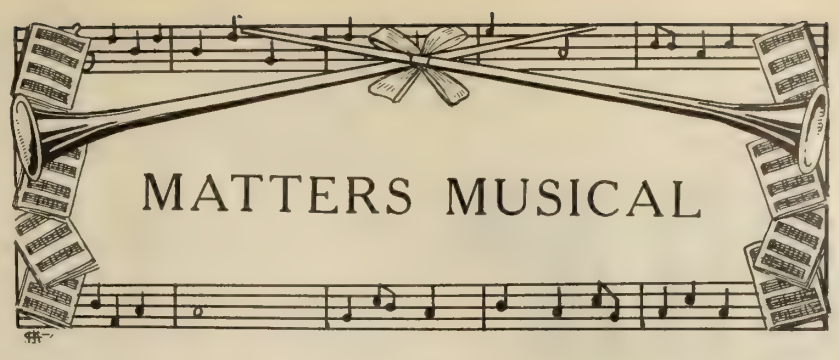

EASTER is approaching.

Easter, with its wealth of meaning to the Christian world, and its wondrous story of One risen from the dead, vies with, if indeed it does not surpass, all other events in the world's history.

Poets have written, philosophers have given to the world their great philosophies, and prophets have foretold the future, but it remained for the humble carpenter Jew to rise from the dead. The grave was not strong enough to contain the Spirit of God which had been spoken into the person of man. We trace over again the scene in the garden, the mock trial, the weary trudging along the road to Calvary, with its climax of the cross, and cannot resist the impulse to do homage to Him around Whom the whole scene centered.

Around this event there is woven much of the world's greatest, in art, literature, and music, and it is only natural that much of our Easter music carries a noticeable tone of solemnity. Those in choir work will find among the following many of the most attractive numbers, and we know that much pleasure may be had through study of the same.

For the organ:

"Spring Song"—Mendelssohn.
"Andantino"—Hollins.
"Pastorale"—Archer.
"Contemplation"—Wheeldon.
"Easter Morning"—Mailly.
"Morning Greeting"—Greig.
"March Solennelle"—Mailly.
"Grand Chorus"—Guilmant.
"Hallelujah" Chorus (Messiah)—Handel.

For chorus work:

"*As it began to dawn*"—Martin, will be found to contain splendid body, well supported by the male voices, and in which the composer works to a very fine climax, using for this purpose Carey's well known Easter hymn.

"*Awake thou that sleepest*"—Allen, is somewhat similar in weight to the one above and is especially attractive for its strong and pleasing tenor part.

"*He is Risen*"—Schilling, is somewhat of a general class anthem, with a little more scope for the soloists than the two just named.

"*The Magdalene*"—Warren. No choir will have a complete Easter repertoire without including this very pleasing chorus.

"*Christ is Risen*—Turner, is another very appropriate chorus, and "*The Heavens are Telling*"—Haydn, makes an excellent climax for the Easter day's work.

We might mention a few quartettes and solos suitable for Easter services:

Quartette—
"When morning gilds the skies"—Rompini.
"Come Holy Spirit"—Henrich.
"Since by man came death"—Handel.

Duet—Soprano and alto—
"There is a fountain filled with blood"—Balfe.

Baritone solos—
"The Resurrection"—Shelley.
"The Lord is my light"—Alliston.

Tenor solos—
"Hosanna"—Grainer.
"O Blest Redeemer"—Newton.
"Nailed to the Cross in agony"—Bartlett.

Soprano solos—
"Easter Morn"—Neidlinger.
"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—Handel.

Contralto solos—
"Lift your glad voices"—Holden.
"God shall wipe away all tears"—Sullivan.

Alto solo and chorus—
"Behold they come"—Bartlett.

THE cycle of Mendelssohn Choir concerts, as held in Toronto during the second week of February, added fresh laurels to the honors already won by this champion organization. The audiences of former years were fully equalled, and not an empty seat could be descried at any of the choral events.

The initial concert on Monday night, February 5th, saw the traditional gathering in Massey Music Hall, and it may be said that every member of the audience went away convinced that the Mendelssohn Choir is more complete in equipment and splendid in quality than ever before. Dr. A. S. Vogt, the conductor is as imperturbable and masterly as in the days when he undertook that colossal composition, the *Ninth Symphony*, and his enthusiasm is unabated in the production of new choral works. On Monday night, such selections as Lotti's "Crucifixus," Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," and an excerpt from Bach's "Mass in B Minor," already firmly established in popular favor through Mendelssohn Choir efforts, formed the greater part of the programme. "Night Witchery," a chorus for men's voices by Anton Von Storch, proved an exquisite lyric, and "The Nottingham Hunt," by F. F. Bullard, a dashing cavalier song for male chorus, was rendered with such spirit that an encore was demanded. The floral epilogue from "Caractacus" was a magnificent burst of imperial harmony.

On Tuesday night the production of a work novel to Torontonians, Wolf-Ferrari's "The New Life," created general interest, which was heightened by the addition of the children's chorus. The work is a cantata for baritone and soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, organ and pianoforte, and is a musical interpretation of Dante's "La Vita Nuova." It was a most impressive and idealistic performance of a work, intricate in harmony and almost bewildering in emotional transitions. Miss Florence Hinkle, the soprano soloist, and Mr. Clarence Whitehall, the baritone, entered most dramatically into the mediaeval spirit of the composition, and were appreciated by the audience, which showed Toronto's traditional eagerness for repetition. The Berlioz "Te Deum" was the second and not the less interesting number on Tuesday's programme, and was most effectively rendered, with no diminution of dramatic fervor, to the almost overpowering climax.

On Wednesday night the great production of last year, Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," was repeated, creating an even profounder impression than on its first production. The work of the chorus was superb in tonal quality, which was preserved in distinction and purity, in the most dynamic passages. Miss Hinkle's sympathetic soprano was heard in exquisite clarity; Miss Christine Miller, the mezzo-soprano, Mr. George Hamlin, tenor, and Mr. Clarence Whitehall, were nobly adequate to their parts and the quartette numbers proved the exceptional quality and strength of the assisting artists.

On Thursday night, the programme consisted of excerpts from the programmes of the three previous evenings, and the voices of the choir showed not the slightest flagging in spirit nor faltering in technical perfection. The old Latin poet whose famous dictum was that the art is to conceal the art uttered one of the world's wisest sayings. In the achievements of the Mendelssohn Choir, the hearer realizes the truth of the classic line, for there is no evidence of effort, no sign of the immense and unremitting toil which has gone to the making of "so grave a structure." Dr. Vogt has the satisfaction of having accomplished the unique in our musical annals, and the effect of such work does not die with the echoes of the "Sanctus."

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra, under Mr. Frederick Stark, appeared in all these programmes and impressed the audiences as being more completely equipped than in former years, with a disciplined strength which lent great color to such effects as the climaxes of the Verdi "Requiem" and "Caractacus." Although Toronto is becoming accustomed to advanced orchestral work, the annual visits of this organization are regarded as a great revelation of such achievement, and their educational effect is already apparent. The orchestra matinee performance on Thursday afternoon, with Mr. Josef Lhevinne as piano virtuoso was one of the most brilliant events of the muscial season, and, from Beethoven's "Coriolanus" to the "Tannhauser" overture, the programme was one of varied and memorable charm.

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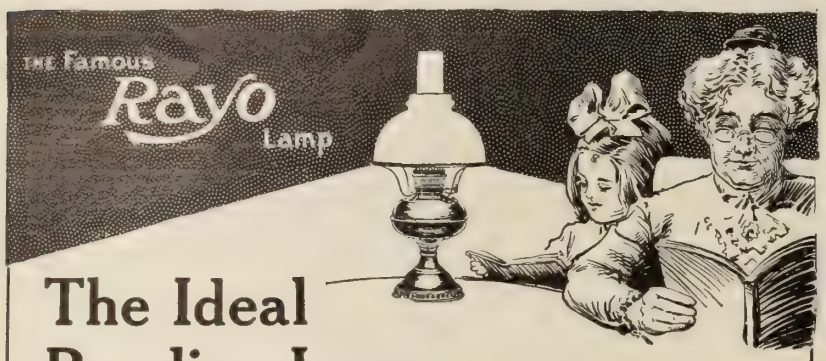

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DYEING AT HOME

WE wonder how many of our readers have considered the economy of "Home Dyeing." Until a few years ago, this was quite an undertaking for the average woman to accomplish at home. The majority of the dyeing was sent to professional dyers. But in the last few years dyes have been discovered which make it a very easy process.

Manufacturers of dyes have now "got it down so fine" that the woman does not have to know whether her goods are wool, cotton, silk or mixed. The best dyes on the market color any fabric perfectly with the same dye, thus doing away with all chance of making a mistake in the kind of cloth that they have to color. It has become more and more difficult to tell of what fabrics are made. The so-called "all wool" very often has a thread or two of cotton in it. Material known as pure cotton is often a mixture of wool and cotton. Silk is very often nothing more than a cotton specially prepared. Now these improved dyes do away with all chance of making a mistake in one's goods.

The old style of dyes were decidedly inconvenient in the matter of distributing "color," as they left the hands, floor and utensils very much stained after the dyeing process. The new or improved dyes are a great advance, in the matter of cleanliness, on the old ones. The drug dealer can advise you as to what dye to get, if you tell him the original color of the goods and the new tint desired. The up-to-date manufacturers of these special dyes now have the information for druggists on the back of the color cards. Before purchasing dyes, have the goods weighed when they are dry, and use about a package to a pound of goods. If the article to be dyed is of a dark shade, it will not require so much dye as if it were white or of a very light color. After procuring the dye, all that is required is a little common table salt, water enough to cover the goods, and heat enough to bring it to a boil. There is a special direction book in every package of dye; so that the amateur need not be at all afraid of making an attempt at home dyeing.

Years ago, one sometimes heard the remark. "Oh, I've had my old dress dyed, and it's simply ruined," or "I would not have it dyed, if I were you. The stuff is sure to come off on everything." This was the verdict on poor and cheap dyes, which were too often a sad disappointment to those who expected to see an old garment made new or "different." The scientific advance in the manufacture of dyes has changed all that, and the modern woman need not hesitate to try the experiment of dyeing material which has become soiled or no longer useful in its present hue.

A white gown may become a delightful new garment in reseda, rose or Alice blue—and no one be any the wiser, as to the method which evolved another dress for the wardrobe. The fashion which has recently obtained of using lace or fringe as trimming, in the same shade as the material of the gown, is to be in vogue for some time. The woman who wishes to have mauve, pink or brown lace can easily supply herself with such trimming by dyeing old lace the desired shade. In fact, the possibilities of renovation and re-decoration with the latest dyes appear to be unbounded. It is far better to dye old white lace which has become discolored by continual washing, rather than employ a strong soap, which must necessarily contain strong sodas, in order to bleach it. The best colors are ecru, canary and cream.

You know how children dread to wear any article which has been "handed down." Now, if you wish to make a dress for Dorothy, aged twelve, out of a gown which Ethel, aged sixteen, has outgrown, do not try to adapt it without making an alteration in color. When the material is ripped up, cleaned, dyed and remade, Dorothy will be quite content to wear what is practically a new gown, and will have no fear that the other girls will utter sneers concerning those who wear their sister's old clothes.

In the five illustrations shown on this page, you have the steps in satisfactory renovation. In the first, they are trying to tell whether the article they want to dye is made of wool, cotton, silk or mixed goods. They know if they make a mistake their dyeing will be a failure. Then the housewife hears about the Improved Dye that is guaranteed to color either wool, cotton, silk or mixed goods perfectly with the same dye. She buys a package, and is seen using the stove to bring the mixture to the proper temperature. Then she hangs the new garments up to dry, rejoicing in their fresh appearance. While she is pressing the goods, she is singing the praises of the new dyes, and finally, when we see her in the clothes she has dyed herself, she is radiant with satisfaction over "a perfectly good suit."

Taffeta Frocks

SHOT taffeta frocks with just such lingerie fichus as our grandmothers wore and with flowers tucked into the belt in just the way they had their portraits painted are the most beloved of all the wardrobe for girls and young women this season. Such frocks are worn for little house toilets, for the more conventional purposes of luncheons, and even for all sorts of semi-dress afternoon affairs. Of all the separate white blouses for winter suits the wash net is as well liked as any. It is to be found at most moderate prices in the shops with elaborate tuckings which cover front and back.

NAN'S HOME-MADE HATS AND GOWNS

By FLORENCE MEREDITH

NAN had come in to have a nice cosy evening with me. "It's just ages since I've seen you, Nan," I said, as I helped her off with her coat, and then, "Oh, what a perfectly lovely blouse, where did you unearth it?"

Nan glimpsed a little smile. "I don't know about it being perfect," she answered, "and as for it being dear, if you only knew what it cost me. I'm so glad home-made isn't writ large all over it."

"Nan," I actually shook her. "You didn't make it. Oh, do tell me all about it. How did you, why did you, where ——?"

"Now sit down," said Nan, in her quiet little way, "and I'll unfold to you the mysteries of the art of blouse-making. Then you must try and find out for yourself how simple it is. One afternoon," she began, " I ran in to see the Bigelow girls, and they were having a regular sewing-bee, and such pretty things they were making, too. Then I wondered why I had never tried to make my own things, and I determined then and there that I would at least make an attempt. I bought a little tucked shirtwaist pattern, and some pretty dimity muslin, and set to work, and really, dear, I dare not tell you of my struggles with those tucks; but in the end I turned out a blouse that was

A PRETTY BLOUSE

at least fit to wear. When you start, try one of the dear little plain shirt-waists that are so much worn now. I have made several, and beside having the advantage of being easily made, they always look so neat and pretty.

In buying your pattern be sure you have your correct bust measure, and mention that in asking for the size, as all other measurements are graded to that, and any difference may be allowed for at the seams. On the envelope in which the pattern comes is clearly printed the amount of material which will be required, in the different widths. The printed directions also give a list of all the sections of the pattern. The first thing to do, dear, is to familiarize yourself thoroughly with your pattern. Chase everybody out of the kitchen, clear off the table, spread out the pattern, and study it, comparing each piece with its corresponding number on the envelope, until you are sure you know just how each one is to be used. Next comes the planning, and then the cutting. Do be accurate in the cutting, as so much depends on it. In putting your blouse together don't be afraid of spending a little time and patience in basting each seam carefully; in fact, baste all parts before stitching, and you will find it will save you a lot of bother and worry. Next comes the fitting and the making of any necessary alterations, and then down to real work. After stitching the shoulder and under-arm seams, put on the neckband, then there will be no danger of the neck edge stretching. The sleeves, of course, will be sewn in plain, you will at least escape the worry of arranging gathers. Then there is the slash in the sleeve to finish, and the cuff to put on, and you will find that this is the most tedious part of the whole making. It will seem to take you an endless time just to baste the little pieces in position, but with a little care you will succeed, and then it will be so much easier next time. This has rather taken the form of a dressmaking lesson," she finished, laughing.

"Oh, it is so good of you to tell me all this," I cried, "and Nan, I'm going to start to-morrow. You'll come and help, won't you?"

"Of course I will," agreed good-natured Nan, "and by the way you didn't know you were also entertaining a milliner unawares, did you? Don't stare so, dear, but just turn your attention to my little Paris creation and tell me if you don't think it a perfect love of a hat. I knew you would, so as a reward I'll tell you how I came to make it. I saw the original in a most exclusive shop, and as I couldn't afford it I decided to try to copy it. After several observing visits I knew it thoroughly, then I bought a buckram shape and some velvet, and such a time as I had draping it into artistic folds. But as soon as I obtained a good effect, I pinned the folds firmly in place until I could catch them with hidden stitches. And the little satin flowers are not nearly so hard to make as one would think."

"Shall you make your Easter bonnet?" I asked, wonderingly.

"To be sure," she replied, "I will most likely buy one of the little close-fitting hats, which will be popular, and will trim it with lace or ribbon. Ribbon is so easily handled, but I will most likely choose the lace, for, as you know, dear, it will be worn this year in abundance on everything, a lace year as it were. Some of the larger hats among some advance styles which I have seen show a facing of Dresden chiffon, finished with cord at the edge, and one dear wee hat had two rows of box-plaited ribbon around the crown, one pink, the other blue, with a vine of pink baby roses between, quite Frenchy."

"I can see you now in the hat, Nan," I said. "I know your heart is set on box-plaitings and trailers of baby roses."

She laughed. "Yes, I will no doubt try it, and if I don't——"

"Nan," I said, solemnly, "don't dare say you won't succeed. You are surely a wonder, but even wonders must eat, you know, and I hear the welcome rattle of dishes in the dining-room, and know that mother has something good for us. Let us forget all about blouses and hats, and go and investigate."

Suitable Hats

A WOMAN should always try, says a *Globe* writer, to suit her hat to the shape of her face, and this year it should be most easy, if one has the good taste to know what kind of a hat is becoming. There is the right hat for every woman, but they do not often get together.

The line between the tailored hat and the dress hat is more sharply drawn than usual, and so is that between the small and the large hat. You can have your hat to suit your own style, high or low crown, wide of brim if it is more becoming, or close to the head. You can also use your own taste and judgment as to the trimming—a simple feather, cockade or embroidered ornament. Bows, if cleverly posed and inspired in point of color, may serve to trim even the handsomest of afternoon hats. Ostrich plumes are most smart, curled loosely if at all, and not exaggerated willow plumes. Many of the hats, both large and small, have brims faced with contrasting colors. White velvet faces some of the best looking big hats in black or sombre color. It is so soft and becoming to the face. Carlier leads in the toque shape. He is the genius of the small hat, and has no fear of the unpicturesque.

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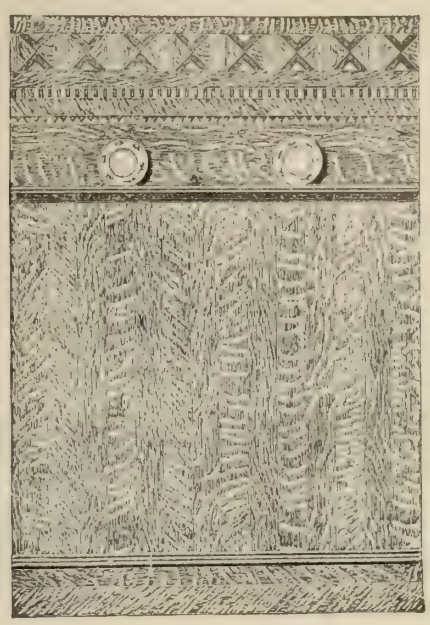

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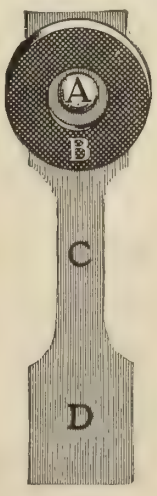

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THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

Continued from page 10

overpowering the sense of weakness. She tried to call out sharply—only to find that she could not speak—she was gagged! Thoroughly alarmed now, she tried to raise herself—she could not lift her head an inch from where it lay!

But her hands were free! She could untie the knots, unfasten the gag—after a few moments' frantic effort she found that equally impossible. She could do nothing! She was lying flat upon her back, fastened, not painfully, but securely, to the narrow bed, unable to move, and helpless save for the useless freedom of her hands which could not reach, much less unite a single knot. She knew by feeling that she still wore her rain coat, but her hat had been removed.

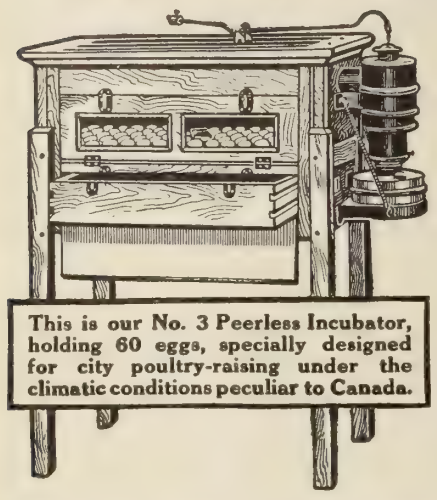
What did it all mean?

Some mistake, perhaps, or was it all a bad dream? She remembered having experienced this helpless feeling in a nightmare. Perhaps she would wake soon? Too tired to struggle any longer, she lay still. The room was not quite dark, as she at first had thought; there was light somewhere—and a murmur of voices. It must be a very vivid dream!

Turning her head slightly, she found that the light came through the open doorway. There was a lamp there, on a table, and seated by the table were the old woman who had pleaded for the sick grandchild, and the man who had been sitting by the stove. With a little painful effort she could see their faces quite plainly. It must have been their voices that she had heard, for they were talking. They spoke in lowered tones, and try as she would, Christine could catch only an occasional word. It seemed that the old woman was demanding something which the man refused. Suddenly he struck the table with his clenched fist and uttered a guttural. "No!" The blow and the sharply-spoken word roused the girl to full wakefulness. She knew that this was no dream. It was terrifying reality. What could it mean? If she could only understand!

Closing her eyes she tried to calm herself; to think out the puzzle. There had been no sick child: she had been lured here and drugged. Yes, that could be the only meaning of the sickly smell, the loss of consciousness, the illness upon waking. But why? And how long had she been here? With a pang of fear she thought of Celia and Ada. How frightened they would be! How Tommy

YOU CAN MAKE POULTRY RAISING PAY IN YOUR OWN BACK-YARD IF YOU WILL ADOPT THE PEERLESS WAY

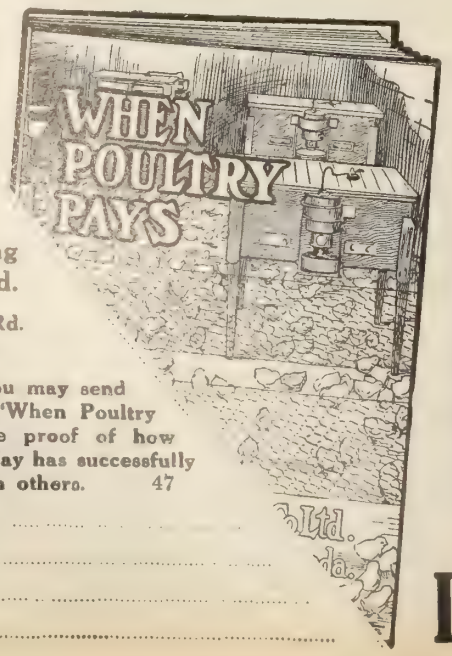


This is our No. 3 Peerless Incubator, holding 60 eggs, specially designed for city poultry-raising under the climatic conditions peculiar to Canada.

RAISING poultry on a city lot or in a backyard can be made far more than merely a fascinating hobby. It can easily be made a mighty profitable business that will bring you in a handsome revenue. At the same time knowledge of how to do it right will make the work doubly interesting. Now all that you need is knowledge—and the right kind of incubator. Yet these two necessities are both within your reach; for, by following the methods of The Peerless Way and adopting the Peerless Incubator, 20,846 Canadian poultry raisers are to-day making big cash profits. Do the same! Make poultry raising both your hobby and a business as well. Ride it as a hobby if you want to—but do more; make it yield you dividends and add to your bank account! You can do it. Remember that twenty thousand successful poultrymen have seen that our experience was worth having and following as operators of the largest and most successful poultry farm in the Dominion, —the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, at Pembroke. So they wrote and told us they wanted to raise poultry as we raised it. You can do that too; we have guided these twenty thousand odd successful poultrymen and we are ready to guide you.

This Book Tells About The Practical Solution Of Profitable Poultrying on a City Lot

"WHEN POULTRY PAYS" is a book that tells, by personal letters, what hundreds of followers of The Peerless Way have actually accomplished. It tells about an incubator and brooder especially designed by Canadian experts for city poultry raising in the Canadian climate and about the plans, specifications and blue-prints of poultry houses constructed to meet this country's long, cold winters (after poultry houses actually in use at our own farm), and which form a part of our service in The Peerless Way. "When Poultry Pays" explains just how you can put The Peerless Way to work for you, tells you about an enormous, undersupplied market and gives you full information as to the best way to start. It will show you an unworked field of profit lying in your own back-yard right in the heart of your own town. If you have some spare time in your evenings, a little money and the willingness to follow directions and look after this business, The Peerless Way cannot fail to make money for you. Please bear in mind, however, that this illustrated book has cost money to prepare and publish and is too expensive to distribute haphazard; we send it only on request. If you want it, send us the coupon—



LEE Manufacturing Company, Ltd.

124 Pembroke Rd.
Pembroke, Ont.

Gentlemen:—You may send me your book "When Poultry Pays," and the proof of how The Peerless Way has successfully co-operated with others. 47

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

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We Send The Book FREE For The Coupon

There Are Big Profits in Poultrying

TO get the maximum profits out of anything requires experience or knowledge. A bad start may take years to overcome; don't handicap yourself. Use our experience and knowledge instead of purchasing your own through bitter and costly disappointments. The Peerless Way has made smooth the hard road of the beginner and solved his problems before he even knew of their existence. Step by step, we will teach you every detail of The Peerless Way, so that as the business outgrows your back-yard, you can engage in it on as extensive a scale as we do.

It Will Cost You Little To Adopt The Peerless Way

TO start The Peerless Way working and making money for you, will not cost you much money. The principles of this plan are the same on a large or small scale—scientific management. But the cost of proper equipment varies—to start on a city lot in your own back-yard need cost you very little. And as your business grows, its own increases can be made to pay for the extension and yield you handsome profits besides.

Our Poultry Advisory Board Will Teach You

THE Peerless Way teaches our system—complete. But if, at any time, special problems peculiar to you alone, do arise, our Poultry Advisory Board is always at your service free of charge,—not only when you are starting out in business, but to the very last day you are running a Peerless Incubator and following The Peerless Way—ten years hence or even longer! All you need to do is to write and your problems will be investigated individually and answered personally. We stand back of our followers not only in the raising of poultry, but also in turning their poultry and poultry products into revenue producers of the highest type.

We Teach You Co-operative Marketing

THE few extra cents of profit which you might lose through ordinary marketing, cause but a small loss on your total selling price; but they represent a very, very big per cent. of your profits! Our Peerless Co-Operative Marketing Plan will put you in touch with buyers who will take your entire output,—large or small,—at highest, spot-cash, market prices. Or we will show you how you can sell direct to the consumer, or to the special private trade that is always glad to pay higher prices for guaranteed fresh eggs. We will show you how to handle that too. This is merely one more detail of the service offered by The Peerless Way.

Get Into An Under-Supplied Market With Rising Prices

THE rise in prices of both eggs and poultry, during the last few years, will show you that the market must be a tremendous money-maker for someone. Why should not you be among those who are taking the easy profits? You can be as successful as anyone, if you will only let The Peerless Way show you how—if you will follow our methods and devote just a little time and more or less common-sense to the work. Send the coupon and get "When Poultry Pays"; it will tell you more about The Peerless Way.

LEE Manufacturing Co., Ltd. 124 Pembroke Rd. 47 PEMBROKE ONTARIO CANADA

would rage! What terrible catastrophes he would imagine (Tommy was so silly sometimes!) As her senses came back, she felt more angry than frightened at her own plight. The whole thing seemed so foolish, so motiveless. Yet there must be a motive somewhere! The monotonous voices in the other room went on. *They* must know the motive—perhaps they were talking of it now? With a new incentive, she strained her ears to listen. Yes! either they were talking more loudly or her ears were recovering from the dulling influence of the drug, for she could hear. The man was speaking—

"I tell you we've got to get her out of here to-night."

"I know that, you fool! But it's early yet." (Christine felt relief). "There's no hurry, and there'll never be a better opportunity than now. Haven't I waited long enough for my revenge? I tell you," her voice rose hoarsely, "that I can't wait! What's to be done must be done now—here. The devil knows its safe enough! I tell you I won't wait—"

"You've got to wait! Didn't I tell you at the start—" the man leaned across the table and spoke in lower, but not less forcible tones. Christine could not hear what he said, but could see the effect upon the old harridan who first snarled and then wept and then hoarsely pleaded—all without avail.

There was something which she wanted done, Christine gathered. What, she could not guess, but her sixth sense, now roused to duty, warned her of peril to herself. She found herself praying that the man might hold out—as indeed he seemed very likely to do.

Finally he rose to his feet with an oath. "Enough of this!" he declared. "It's time we got the girl away. She will be less noticed now than later. I'm going to get the cart." Without another word he strode out, slamming the door behind him. The old woman's face was terrible as she watched him go—baffled rage, hate and fear made it hideous; and there was something else! Christine felt her anger chill into fear as she saw it was a something from which all sane people, however brave, must shrink—insanity!

"She's crazy!" gasped Christine. One problem at least seemed solved. Instinctively the girl closed her eyes and pretended to be still unconscious. But her thoughts raced! It did not matter, now, what her plight meant; she put that mystery aside and turned her attention to her present danger. In the other room was a crazy woman bent, for some reason, on doing her harm. She was helpless. She was to be taken away. The man had gone for a cart. When her friends missed her they could not find her. Even if they succeeded in tracing her here, she would be gone. They would not know—unless—unless she could leave something! What?

Danger is a great quickener of wits, and Christine was naturally quick. She realized that a great deal might depend upon leaving a trace of her presence here. But of course her captors would realize it too. They would take precautions! She felt with her free hand in her rain coat pocket—only bottles there. Impossible to leave a bottle. Ah! but the contents?—the acid! It was a bare chance, but worth the taking. The cork was hard to draw, but it was out at last, and stretching as far to the side as she could she poured some of the contents on the blanket. Almost she poured it all—but reflection came in time; she might need it later to leave yet another trace. That the time might come when, in terror of some unknown fate, she might think of this as the deadly poison it was, never entered her head.

In the second pocket of the rain coat there was nothing save the glove which she had taken off as she entered the hovel. It was of light weight silk, dark gray in color and so small and soft that it might be hidden almost anywhere. Very cautiously she felt about the bed with her hands. The mattress was old and torn, but if the glove were missed, it would certainly be searched; the pillow was also out of the question. Moving very painfully she pushed herself nearer the far side of the bed, nearer yet, until her right hand could slip down between it and the wall. She shuddered as she touched the greasy wainscotting, for she could feel its filth upon her finger tips, but fighting down her disgust, she ran her hand carefully along the upper edge. The crevice, though hard to see, was easy to feel. It seemed very small, but there was a chance that it might hide the glove. With trembling fingers Christine pressed it down and in, packing it as tightly as she could. The old woman in the outer room had ceased to mutter and sat sullenly waiting.

The little glove once safely bestowed in the crevice, Christine pushed herself painfully back into her former position—none too soon, for she was still breathing heavily from the effort when the opening of the outer door announced the return of the man.

"Well, is she ready?" he asked roughly. "None of your sulking now or I'll throw up the game—did you give her another dose?"

Another dose? Christine grew cold with fear. If they drugged her again what might not happen! Helpless as she was, she would be doubly helpless then. She lay very still, trying with a terrible effort of will to control the trembling which had seized her.

It seemed, however, that the old woman was afraid of the man in this mood, for she mumbled something which he evidently took for an assent, and together they came in to the room where the girl was lying.

"Where's her hat?" asked the man again. "Look sharp, now, and see that none of the hat pins or fixings are missing. Look and see if her handkerchief's safe and her pocket-book and the bottles she had in her pocket—it won't do to leave so much as a shoe string here."

With sulky haste the woman did his bidding; tying the larger articles securely into a pillow case.

"Where's her gloves?" demanded the man suddenly.

His companion pointed to the glove upon the girl's left hand.

"Where's the other one?"

Christine felt her heart sink. She dared not open her eyes, but she felt that her captors were staring at each other in angry dismay.

"Well, it's got to be found," said the man's voice. "Here, let's get her out to the cart, and then we can search the room. I saw her draw it off as she came in, so it must be somewhere."

Muttering angrily, the old woman bent over the girl. Christine lay very still. A knot was untied, another, and yet another—she was free! No, the man's hand was on her! With a dexterous twist the woman wrapped her skirts tightly around her ankles, and tied them there. "All ready!" she said. The man thrust his arm under her shoulders, and together they lifted the seemingly insensible girl. Christine had the wit to let her arms hang heavily, and to resist the impulse to raise her drooping head. They carried her quickly through the lighted room into the small dark hall, and thence out into the rainy street. Silently, swiftly, she was lifted and laid down upon something hard (the bottom of a cart, she judged). With a wild leap of joy and hope she felt the rain beat down upon her face, and breathed the air, so fresh and clear after the suffocating atmosphere of the room. Oh! If they would only leave her for a moment. Bound thought she was, and unable to make a sound, she might still attract someone's attention by sitting up and using her hands. Now that she could raise her head she might manage to undo the gag! Then she would be safe. Bad though the street was, there would be someone who would listen to a girl's scream. There were people passing by even now, on the pavement. Once she heard the man exchange a surly jest with someone. Oh! if he would only take his heavy hand from her chest. But not even this wild chance was to be hers. The cart had been prepared for her coming, and in less time than it takes to tell it she was fastened as securely to the boards as she had been to the bed. In the agony of realization she forgot her role, and moaned. Instantly the gag was tightened against her mouth.

"She's coming to," muttered the man. "Go you and find the glove. Be quick! If it fell on the floor it may have been gathered up and burned. Make sure—better rake out the ashes."

Again there was silence, save for the occasional rattle of the horse's harness and the swish of the rain. It was very dark, and Christine had no longer need to close her eyes except as a shield from the pelting drops. Presently the man stirred himself, and spread something over her, shutting even the rain out and burying her in a purgatory of ill-smelling cloth and moist old rubber.

Another pedestrian slouched by with a word of greeting; the horse moved impatiently and the man swore. Then Christine heard the muffled slam of a house door and the woman's voice spoke in a whisper close to her.

"It's not there. I've searched everywhere—mattress, bed clothes, pillow, everything. There's no trace in the stove, but it must have been burned."

Again the man swore deeply.

"Don't worry," said the woman. "What I can't find, they can't. The glove's not there. Get in."

Without further words, the two climbed into the cart, which immediately began to move.

(To be continued.)

NO MATTER WHAT COFFEE YOU now drink, it can't cost over a cent a day extra to drink the finest coffee in the land. This is

Seal Brand

grown from selected seed under the best agricultural conditions.

PACKED IN ONE AND TWO POUND CANS ONLY

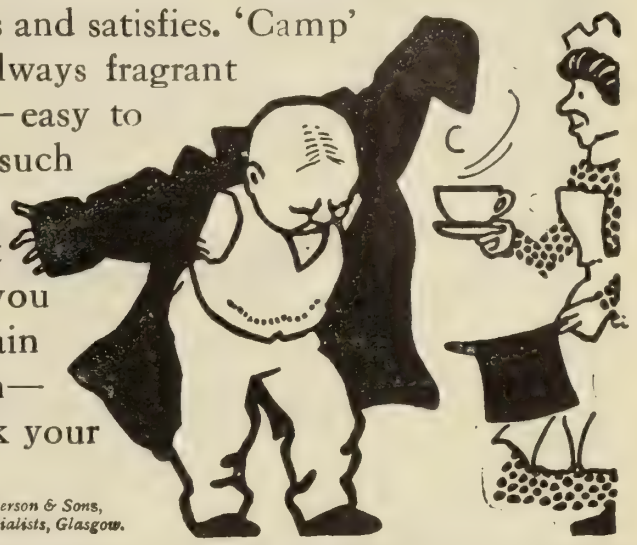
CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL

130

'CAMP' COFFEE

The Morning Rush!

'CAMP' COFFEE puts things right instantly—it soothes and satisfies. 'Camp' Coffee is always fragrant and fresh—easy to make and such a delicious flavour that once tried you want it again—and again—always. Ask your grocer.



R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

A GREAT SAVING

Doors and Windows tight enough to keep out winter storms—will keep down the cost of fuel.
Write for advice and plans for protecting your home.
Many in your locality are using our system.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO.
YONGE STREET - - TORONTO, ONT.

Now for a bowl of soup

This cold weather, a plate of steaming hot soup is a warmer to the finger-tips, a rouser of digestions, a finder of appetites and—a bother to make.

But now Edwards' desiccated Soup is here even the bother of making is a thing of the past.

Edwards' Soup comes to you all ready for the saucepan. It's a soup that you'll prefer to your own, just as much as you prefer your own to the ones you taste in a restaurant.

The manufacturers of Edwards' Soup are soup-makers and nothing else. By specialising for over 25 years they have been able to produce an assortment of soups of the highest merit at a price within the reach of all.

Buy a packet of Edwards' Soup to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from specially selected beef and from the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.

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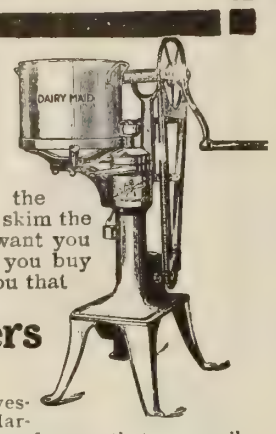
Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

Operate Your Dairy For Top Prices



OPERATE your dairy for top prices—and at the same time operate it as economically as possible. Top prices and low expenses mean greatest profits. One way to economize is to buy a separator that is built to give the greatest value for the money you invest in it; that is, one that will skim the closest and last the longest. That is why we want you to examine an I H C Cream Harvester before you buy any separator. An examination will convince you that

I H C Cream Harvesters
Bluebell and Dairymaid

are superior in design, material, and workmanship. Investigate for yourself. You will find that I H C Cream Harvesters are the only separators with milk and dust-proof gears that are easily accessible; that they are equipped with a patented dirt-arrester which removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before it is separated; that the frame of an I H C is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings; that the I H C has large shafts, bushings, and bearings. They have many other features that mean less work for you and longer life for the separator. I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive, and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes. Let the I H C local dealer tell you all the facts, or, if you prefer, write nearest branch house for catalogues and any special information you desire.

I H C SERVICE BUREAU
The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish farmers with information on better farming. If you have any worthy question concerning soils, crops, pests, fertilizers, stock, etc., write to the I H C Service Bureau and learn what our experts and others have found out concerning these subjects.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Chicago U S A

It Pays The Housewife

to use the best sugar—because poor sugar means poor cooking.

St. Lawrence Sugar

is the genuine "Montreal Granulated"—absolutely pure, sparkling crystals of the most inviting appearance.

Ask your grocer for a 20 lb. bag of **ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED** — also sold by the barrel and in 100 lb. bags.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited
MONTREAL. 32

What is the Favorite Dish

after that tramp or good healthy skating party?

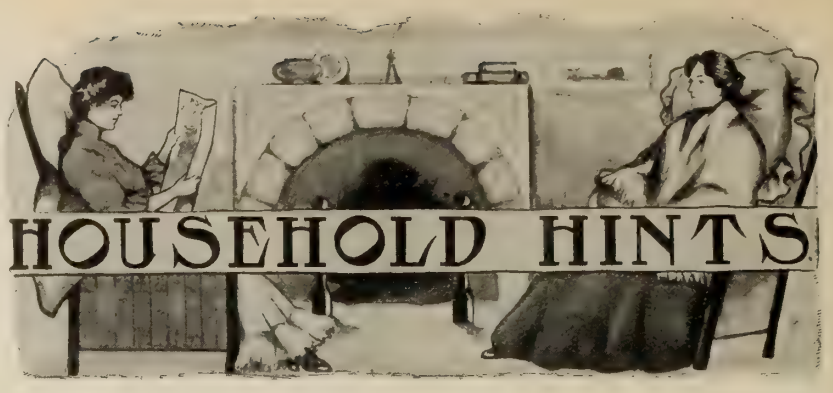
Clark's Pork and Beans

The very knowledge that **Clark's Boston Baked Beans** will be there adds just the necessary spice to the fun. And say, isn't that poor appetite wonderfully expansive!

W. CLARK - Montreal

Manufacturer of the CELEBRATED Mincemeat in the new style can.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.



Labor Economy in the Kitchen

HERE is the story of a changed kitchen, told by Professor Charles Barnard, in Louisville *Herald*. It shows how improved housekeeping methods reduce expenses, save labor and help solve the servant problem.

The mistress of the household is our guide. She says: "This is the kitchen, a room twenty feet square and far too big, because it makes too many steps in doing the work. In place of making the room smaller we brought things used in the kitchen nearer together. The coal stove was given up and boarded up to hide it, and the gas stove placed in front of the old stove, to gain more light, for the old stove was too dark to enable the cook to see her work.

"Formerly, we had a big table in the middle of the great room. Now we have a small pastry table with two drawers, one for the flour and the pastry utensils. In the other drawer are the bread, the bread knife and the bread serving plate, all in one place. See what that means.

"Before, the bread box was over there in the closet, and the bread knife hung on the wall on the other side of the room and the bread plate in the pantry. Think of that. Why, the maid had to walk sixty feet to get a plate of bread for the table, and then carry it twenty feet more to the dining table—eighty feet, three times a day. Now she stands in one place and prepares the bread for the table in less than twenty seconds.

"There is the refrigerator by the door to the dining-room. Before, it stood in an extension downstairs. The cook had to go to it at least ten times every day, a walk of forty or eighty feet for the trip, or eight hundred feet a day, or a mile a week. Now all the waste of human labor has been stopped.

"So it has been with all the work of the kitchen. Now, all the things used most are close together. Formerly half of the dishes were washed in one place and half in another place. Formerly all the dishes were carried by hand to the table in many trips. Now, everything is carried to and from the table in a wheel tray in one trip.

"Once the dishes when washed were wiped dry with towels. Now all are placed in a dish drier without wiping. Before, we cooked six foods in six utensils on the red-hot stove. Now we put them raw each in its serving dish and pack them in a steam cooker and all are cooked over one burner of the gas stove.

"Once we cooked a whole dinner on the coal stove and the job took all day. Now we heat up the radiators of our fireless cook stove on the gas stove in thirty minutes, and put the whole dinner in the fireless cooker and forget it. At dinner time, it is ready to serve.

"To have hot water we put the kitchen boiler in the cellar and hooked it to a little bit of a heater, and now we have all the hot water we can use. In a word, our house is now efficient. We have better meals with less cooking, and we have saved time, labor and money."

Around the House

THOUSANDS have no doubt read the commendable articles recently appearing in some of the leading American and Canadian papers on the use of alum in baking. Until the Dominion Government follows the lead of England, France and Germany and prohibits the use of alum in foods, there is but one safeguard against alum, and that is to buy only a baking powder which has the ingredients plainly stated on the label.

When using a lemon in the kitchen for flavoring purposes, it is an excellent plan to heat it before cutting it in half. It may be placed in the oven for a few moments or laid on the plate rack over the fire. When squeezed, the juice will run far more readily than if it were cold.

Old pieces of velveteen are invaluable on cleaning day. They are beautifully soft, and give an excellent polish to woodwork or glass, while they can be washed over and over again.

Dry herbs by spreading thinly on trays or papers, and expose to heat of sun or current of dry air, turning repeatedly. When drying in the sun, cover with thin paper to preserve color. The quicker they are dried the better. When dried enough, shake in a coarse sieve to remove any sand, eggs of insects, etc., that may be mixed with them. In every case, rotten and dirty leaves and branches should be removed before proceeding to dry. Tops and leaves are done in the same way as whole plans. When required for rubbing and bottling, much hand rubbing is saved if the leaves are first rolled with a clean rolling pin. Cork up very tight.

The Flavor of Tea

THE flavor of tea is contained in an essential oil. With age the oil decays and the agreeable aroma and flavor of fine tea is destroyed.

Tea keeps better in sealed packets than it does in open chests or cannisters, but it deteriorates more or less under any circumstances. Fresh tea is as necessary to a successful tea trade as fresh butter is to a successful butter trade. No wholesaler or retailer should keep a pound of tea in his stock for more than four months, yet, with some, the fashion is to keep it for years, during every day of which it is deteriorating.

In Ceylon—that land of eternal summer—every bush in a tea garden is picked over every week in the year, and you always get it fresh and fragrant in the "SALADA" packages. "SALADA" does not show the dealer as large a profit as other teas, but it gives him, through his customers, more satisfaction.

Laundry References

Use borax water to wash sateen. This method will restore the gloss to the goods.

Fine ginghams and percales dipped in sweet milk instead of starch, gives them that dainty, glossy dressing they have when new.

INK STAINS—Soak in sour milk. If a dark stain remains, rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

BLOOD STAINS—Soak in cold salt water, then wash in warm water with plenty of soap, afterward boil.

GRASS STAINS—Saturate the spot thoroughly with kerosene, then put them in the washtub.

IODINE STAINS—Wash with alcohol, then rinse in soapy water.

HOT TEA AND COFFEE STAINS—Soak the stained fabric in cold water, wring, spread out and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let it stand several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

IRON RUST—Soak the stain thoroughly with lemon juice; sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun.

GREASE SPOTS—Hot water and soap generally remove these. If fixed by long standing, use ether, chloroform or naphtha. All three of these must be used away from either fire or artificial light.

MILDEW—Soak in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours. Rinse in cold water.

SEWING MACHINE OIL STAINS—Rub with lard. Let stand for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

SCORCH STAINS—Wet the scorched place, rub with soap and bleach in the sun.

FRUIT STAINS—Stretch the fabric containing the stain over the mouth of a basin and pour boiling water on the stain. In cold weather fruit spots can frequently be removed by hanging the stained garments out-of-doors over night. If the stain has been fixed by time soak the article in a weak solution of oxalic acid or hold the spot over the fumes of sulphur.

SEA FOAM Boil two quarts of brown sugar and one cupful of water in a granite saucepan until a hard ball forms in cold water. Have the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff. Pour the syrup into the eggs, beating constantly with a wire egg beater. Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, and beat until the mixture is quite hard. Add nuts or candied cherries, and drop on to dishes.

FRUIT BUNS These may be suitably substituted for cage, and are made by rolling out light bread dough in a thin sheet; butter liberally with softened butter, sprinkle with powdered sugar and ground cinnamon, and spread with a fruit mixture composed of chopped dates, candied lemon peel, currants and raisins. Beginning at one end, roll the dough in the same manner as for jelly cake roll, patting it smoothly into place, and flattening it out; then, with a sharp knife, cut into squares. Allow them to rise until double the original size, and then bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes; glaze when cold with a frosting composed of grated nutmeg, ground cinnamon, confectioner's sugar, and a little cream.

JULIENNE SOUP This soup is ordinarily based upon a regulation brown stock made of shin of beef and vegetables, taking from five to six hours to make. A recipe which is more economical and takes a much shorter time, with very good results, is the following: Into three quarts of water put one-half cupful each of carrot, turnip, onion, and celery, cut into dice; one bay leaf, three sprigs of thyme, one sprig of marjoram, and two sprigs of parsley, bringing all gradually to boiling point. Allow them to simmer for three-quarters of an hour; then add two teaspoonfuls each of beef extract and Worcestershire sauce and one teaspoonful of salt, and simmer for one-half hour longer. Strain, add a dash of pepper and serve.

FIG CANDY Cook in a little water one pound of figs. When tender put through a sieve. Strain off the juice and if it does not make a cupful add enough water to fill it even full. To the cup of juice add two cups of white sugar. When thoroughly dissolved add the fig paste and cook slowly until the mixture looks thick and balls in water. Remove from the fire and add a cupful of chopped nuts. Whip until stiff and put in buttered pan to cool. Press whole nut meats on the top and cut in squares. Allow at least four or five hours for it to set. This candy will keep for a long time, which makes it possible to use it for Christmas boxes.

PLUM SOUFFLE Plum soufflé is delicious. Put a fourth of a cupful of butter and a cupful of milk in a saucepan over the fire; when the boiling point is reached add half a cupful of flour and a third of a cupful of sugar mixed. Stir vigorously until the mixture falls away from the sides of the pan, then turn into a bowl and add, one at a time, the yolks of three eggs, beating well between each additional yolk, a little grated lemon rind and a teaspoonful of cinnamon; lastly, fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. This mixture may be made early. About an hour before serving, fill a well-buttered baking dish about three-fourths full with fresh plums, seeded and sugared, cover with the cooked mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

RELIABLE OMELETTE An omelette that will not fall, and that is exceptionally good both to eat and to look at, can be made by cooking an even tablespoonful of corn starch in a tablespoonful of butter until it is smooth, adding salt and pepper and half a cupful of milk, and when it thickens take from the stove. Beat two eggs separately, add to the corn starch, pour into hot, well-buttered omelet or frying pan. Cook in the usual way, or set in a moderate oven, leave about ten minutes, take out, double over and serve on hot platter. The omelette is done when a knife drawn across it comes out clean, with none of the mixture clinging to it. This principle can be used in making a soufflé, and it will not fall. First cook the corn starch, which should be about the consistency of soft custard, add to that the fruit, and the last, the whites of eggs beaten stiff and lightly folded in; then bake until done.

VEAL FRICANDEAU Have four pounds cut from the fillet of veal, trim it round and skewer into shape. Lard the upper side; cut one small onion, one small carrot and one-fourth of a turnip into shape with a vegetable cutter and put in the bottom of the braising pan with one bay leaf, one sprig of parsley and one stalk of celery. Lay the fillet on top with the larded side up and pour over it one quart of hot stock. Put the lid on the braising pan and bake in a moderately hot oven for two hours. When done, remove the fillet and strain the gravy from the pan. Garnish the fricandeau with cut vegetables and parsley and serve with a sauce made as follows: Brown one tablespoonful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until smooth and brown. Add one pint of gravy strained from the pan and stir continually until it thickens. When ready to serve, add one tablespoonful of mushroom or tomato catsup. Season if necessary, but pepper is rarely needed when the Worcestershire sauce is used. In summer, peas or other seasonable vegetables may be used.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE Cover one-fourth of a box of gelatin with one-fourth of a cupful of cold water. Drain the syrup from one can of pineapple; measure and add water if necessary to make one and one-half cupfuls. Heat to the boiling point, take from fire, add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Strain and set aside until it begins to thicken, then add one-half of a cupful of thick cream whipped to a solid froth and the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Stir carefully together and when quite thick add one cupful of pineapple cut into tiny bits. Turn into molds previously wet with cold water and stand in a cold place until firm.

CRANBERRY FRAPPE Soak one-quarter box Knox sparkling gelatine in one cup cold water. Cook one quart cranberries in three cups water until soft. Then force through a sieve. Add two and a half cups of sugar, juice of two lemons and gelatine dissolved in one-half cup of boiling water. Then add one quart cold water. Freeze. This is better if allowed to stand from two to three hours. A delicious accompaniment to the turkey course.

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The final result was to build bronze-steel guns. To seal up the grain, then revolve the guns in an oven heat of 550 degrees.

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The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken. The grains come out shaped just as they were before.

And never before, in any grain, has digestion been made so easy.

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Except in Extreme West

Another result is this:

A myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls, so thin that they melt in the mouth.

The crisp grains taste much like toasted nuts. They are used like nuts in candy-making, in frosting cake, in garnishing ice cream.

They are so delightful that people are eating 22,000,000 dishes per month. And others begin as fast as they find the foods out.

Their Unique Uses

They are served largely, of course, with sugar and cream. Or mixed with fruit at breakfast. But they also are eaten like crackers in milk. They form an ideal supper.

Children at play eat the grains like peanuts. Girls use them in candy-making.

They are eaten between meals, at bedtime—whenever one feels hungry. For they do not tax the stomach.

That's the best fact about them. They are whole grains made wholly digestible. And that's the ultimate in food.

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(227)

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How to Tell Him

"A MAN, like a watch, is known by his works," observes the epigram maker.

"And by the hours he keeps," added the wife.

"And by the spring in him," said the athlete.

"And by his being sometimes fast," remarked the reformer.

"And by the way his hands go up," put in the pugilist.

"And by his not always going when we want him to," finished the girl who'd been robbed of her beauty sleep.

How She Knew

"YOUR husband might have a little solid food directly he begins to mend," said the doctor.

"But how am I to tell?" enquired the anxious wife.

"The convalescent stages of influenza," replied the doctor, "are marked by a slight irritability."

The next day he called and found the patient's wife radiant.

"When I refused to order his steak and onions," she explained, "he came into the kitchen and smashed fourteen soup plates and a dinner service, so of course, I sent out for a steak at once."

Held Up By Venus

IT was a clear autumn evening, and the engineer was running a passenger train in Virginia. He was a little behind time and was hustling his locomotive along at a pretty good clip.

There was a strip of cypress forest to go through, and the road, on clearing it, took a sharp turn to westward. Just as he made that turn his heart came up into his mouth, for there, coming straight down the track (it was a single-track road) was another engine with her headlight flaming in his eyes.

The engineer blew "down brakes," and had his engine reversed before he'd drawn half a breath, and sent the engine back on a dead run to a switch station about a mile behind him.

He got it on a siding, and waited for the other train that he supposed to be just on top of him, but she didn't show up. He got the agent to wire up the line to see if there were any specials or wild engines in the way, but the answer was that the line was clear. The passengers got out and began to ask questions. The engineer was dazed. He thought of runaway engines and train wreckers and tramps. Everything was quiet around the bend so far as he could see and hear.

While standing on the station platform he happened to glance westward across a clearing. There was the headlight shining through the cypresses as serene and steady as you please.

It was the planet Venus.

The engineer got away from there in a hurry, never hinting to anyone what was the matter. "Why," said he, "if it had got around that I had laid over to let the evening star go by I'd never have heard the last of it."

Kind to Them

FOR one so young, his knowledge was extensive in the extreme. All things that came to his hand he read—novels,. newspapers, treatises, or Blue Books.

"Father," he said, "I hear Uncle Oscar is going to be married on Friday."

"Yes," said his father; "Uncle Oscar has only three days more."

The little boy sighed. "The last three days, father," he said, "they give them everything to eat they ask for, don't they?"

A Guessing Match

THE artist and his young wife had just returned from their honeymoon, when a friend dropped in and found them laughing over something.

"Whatever are you two laughing over?" said the visitor.

"Oh, it was jolly," said the wife. "My husband painted and I cooked, and then we both guessed what the things were meant for."

The Question

"YES, George," she said softly, raising him from his knees, "I love you."

"And you will be mine?" he cried passionately.

"Not," she murmured, casting down her eyes and blushing modestly, "not until you answer me one question."

"A thousand if you like, darling! What is it?"

"What," she whispered as the color fled from her rounded cheeks and her supple form trembled like a lily in the breeze, "what are your views on the Servant Tax?"

Cause for Pride

THE River Clyde has been brought up to its present draught for vessels of large capacity by a system of dredging, and the diligent Scotsman is justly proud of it. A party of American sightseers were one day on the lookout for wonders, and passed some caustic remarks on the river's insignificance.

"Call this a river, Why, it's only a mere ditch compared with ours over there—the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, etc."

"Aye, mon," said a patriotic bystander, "ye can thank Providence for your rivers, but we made this ane oorsels."

The Oil of Sorrow

SMALL Ralph was fond of helping with such little repairs and adjustments about the house as he could. One day his mother suggested that he should oil the squeaky rollers under the library chairs.

"Please give me the key to the medicine closet, mother," he said.

"The medicine closet? What for?"

"Why," exclaimed Ralph in real surprise, "isn't that where you keep the castor oil?"

Her New Hat

WIFEY: "What do you think of my new hat?"

Hubby: "Very pretty. I hope it'll satisfy you for a while."

Wifey: "Of course it will. The color is not quite what I like, and the trimming doesn't come up to my expectations, and the shape is not as good as it ought to be, but otherwise the hat is a splendid bargain, and I like it awfully well."

English as She is Written

(By Terrell Love Holliday).

A farmer boy who had a cough
Made up his mind his job was tough,
So hied him to a well-stocked slough
Where he could fish the whole dav through,
And listen to the soft wind sough
And sigh and kiss each leaf and bough.
"My work's not done," he said, "although
I think that I have done enough.
If dad should kick and cut up rough,
Some other way than at the plough
I'll find to earn my daily dough."

Lippincott's Magazine.

A Thoughtful Host

THERE are various ways, polite and otherwise, of intimating to a late-staying friend that he is exceeding the time limit, but perhaps the most unique of these is that which originated in the fertile mind of a Washington man.

Not long ago he had a relative in town, a good fellow, but a bit of a bore, for he never seemed to know when to go back to his hotel. The Washingtonian and his wife were most patient with him, but one evening the host felt that the case required drastic treatment. Accordingly, when eleven, twelve, and one o'clock had passed, and the visitor showed no signs of leaving, the host, with an affected air of great consideration, turned to his wife and said:

"Marie, dear, hadn't we better get up to bed? Cousin John may want to be going."

Her Question

SUNDAY School Teacher—"In all that immense garden there was only one thing that Adam and Eve might not touch—the forbidden fruit."

Little Girl—"And could they touch the poison ivy?"

Breaking It Gently

THE irrepressible "Tody" Hamilton, who is held to know as much about circuses as any human being could, tells of the misfortunes of an Ohio man who was attempting to pilot a "one-tent show" through the Middle West.

This owner lost a number of valuable animals, by accident and otherwise; so that it was with considerable sympathy that one of his keepers undertook the tack of "breaking gently to the old man" the news of further disaster. The keeper accomplished this with much tact, as follows:

"Mr. Morgan, you remember that laffin' hyena in cage No. 8?"

"Remember the laughing hyena?" repeated the owner. "What the deuce are you driving at?"

"Simply this, Mr. Morgan: he ain't got nothin' to laugh at this mornin'."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Careful Soldier

PRIVATE LEAHY: "Sergeant, if a private stepped up to a sergeant and called him a consated little monkey, phwat would happen?"

Sergeant Donahue: "He'd be put in the gyard house."

Priv. L.: "He wud?"

Sergt. D.: "He wud."

Priv. L.: "But if the private only knew the sergeant was a consated little monkey and said niver a wurrd, would he be put in the gyard house for that?"

Sergt. D.: "Of course, he wud not."

Priv. L.: "Well, thin, for the prisent we'll lave it go at that."

"The Man Who Would A-Wooing Go"

Continued from page 11

As he drove homeward that night it seemed that a week was too long to wait before he again saw Susie. It was queer, but somehow his feelings toward her were different from his feelings toward the other girls. Never had the six days between his visits seemed so tiresome. In fact they were such a drag that on Wednesday of the second week of his courtship he stopped work at five o'clock (tell it not in Gath), and wended his way along the river road again. Susan was discovered sewing busily, so busily that she had—well, perhaps we would not be justified in saying *no* eyes for Alex.—but anyway, only a fraction of a glance for him once in a while as her mother talked volubly to him.

"No; none of my girls is married, *yet*. Some folks thinks that when I have so many I should be always thinking about marrying them off, but they can stand to wait for someone worth while. They're not the kind that has to grab at the first Tom, Dick and Harry that happens along.

"There's no hurry," agreed Alex. "I've been waiting some time myself to find a good likely girl"—and by her industrious sewing in the evening when lots of girls would be gadding around and acting foolishly in other ways, Susan was proving herself *very* likely.

"Where's Millie?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, she and Anna drove up for the mail," was the answer. "I do declare, if they haven't gone and left those milk pails without being washed, too!"

Gratitude for his escape from such harum-scarums welled up in Alex.'s heart. "All things come to those who wait—even the right girl," was what his reflections amounted to, although they did not take form in exactly those words, as they might have done if his reading had not been sufficiently narrow to exclude that proverb.

Alex. made bi-weekly trips to Susie's parental roof with a zeal which plainly showed that he considered himself on the trail of a good bargain. Not that by his words or actions during these visits you could read ardent affection, but then "Alex. was never much for showing his feelings," as his mother said.

But one Friday night he arrived at his destination, to find Mrs. Nixon seated outside the house placidly enjoying the view, apparently undisturbed by the quarrels of the twins on the swing under the apple tree. She allowed Alex. to tie his horse to a post without summoning Jim to help him put it in, but that stage being past, she raised her voice.

"Jim, bring out a rocking-chair for Mr. Collins. Well, Mr. Collins, ain't this lovely weather we've been having?"

Alex. kept his eyes wandering uneasily in search of Susie, of whom he expected every minute to catch a glimpse through the open door. Surely she wasn't away! He had said he might possibly be there on Friday. But in vain! At last he could bear the suspense no longer. "Where are the rest of the folks to-night, Mrs. Nixon?" he asked.

"Well, Ann and Millie, they've been over getting peaches at Raven's—we're putting down a lot of extra fruit this year—and they're not home yet, and Susie, she's just out driving with a Mr. Betts from town; he's the loveliest man. The other girls are all jealous of Susie. Land, yes, Susie was looking out for herself in London, and she could take her pick, too. I was just saying to her paw to-night that I couldn't have done better if I had been hunting out a man for her myself."

"Is—is Susie going to marry him?" gasped Alex., as the horrible possibility dawned on him, and Mrs. Nixon paused for want of breath.

"Oh, of course we haven't been telling it around, but we know you well, and you won't go telling folks, will you? Yes, she's home making her clothes. Did you ever notice his picture? She has it in the parlor. Kate, you run and get Mr. Betts' picture—Sus. won't mind us showing it to you, Mr. Collins. Isn't he nice-looking, and the photo doesn't flatter him any, either. No, Susie didn't need to take any farmer."

Alex. allowed himself one look at the important-looking man as featured in the photograph, and then he said: "I guess I'd better be going," and moved towards the gate.

"Why, what's your hurry to-night?" exclaimed Mrs. Nixon. "Can't you wait to see Mr. Betts? They'll likely be back soon, although when these girls get off you can't tell when you're going to see them again."

"No, I can't stay this time."

"Well, come back again before long," returned Mrs. Nixon, as she settled back much more comfortable than before in the thought that she had given Alex. Collins (the old slow-poke) to understand what was what—that he couldn't take up with her girls and shake them off just as he chose, although (here she heaved a slight sigh) he had a fine place, and it would have been nice for Anna to have lived there.

As for the disappointed suitor with his fond hopes dashed rudely to the ground, his Heart's Desire by the side of another—ah! there was a subject for a thrilling novel. Only on the pages of such could he have got all the pity he deserved as he once more retraced his way.

The moment he got into his own house he took down the receiver and telephoned to the giddy young school teacher of the section—who spent all her money on clothes, who never did a washing and never set a hen—asking her to go with him to a thirty-five cent concert. Her favorable reply was shown by his closing remark: "All right, I'll be around about seven o'clock."

Let us leave him without condemnation, for even *we* may be made reckless by wounded pride and the miscarriage of our pet plans. Who knows?

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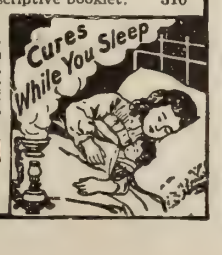

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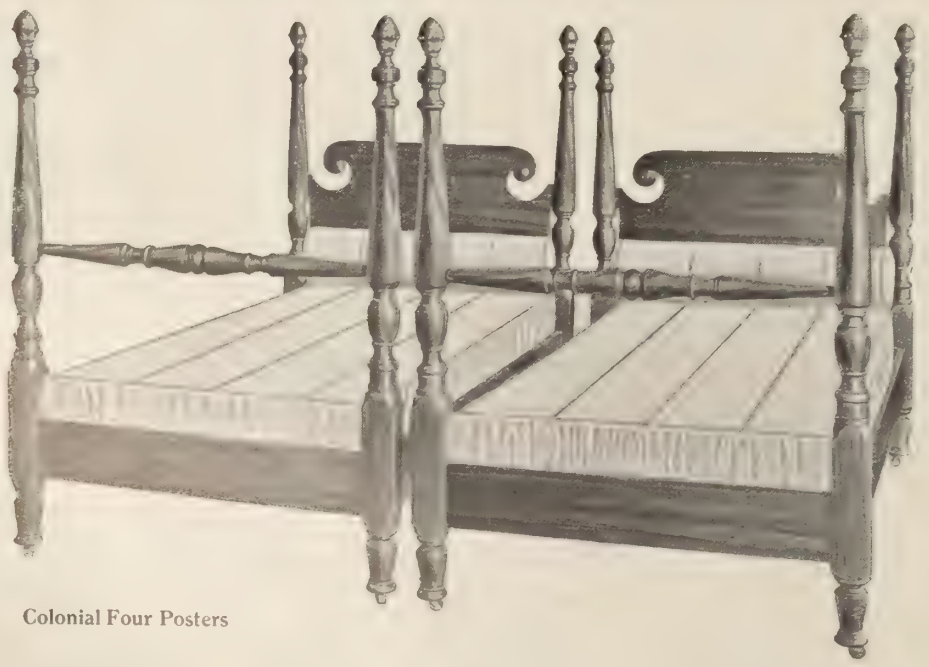

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Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR SPRING COVERS are the very daintiest and most artistic which we have yet displayed. When all the nice things were being said and written about our March cover, we felt very much like saying: "I told you so." Mr. Norman Price did excellent work in that charming study of "Mademoiselle Vanity," and we are sure you appreciated her spring-time freshness and coloring. Mr. Price has promised us other cover designs which will be equally delightful. In fact, one which we have, at present, for an autumn number has a richness of tint and originality of conception which will be a revelation of autumn hues. For this month's cover, we have secured a photographic cover, which is, we believe, the first reproduction of its style and class in Canada. The typical April scene is reproduced in full colors and gives an effect which is eminently artistic. Mr. C. D. Bingham, of Toronto, who has made a special study of photography in its most modern developments, has furnished us with this beautiful "trillium" woodland scene. It will give you a realistic anticipation of the delights of the forest depths as the first warm days come. The trillium is one of our most delicate spring blooms and the picture of its charms will bring back the days when we gathered lavish handfuls of the early blossoms.

SIKH IMMIGRATION has become a burning question in British Columbia, and it is by no means easy for the citizens of Ontario towns to understand the situation. The Sikhs living in that province wish to bring their wives from India to Canada. Some of the citizens of British Columbia oppose strongly such immigration. Dr. Sunder Singh, a gentleman from the Sikh settlement in British Columbia, has recently visited Toronto and other cities of Ontario, speaking and writing on behalf of the immigration project. We decided to publish the views of both British Columbians and the Sikh settlers. You will find, therefore, in this issue, an article on "The Sikh as British Columbia Sees Him," by Ethel Cody Stoddard, a Western journalist whose clever writing as "Lady Van" of the Vancouver *Saturday Sunset* is well known. We publish also the gist of Dr. Singh's views, as expressed by him in the Toronto press. This course has seemed to us a fair proceeding, as an Ontario journalist is too far from the scene of action to understand both sides of the controversy. The women of Canada, especially the Daughters of the Empire, have become interested in the issue, and we trust that the articles published in this number of the JOURNAL will present the varying views of this much-discussed matter.

OUR FICTION occupies a prominent place in the magazine—and we think we have excellent reasons for the space given to it. There are well-meaning critics who decry the use of light fiction in the modern magazines and ask for a larger supply of "solid articles." These critics forget that a magazine is published for the many, and that most readers in the present day are more interested in fiction than in any other form of literary production. Consequently, it is found that every variety of doctrine and teaching is embodied or expressed within the pages of a novel. It must be remembered, also, that this is an age of rush and bustle. Our grandmothers read a three-volume novel without haste, and considered it relaxation. This age, however, demands more eventful bits of fiction. We have considered carefully, in our choice of serials, and have found the final selection appreciated. Mrs. MacKay's story has reached its most dramatic chapters, and we know that you are intensely interested in Christine's terrible plight. We are not yet ready to announce our next serial, but hope to do so before "The House of Windows" reaches a conclusion. Our Easter story, "The Song of Life," by Katherine Hale, published in this number, is an exquisite breath of the eternal hope, full of the spirit of the divine renewal. Quite different are the quiet humor and evident lesson of "Aunt Mary Ann," which many women will recognize as being true to life, and one of its most vexing problems. Be sure to read "Spring Almanacs," by E. R. C. Webber. It is rather a sketch than a story, and illustrates so piquantly a certain phase of human nature that you are certain to smile over it and admit that you know someone "just like that."

THE GARDEN is the pre-eminent consideration in this number, which comes to you at a time of the year when every wise householder is studying seed catalogues and taking careful account of soil. The writers of the various articles associated with gardening are all experts in horticultural subjects, and are enthusiasts in this most interesting and profitable study. "The Home Grounds" deals with a feature to which we may all pay attention, for, in our Dominion of magnificent area, there are few citizens who cannot possess "a bit of a garden." The article, "In My Lady's Garden for 1912" discusses thoroughly and scientifically the making and keeping of a garden, with special reference to the tastes and requirements of the feminine gardener. The orchard development of the subject is not neglected, and in the article, "Good Fruit Trees From Poor Ones," you will find some valuable hints as to how to make an orchard a paying proposition. Then in "Annuals That Always Please" you will find a discussion and classification of much value to all who care for a well-equipped garden. "A Garden From the Woods" takes up a subject dear to everyone with a spark of real Nature-love in the heart. This article is written by Mrs. White, who has conducted a garden department for years in one of our leading journals, and who knows the woodland blossoms with an enviable intimacy. "Roses in Spring" introduces you to "the queen of all the flowers that blow" in its earlier manifestations. We are sure that you will feel that our garden number deserves a bouquet.

MEDICAL INSPECTION is the cry in the rural districts now, as well as in the city schools. The articles by Dr. Annie Backus, already published in our pages, have attracted much interest and wide editorial comment. The article for this month, "Hygiene for Rural Schools," is more general in its scope than any yet contributed.

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The Hindu As British Columbia Sees Him

By ETHEL CODY STODDARD

IT has been a decided blow to British Columbia to realize that the people of Eastern Canada want—insist on the Federal Government allowing the Hindus now resident in this country, to bring in their families. And this province cannot accept the attitude of the East as being at all neighborly. The East knows full well that British Columbia will be the dumping ground for these people, therefore, it can well advocate the granting of the request now under discussion, since it knows the trouble will not touch its own skirts.

This great western province has endured, tested, and tried the Hindu and found him wanting. The fact that he comes and goes away again is the only reason why it has not exerted its rights, and refused to have him at all. And to be asked to accept him as a permanent citizen, with his family life around him, is one burden too many to lay upon a back already stooped with an Oriental load. The patience of a province should not be pushed too far.

British Columbia is just as greedy for children as any province in the Dominion, but it begs to be allowed once in a while at least, some choice in the matter. This great province wants citizens of which it can be proud, and therefore, resents the attitude of Eastern Canada on this subject because the Hindu does not come in that class.

The Sikh is not the only East Indian who will crawl under this robe of "human desire." It is now popular for the ordinary Hindu to call himself a Sikh—it sounds better. And as he emulates the Chinaman and Japanese in understanding English when it pleases him, and going a step farther, only telling the truth when it pays, there will be absolutely no method of obtaining the facts concerning any man who emigrates from India to Canada. The fact that the Chinese and Japanese of both sexes, and the male Hindus come into Canada, is a matter which cannot with policy be changed; but the bringing in of Hindu families is something that can be prevented, and is in the hands of the government.

Dr. Sunder Singh does well to travel eastward in Canada and there work upon the sympathies of the people. He knows that his value and measure has been taken in British Columbia, and that he could not work openly in this province. As it is, a prominent women's philanthropic society in Vancouver has received a letter from the wily doctor written in his own handwriting. He therein explains that the Hindus now in Canada wish to become permanent citizens, and buy property —in the West. He also states that it can easily be seen that if the request of these men to be allowed to bring in their families is denied, that the result will have a decided moral effect upon the English-speaking people among whom these Hindus are settled. And he concludes with the suggestion that missionary work be done among these men, and advises visitations to them by the women of that society.

These Hindus maintain that they are British subjects, and as such should be allowed the rights of citizenship in Canada. It is not every Briton—even one born on the mother soil, who is allowed entrance here; hundreds of them are stopped at the Canadian border every year and sent home. The Hindu cannot therefore stir up a special grievance on that point.

The Hindu argues that he is not a polygamist. This is to a degree true, since a Hindu is expected to only have as many wives as he can keep, and as the average Hindu is poor, he cannot afford more than one. But on the other hand, his marriage laws are such that if a man's wife displeases him, he can at once write her a bill of divorce and send her away. If this woman is living in Canada, the result is obvious. She will undoubtedly have not been allowed to learn English, and consequently will be helpless. Should the law get after her husband, he can disclaim any marriage with her, and the law can do nothing. That man can then, under the plea of bringing out a female relative, import a new wife. Eastern Canadians will claim this to be impossible, but British Columbians know that the untrue tongue of the Hindu can slip around any situation, and too, that he can always claim to misunderstand.

British Columbians realize that from a human standpoint the bringing in of these families will in the end be cruel. Transplanted from a hot climate to that of Canada will mean an undermining of the Hindu constitution. Consumption is predicted for these people.

British Columbia realizes more acutely than can any other portion of Canada, because of an ever-present Oriental population in its midst, what the bringing in of Hindu women will mean. The Hindu, as this province knows him, is an irresponsible creature. He is not a strictly moral man, in his own country, and in families where poverty reigns, the daughters are frequently sold out as martyrs, for immoral purposes. In cases where this might happen in Canada, and where a Hindu who could not afford to bring out his own wife, was ready to pay, the inference can readily be grasped. British Columbia realizes to the full, every detail of the possible things that are only too certain to occur, therefore it is no wonder that it protests.

The Hindu may now come to Canada—and he usually sticks to British Columbia, and makes money. If his desire for home life is so overwhelming, there is absolutely nothing to prevent him from returning to the bosom of his family and there residing in peace. White men all over the world have had to leave home to seek their fortunes, and been compelled to remain away for years. No one ever set up a controversy because these men did not take their families with them. In due time they returned to their homes and took the separation as a matter of life's ruling.

British Columbia has proved that to give the Hindu an inch means that he will push himself forward till he gains a yard. No other Oriental race will take advantage of a kindness or tolerance as will a Hindu. This province has suffered more or less under the government's ruling of allowing the Chinese, Japanese and Hindu men to come into its midst. Upon the question of allowing the wives of the latter to come in, rests a grave responsibility, and one which British Columbia does not wish to shoulder. It is a prevention that can be effected. The remedy lies in the hands of the country. This province does not want the Hindu as a permanent citizen, and the government that demands its obedience in this respect, will undoubtedly have cause to regret its decision.

The Sikh in Canada

By DR. SUNDER SINGH

THE problem of Hindu, or rather Sikh immigration is so interesting that I shall try to give a brief resume of the facts regarding these, my fellow citizens of the British Empire, says this writer in the Toronto *World*.

The Sikhs are members of a religious sect founded by Guru Nanak, who was born in 1469 in the Punjab, a province in the north-west part of India.

He preached a belief in One God the Almighty, abolition of caste, idol worship and superstition. He also taught that God could only be attained by service to our fellow-men and helping the poor, the weak, and the fallen.

The first Sikhs to see Canada were the soldiers who were passing through the Dominion on their way home to India after taking part in the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria. They saw the vast prairies of the West, which naturally reminded them of their homes in the Punjab. They saw waving fields of wheat.

Some of these hardy Jats of agriculturists found their way to British Columbia in the year 1905, but the great majority of the 4000 Sikhs who are at present settled in Canada came here during the three years following, and while on this point let me mention the fact that during the winter 1907-8 a financial panic visited the United States and Canada, when even white men were walking the streets of Vancouver without work.

In the same year 5,000 Japs came over from Honolulu. This added fuel to the fire, and the politicians raised the cry of a "white" British Columbia. It was not a clean, a more sober, a more truthful, or more honest British Columbia, but simply a "white" British Columbia. And the people who had to bear the brunt of all this agitation, were our own fellow subjects, the loyal Sikhs, men who were not only lip-loyal, but most of whom had fought for the Union Jack, the flag which stands for liberty, equality and justice to all the various peoples and races over whom it waves.

Many of the Sikhs in British Columbia wear medals for service to the King, and this was their first reception. Our people naturally bowed to Christian civilization of the Occident in a somewhat hesitating manner. They could not understand why the Canadian people sent missionaries to India to preach the Ten Commandments whilst the very same Commandments were not practised nearer at home. Most of these Sikh settlers have bought land and stock. They have already invested about two millions of dollars in this country. They are physically and morally strong men, and do the hardest and roughest work, which no other man can do. The Sikhs are engaged in dairy farming, market gardening, as farmers' helpers, and clearing land. And most of them will eventually settle on land. They are a steady, temperate, law-abiding and thrifty people, and there is proportionately less crime amongst them than among any other community in Canada.

The question nearest the Sikh's heart is his inability to get his wife admitted to this country, caused by the present immigration restrictions. There exists an order-in-council, passed two years ago, requiring a Sikh woman to come to Canada by "a continuous journey," and as there is no steamer running direct to Canada, the Sikh here cannot get their wives admitted into this country, and out of the 4,000 Sikhs in Canada there are only two women. They might as well have a law requiring the wife of a Sikh settler coming to this country to come via the moon or something similar before she will be allowed to land here.

The law as it stands is a physical impossibility, and it was meant to shut out the Japanese who were coming over from Honolulu. Even the alien Greeks Italians, Galicians, Doukhobors, and the Chinese and Japanese can get their families here if they can afford it, but this is not so with our fellow British subject, the Sikh. A Japanese has to show only $50 on landing here, whilst a Sikh has to show $200, and so on. As a matter of fact, the Sikh has no status in Canada, neither as a British citizen nor as an immigrant, for even the citizens of the most unfavored nations get better treatment than a citizen of our own empire. Why there should be an agitation against the loyal Sikh, and nothing said about the alien Chinese and Japanese is difficult to understand.

I regret to say there are politicians in this country who want to use this question as a cats' paw for their political ambitions. These worthy gentlemen seem to think that by abusing and misrepresenting the Sikhs they can rise to power, but I am afraid they are mistaken. The right of a husband living with his wife is the most sacred human institution, and anything done to impair it goes at the very root of all elementary principles of humanity and moral and social welfare.

EASTER IN BERMUDA

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

Illustrated by Nina M. Owens

IT was on a morning in mid-April that we emerged from the portals of "Seaward," and stepped out upon a tribe road leading to the Hamilton parish church, where an early communion service was to be held at half-past eight. The day was perfect as only Bermudan days can be. All the sunshine of the hours distilled in the blue sunlight. Around us oleander trees were just blushing into bloom; match-me-if-you-can burned against a night of dark green cedars; white houses of native limestone gleamed between clumps of cocoanut palms, tamarisks, palmettoes and pride-of-India trees; while in the near distance stretched the wonderful expanse of water which is at once the envy and despair of artists. "The blue reminds the traveler of the Mediterranean when the Mediterranean is at its best," wrote Charles Dudley Warner. And the author of "Tuscan Cities" and "Italian Journeys" expatiating upon the Latin range of color and voluptuous overtures of the waves said he "used to recall Italy there, but for beauty Italy is nowhere beside Bermuda."

Skirting a field where a white something shimmers like watered silk, weaving odoriferous arabesques into the soft breezes of this lotus land, we pass through a churchyard where every grave is literally snowed under a profusion of Easter bloom, and enter the church. And then we realize that never before have we seen a church decorated. Oleander leaves, interlocked and sewn together like the links of a chain, festoon the walls. English ivy be-

CONVENT, MOUNT ST. AGNES

wreathes the font, and most of the pillars. Roses—red, white and cream—bank the chancel. Roses are in the cross on the font. But the general effect is of lilies. The six white pillars which separate the choir seats and chancel from the body of the church and reach nearly to the roof, are covered with lilies. The ends of the pews are white with lilies. Thousands of lilies! A riot of lilies! Everywhere lilies—lilies—lilies!

Some estimate of the extent of the lily fields themselves can be formed by the statement that they cover acres of ground, one "grower" alone having a field which comprises fifteen acres. Before Easter it is customary for the large growers to send off boxes each containing upwards of sixty lily buds, which are placed in cold storage on the boats, and arrive in America, just opening, in time for Easter. But the tendency nowadays is to cultivate the lilies more for the bulb than for the flower. Consequently it is no uncommon sight to see the paths between the rows strewn thick with flowers and buds which have been clipped in order that the entire strength of the plant may go into the bulbs destined for export. Once Easter is over, the fields are shorn of their glory for the same reason, the Bermuda lily bulbs being shipped in scarcely smaller quantities than are the onions and potatoes.

Among the many spots of interest which we pass upon this Easter morning, driving in to that beautiful, albeit unfinished bit of architecture, the cathedral at Hamilton, is one to which the visitor is sure to have recourse, sooner or later, for souvenirs—the Boer's Place. It is only a little low hut by the roadside, but here two of the nine Boer prisoners of war, who alone refused to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain after the cessation of Transvaal activities, earn their livelihood by carving boxes, canes, and kindred articles, out of the fragrant red cedar wood. Very proud they are of the distinction of their unique position, and in a corner of these souvenirs are always to be found the pricked initials, "P.O.W." (Prisoners of War).

There is a saying in Bermuda that even the birds sing, "Don't hurry—don't worry!" One sees them everywhere, these little choristers, and the cardinal bird, in particular, makes an effective splash of color seen against a background of green foliage, saffron houses of Spanish-American fancy, fronded palm, or pendant hair of palmettoes. But here, as elsewhere, the things which appeal to some are foolishness in the eyes of others, and the "Don't hurry! Don't worry!" message of the birds, approved of and put into practice by the easy-going Bermudans, who love not work of any kind, has been censured by at least one tourist, who in no uncertain accents asserted that what was needed here was "a little American vim and enterprise."

"You work awhile," an onion weeder once epitomized his life philosophy, "and then you raise up and chat, and the time passes." And the attitude is a typical one. In striking contrast with it was a conversation we had with the old gardener who showed us the calabash tree of Tom Moore fame, at Walsingham. We had allowed our admiration for the

A BERMUDAN ROAD

quaint old place to a little find outlet in the words. "Ah, oui," he grunted, with an accent distinctly French-Canadian, "Good cli-*mat*, but no monee!" and he bestowed a look of supreme disfavor upon the soil, whose copper coloring, between rows of light green lettuce plants, we had been secretly admiring.

After attending the full choral service at the cathedral, where Bishop Jones—to whose extensive diocese these Islands belong—delivered an eloquent sermon, we separated. Some of us had planned a drive to Prospect Hill to see the soldiers. Others

IN THE HAMILTON PARISH CHURCH, BERMUDA

"WHERE ATOLLS RING THE WATER"

purposed attending Divine service at St. George's (the most picturesque part of Bermuda, where the narrow, crooked streets remind the traveled visitor of Gibraltar, and where St. Peter's—the oldest church on the Islands—which had for some time previous been closed for repairs, was to be reopened to the public, and the massive silver communion service, presented by William the Third, in 1684, again used). The minority were to participate in their first cave luncheon.

Of more recent discovery than Crystal, Joyce, and the Walsingham caves, the one in question yet casts over the beholder the same eerie spell. Everywhere thousands of tapers, especially brought over from England for the purpose, light up the weird and jagged stalagmitic and stalactitic formations. And as you look, almost you can persuade yourself that they have been chiseled by gnomes of a dateless long ago, almost they seem to breathe. And over them play all the iridescences of the kaleidoscope.

WALINGHAM, WHERE TOM MOORE LIVED

Color calls to color. Not the colors we have known above, but the ghosts of those colors. In the inevitable little lake "wedding this marvelous cave to the sea" are all these shapes, with their colors reflected. And the mystic beauty of them carries us through the gates of the actual into a veritable painter's paradise. If, as Amiel believed, every landscape is a state of soul, then are the caves of Bermuda the Maeterlinckism of color.

Returning to "Seaward" by way of the Hamilton Parish Church, one of our party was reminded of an amusing incident which had occurred there at a colored wedding a few days before. The bride-elect, Annie Isobel (familiarly known as "Issy"), had acquired the habit of turning her coquetries to material account by proceeding almost as far on the road to matrimony as the initial strain of the wedding march, only to change her mind—and keep her dowry gifts. On the present occasion, therefore, her mistress had taken the precaution to have her donations brought in her carriage to the church door, and given a former admirer explicit instructions concerning them. So that it chanced that shortly after the minister had somewhat sternly put the fatal question to the fickle charmer, and the watching coachman had seen through the open door that the nuptial knot had actually been tied, the unique spectacle of a wedding cake and its various accessories were seen being rapidly transferred to the carriage of the triumphant Annie Isobel.

But although cave luncheons, colored weddings, greased pole contests, military balls, and clam bakes may for a time engage our attention, it is always to the water that we return. Intense are the rainbow sheens on "these lovely isles that stud the sea like emeralds on a silver zone."

It has a spell, this Bermuda. Colorful, mystic, unforgetable. And when the tang of the salt sea-flats no longer carries with it the suggestion of lily fields, when the summer isles are only a vanishing speck glimpsed from the deck of the "Prince George," this it is that makes us register a silent vow to come back another Easter

AUNT MARY ANN

A Story of How the "Allowance" Was Made

By AGNES FAULKNOR NELSON

"YOUNG man, will you fix my shutter?"

Clayton Sherron turned, perceived that he was the person addressed, and, taking off his hat with an elaborate bow, assured Aunt Mary Ann that he would be delighted to assist her. He was a fine, strapping youth, and Aunt Mary Ann's eyes followed him admiringly as he entered the store and mounted the stairs.

The wind had blown the shutter loose and it was slamming against the front of the house, threatening to break away from the remaining hinge. Aunt Mary Ann went out to the pavement again and craned her neck to see that it was properly done. Suddenly there was a crash and a ripping of canvas and Clayton Sherron landed in a box of Spanish onions.

Aunt Mary Ann, with wonderfully controlled nerves, glanced up at the torn awning and then down at the man and said:

"Jacob 'll be real mad about the awning."

Clayton looked up at her blankly.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he gasped. "And I might have broken a leg."

At that moment a girl passed on the other side of the street. She was tall and willowy, dressed in a tailor-made costume of the latest style, and she held her head high on its long, stem-like neck. Her lips twitched and her eyes danced and yet, apparently, she also was quite unconscious of the comedy across the way.

Nevertheless, when he caught sight of her, Clayton Sherron blushed from chin to temple and hastily extricated himself from the box of Spanish onions

"You're the new china store man, aint you?" drawled Aunt Mary Ann, catching up a lock of fluffy, snow-white hair with an invisible hair-pin. "I'm coming to see you one of these days."

Clayton assured her, with the best grace he could summon, that he would be glad of her patronage, relieved her mind by telling her he would order a new awning, and, with a bow a trifle less elaborate than his former one, took his departure.

That afternoon he was waiting on a customer who might take as long as she liked to choose a salad bowl, as far as he was concerned, or who might even depart without buying one at all, so long as she gave him an occasional fleeting glance from a pair of deep violet eyes, while he talked to her of Limoges and Crown Derby, when the door opened and Aunt Mary Ann came in. She wore an old-fashioned black velvet cape and Clayton noticed how stooped her shoulders were. He sprang to close the door after her, for he had been taught to honor and respect old age.

"Good-afternoon," said Aunt Mary Ann. "I came to look at bowls—no, not salad bowls; kitchen bowls. Why, how-do-you-do, Hilda? I declare I must be getting near-sighted; I didn't recognize you at first. By the way, I can kill two birds with one stone. I'm giving a little afternoon tea for Julia to-morrow and I'd like to have you come."

"Thank you," said Hilda demurely; "I shall be very pleased to come."

"My, what pretty cups you have, Mr. Sherron! If there's one thing I have a failing for, it's tea cups. But Jacob doesn't allow me to indulge my taste much in that direction." A dimple showed for a moment in her left cheek and then disappeared. "Say, but that's a beauty—that blue and gold one!"

She raised her hand to pick up the cup from the higher shelf and her cape brushed against a corner of the lower, knocking a Japanese cup to the floor and breaking it into fragments.

"Well now, that's too bad!" drawled Aunt Mary Ann, stepping back to survey the mischief she had done.

"Capes are such awkward things," said Hilda consolingly.

"I guess I'd better leave the cups alone and look at the bowls," rejoined Aunt Mary Ann with a little sigh.

Hilda indicated by a slight movement of the head that Clayton might serve the older lady first, and while Aunt Mary Ann selected her bowls she stood beside the table on which were displayed the salad bowls, quietly and unobtrusively, with her tall slimness seeming to efface herself entirely. Yet Clayton Sherron was every moment conscious of her presence and the faint odor of narcissus in the store.

After much deliberation Aunt Mary Ann finally chose two brown bowls.

"Fifteen cents for the two? Well, there's a quarter and you can keep the change to pay for the cup I broke."

"Oh, no," said Clayton courteously. "I wouldn't think of taking anything for it. It was merely an accident."

"But I'd *rather* pay for it," rejoined Aunt Mary Ann generously.

Clayton put the dime back on the edge of the counter.

"But I *insist*," said Aunt Mary Ann.

"Madam, if you *will* pay for it, the cup was worth seventy-five cents."

"*Seventy-five cents!*" gasped Aunt Mary Ann. "That little thing!"

Clayton picked up a fragment from the floor and showed her the mark on it.

"Well, I do declare!" Her face twitched slightly and she opened her purse reluctantly. There's forty cents more. Will you call it square?"

"It's the wholesale price, madam. We'll call it square."

When she was gone and Clayton had closed the door behind her and returned to his first customer, Hilda glanced up at him curiously.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

A slow flush crept under Clayton's tan.

"It wasn't the value of the cup," he replied, with lips firmly pressed together; "it was a matter of justice. Who is she anyway?"

"She's Mrs. Jacob Fairweather—commonly known as 'Aunt Mary Ann.' Her niece, Julia, whom she brought up, always called her that and I guess the name was contagious. They say she has a large bank account: she has been very saving all her life. But I thought you had met before?"

Clayton could not be sure whether Hilda's eyes twinkled or not; rhe lashes were so conveniently thick and long.

"It was under adverse circumstances," he replied drolly.

The following afternoon, Hilda Stratton, in her "best bib and tucker," rang the bell of Aunt Mary Ann's house door. Aunt Mary Ann answered the door herself and conducted her up a narrow flight of stairs to the parlor. It was considerably after the conventional hour of four and yet there were no other guests in the room and Hilda was not invited to remove her coat.

After some preliminary remarks on the weather, Hilda inquired carelessly where Julia was, and was informed that she had gone driving.

Hilda tried to veil her surprise, but there was an awkward pause or a moment or two while Aunt Mary Ann resumed her knitting. At last, looking up at Hilda with an odd expression in her eyes, she said:

"I'm afraid I made a mistake in the day. The tea ain't till to-morrow afternoon." Hilda flushed and then laughed softly.

"But it don't make any difference, of course," said Aunt Mary Ann. "Just you take off your coat and hat and you and me 'll have afternoon tea alone. Then you can come back to-morrow."

Hilda rose to remove her coat and Aunt Mary Ann glanced up admiringly at the silk dress that clung to her slender figure in long, graceful folds.

"My, but you do get the prettiest clothes, Hilda Stratton!" she exclaimed. "And to think you make 'em all your self! The man who gets you will get a clever girl—an economical one too for dressmakers' bills mount up these days. What do you think of the new china store man?" Hilda's cheeks burned a deep rose.

"He seems very nice," she replied.

"He's a fine young man. I wouldn't feel a bit sorry if Julia and he took a fancy to one another.

"Couldn't you come to our sewing-meeting now, on Wednesday?" said Aunt Mary Ann. "You could help us a lot with our work for the Indians." Hilda half promised.

"I am coming to you for a donation, too. I have the collecting to do this year and I haven't been very successful so far. There's Mrs. Morgan—I asked her for something four weeks ago and she said she'd consider it. I guess she's still considering.

Hilda opened her bag and drew forth a dollar bill.

"I might as well give it to you now," she said. "Is that enough?"

"Well, I should say so," drawled Aunt Mary Ann. "I wish I could afford to give that much myself. I've an old cape up in the attic I thought I'd give 'em this year and an overcoat of Jacob's that he's worn for twelve years. It's a bit shabby but it'll keep some Indian warm. Before I was married I was a great hand at giving. It's mostly a matter of habit—giving—and I was brought up to it. But Jacob has always been rather close and I guess he's affected me some. You grow alike after you've been married awhile—unconsciously.

"We were married in March and after much coaxing I got Jacob to promise me I could give fifteen cents a Sunday to the church. I'll never forget that first Sunday in church. I kept the envelope in my muff until the collection was taken up, and when I drew it out Jacob glanced down at it suspiciously and says in a stage whisper:

"'There's more'n fifteen cents in that envelope.'

"I'm sure they heard him all around us; I felt terribly humiliated.

"'There's a dollar eighty.' I whispered back. 'You begin to pay from the first of the year.'

"He just grunted, but I knew he thought I hadn't been square—that I had sort of taken advantage of him. It made me more careful in the future."

Aunt Mary Ann knitted in silence for a few moments and Hilda watched the dimple play in her left cheek and wondered if she hadn't been pretty and alluring in those early days.

"Well, I'd better be steeping the tea," said Aunt Mary Ann. "I think there are some red coals on the kitchen stove, so I'll just make a couple of slices of toast." And she left the room, her slippers making a soft, shuffling noise on the carpet.

In a little while she returned with the toast and the tea and, spreading a large table napkin on one end of the marble-topped table, bade Hilda draw up her chair.

"We'll return thanks."

"I beg your pardon?" said Hilda, whose mind had been wandering.

"I'll just ask a blessing."

"Oh, yes." Hilda bowed her head. Her lips twitched a little.

"Well, I suppose," said Aunt Mary Ann in her peculiar twang. when at last Hilda rose to go. "We'll be hearing of your engagement one of these days? You're too bright a girl to stay single. But then, as my brother Sam used to say, when you get to supposin' you're pretty apt to suppose the wrong thing."

She laughed and Hilda joined in merrily.

"You never can tell," she rejoined, with a wise look.

"Well, there's just one bit of advice I'll give you, said Aunt Mary Ann: "And that is to marry a——"

"Good man?" said Hilda.

"No—a tall man. There's more trouble comes through not being able to look *up* to your husband than through anything else."

* * * * *

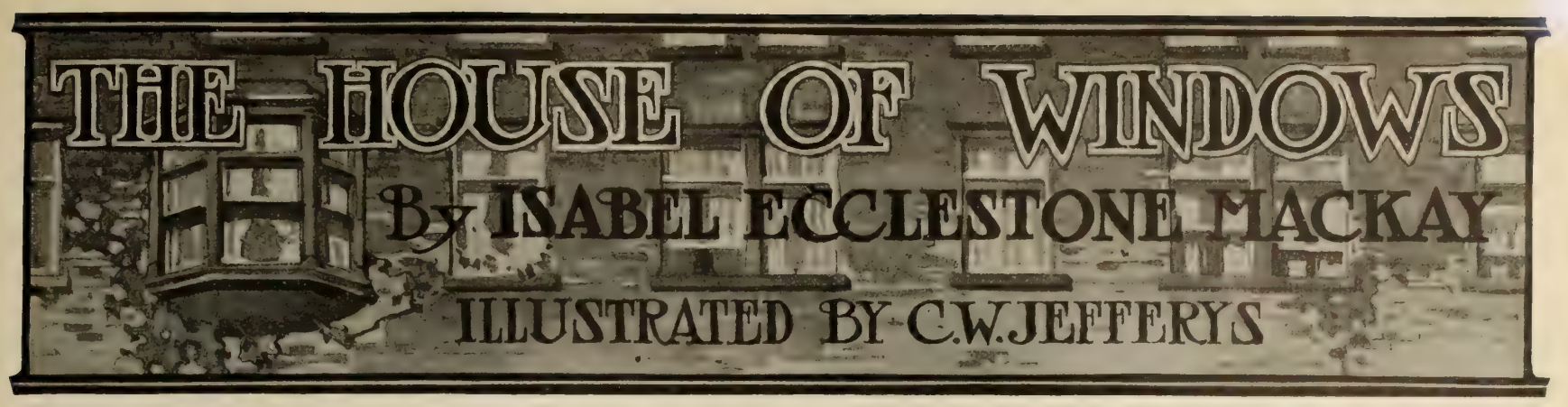
Four months later Hilda Sherron was preparing supper in her own home one night and listening for a familiar step on the walk as she set the table with her best Limoges tea set. Like the majority of men, her husband believed in using the best every day and letting company take the tag ends, and Hilda smiled as she thought of how easily she was slipping into her husband's grooves.

"*You grow alike after you've been married awhile—unconsciously.*"

The thought ran through Hilda's mind and she wondered where she had heard it before. Suddenly she remembered and smiled: it was one of Aunt Mary Ann's sage remarks.

Any reference, in word or in thought, to Aunt Mary Ann invariably brought a smile to her lips these days. The poor old soul

Continued on page 50



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attention of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress. He shows them great kindness. On his return home he finds a letter informing him that his daughter is alive and in peril. He sets out to find her, and, in the meantime, his nephew, Mark Wareham, returns and is injured in an accident. To complete the catastrophe, Christine disappears suddenly. They find that Christine has been taken off to the old woman's hut and removed thence to an unknown hiding place.

CAUTIOUSLY Christine pushed the smothering cover from her face. It might be of some use if she could find out the way they went. But the sides of the cart were high, and try as she would, she could not lift her head. All she could tell was that they were passing slowly through dark streets, over pavements of whose roughness every bone in her body gave instant evidence. Even these partially lighted ways were left behind, and they passed into the thick blackness of the night.

The mystery of the whole thing enveloped the girl more closely, more ominously, than the blackness of the night. It terrified, it paralyzed, it crushed out every spark of hope in her heart. Here out in the open, with every scent eloquent of the wide, wet country about her, the terror of the thing seemed even more monstrous, more hideously impossible! Perhaps, too, the long strain was telling; her thoughts grew feverish, disconnected. Now she thought of Celia and Ada, and the tears came freely; now it was of Tommy she thought, with a flash of hope; now she shuddered and moaned at the recollection of the old woman's face peering into hers; but most of all it was of Mark that she thought, of his return to find her gone! This was pure torture. What would he think? What *could* he think? She could see the puzzled wonder on his handsome face, the disappointment, and perhaps disillusion in his eyes. Would he care to think twice of a girl who was the centre of some vulgar mystery? Even as she shrank from this picture some whiff of country perfume brought back that perfect day when they had driven out to the Inn on the Dalby Road. How happy they had been! Somehow as she thought of him as he was that day the other thoughts lost their power to hurt her. Her memory of him was not that of a man easily daunted. Perhaps in him, after all, lay her greatest hope. He was strong, brave, clever! But she was growing weaker; a jolt of the wagon was now enough to turn the current of her thought.

They were going faster. The horse had been whipped up. The clouds were clearing a little; it might be moonlight soon. The two upon the front seat had fallen into grim silence. Christine's head seemed ready to burst with pain; she wished it would rain again to cool the fever in her blood.

Presently her impressions grew less and less distinct. She dreamed of curious things, and was still dreaming when the cart stopped with a jerk. This was important, she knnew; she realized hazily that she ought to be quick to notice and keen to remember, but she could not rouse herself. Even when they lifted her out of the cart she opened her eyes only for a moment. In that moment she had a vision of a door with curious posts which seemed oddly familiar. But the impression faded as quickly as it had come. She knew that she was carried through the door and up some stairs—then she smelled the sickly scent again and remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. JOHNSON held the little grey glove in the palm of his hand, and an expression of admiration spread itself over his broad face.

"Clever!" he said, "Very clever. That young lady has certainly got brains. Also," he made a bow in Mark's direction, "someone else who shall be nameless. Almost you convince me there is something in those story-book methods. This will put fresh heart into the search. Wonderful how comforting it is to know that one is on a live trail! Well, we've done all we can do here, and the neighborhood seems to be waking up. Let's try our luck outside."

"Question the neighbors, do you mean?"

"We'll go through this neighborhood with a sieve and a microscope. There is sure to be someone who can tell us something—unless the kidnappers possessed the art of making themselves invisible. They live in terror of the police in these parts, and it will be easy to get them to speak. Talk about honor among thieves—bah! it doesn't exist!"

"Then I suppose you wish this part of the enquiry left entirely to you?"

"Well, Mr. Wareham, I think that we should get better results. And if you will excuse me, I might mention that you are beginning to look pretty well done up. I will be home and bed for yours if you are wise. I'll run right around with the news as soon as we get any."

Mr. Torrance, who had been watching Mark's growing pallor with anxiety, readily agreed to the detective's suggestion, and even Tommy heaved a sigh of relief when the invalid was safely stowed away in the motor. He was eager to hurry with the news to Brook Street, and glad that for once he must be the only messenger, as Mr. Torrance could not leave Mark. Tommy was too simple, and too loyal a soul to feel jealousy, yet it was with a lightened heart that he watched the two men out of sight and turned his steps in the direction of the House of Windows. And Adam Torrance was conscious of a pang which was very like envy as he thought of how the blind girl's face would brighten at Tommy's news.

"Fine chap, that!" said Mark, as if in answer to his thoughts. "By Jove, he's been better than a brother to those girls. He wanted to marry one of them once, but somehow it never came off."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Torrance; and then, after a perceptible pause, "Which one?"

"Which? Oh, well, I *think* it was Miss Celia."

"Is that so? Well, I am not surprised. Miss Celia is a charming woman. It would be most suitable."

"But like many other suitable things, it has apparently failed to suit," said Mark carelessly, but as he noticed the sudden complacence with which his uncle approved of Tommy's choice, he turned aside to hide a smile. "If Aunt Miriam had seen that," he thought, "it would have made assurance doubly sure!"

As has been observed before, Mr. Johnson was a man of energy, and so well did he and his assistants work, that by lunch time Hill Street had been thoroughly investigated and hung, so to speak, as limp and empty as an old sleeve, turned inside out.

At one o'clock he presented himself, notebook in hand, placid and self-confident again, at the Torrance home.

"Well," he began, without preliminaries, "we know what there is to know—and it's not much. Granny Bates and the man who passes as her son have lived in the shanty on Hill Street for the past five years. The man is a bricklayer, and makes good wages when he is working, but that is seldom. He is incurably lazy, a born loafer apparently, but harmless unless drinking hard; when in drink, the neighborhood feared him, and even the old woman kept out of his way. But curiously enough he is not an habitual drunkard. He has, it appears, "spells," which are often a month, or even two months, apart. He is known as Tough Wilson. The old woman is popularly supposed to be shy in the upper story. The children are frightened of her (and it takes something to frighten a Hill Street child). Not one of them would venture near her house or follow her in the street. It seems that at first the youngsters played a few tricks—just as a sort of friendly introduction into the neighborhood, you understand, but the reprisals were so swift and terrifying that even the boldest gave it up. The mothers, espousing the children's cause, declared her to be a witch and a devil, and other choice things, and refused the social amenities. Granny became, in fact, a pariah in Hill Street, and as she never made the slightest attempt to be 'friendly,' that position must have suited her to a nicety. I may say the female portion of Hill Street society is frankly delighted with the prospect of her being wanted by the police. They told me all they knew with a lavishness which wasted a few valuable hours. However, boiled down, we learn that:

"First—On the night of Christine's disappearance, Granny Bates was seen slipping down the street at about six-thirty, or thereabouts, with a wonderful lady with shining hair. Little Timmy O'Hagan was the only one who noticed them, but he noticed to some purpose. He says the lady was so pretty that he slid along after them just to have another look. She was walking quickly, he says, and smiling. Evidently she went willingly. Timmy saw her turn and say something to the old woman just as they got to the door. The hag opened the door and the lady went in. Then the door was shut. Timmy was too frightened of Granny to peer in the keyhole, and the window was dark—possibly they had pinned something over it. That is all Timmy knows, except that he waited around about an hour in the rain for the pretty lady to come out, but she did not come.

"Second—Bill Connely remembers the night, because that was the night he got roaring drunk, and was taken in by the police. He remembers starting out for the saloon about nine o'clock, and in passing Granny's hovel was surprised to see the shadowy outline of a horse and cart drawn up by the pavement. Tough Wilson was standing by the cart. The door of the hovel was open, and by the dim light from it he saw the horse, and recognized it as the old white mare belonging to a gentleman named Mike Donlan, over on Everleigh Street. Being in a facetious mood, he stopped and said, 'Hello, Tough! Going home to visit the old folks?' And that pleasant personage had replied with unusual good nature, 'You bet I am.' (Not a very illuminative conversation, unfortunately). Bill Connely did not notice anything at all unusual about the cart, save the fact of its being there at all. He could not say whether or not there was anything in it. He only noticed the horse, because it was a white horse, and the light fell on it.

"Third—Two other men noticed the horse and cart in front of Granny Bates' door, and one other at least spoke to Tough Wilson in passing, but only to pass a word about the weather. One man noticed the cart drive away with two figures on the front seat. The occurrence was discussed in the street, of course, and the general impression was that Tough and Granny had 'lit out.'

"Fourth—Mike Donlan, owner of the white mare well remembers renting the animal to Tough Wilson. He didn't know what for. Never thought to ask. Tough wouldn't have told him if he had; folks on Everleigh Street mind their own business. Tough wanted the mare over night. Paid for her and got her and brought her back at noon next day. She seemed rather tired, but not very much so. She was muddy, but not too muddy. She was hungry, but not more hungry than she often was, having a ruinous appetite at the best of times! Tough hadn't let drop a word about where he had been or what doing—why should he? It was his own business! So much for that interview.

"Fifth—The owner of cart found and interviewed with almost precisely the same result. Tough had rented the cart without reason and returned it without explanation, paid for it, and departed. Yes, the cart was muddy, but it naturally would be muddy after a rainy night. The bottom of the cart was not wet because it had been covered with an old rubber rug, black. There was nothing else in the cart, either when it went away or when it came back.

"That is the sum of the evidence. Problem, what was in the cart, and where did the cart go?"

Mr. Johnson laid the notebook upon his knee and looked up complacently.

"It seems to me," said Mark, irritably, "that we are just exactly where we were—except that we know that there was a cart in the case. We know, of course, who was in the cart. Christine must have been in it—somewhere under that filthy rubber robe, and—"

"Pardon me. I did not say that the problem was *who* was in the cart, but *what* was in the cart."

"We do not need to quibble about words."

But Mr. Torrance rose in uncontrolable agitation. "Why, Mark, don't you see what he means? What if—if—"

Mark shrank back as though he feared a blow. "Not that!" he said hoarsely. "You don't mean to imply that she may have been already dead?"

The detective nodded sympathetically. "Not that it's my own opinion that she was," he added. "My

knew is that she was alive, but was prevented from making any outcry—drugged, most likely."

"She could not have been drugged when she hid the glove?"

"No—yet at the same time she was undoubtedly alive and not able to call for help; gagged, perhaps, or terrified by threats into silence. But even granting that, they may have drugged her before attempting to remove her. It would be a natural thing to do."

Mr. Torrance turned a haggard face upon him. "But if she were dead—that would account for everything."

"Not quite everything, I think. In fact, I do not like that hypothesis at all. But one has to look at these cases from every side. I *believe* she was alive. For one thing, if it had been otherwise there would have been some trace in the room; for another thing, this man, from what I have been able to learn, does not sound like a murderer. The old woman's capable of anything—crazy, I verily believe, but the man seems to be merely a good-for-nothing, unless crazed with drink. The men who spoke to him are sure that he was himself upon that night."

Mark drew a long breath. "I agree with you," he said, "besides, I think we may safely place some dependence on what the letters say. The old fiend does not wish Christine dead. It would not suit her plan of revenge. She is alive, I am sure of it—but in danger that drives me mad to think of! Johnson, when we solve the second problem, she will be safe. How are we going to do it?"

The detective fidgeted.

"I'll admit that we are up against it," he said. "Given a dark night with rain; the fact that two people drive away with a horse and cart, and that the horse and cart were returned in fairly good condition next day at noon—that is really all we have to go upon. I think we may be reasonably sure that the young lady was in the cart and that the journey taken by the horse was not a very long one. Therefore we face two possibilities—either the kidnappers are concealed somewhere within a radius of say, fifteen miles (more likely ten), or they drove to some small station within that radius and from there took the train for ports unknown. Do you agree with me that far?"

"It sounds likely."

"Now there are several such small stations near this city, and it is quite on the cards that we may pick up the trail from any one of them. They ought to have been a somewhat noticeable party. If the girl was drugged or even half dazed they would probably represent her as an invalid. As few invalids travel, they would be remembered on that account alone. Of course it is possible that the girl was not drugged, but merely terrified into silence."

□

"I do not believe that would be possible," said Mark. "Miss Christine is too clever and too quick to have submitted tamely to intimidation, and they are too clever to have dared to risk it."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Torrance emphatically.

"You are probably right, but, as I believe, I have remarked before, one must look at every possibility. At any rate, I have men now despatched to every station within a possible radius; on trains, or in autos, whichever would get them there quickest. If there is a vestige of a clue one of them will be pretty sure of finding it. It seems slow work, I know, but it is thorough, and I really do not see what else we can do."

"When ought the reports of your men to come in?"

"Almost any moment. They were to 'phone results immediately, and most of them ought to have reached their destination by this time. I took the liberty of telling them to 'phone directly here, so that you might have the news as soon as I have. I think that is a call now."

"No news from Frampton," he told them, putting up the receiver after a brief dialogue with someone at the other end. "The agent there is positive that no one bought any ticket or took any train upon the night in question. The through trains do not stop there, and passengers are few."

For a half an hour the three men sat there while call after call came in—each reporting, for one reason or another, no trace of the fugitives. The detective's face grew graver as time went on. It was evident that he had expected some result from this enquiry. Mark, on the other hand, seemed distinctly cheered.

"If they don't get away," he kept saying, "then they are still somewhere near. The real danger is that they may have reached New York or some other large city, where search would be hunting for a needle in a haystack. Besides—there is that last letter! It was slipped into the letter box under cover of darkness. Depend upon it, either one of the kidnappers must have placed it there—they would not trust a third party. And where one is, the other is. They would keep together, and where they are, Christine is."

"Good reasoning," agreed the detective, "but it won't help much without a tangible clue. There is still the Dalby man to hear from. I sent our best man there, for as the five o'clock through train will stop for passengers, it seemed the most likely place, and——"

The sharp tinkle of the call bell interrupted him.

"There is your man now," said Mark.

Johnson picked up the receiver eagerly, and a hurried consultation followed. The detective's eyes were bright as he turned from the instrument.

"He's coming here," he announced. "He thinks he's picked up the trail—at least he says he has some curious information."

"And didn't he say what it was?"

"No—but he'll be here in fifteen minutes. It's a good bit of road between here and Dalby."

"Dalby!" said Mark, and he sighed heavily, as he remembered the last drive he had taken on the Dalby Road.

□

CHAPTER XXX.

THE detective from Dalby proved to be a young man with a fresh, ingenious face, whose rounded innocence was somewhat belied by a pair of very keen grey eyes. He was evidently properly impressed with the importance of his mission, but not unduly so. In fact, the three men, for Tommy had arrived a moment or so before him, were favorably impressed upon the instant.

"Would you like my evidence first, or shall I begin by stating my conclusions?" he asked his chief deferentially.

"Your evidence, of course," said the big detective, and the others who would have liked the conclusions first were compelled to stay their impatience as best they might.

"I had some difficulty in fixing the right night in the mind of the agent at Dalby," he said, "but finally he got his bearings by remembering that upon the date mentioned his youngest child had been sick with the toothache. He is sure of the date, because the next day was the kid's birthday, and she cried because she was afraid she would not be able to eat her box of candy. Well, upon that night he very well remembers a horse and cart driving up at about a quarter to five in good time for the through express. He did not see who drove the cart, but the passengers were an ugly old woman and a young girl—"

girl—"

Mark interrupted with a smothered exclamation, and the young detective paused for a moment, but as no one made a remark, he went on:

"There is no doubt about the old woman. The agent saw her face plainly in the lighted waiting room, and recognized the photo at once. But the young girl he did not see. It had stopped raining, and was not cold, so he saw nothing strange in the girl staying outside in the air. She was seated on a bench at the end of the building, out of the range of the lamps. She seemed too ill or too weary to rise, and the old woman said that she was not well, and that she was taking her to New York to consult a specialist. The only thing he noticed about the girl was that she had yellow, or very light hair. The old woman's clothes were decent though plain, and a very bad fit, being much too big.

("Borrowed, probably," interrupted Johnson).

"She did not buy tickets for New York or for any place. She said she had her tickets already, but she made no secret of her destinantion, and indeed talked a great deal, and gave her plans with a lot of unnecessary detail. The two went off on the five o'clock express, and that would have been the end of them except for the evidence of the station agent's sister. This sister, it seems, was going to Buffalo by the same train. She very nearly missed it, arriving at the last moment and boarding it in a great hurry. Neither she nor the old woman were provided with berths, and they found seats in the same car.

Now the station agent's sister returned from Buffalo only the day before yesterday, and last night was asked by the station agent's wife to tea. During the meal the agent happened to speak about the old woman and the invalid girl, and asked his sister if the poor thing had been taken worse on the train. In reply she learned the following curious facts:

"First—The sister had noticed the couple very particularly, as they were the only other travelers who boarded the train with her, and the old woman was noticeably ugly. But, strangely enough, she did not get the impression of the girl being an invalid. She seemed, she said, quite ordinarily strong. She wore a veil over her face, but her hair was very yellow. Note particularly that the sister was absolutely convinced that the hair was *bleached*. I questioned her myself upon this point, and she grew quite angry when I suggested a mistake. She said no one *could* mistake bleached hair!

"Second—The two did not go to New York at all, but left the train at Hamstead, which is only about twenty miles from Dalby! She is sure of this—indeed, as the couple had interested her from the first she is hardly likely to be mistaken. It was still dark when the train ran into Hamstead, but she saw the two pass under the station lamps, making their way to the exit gate. The girl now wore a veil over her yellow hair as well as over her face, but she walked quite easily, and did not appear ill in the least. That, sir, is all the evidence."

The detective gave a long whistle, but before he could reply, Mark, noting the eagerness in the young fellow's face, insisted they hear his conclusions before beginning to discuss the matter themselves.

□

"Well, sir," said the young fellow, modestly, "the conclusions are fairly obvious. It would seem in the first place that the old woman deliberately tried to make the agent believe that she was bound for New York, that she purposely called his attention to the alleged helpless state of the young girl; that she purposely left the girl's yellow hair uncovered that the agent might notice it. Therefore, the old woman wished to establish a trail for a young lady with yellow hair, which, if investigation occurred, would lead to New York. It would seem, also, that the young woman was not as ill as the old one made out, and, further, that she was on friendly terms with her companion. Also, in my opinion, it is fairly certain that her yellow hair was bleached. It is not likely that another woman would make a mistake in that matter, especially as the missing lady's hair is remarkable for its natural beauty of coloring. Therefore I conclude that the young person in the train was not the lady we are seeking, but one merely intended to represent her, and thereby aid in establishing a misleading trail. It seems, further, that the two undoubtedly alighted at Hamstead. And why not? It was not necessary to go to New York, it was only necessary to seem to go there. The accident of the presence of the agent's sister in the train could not have been foreseen. If you remember, she came at the last moment, and got on in a great hurry, so that the other two did not see her, or if they did, it would not occur to them that she was any connection of the agent's. If we had only the evidence of the agent, we might very possibly have concluded that our quarry had cleared for New York, taking the half-stupefied girl with her. The old hag knew that the agent would never notice that the girl's hair was bleached!"

"I think you have thought it out very reasonably," said Mark. "It all seems to fit together like pieces of puzzle. And the conclusion of the whole thing is—"

"It is rather early for such a conclusion yet," declared Mr. Johnson, who like other successful artists, was not without jealousy. "Still I suppose it will do no harm to hear what he thinks."

"I think," said the young detective, "that the missing lady is concealed somewhere close at hand, probably between here and Dalby."

"Bravo!" said Mark. "I feel sure of it."

"And the young person with the bleached hair?" asked Mr. Torrance.

"She must be partly in the secret, and she ought to be easy to trace. My own guess (it's only a guess, would be that she probably belongs to the house where the missing lady is concealed."

"Hum! well, guessing is not going to help us," said Mr. Johnson, rather sourly. "What we want to do is to spot all the possible places of concealment within a ten-mile radius of Dalby—that is, if there is anything in your theories." He drew from his pocket a large paper map which he spread upon the library table. "Here is a road map. It is a special map made under my own supervision. Every house is marked with a few illuminative notes in cipher. Now then, we will first take the straight Dalby Road. It doesn't look likely. See, these houses set along it at reasonably frequent intervals are all farm houses belonging to old residents, not much chance of hiding a kidnapped girl in any of them, eh? This is the toll-house, kept by a respectable old couple. It consists of one room and a bedroom, a rat could hardly be hidden there. This is the Dalby Road Inn. It is quite well known as a stopping-place for motors. They give quite a decent country lunch there. I've often tried it myself. It is kept by a very respectable woman, by name Haffey, with a pretty grand-daughter. I am convinced that they would not lend themselves—"

□

"Excuse me," interrupted the young detective, diffidently, "but those people are no longer in charge of the inn. They left about a month ago, and are now living in Hamstead."

"How do you know that?" snapped Johnson.

"I—well, you see, I know Miss Haffey rather well. She is, as you say, a remarkably pretty girl."

"Oh, I see—sweethearts! Well, that accounts for it. Perhaps you know who keeps the inn now?"

"No; I have never been there since Mrs. Haffey and Fanny left. I only know that they sold out for a good sum. Stay, though—I came by there to-day in the motor. We were going very fast, but I naturally looked at the house. There was someone at the side door scattering the grain for the chickens. It was a woman. I couldn't see much of her." Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a startled exclamation. "By the lord Harry!" he cried. "She had *yellow hair!*"

"What!"

"How stupid of me! never to think of it. Of course she had yellow hair! It was the only noticeable thing about her. I remember thinking at a distance it might almost be Fanny, but Fanny's hair was dark brown. This girl's was yellow, startlingly yellow!"

Mark had also risen. He was very pale. "It looks like a clue," he said. "If it is—" he locked the young man's hands in his own with a grip that spoke volumes.

"Plenty of girls have yellow hair," said Johnson the complacent. "So don't get excited. However we'll soon know about this one. Think you can tell bleached hair when you see it, Cunningham?"

"I think I can, sir," said the young detective, modestly.

"Well, you and I will run down to the inn at once—"

But Mark, who had been talking excitedly with Mr. Torrance, interrupted him without ceremony.

"We think that that would be very unwise," he said. "There is always a chance that you may be known to be a detective. If they are as sharp as they seem to be they might have time to get away. Wouldn't it be better for me to go alone in my own motor as I have gone dozens of times before?"

"I do not think so. If they know Mr. Torrance, isn't it likely that they will know you? Be-

Continued on page 46

THE SONG OF LIFE

An Easter Story

By KATHERINE HALE

MARCH was shouting his last wild halloo to winter, there were streaks of sun across the windiest days, the snow had left the valleys, the florists' windows were brilliant with flowers, and piano organs were playing in the streets of the town. Easter was but a week away, and the story was not written.

Her chance of chances had come, and was probably passing forever. She rose from her desk, on which was piled copy paper and various books of travel, and decided to go to the Press Club tea. Anything to get away from the oppressive silence of her own room, and the accusing cry of Conscience that marched with Time and tortured her nerves by the assertion that if she really "had it in her" that Easter story must have flowed from her pen without any hesitation whatever.

For a year she had clipped and signed "Poignant Paragraphs" for the inside page of the *Weekly Sun*, she had written the minor reviews, attended the lesser concerts, and been a patient and on the whole grateful understudy to the small but mighty staff of that journal whose name is a Canadian household word. She had been patient, and on the whole grateful, because the spirit within her whispered prophecies and seemd to wait on tip-toe for release and the voice of its own expression.

But now the time had come—and where was the expression?

The Editor had asked her for an Easter story. Suddenly and without warning he had made this request. "We're enlarging the supplement for Easter, and I want a story. Lilies, Bells, Choir Boys, anything you like, only bring in a good gripping human interest, and we'll give you special rates, and a decorative border. Turn it in by the first, won't you?"

That was two weeks ago, and as yet the outline of an Easter story had never even faintly suggested itself. There were exactly three days left before the first. Listlessly she turned to the process of dressing to go out.

"You see, it's like this," she murmured to the tired little face in the glass, "after all it's like this; you simply haven't got it in you! All those dreams and possibilities, all the fancies and the convictions and the colors that flash across your brain don't stand you in very good stead when the test comes. Just because a subject is settled for you, you balk. A hundred plots and plans have gone through your mind for weeks, they longed to be written out; but when the time comes to imagine strongly enough actually to create, the fancies dissolve into thin air, they don't last, they are ghosts, not actual beings . . . and just the clipping scissors and the glue pot remain . . . only a thin little dream . . . Easter with the bells and flowers . . . the hope of the springtime . . . the color of the fresh young world . . . a story to be written in leafgreen and flute tones . . . so many people have said it all before . . . what is left for me?"

Tingle went the telephone bell.

She lifted the receiver.

"Yes? . . . Why! . . . Harry! . . . I thought you were still away. I never dreamed of you getting back so soon. . . . Yes, of course I'm glad! . . . Nothing—at least I was going to the Press Club tea. . . . Oh! I think that's unfair. What do you know about the Press Club? We're perfect dears, every one of us. And I need ideas to-day very badly. I have only three days left to write an Easter story—of gripping human interest—and my mind is one small white blank. . . . Of course, I'd love to! But would it be right? I mean the waste of time? Heavens! No, I don't mean that! Yes, truly . . . I'll tie my hat down. Hoot twice and I'll know it's you."

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FIRST the city streets, then the slums, then the suburbs, then the hard long road with the rough lake tumbling below them on one side and irregular stretches of leafless woods on the other. The purring machine, the girl—and the man.

Silence for some time, as the wild sweep of ozone filled their lungs with the breath of new life.

"Fancy getting you—I was going to say, so easily," he began, turning to her with no attempt to disguise his joy. "It didn't take ten minutes after I had 'phoned you, and for once your line wasn't busy. I've been in luck, *ma mia,* for you seemed thousands of miles away, instead of dozens, while I was still in Buffalo only this morning. Somehow I felt that you weren't happy all this week. The idea haunted me until it positively interfered with business."

She glanced at him quickly through the pink rays of her motor veil. "Wizard-of-all," she answered in mock mystery, "your telepathy disturbs me! If ever anyone has written cheerful letters to another, I have to you all the interminable time you've been gone."

"Yes, all about nothing," he answered. "That's what bothered me. You don't waste words on pink teas and so on unless you've something up your sleeve that I'm not to be in. And I want to be in everything, you see. That's where I'm so cursedly selfish. As for the outside life—there's much of it I can't enter, of course. But the real thing, the life of your thoughts and hopes and desires. I'm cold when you shut that door."

There was silence, while the little car ran on, gliding up a hill, dipping into a hollow, while the sunlight, borne on the late March wind, seemed to wave and undulate like a banner, riding with them all the way. Sometimes the lazy farm horses shied impatiently as they whizzed past, once some huntsmen in red coats flashed a note of vivid color, white wings of gulls appeared above the grey-green lake, and in the woods naked boughs swayed lightly. Everywhere one felt the movement of an Approach. Nature, all wind-and-sun-swept, was waiting for the first footfall of the spring.

And still the girl allowed a complete silence to follow her lover's appeal. The Difference in them widened as the moments, like the road, seemed to fly past in that bath of golden light.

Presently she turned to ask him what he had been doing all the week.

"Selling stocks up north," he answered rather shortly. "Heavens, it was cold around Cobalt and in North Bay! But keen, glorious! They're great people up there. You got my wire Wednesday? Well, then I struck across to Buffalo, and I've been in and out ever since. I did a lot of the north-east corner of the state by motor. Met some queer characters, too, by Jove! And all the time my brains were working like a machine, my heart was crying out for you, and wondering about you, and hoping, and—yes, really—praying about your answer—your answer, *ma mia.* That's the thing, of course. It's what I've been dreaming of and working for all year long. Until I proved myself a man among men I couldn't expect you to be sure. And it looked blue enough this time last year. All those months I was fighting to win even your interest, your bare interest, I was just a gambler in dead mines—or so the world said—in dreams and fictions that wouldn't come to life. But don't you see, I held the secret of all life behind me—just sheer Faith. Everything had to come right. And I willed and willed it, and the world had to yield what I wanted, so it has come, slowly, surely, hasn't it? Hasn't it?"

An absurd little hand, evidently designed for the use of a grown-up fairy, stole out of a big grey muff towards his, and a mournful conviction rang in her flutey voice.

"Of course it has come to you, *mon ami,* success, and the proving of yourself. But not in my case. At the end of a year of work, what do I find? Failure in myself at the first test; the inability to work practically, to write a story when I'm asked; simply to put into shape my own ideas so that they shall live and move for other people. It seems that I only dream. I don't do. Therefore, I haven't proved myself. What you have done I have failed to accomplish."

"Only in one way," he interrupted eagerly. "You've been my entire success, you've stood behind every thought and plan, and carried them out with me. And 'on your own' it seems to me you have done new and hard work, have borne long office hours, loss of home, lack of pleasure, restraint, subordination, all those things that make a woman in journalism one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Is that nothing? I guess no."

"But when the one little shining Chance comes, the bit of creative work that would alone redeem this drudgery and make it worth while, why—the drudgery itself has slain me. The clipping scissors and the glue pot have done their deadly work—my ideas are dead."

"If so, why?" he urged suddenly, in that quick fashion that sought the heart of a subject instantly, "because you've let them die. Because the routine of work—drudgery, perhaps—has crowded out life. Because, thrust out of your own world, you've allowed analysis to come in. Did you ever think what that word means? Well, it's the thing most stories and articles are made of—and it's got nothing to do with life. I bet you have got into the horrible habit of 'wondering' all the time—wondering whether you have really got 'genius' or whether you haven't, wondering if your 'technique' is growing, wondering if you should go to the Press Club and mix with the clan, or keep away from it and nurse originality, wondering whether you should love me, and if, when it 'comes to come' you really do love me or not? Of course you love me! There is no more question about that than the fact that a thousand buds are swelling along those big brown boughs, and the foot of the wind is boosting spring along with us. Just let life alone, and she answers all the questions for us, little heart."

Silence again, while the Difference narrowed in that triumphant bath of the sun.

"As for that Easter story"—catching her unspoken thought—"it seems to me that there is one very sure thing. You won't find it in churches, where they put conservatory lilies in their pots along the chancel, and quartettes sing anthems at so much per minute, nor in heart-stories, where the Easter Bonnet holds sway, nor in descriptions of the Vatican at Rome, nor in the best that you or any human could write about the mystery of Death. Because Easter is a kind of shout that transcends death, and goes on and on forever. Write about anything that lives, *ma mia,* and you have your Easter story."

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AND after a little that winged god, the car, ceased suddenly, for no apparent reason, while the man crawled under its anatomy, and the pink girl cooled her heels in idleness until the mood took her to explore a tiny house along the road and warm those selfsame heels.

"I'll come for you in ten minutes," shouted the man, encouragingly.

A bewrinkled dame answered her little knock.

"Of course ye may come in," said she. "I bin watchin' ye since it run down. Is it a break, then?"

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THE COST OF A CRIME

The Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company, in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton. He obtains employment with Archibald Currie, a brother of his former partner and is unrecognized. "Charlton" does well and wins the esteem of Mr. Currie and his ward, Katherine Wrede. Mrs. Reedham suffers from financial stress. "Charlton" prospers for two years and then it is decided to send him to South Africa.

"I HAVE been telling my brother of your hurried preparation, Charlton," said Archibald Currie pleasantly, "and how willingly you have fallen in with all my arrangements."

"It is a duty as well as a pleasure, sir," replied Charlton in a low voice. "Will you excuse me now? A man is waiting on the telephone. I merely looked in to say that I have engaged a second-class berth."

"First-class," put in Archibald Currie.

"No, second, it is good enough. The accommodation is first-rate. I'll go now."

He went out by the door rather abruptly, fancying that James Currie had moved to a position where he could better see his face.

"A queer-looking cuss," he observed, as the door closed. "What does he wear those blue goggles for? I could swear he doesn't need them."

"His eyes are weak. He's a good-looking man enough, Jamie. You're prejudiced."

"I could swear he isn't what he seems. There's a furtive uneasiness about him that is suggestive. But I'm not surprised, Archie, knowing what your fads are. You'll get let in one of these days, perhaps this time, who knows, then perhaps you'll be a little more careful about the scum of the earth."

"Jamie, I wish you'd pick your words," said Archie, good-humoredly. "I am certain Charlton's going to score for me this time."

"Well, let's hope so. I shouldn't care for Stephen to go out with that man, and he wouldn't care for it himself."

He took up his hat and they left the room together. As they passed the clerk's desk Archibald Currie stopped and let his hand fall for a moment with a very kind touch on Leslie Reedham's head. He half paused, as if to speak, and then seeming to think better of it, passed on. But outside he made an announcement which surprised his brother not a little.

"That was John Reedham's boy, Jamie. I would have presented him to you, but I couldn't remember whether you ought to remember him without introduction, and was afraid you might not wish to see him."

"Reedham's boy!" repeated James Currie, stopping in the passage and looking blankly into his brother's face. "Well, upon my word, Archie, what next? Are you incorrigible?"

"The sins of the fathers," said Archibald musingly. "We needn't visit them on the innocent heads. He's working very steadily, a nice lad, and devoted to his mother. It won't hurt you after all, Jamie, so you needn't glower over it. Give my respects to Jane, and if she'll be at home on Saturday afternoon I'll come up and make my peace after I get Charlton away."

They shook hands, and James Currie passed out. There was no good arguing with Archibald, he told himself, as he proceeded slowly down the street. He would be eccentric and unaccountable, to the last day of his life.

The conversation, however, had upset Archie more than he knew. He left business early, and got home to Hyde Park Square a little after tea. Katherine was at home, and flew to wait on him. Whatever worries met him in the world of business, the welcome at home never failed.

He told her about the trouble in South Africa, and of Charlton's hurried commission to go at once. She seemed deeply interested; he even fancied as he spoke that a slight shade crossed her face.

"You don't think with James that I am digging my own grave trusting this man so far," he said, as he took his cup of freshly-made and fragrant tea from her hand.

"No, certainly not," she answered, and the tea was spilled, by whose fault neither of them knew. She stooped, and with her handkerchief wiped the stain from his sleeve, apologizing with a faint smile.

"So you think he's all right, Katie, eh? Well, you've seen a good bit of him lately, and I must say I'd trust your judgment faster than Jamie's. He's a sort of Ishmaelite, with his hand against every man. You never get good service starting on these lines, my dear."

"No, I should say not. Has he been speaking against Mr. Charlton, then?"

"Yes, this afternoon. He thinks he'll make a mess of the Cape business, or perhaps do me altogeter. But I'm easy. I like Charlton. He's straight, and there never was a man who worked with such a will. He's a perfect galley slave. He's coming out to dinner to-night, and he sails on Saturday afternoon."

"How long will he be away?"

"Six months probably. I'm sorry to send him out at this season. Some men would have objected. If I'd been ten years younger, Katie, I would have tried to engineer the thing till August or so, and taken you with me. A big change would do us both good."

She made no reply, but he thought her face unusually grave."

"My brother came to me about another matter this afternoon, Katie. Charlton was by the way. He was championing Stephen's cause."

Her color rose, and he saw her hand clench a little.

"Uncle Archie, it is not kind nor right that I should be pestered like this. Why won't anybody believe, even you, that I have been quite fair and straight with Stephen Currie. I have told him as plainly as any woman can speak that I can't and won't marry him. Will there never be an end of it?"

"Apparently not. He's very much in love."

"But I am not," she said rebelliously. "I shall have to leave London if he keeps on tormenting me like this. I had a letter from him yesterday; I burned it without telling you. I am so tired of it all. Let's go away somewhere where we can't see or hear anything about the James Curries."

Her eyes were full of tears, which surprised Archibald Currie. He could not remember seeing her in tears before.

He was quick enough, however, to enter into her mood, and they drifted into talk of their summer plans, which ended in a project of immediate excursions into the country to look for a suitable home as a permanency. The hours quickly passed, and when Charlton arrived to dine at half-past seven he found Miss Wrede in the drawing-room alone. She was looking extraordinarily handsome, in a diaphanous black robe and no ornaments but a big bunch of roses in her corsage.

"Good evening," she said, and her voice had never sounded sweeter or more womanly. "Excuse my uncle not being down, will you? He will be here immediately. He came home very tired and worried from the city, and I persuaded him to lie down. He has had a lovely sleep, and feels so much better. So you have a long journey in prospect? It is good of you to be so willing to relieve my uncle of part of his anxiety. He is very happy about it."

"And I also. It is the chance of a lifetime. He will never understand how much I owe to him," replied Charlton, in a full voice. "I suppose you are aware that he picked me up a derelict and set me on my feet? He has often spoken of my willing service, making far too much of it. You will quickly understand that any service I can render must first of all be a thank offering."

Her eyes glowed, her sweet, proud mouth trembled a little as she bowed her head.

"I understand that; but nothing will ever make me believe, Mr. Charlton, that you became a derelict, as you express it, through any fault of your own."

"Ah, what a comfort you would be to a man who might aspire to be your friend!" he cried involuntarily. "Your words sink deep into my heart, believe me, I am unable to justify them, I can only say thank you. It is women like you, and men like Mr. Currie, who help to lessen the woe of the world."

She heard the sound of footsteps in the distance and her uncle's voice.

With a gesture of infinite grace and friendliness she took the bouquet from her bosom and gave him a rose.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPY.

NEXT morning Charlton was startled to find on his desk a letter addressed in a quite familiar handwriting. It bore no stamp, but he needed no telling whence it came. Was not every character familiar; how many times he had joked and teased his wife about her dashing lines, her somewhat fantastic style. Yet it was characteristic, too, for Bessie Reedham with all her sweetness would be very determined when occasion arose. He toyed with the letter, not immediately opening it. He could guess its contents, and also surmised that the boy had brought it. He nodded to him as he came through the office a few moments before, and had even been struck by a certain wistfulness in his expression; a look that put into words might have said: "Why do you go away?" He looked at his other letters, even opened one or two, but so languid was his interest that he realized his wife's letter must be opened first

28 Burnham Road,
Clapton, N.E.
May 14th.

Dear Sir—

I beg that you will excuse my intrusion, but I have heard from my son that you are about to leave England for a considerable period, and I feel I should like to offer you before you go my heartfelt thanks for your very great kindness to the boy. He is never tired talking about it, and I can easily gather how exceptionally considerate and helpful you have been to him. I do not know whether you are aware of the distressing circumstances of my life, of how little chance there is that I shall ever be able to repay you. But at least you have won the lifelong gratitude of a woman who has suffered beyond the common lot. It is my earnest desire and prayer that the boy himself may prove grateful and worthy your almost fatherly kindness. Wishing you the fullest success in your undertaking, and a speedy return.

Believe me, yours gratefully,
BESSIE ALICE REEDHAM.

Charlton smiled strangely as he laid the letter down, and dropping his chin in his hands, kept his eyes fixed on the written words. But it was not of them he was thinking at the moment. A sudden temptation came to him to make a clean breast of the whole circumstances, to go out to Bessie and take her to his heart. His heart beat a little at the thought, but he tried to repress the ardor of his desire, telling himself the time was not yet ripe. This journey to the Cape, if brought to a successful issue, would certainly so consolidate his position that it would be safe to own up. Even the money might then be restored, for everything is forgiven to a successful man. "No, no, we must wait, poor old girl," he said tenderly, as he folded up the letter. "I must not even write unless I dictate it. I'll send a message by the boy."

He replaced the letter in its envelope and slipped it into an inner pocket. It touched something there that impeded its smooth progress. He put his hand in a trifle impatiently, and drew out a piece of tissue paper in which something was wrapped. Then he flushed dully, for it was the rose Katherine Wrede had given him, and which he had said should be his talisman of success. He changed it to another pocket, and then with a sudden effort of the will took it out again and threw it in the small, clear fire, which the chill of May mornings rendered acceptable. It was the right thing to do, yet he did not like to hear it crackle. He rose and stepped out into the office where all the clerks' pens were scratching busily, and made his way to the particularly high stool on which Leslie Reedham was perched. He spoke a few kind, almost tender words to the boy, and while he was speaking the head of the firm came in, smiling genially, as was his wont, on one and all.

"You seem very fond of that boy, Charlton," he remarked, as Charlton followed him to the private room. "I don't wonder at it; he's a promising lad, and his mother will be grateful, I am sure."

"She wrote to me to-day, thanking me," said Charlton, with some difficulty. "But it's a very trifling thing, after all. The initial kindness, the great service, was rendered by you."

"Ah, yes, that's very true; but more even depends on the environment after the chance is given. Now, that lad's spirit would be easily crushed. Put him under Turner, for instance. His jeers and jibes would soon take the heart out of a sensitive lad like that. I wish you'd tell me what to do with Turner, Charlton. I don't like him. I've tried to get over it, and be just to him, but something tells me I ought to get rid of him. He's merely an eye-servant, and a poor one at that. But I think of his wife and children; I am told he has five children, and at his age he wouldn't find a berth so easily. I fear I must endure him a little longer."

Charlton made no reply. He did not care for

the man, and could easily have proved a case against him. But gratitude for mercy vouchsafed to himself made him generous and forbearing towards others.

"Keep him on, sir," he said in a low voice, "as long as you possibly can. As you say, he will not easily find a berth."

"Well, since you plead his cause, I'll leave him in the meantime. But I wish I could feel more certain about him. I don't trust him, as perhaps I ought——"

Immediately he changed the subject, for there was much to discuss and settle regarding affairs at the Cape. Next afternoon Charlton left London with a wonderfully lightened heart, determined to put forth the most strenuous efforts on his employer's behalf, to leave no stone unturned to make his commission a success. Had Archibald Currie even faintly guessed what the success might mean to the man who had undertaken the journey, he could not have had a single qualm. But indeed he had none, and that evening, over the dinner table at his house in Hyde Park Square, he extolled him to the skies. Katherine seemed to listen so well-pleased that a curious thought—or, rather, intuition—flashed through Archibald Currie's mind. Seldom had she appeared so interested in any man.

"You still like Charlton, Katie?" he said enquiringly, as he took up the half glass of '47 port with which he invariably concluded his dinner.

"Yes, I like him," she frankly replied. "He is simple, honest, and sincere. And so much a gentleman. I would give something to know the story behind those eyes."

"And if it should be a discreditable story, as James assured me yesterday was most likely?"

"Nothing could make me believe that of Mr. Charlton," she replied, in the same firm, steady tone.

"Well, he's a lucky man to have gained your confidence—generally a difficult feat for his sex," observed the old man whimsically. "There's no doubt about his ability, at any rate; and my mind is extraordinarily at ease about the Cape affair. Well, I heard to-day of an old Dorset Manor House that may suit us, I think. Not too much land, but an ideal house, and the old oak in it they say is worth a king's ransom. Yet it's to be had cheap. It belongs at present to Gelderstein, the stock broker, who bought it from Lord Brinkwell. Shall we go down on Monday and look at it?"

Katherine was all interest at once, and they went on to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of country life, while Charlton, tossing on the English Channel, was thinking of the strange web of his fate, and speculating regarding its ultimate issue. Against his better judgment he had penned a note in a disguised hand from the boat at Plymouth to his own wife. It was unnecessary, also, since he had sent a verbal message of thanks by the boy. But the temptation was too great. A good many people in London thought of Charlton that night, the majority of those immediately interested wishing him well. Among them Mary Anne Webber, busy putting away all his things, having liberty to let the rooms if she could in his absence, pondered on the lapse of time, and how apparently, without regret, he had been able to live the solitary life. It was inexplicable to her. Mary Anne was an elemental creature. Cut her off from the usual routine of life, withdraw from her the ordinary family ties and obligations, and she would be at sea. She could not understand Charlton, she had given up trying. More than once she had hinted that it could not be right for his wife to remain in ignorance of his whereabouts, and on the morning of his departure he had called her in, and partly explaining the nature of his journey, had said that on his return all would be cleared up; with that she was obliged to be content. In the interval, however, another person intervened in time to hasten matters to a crisis.

Turner, by nature a spy, had easily discovered his rival's place of abode, as well as the very few and quite innocent facts regarding his private life. A mere suggestion thrown out by his wife, a stupid creature, at the best, had sent him off on a strange track regarding Charlton. When he discovered that Mary Anne Webber had once been a servant in Reedham's house at Norwood he began to piece the story together; Charlton's absence from London gave him an extraordinarily favorable chance to prosecute the enquiries which, if satisfactory to Turner himself, would put a very effective spoke in Charlton's wheel. There are men to whom no dirty work comes amiss. Turner was in no way troubled with any qualms regarding his underhand dealings where Charlton was concerned, and continued to proceed with them in a leisurely fashion. He had a final step in view, but was in no haste until Charlton should be well across the ocean.

It was the month of June, on a fine Saturday afternoon, when riding on the top of an omnibus all the way from Victoria, he arrived in Camden Road. He wore a light tweed suit, a straw hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; and he smoked hard all the way through the crowded streets, while he pondered on all the issues which might arise from that afternoon's work. If his suspicions should really prove to be correct, he was not even certain that he could not claim a reward from Scotland Yard. Just two years ago John Reedham had been badly wanted by the authorities. The excitement grew upon the spy, and he was glad to get off the omnibus at Brittannia, and take a brisk walk for the remainder of the way.

His visit was to Mrs. Webber, and he had decided upon a very bold move. He found the house without difficulty, having on two occasions shadowed Charlton almost to the door.

The exterior of No. 47 in the crescent was very trim and inviting, with its clean curtains and bright window boxes. A card with "Apartments" printed in bold letters in the sitting-room window furnished Turner with an excuse, if he required any, for intruding on Mrs. Webber.

Mary Anne was very busy getting ready to take her numerous brood out to tea at the house of her sister-in-law at Dalston, and was considerably flustered when Alice said a gentleman was in the sitting-room waiting to see her. She kept him waiting some few minutes, and was profuse in her apologies when she did appear at last, very red in the face, but resplendent in her Sunday clothes.

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said Turner smoothly "I'm in no hurry at all. Merely lookin' for rooms for a friend of mine. Saturday afternoon may be inconvenient for you, ma'am, but for a business man like myself it suits uncommonly well. Fact, it's the only time we have to do a little business."

"Yes, sir. I understands, but though the card is hup in the winder, it carn't be a permanency, as the gentleman wot 'as 'ad 'em is only away for six months, an' I promised to keep 'em ready against the time 'e comes back."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand," said Turner, and in spite of himself his voice betrayed a sort of trembling eagerness. "Fact is," he added, lowering his voice, and suddenly jerking his thumb vaguely round the room, "all fair and square here, Mrs. Webber, nobody but friends in this house, eh?"

"We are friendly folks, sir, yes," said Mary Anne, but a trifle drily, for she did not feel favorably impressed by the stranger, and his familiarity somehow annoyed her.

"Fact is, Mrs .Webber, I shouldn't have known of these lodgings except through the gentleman we needn't name. He recommended them to me."

"Did 'e? Well, it's queer 'e didn't tell me. 'E wasn't at all keen about my lettin' 'em, and would 'ave paid while he was away. But as I pointed out, it was a silly waste o' money; an' 'e 'avin' to spend so much travelin 'about. An I promised to put all 'is things away an' tike great care o' 'em. How long would your friend want the rooms for?"

"Till Mr. Charlton comes back. You see, we're all pals, we saw him the last thing before he sailed. We are in the know, you see, ma'am," he added, lowering his voice. "We were friends of John Reedham's before Thomas Charlton was ever heard of——"

He spoke the words deliberately, and watched with ferret eyes for signs of their effect on the woman listening to him. He saw her start, and a deepened flush overspread her face. But she shut her lips.

"I dunno what you're talkin' abart, sir," said she. "My Mister Charlton will be back this side o' Chrissmus. If any gentleman likes to tike the rooms knowin' 'e'll 'ave to turn hout the moment Mister Charlton come back 'e can 'ave them a sovring a week hand no extries."

Turner nodded and slightly winked. He had not perhaps achieved the instantaneous effect he had looked for, on the other hand he had not failed. The start, the flush, and the uneasy eye of Mary Anne told their tale. Turner was now absolutely convinced that Reedham and Charlton were one.

"Well, I'll tell my friend he may call next week to see the rooms. Meanwhile I'm certainly obliged to you, good-day."

"Good-day," answered Mary Anne with most unpromising severity, and as she closed the door another word escaped her lips. "Varmint!" She sat down trembling on the hall bench, and vigorously fanned her face with her handkerchief. She had very nearly given herself away, indeed she was not quite sure whether she had not done so wholly. The memory of Turner's eyes upon her when he had uttered Reedham's name made her feel cold yet. She was wholly miserable lest she had inadvertently wrought some mischief to the man she had so long befriended. Turner, sneak and spy, had found her off guard. She felt that though her spoken words had been all right, her looks had belied her.

The children came clamoring on the stairs to know when she would be ready to leave for the party, and with a sigh she was obliged to put her own misgivings on one side. To-morrow was Sunday, she told herself, as she gave little Tommy's collar a somewhat impatient jerk to bring it into position. Perhaps then she might steal an hour for quiet reflection. She would send the children to the park in the afternoon, and perhaps pay a visit to Burnham Road, Clapton, where Mrs. Reedham lived. She felt that this might be the right thing to do—something warned her that Turner was a person to be guarded against, and that he had treachery in his black heart regarding John Reedham. As Reedham had promised everything should be cleared up on his return from the Cape, there could be no great harm in letting the secret out. It was weighing on her so heavily she felt she could bear it no longer. At her sister's house in Kingsland Road she suddenly remembered how near she was to Clapton and how easily she might pay an experimental call on her old mistress. Alice Emily—otherwise Mrs. Higgins—made no objection to her leaving the company for an hour, having had the reason partly explained, and about six o'clock she got into the car in the High Street and proceeded out Clapton way. Mary Anne Webber, a Londoner born, was in her element seeking out new places. She found Burnham Road quite easily by a sort of homing instinct as it were. She began to feel very excited as she drew near the house, but reflecting that she could explain her call to Mrs. Reedham on perfectly natural grounds, she calmed herself with an effort and knocked at the door. She was disappointed with the appearance of the house. It did not look well-kept A little sigh escaped her as she recalled to memory the beautiful Norwood home in which her old mistress had taken such pride. She rang twice, and then a maid, out of the usual uniform, though quite neat and tidy, opened the door.

"Mrs. Reedham—no she ain't at home, and there ain't no Mrs. Reedham now," she said somewhat pertly.

"She lives here, don't she? My nime's Webber, I'm an old servant of 'ers, when she was at Norwood. Ain't this 'er address?"

"'As been, but never no more, thanks be to goodness," said the other one. "I think I've 'eard of you. Come in, won't cher, if you've come fur, an' I'll get yer a cup o' tea. I'm on me own jus' now. Keepin' open 'ouse fer Master Leslie till they comes back."

Mary Anne looked completely mystified, and after a moment's hesitation accepted the invitation to step inside. Her new friend conducted her to the little kitchen at the back, which looked upon the garden and was a very cool and shady place on a hot afternoon.

"The stove's hout, but I can boil the kettle in a trice on the gas ring. Sit down, Mrs. Webber. Well, ain't this a how-dye-do?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mary Anne desperately. "Whatever are you talkin' abart?"

The damsel bustled about quietly, with the important air of one who knew great secrets, but was in no hurry to impart them.

"My, ain't it 'ot fer May? I was that glad yer carn't think to git the stove off. I'm to begin turnin' hup to-morrow, only keepin' Master Leslie's room rite till they comes back."

"Where is Marster Leslie. I should like dearly to see him."

"No; 'e's gone down to 'em to-day in the country. Not at liberty to say where. It's a secret, like it always is in 'igh society," said the damsel, with her finger on her lips. "Missis only told me 'erself yesterday. But everybody'll know this week—leastways, all them as 'as any business. There 'ear the kettle singing'; it's the cutest ring yer ever saw. The pore gel's friend, I should christen it, I should——"

"What is it they're going to tell Marster Leslie, an' who's they?" enquired Mary Anne, with a desperate note in her voice. She did not know what she was going to hear, she only felt a great and growing apprehension, rapidly approaching panic.

"Well, as you're a friend of the fambly, so ter speak, I suppose I may tell yer. There ain't no Mrs. Reedham now; an' pore, dear, she must a bin mighty glad to get rid o' that nime. It ain't ever done 'er no good. But there's a Mrs. George Lidgate now, of 13 Cranbrook Terrace, Regent's Park; a lovely house, with double drorin-room. It's nearly settled, I think, though Missis, I know, was keen on the country. It was only thinkin' on Master Leslie, she said she'd live in London——"

To the damsel's astonishment, the visitor threw up her hands.

"God-a-mighty, it's a lie; it carn't be true. Why——"

She drew herself up sharply there, remembering what mischief is wrought by careless talk. But she moaned, and leaned upon her chair, rocking herself distressingly to and fro.

CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN.

REEDHAM returned to Southampton in November, by which time war had been declared in South Africa, and the long tragedy in England had begun. So rapidly had the time passed, so full of events had it been, that he could scarcely realize that six months had actually elapsed since he left England. He had left in the glory and glow of an English summer, he returned to find winter on the landscape and winter in the souls of men.

By the steamer in which he had his passage were the first batch of wounded from the front, consigned to Netley, where they were sadly, yet eagerly, waiting for them. The great leviathan moved to her dock with a stately dignity, almost as if she felt the importance of her mission. Charlton, standing impatiently on the deck, glanced with but a casual interest at the small crowd gathered on the quay. Among that crowd there would be none to welcome him. A fine, thin rain was falling through the soundless air, and a dense mist hung low over Southampton Water, obscuring the great hospital on the one side and the fringes of the New Forest on the other. It was a dismal, depressing day, reflective of the deep, almost sullen, depression in every Englishman's soul.

Charlton, it may be at once said, had been extraordinarily successful in the object of his journey. He had arrived at a moment the most opportune, and armed with full credentials and power to act immediately, according to his judgment, he had made excellent terms for his employer.

He found that he possessed organizing powers of a high order, these coupled to a conciliatory manner, and ability to work smoothly with all sorts and conditions of men, stood him in good stead.

The opportunity for securing a large share of the transport trade consequent upon a sudden and serious civil war, was certainly unique.

(To be continued.)

HYGIENE FOR RURAL SCHOOLS

The Third Article on the Schools Which Are Making Citizens

By A. A. BACKUS, M.D.

TO sum up the suggestions in our former articles upon this question we will divide this one under four heads, viz.: Light, ventilation, drinking water and seating.

In the first place the fact that so many school children suffer from some form of eye trouble shows plainly there must be something wrong in the lighting of our schoolhouses. The difficulty in cities is sometimes unavoidable, because of the difficulty in procuring open space, but in the rural schools this is never the case. Therefore it is always possible to have sufficient light if care is taken in arranging for windows. To get the best effect windows must reach within a few inches of the ceiling. Lighting from the sides is considered by most of our architects insufficient, and by an oculist impracticable. Therefore the easiest remedy is to have windows at the back as well as at the sides of the schoolrooms. The windows ought to have square rather than Gothic tops, and no projecting outside casing or ornaments to cut off the light. Awnings are undesirable, as are yellow, white and red shades. A neutral grey tint is best, and the same neutral grey tint carried out on the inside walls is pleasant to the eye. Dr. F. Lincoln, M.D., writes: "It is a cardinal rule that no one shall be forced to face the windows while reading or otherwise exercising his sight. Therefore no windows must be in front of the scholars. Excessive use, even under favorable conditions, wearies the eye. It seems well proved that in general, students who spend longer hours over home lessons are affected by near-sight in larger proportions." Poor light not only fatigues the eye, but also induces the pupil to bring the eye closer to the book.

The eye of a child has an astonishing faculty of seeing things at the distance of two or three inches—and this cannot be done except by the "muscle of accommodation" and in using this muscle, which arranges the focus, there is a change in the shape of the eyeball. An eye in this condition is working in a state of tension and if too long continued is liable to produce permanent change in the form of the shape which produces eventually the near-sighted eye.

□

THIS peculiarity of accommodation also makes it difficult to get children to obey the physiological laws of distance, particularly as there are so many faults in the school furniture to encourage this defect. Separation of the seat from the desk rather than having the desk partly over the seat is one fault, a desk too high in proportion to seat is another, and the stooping position of children in writing is not only bringing the eyes too close to the object, and consequently harmful to them, but the body as well.

During childhood, while the tissues are soft and in formation, it is easy to acquire any deformity, and the eye of the growing child is peculiarly liable to conform to wrong adjustments which are sometimes difficult to connect with any form of lens. The limit at which a book should be held from the eye for small children is from nine to fourteen inches, for larger children, fifteen or sixteen inches, and in the well-lighted schoolroom with properly adjusted desks and seats, there will be little difficulty in getting the pupils to adopt this "physiological" distance. Hypermetropia—long-sight—is a common trouble, astigmatism is also common, both of which are aggravated by poor lighting, and require the attention of an expert medical doctor.

A poorly lighted schoolroom is not only the cause of abnormal conditions of the eye, but the cause of general ill health as well. Sunlight must enter the schoolroom, and will enter it if proper attention has been given to the lighting. Ventilation is a part of lighting, for without that there can be no proper ventilation. When we remember that for every scholar there should be an allowance of two hundred and fifty cubic feet of space, this air space being renewed and changed from time to time, it is easily seen that in no way can that change be brought about so readily and so well as through the open windows.

□

AS schoolhouses are now built, ventilation must be carried out through open windows. Until the system of ventilation by flues is more perfect than it is at present. There must be, even when flues exist, an additional income of fresh air through the windows. This is accomplished by lifting up the lower sash and lowering the upper sash: window boards are placed under the lower sash, filling the entire space, the air entering the crack between the sashes. In this way all direct drafts of air are avoided.

Heating and ventilating go hand in hand, and in our rural schools both are left to the care of the teacher. Here we have wood fires, and often the fuel is green, so that under the very best management the temperature will vary from 50 degrees to 85 degrees, and a thermometer is something almost unknown in the country schoolhouse. The only way to discover the amount of heat or cold is that teachers and children are burning or freezing.

There are some ventilating stoves now on the market, and no doubt, although they cannot supply a quantity of air sufficient with the needs of a school, yet they are good as far as they go.

Fireplaces in private houses are remedies for bad ventilation, but are not equal to the requirements of a school, although a partial remedy in some cases.

The great difficulty in ventilating schools in cold weather is that the impurities in the air cannot be got rid of by themselves, and as the question is not of pure air, our only remedy being to dilute the air by letting out some that is foul and letting in some that is pure. In some cases there is a greater fear of too much dilution by fresh air than of contamination by foul, as children and teacher suffer the consequences of the present conditions through many years to come, and without doubt many patients in consumption hospitals to-day are now paying the penalty of bad ventilation in the schools which they in childhood attended. Of so great consequence is the ventilation of schoolrooms that the thought governing the mind of the architect ought to be, "How can we get rid of the bad air from the exhalations from all these lungs? How can we introduce enough pure air properly warmed to feed these same lungs?" Every device of flues, fireplaces, ventilating stoves, windows, sunlight, ought to be considered and introduced in rural schoolhouses regardless of present cost, as it will be a better investment for the future than even Weston Farm, and will enable the children to develop into strong, vigorous men and women.

□

SOME teachers of the present day have very wisely introduced the custom of opening the windows for a few minutes during school hours, and at the same time giving the children some form of calisthenics. If a school is so fortunate as to own a piano a musical march or drill of five or ten minutes' duration does a great deal of good, helps discipline, relaxes the tension of the mind, relieves the eye and prevents any tendency to take cold from the open windows as the pure air comes in, and the contaminated air escapes. Perhaps there is no greater need in the physical development to-day than increased breathing capacity. This could be greatly encouraged by suggestion during exercise.

There can be no more profitable education than that which fits each for the everyday duties of life, and surely the knowledge of hygiene, or the laws of health, is most important, and this teaching should be practical rather than theoretical, carried out every day in the school life and its adjustments.

Light and ventilation are the most important sanitary agents, and put the body in condition to withstand the onsets of disease.

Care of drinking water for school children is often neglected, and the custom of all pupils drinking from one common cup is not only unsanitary, but has a tendency to develop habits of carelessness and an indifference to the common and "sweet civilities of life." There is a form of nervous drinking by children, and much water is taken which is not needed at all. If you have noticed children in the train, you know the constant running up and down to and from the drinking cup. This is not so much evidence of thirst as of an uncontroled nervousness. This same thing is carried out in school, and many children if not checked will drink fifteen or sixteen cups of water each day. This causes distended stomachs, and results eventually in some form of indigestion difficult to correct. That the supply of drinking water should be uncontaminated is so evident it would seem unnecessary to write of it, but the condition of the pumps and platforms at the wells in the rural school grounds so often indicates a disregard of ordinary cleanliness, we cannot but call attention to the need of care in this respect.

Pure drinking water, individual drinking cups, a proper pitcher from which to pour it, are some of the requisites to remember in the water supply. The obvious disregard of the comfort of school children is evident in the manner of supplying seats and desks for the pupils, and that this very disregard is the cause of physical deformities there is no doubt. The rarity of a well-formed body is a disgrace to the race; in the lower animals deformity is most uncommon, but probably ninety per cent. of all children after the age of fourteen show some lack of symmetry acquired at school from improper seating, the attitude taken at the desks when writing, and the lolling habits indulged in, both at school and at home.

Perhaps of all the departments in school hygiene to be considered, that of the country privy is most needed, and if the checking of youthful immorality is desirable, here is a splendid place from which to work. "Unclean! unclean!" is the cry of this wooden leper from its ever prominent position in the rural school grounds.

The sanitation and beautifying of our rural schools means so much to the education as well as the health of the pupils that only from the educational side it is worthy of consideration. Children coming from well-regulated, sanitary, orderly schools must bring ideals of health and system which will be carried out in their own homes later on, and the three greatest elements towards health are light, ventilation, proper physical development.

The Home Grounds

By C. ERNEST WOOLVERTON

THERE is perhaps no subject on which opinion differs so widely as on the ideal treatments of home grounds. Why this is so, and what home owners should do to strike the right trail, I will endeavor to explain.

First, why is it that in walking down a city street or along the country road, you pass homes which you not only see, but feel that the surroundings belong to the home and the home to the surroundings. One seems a part of the other. And again you pass homes that at once give you a feeling of something wrong—out of place, and not the homelike surroundings of the former place.

Let us suppose that each person belonging to the two different types of homes has had equal advantages in building up his home and surroundings. Neither have employed expert aid and neither have an expert knowledge of landscape work. Then, why the difference? Why has one succeeded where the other has failed? Is it not because each person has displayed his own individual taste? Now the one person's taste was educated along right lines while the other's was not. I do not mean by that that either person had studied landscape art, but simply that the one's good taste would express itself in whatever he did in dress, in the inside or the outside of his home, etc., while the other's would be vice versa Therefore, if you wish to have beautiful homes and home surroundings, you must first educate your taste to appreciate that which is good.

The reader may ask: How are we to know what is really good or bad taste in landscape art? How are we to educate our tastes along this line? I would reply by asking you, for instance, if you intended to acquire good taste in your dress, how would you go about it? Would you order a suit made up just because the goods were of the latest fashion or would you select a color and pattern that would best suit your own requirements. Or again, if you were furnishing and decorating the interior of your home and had no expert advice, would you choose furniture, wall coverings, draperies and rugs without taking into consideration the fitness and harmony of each when brought into their respective relations. If you use your judgment and common sense you would not. In the first instance. you would first study what color and style of clothes were most becoming to you. In the second instance, if your house was colonial architecture, you would wish for colonial furnishings and colors in draperies, upholstering and rugs that would harmonize one with the other. Therefore, you will see that in educating your taste along any line whatever you must not only study and consider the individual merits of the parts, but these parts must harmonize when brought into relationship one with the other.

This applies directly to the ideal treatment of your home grounds. If you are to make a success of laying out your own grounds you must think not only of the merits of each component part, but these parts must be placed and arranged so as to form an harmonious whole. You are, in fact, making an outdoor picture and using real models instead of brush and color. Just as the artist in painting a picture always has some central object or feature with all other parts of the picture in subordination, so you must plan your home surroundings. Your home is the central feature in the picture you are making. You must group your large trees and shrubs to the rear to form a background or setting for the home, and if your lawn is spacious enough, frame in the sides with massed shrubbery, trees and flowers. Always keep an open unbroken expanse of turf in the front and widening as it recedes from the house. Use the brighter colored flowers and shrubbery near the house, being careful that the colors harmonize, and, as you recede, tone the colors down to dull greys and greens.

Do not place any formal flower beds on your lawn. They belong to formal work and should be kept for the formal gardens. Such a garden must have a reason for existence. It must be built on some produced axis of the house and be connected to the house by one or more straight walks and located preferably in the rear.

For instance, you may have a living room with a door or French window located at the rear, and on the centre axis of the room. Now produce the axis from the door by a straight walk leading to some architectural terminus. With this, then, as your major axis, the formal garden may be designed.

As to hard and fast rules, none can be given, for each and every place requires a different treatment according to location, surroundings and existing natural features. I can only say that in planning your own grounds each one must use good common sense and good taste. Think not only of the different flowers and shrubs that you wish to include on your lawn, but think of the composition as a whole. Your success depends proportionately on the amount of harmony that you are able to produce. The design, of course, must fit; that is, it must be in keeping with the surroundings or lack of harmony would result. Study to make your home homelike, try to give it that feeling of repose and rest which only comes through unity of design, by avoiding loud and gaudy colorings and by using colors that rest the eye instead of dazzling it.

THE GARDEN AT "FLAGCOURT," RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN FIRSTBROOK, TORONTO

Artistic Porch Boxes

By C. A. BARRY

WHEN it is not convenient to cultivate flowers in beds, resort may be had to the use of boxes on the porch or veranda. Pretty porch boxes, containing bright-hued flowering plants, add to the attractiveness of the home, whether there is a garden or not.

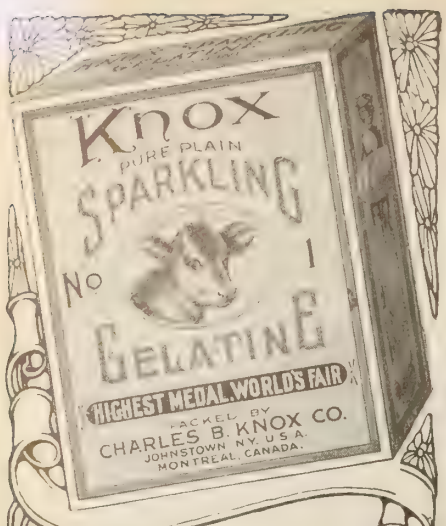
Any strong box that is long and narrow with a depth of six or seven inches will be suitable for the purpose. It may be painted the color of the house or be of a contrasting shade. Green is most useful as it harmonizes with the foliage of the plants the box contains.

For an interesting effect the box might be covered with rough bark. Large pieces should be selected. This scheme makes an ornament of the box itself. When filled with blooming plants and trailing vines the effect is very pleasing.

In the bottom of porch boxes a layer of barnyard manure should be placed. It is not necessary to provide for drainage as the excessive moisture will escape through the crevices in the box. The soil needs to be quite rich. If an abundance of water is used almost any plants will do well.

If geraniums are to be used young and thrifty plants should be secured. Petunias and nasturtiums give good satisfaction in boxes. Foliage plants are favorites for the purpose, and a fern or two is a pleasing addition. Crowding should be avoided. Do not forget to provide lots of water.

AN INTERESTING DETAIL OF THE GARDEN AT "FLAGCOURT," RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN FIRSTBROOK.
Chadwick and Beckett, architects. Courtesy of *Construction*.



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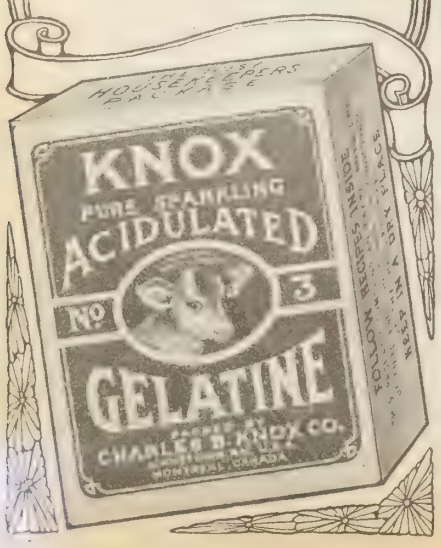


With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

The Winter Adventure

WE have received from our young friends quite a number of letters on the subject of a winter adventure—and have found a variety of experiences narrated by the writers. In next month's JOURNAL we expect to announce the names of the prize-winners, and hope that we shall be able soon to announce also another competition. In the meantime, write to us and let us know how you are geting on. Some of you forget, and write on both sides of the page. This is breaking the rules—and you must remember in future to write on one side only.

Some Winter Letters

Gore Bay, Ont., Jan. 30, 1912.

Dear Editor:

Seeing that a competition on "A Winter Adventure" was open, I decided to send in a description of one of my adventures.

One beautiful winter afternoon (when my cousins were visiting me) we decided to go out sleigh-riding. The day being appointed, we were ready when the sleigh arrived at the door to take us to the hill immediately after dinner.

Soon we were flying over the new-fallen snow, delighted with the thoughts of the beautiful afternoon we had planned to have.

When we came to the hill which was very well beaten, because the boys and girls went coasting there frequently, we saw a number of our friends who had arrived in advance.

After enjoying ourselves immensely for about two hours, my brother returned to take us to his house for tea.

On our way, I am sorry to relate, the horses became frightened at a couple of dogs fighting on the road, and ran into the ditch, sending us flying in the snow. Fortunately no one was severely injured. After geting the sleigh and horses on the road we were once more on our way.

We soon arrived at my brother's, and I was very pleasantly surprised by seeing an old friend of my father's and mother's, who had been traveling around for years. We knew he would have many interesting stories to relate. After partaking of a delicious supper and hearing some of his very interesting stories we started for home, taking my friend with us.

We soon arrived home, tired but happy, and our little adventure was brought to a close.

My little cousins soon went away, and I was very sorry when they were gone.

Aged 11 ETHEL MCCRACKEN.

I certify that this is the sole work of Ethel

MRS. T. MCCRACKEN.

* * *

Dear Ethel:

This is a very nicely-written letter for a young person eleven years of age. I am a little uncertain about the whereabouts of Gore Bay, but think it is on Manitoulin Island. If this is correct, then you are a very fortunate girl, for I remember how beautiful that island seemed when I visited it many years ago. Write to us again.

JOHNNIE CANUCK IN WESTERN COSTUME

Hampton, Ont., Jan. 15th, 1912.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am just going to tell you about the place where I live. I am ten years old, and live in the village of Hampton. It is in the township of Darlington, the county of Durham, and the province of Ontario. It is about fifty miles from Toronto. I go by rail on the C.N.R. My father keeps a store, and I am going to try to help him when I get older. We grow apples, pears, grapes, turnips, mangels, and other things here. We have a great deal of snow at present. Skating in this place is very good. In the summer I go boat riding and bathing. I enjoy going to Toronto, because I have a sister up there. We have just one church here; it is a Methodist, but we have a good Sunday School. We have about one hundred and thirty scholars, when all are present. I go to Sunday School, and I have a lovely teacher; her name is Mrs. Kerslake. I go to school; it is called S. S. No. 11. I am in the third book. There are seven boys in my class. We have one mill here. I think I have told you all, so I will close now. Hoping Cousin Clover much success with the letters,

Yours truly,

MILTON AVERY.

This is to certify that the above letter was written and composed by himself.

Yours respectfully,

RICHARD AVERY.

* * *

My Dear Milton:

So you are a Durham boy! I belong to that good old county, too, and was born in Canton, near Port Hope, ever so long ago. So I have always been fond of Durham, and am glad to receive such a well-written letter from you.

Orillia, Feb. 17th, 1912.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am sending you a composition for the competition, title, "A Winter Adventure." This is quite true, and happened last winter.

One afternoon, about two o'clock, my brother and I started for the "Muskoka Hill," one mile to the north of us. Reg. was pulling our new "Mountain Flyers," which we received at Christmas. The Muskoka Hill is quite steep, and is situated at the extreme north of our beautiful town. By the time we reached the summit we were slightly tired.

The hill was coated with ice, which made it good for coasting. Reg. sat at the front and steered. We needed no shoving, so I jumped on and we started to descend at a rapid rate. The first ride we were successful enough not to have an upset. The second time we weren't quite so successful. Near the foot of the hill there is a huge tree in the centre of the sidewalk. Each time Reg. had to steer to one side, but this time he hadn't measured the distance accurately enough. One side of the bobs touched the tree, and over we went into the deep ditch. We picked ourselves up, and were relieved to find no bones broken, but bruises, we had plenty of them.

Neither of us were at all alarmed, so ascended the hill the third time. Just as we reached the summit, we saw our cousin, come in from the country in his cutter. He called to us to race his new racer down the hill. We called back, "Ready." One, two, three, go! We both started at the word "Go." For a while we kept in advance, but having to turn out for the pine tree stopped us some. George (our cousin) said he was surprised, because he never dreamed we could go so fast.

We ascended once again, and Reg. said, "See that side street, Ruth; let us turn down it for a change." We did so, and this time took the road. Neither of us thought of the railroad track or the time. We were going at our highest speed, and never noticed or heard the 4.20 p.m. train coming, until we were right in the centre of the track. Luckily for us the bobs never stopped, or we should have been crushed to death.

We both concluded we would have no more rides on that hill. We went up the Muskoka Hill, then jumped on and rode down. Our father was out driving, and just happened to come around the corner as we got off the bobs. We were driven home, left the bobs there, and went for a drive. While out driving we came upon other children coasting. My brother and I decided the next time we went coasting we would try the west end, where there were no railroad tracks.

Yours sincerely,

RUTH ROBINSON.

Age 14. Certified, MRS. A. ROBINSON.

AN EASTER LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY

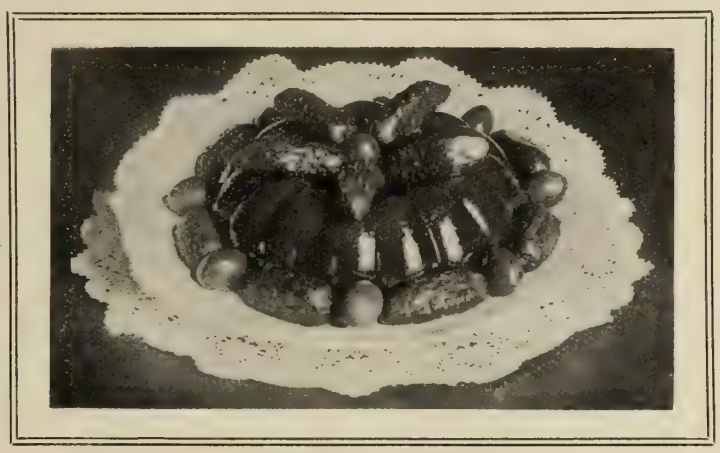
MARY H. NORTHEND

WITH the many suitable decorations purchasable at slight cost, the arrangement of the Easter luncheon table is a simple matter. No season of the year, with the possible exception of Christmas, boasts a more complete array of appropriate adornment, and the many pretty flowers typical of springtime afford to the Easter table the same sense of fitness and beauty, as do the lovely greens of December woods to the Christmas scheme.

One effective theme is described as a blossom table. Here the dainty cherry blossom, with its delicately tinted petals, is used as the central feature. Clusters of this fragrant bloom have been massed with wide spreading ferns into a green and white wicker basket, sounding the keynote of the color scheme. Tiny white candy rabbits outline the basket base, and between the projecting ends of the fern mat, crystal candlesticks, with green tapers, lend a decorative touch. Good-sized bunnies, with green ribbon bows tied around their necks, serve as favors, and the bon-bon dishes are small green and white baskets filled with egg-shaped green and white candies. There is not an inharmonious note in the entire theme, and the restfulness of the coloring renders this table particularly attractive.

Jonquils and narcissi may be used to excellent effect in an Easter luncheon scheme. Combined with ferns or smilax either is sure to prove wonderfully attractive. One of the prettiest tables I have seen showed a central arrangement of the former. Into a round tin pan, filled with moist sand, jonquils were solidly massed on an outline of curly fern leaves. Smilax covered the pan base, and surrounding the whole were tendrils of this same pretty greenery looped into wide half-circles. Brass candle holders, equipped with yellow candles, graced the several loops, and the completed arrangement in its effective coloring of green and gold was most artistic. Small ducklings served as place cards, and for favors, yellow egg-shaped boxes, filled with candies, were used.

The star-like narcissus permits of a wider scope of treatment than the jonquil, the slenderness of the bloom adapting itself to any number of artistic effects. One pretty scheme shows as a central feature a narcissi-filled birch bark covered basket, depended by smilax tendrils from the chandelier, directly above a circular mirror, wreathed in smilax, studded with narcissi. Small crystal candlesticks, with white tapers, outline the whole, and ropes of smilax extend from the candle holders to each plate. Egg-shaped boxes or baskets, filled with candies, and tied with yellow ribbons to match the gold of the narcissi centres, can be used as favors with this scheme, and for place cards simple white cards adorned in one corner with a spray of narcissi will be attractive.



BEEF TONGUE IN JELLY

POTATO SNOW

OYSTER PIE

As to the menu suitable for an Easter luncheon, any number of attractive and appetizing dishes suggest themselves as appropriate. The following is offered as an idea:

Corn Soup

Olives — Nuts

Jellied Tongue.

Oyster Pies

Potato Snow — Buttered Peas

Tomato Salad

Compote of Pears with Rice

Cake

Coffee

CORN SOUP—Press one can of corn through the colander and add to one quart of boiling milk. Season to taste with butter, pepper and salt. Serve hot.

JELLIED TONGUE—Cook beef tongue until tender, cool and slice. Fill a mould with alternate layers of the tongue and aspic jelly. When hard, unmould on a lace paper doily, and garnish with tiny gherkins and olives. To make the aspic jelly, soak half a box of gelatine until soft. Add to one and one-half pints of clear beef stock mixed with the white of one egg beaten with one spoonful of the cold stock. Season with salt, pepper, two cloves, and one large slice of onion, if desired. Let come to a boil and then strain.

OYSTER PIES—Make generous shells of good puff paste, bake and fill with hot oysters in cream sauce. Top each pie with slightly slated whipped cream and garnish with halves of pimolas. To make the puff paste, take two teaspoons of baking powder and one teaspoon of salt and mix with one quart of sifted flour. Then sift the whole. Measure one teacup of butter and one of lard, hard and cold. Rub the lard into the flour until very fine, smooth paste. Then add one-half cup of ice water, mixed with a beaten white of egg, to mix very stiff dough. Roll out into thin sheet, spread one-fourth teacupful of butter, sprinkle over with little flour, then roll up closely in long roll like a scroll, double ends toward centre, flatten and re-roll, then spread again with another one-fourth teacupful of butter. Repeat this operation until butter is used. Put it in an earthen dish, cover with cloth and set in a cool place. Let it remain until cold before making pie cases.

TOMATO SALAD—Slice six ripe tomatoes and lay on bed of parsley. Serve with dressing of vinegar, salt, pepper and oil. Garnish with pimolas.

COMPOTE OF PEARS WITH RICE—Cook a cup of rice till soft and put into a double boiler with one cup of milk, half a cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Cook to the consistency of soft custard, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs, and pour over a dish of fresh or canned pears. Garnish with slices of pear and candied cherries.

Mustard and Cress

TWO small salad plants, each of the *cruciferaceae, dwell* yearly in the kitchen garden, occupying small patches of ground, which they enrich with the brightness of their vivid greenery. One is white mustard, near akin to *Sinapis Nigra,* which gives us the biting, yellow condiment of our tables, the other is *Lepidium Sativum,* the garden cress, excellent in the salad dish, famous as an accompaniment or garnish with cold meat.

Tossed in oil and vinegar, a very little of *Sinapis Alba,* the white mustard, with its companion cress, Lepidium, goes a long way in giving zest to a cold dinner. Eaten with a good mayonnaise sauce or salad dressing, the mixed cress is equally good. Made into green butter, it is delicious at tea time, the succulent leaves, juicy and sharp, blending with the fat.

The green butter is made by chopping the cress as finely as mint is chopped for mint sauce. Then equal quantities of the cress and mustard will be worked up with butter, half and half of each being the rule. The green butter, formed into dainty pats, set with pats of plain butter in a glass dish, is very nice for tea. It makes a pretty sandwich also.

Mustard, like cress, is an annual, bidden to depart at once when autumn brings frosty nights. White mustard lacks a property called sinigrin that is found in the black musard, otherwise the two are identical. In the salad bed, however, only the seed leaves of the mustard are wanted, hence the fixed oil that comes from the seed itself is not developed. Fifty seeds of mustard weigh one grain, and the tiny seed leaves that emerge from these minute specks of protoplasm are charged with some of their pungency.

What one Man has Done

Several years ago E. D. Smith felt that there was a demand in Canada for a line of absolutely pure Preserves and Jams.

His faith was so strong that he spent thousands of dollars in equipping up-to-date, sanitary kitchens in Winona, right in the garden of Canada, where he could preserve the fruit picked just when in perfect condition and without having it shipped half ripe in dusty cars, where freedom of contamination was impossible.

The motto of Absolute Purity has been followed ever since starting until now these goods can be found on every high class grocer's shelves in all parts of Canada.

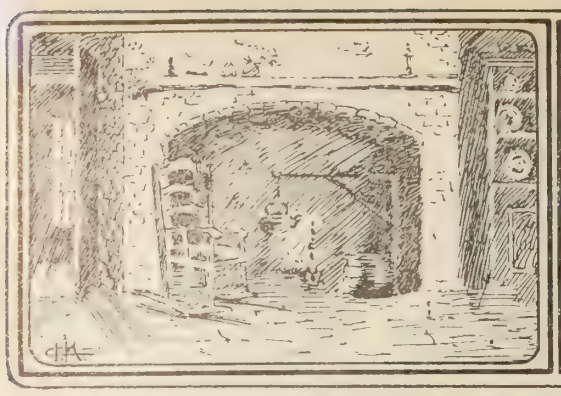
"Purity" means that the true flavor has not been spoiled by the use of preservatives or glucose and you may always feel sure when buying a packing bearing this trade mark

E D S

that you can enjoy eating the contents.

Preserves
Jams
Marmalade
Catsup
Jellies
Grape Juice

E. D. Smith
Winona, Ont.



AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

Out over the great wide prairies we go,
Through lofty mountain peaks white-capped with snow,
Away to the end of the track.
Through villages small, towns, and cities great,
Till we reach the port of the Golden Gate,
To the broad Pacific and back.

WESTWARD HO!

"I'M off fer the West to-morray," a man said to his chum.

"How far are yez goin', Mike?"

"Jist as far as the thrain will take me."

"Begorra, an' I'd like to go wid yez."

"Sure, now, an' I'd like to go mesilf," said I in my heart, but it looked a long way off. And true enough, it has been a long time since I heard that, but the reality has come at last. I find myself packing the new steamer trunk, gathering together from all corners of the house the things I will need, and many, I suppose, that will go along for the trip. "Take as little as possible," warns one friend, and "Take plenty of stuff along, for you don't know what you may need," cautions another. I filled the trunk and toilet satchel too; handbag likewise, and before I reached Fort William found I had forgotten my tooth brush. Ah, well, I console myself, better that than "me shpecks," for then I could not write at all, at all.

The train is an hour late, so I seat myself at the table in the handsomely equipped waiting-room of the C.P.R., and haul out a handful of postals I addressed yesterday, also my new fountain pen, and proceed to inform my relations and friends of the trip that is rapidly materializing. In the midst of it all, in steams the great mogul of an engine, with its long string of cars, and faces peering through the frosted panes, as we hurry along to where the porter stands with his stool. Hurried good-byes, up the steps, followed by the man and the grips, into the coach where sleepy people are just emerging from behind the curtains; take a seat anywhere until we are placed "All aboard," from outside; toot-toot, the wheels begin to move; we're off for the West, and our tickets take us "as far as the thrain kin go," right until we run into the Pacific Ocean, and farther, for that is at Vancouver, and we sail right on to Victoria, which is the jumping-off place, for certain, because it sits secure on its "right little, tight little island."

WHO are *we*, do you ask? I sphoke of the man and his grips follerin' me in. Now, who do you suppose would be darin' to do that but me ouwn ould man, and whisper, it's off on a silver weddin' honeymoon thrip we are, so we are! Yis, that's the thruth I'm tellin yez. 'Tis a memorable day this, when after twenty-five years we set sail on another "tower." I am thinking of that other day, and have been resolving that I'll be just as "pacable" and tractable during this journey as I was in the long ago, that I'll not permit any propensities that have developed in the quarter of a century in the line of managing a man to interfere with his happiness in arranging to give me this holiday.

More than that, I can be perfectly happy in my corner of the luxurious car, if he spends hours of the journey in the smoking compartment. I can lie back on the cushions and close my eyes and day-dream. I can take time to go slowly backward over the years, I can rest my hands in my lap, and then I can smile when he sits opposite me with a cheery "Well, how are you getting along?" and not even feel a pang because he stayed out of my range of vision. That's the difference in the two trips—I ask no questions. You see he is twenty-five years older, and so am I, and again whisper, women don't expect as much attention on silver wedding trips, because they have more sense, and understand their husbands better. Then the bond has cemented between the two lives—or should be—and they have confidence in each other, an abiding trust that somehow is delineated in the face, a smoothing over of little tyrannical ways on the one side, and selfishness, perhaps, on the other; the women do not recognize their failing, and the men, bless 'em, they mean well!

I have always held that an occasional trip from home is a necessity for every woman. It lifts her out of her usual surroundings, and sets her brain thinking in a new direction, and a new world of thought has been the means of saving a person's reason at times. One gets tired physically and mentally, and a change of scene rests the strained nerves, and awakens fresh vigor. When I have traveled around for two or three months, and am set down at my own door again, my pulses beat time to the joy I feel. The lassitude is gone, the weariness fled, and as I hang my belongings in the closets, or place them in the drawer, there is a song in my heart that wells out in "There's no place like home." The simple breakfast of toast and coffee outshines all the menu cards of train and hotel. Coffee—made as I like it, clear, amber, not too strong, and cream right off the top of the bottle; toast, hot, made to suit my taste, ah, away with the long list of fruit, fish, eggs, meat, omelettes, etc., that are so tempting on paper, and tasteless on the plate. It is good to wash the dishes, to wield the broom, to brighten the silver, even to wash and scrub. Give your wife a trip, man, whenever you can arrange it, if only for a day, a week, a month. It pays, yes, doubly; she will come back happy; she will appreciate the homely things that make up so much of woman's life; she will be grateful for the blessings of her home, no mater how small or plain.

WINNIPEG! the hub of the West, with its cosmopolitan population, its broad streets, its splendid educational institutions, and magnificent churches, not mentioning the stores, and our own Toronto Eaton's, where we can shop, and have tea, and hunt bargains. Oh, the delight of again wandering through Eaton's, and when tired, quietly writing in the rest room, letters to our friends! The hum of the city sounds good after the barren country through which we traveled to reach there, just rocks and trees—not maple, either—and frozen rivers and lakes, with some villages scattered along the road. No nice farm lands, with comfortable brick houses and large frame barns like in old Ontario. Judging by the rabbit tracks on the otherwise unbroken and unsullied snow banks, there must be millions of those small animals in that territory. It was interesting to note the criss-cross racing in and out among the trees. What unmolested gambols they must enjoy!

But back to Winnipeg and the Royal Alexandra. That is "some hotel," to use a popular phrase, and within five minutes after our entrance there was an expression of loyalty that was good to witness. The orchestra was closing its evening programme, and as the first notes of "God Save the King" were struck, every man in that vast rotunda rose to his feet and remained standing until the close of the national anthem. It did me good, all honor to our king and country. Everything around that palatial hotel was on a grand scale, even to the prices, which are startling at times, when the "tips" are added in, but one becomes more used to that as they journey westward. Winnipeg has grown enormously since our last visit six years ago, and despite its rigorous climate, people are crowding in and making business and homes.

The next break in our journey was Calgary. Such a surprise there, with its real estate population of sixty thousand—the real count being some thousands less. It is a busy city, a delightful place, and bids soon to outrival its neighbors, but there is no telling in this land of mushroom growths what will develop in a few years. One can only stand amazed at the conditions as they exist in those places of phenomenal increase for the few years of their existence. There we shook hands with many old friends and neighbors, and formed new acquaintances, rubbed up against the hustling crowd, took in the view from the highest vantage point, and renewed our journey filled with a profound respect for Calgary and its possibilities.

THE trip through the mountains must be seen to be appreciated. Lovers of scenery, mighty and stupendous, would find their longings gratified in the grandeur of those lofty peaks piercing the sky. The immensity fills one with wonder and awe. They tell me the day must be bright to reveal the beauty of the magnificent panorama, but we were not so favored, the skies being clouded; however, my impressions are none the less vivid and memorable. It was entrancing to behold the vastness, straining the eye to reach the top, then a sudden plunge into the inky blackness of a tunnel, emerging again into the welcome light. How like our lives, I thought, is this journey through the mountains! We sail along smoothly, and then right in our path a mountain looms up. Sometimes we make a circuit around it, again we cut through the difficulties, hewing a hard but sure pathway; we are plunged into the darkness of despair where we see no ray of light, then a gleam of hope appears, and on we glide again. The spaces between the dark passages are sometimes close, then at longer distances, the stops are where we are laid aside from sickness or other causes, the outlook is bright and variable as our anticipations, the views are fleeting like our pleasures, the journey is often irksome, like many of our duties, but we are borne along by an unseen but irresistible influence until the goal is reached.

As we sped along in our luxurious coach, mile after mile on the southern side of the Thomson River, we saw the C.N.R. in its incipient stages, sort of blazing the trail in places, and again blasting operations, or the roadbed was in course of preparation, men and machinery being in evidence. In fancy we could see, ere long, another giant engine speeding along the mountain side, carrying the living cargo, and the tremendous freight that must be the product of the vast and resourceful country through which we have traveled. I wondered would I ever glide over steel rails laid on what looks now to be impossible places. There is no doubt that the privilege will be mine, for the engineering feats of to-day cannot be conquered by such minor obstructions as rivers and mountains.

How insignificant alongside looked the old Caribou trail which we followed, winding along the mountain side! What thoughts the sight of it gave rise to! In imagination we could see the seekers for gold carrying their heavy packs, bowed down with their loads, wending their way on that lonely trail far from human habitation, the eager gleam in their eyes for the yellow metal that would mean fortune and comfort for the rest of their lives. What about the hardships they would have to endure, *that* counted for nothing! The lure of the precious mineral beckoned them on, the fever was in their veins, and home, friends, everything, was sacrificed in the mad rush for Caribou gold. Many of them never returned along the trail, another and more treacherous fever consumed their life-blood, friends watched in vain for their return, but a grave in the mountains, lonely and unmarked, tells the tale.

WHAT a change! Twenty-five below at Winnipeg, and at Vancouver the first sight that greeted my eyes the morning after our arrival was that of the plants and flowers of the hotel all drinking in the balmy rain. Beautiful palms were out on the balcony being washed by a warm midsummer shower. This is the rainy season we are told, and truly the skies have been weeping. The fog is dense that settles over the city at times, but no one seems to mind rain and fog. The women dress up and go about seemingly unconscious of the wetness, which corresponds to the Irishman's description of a flannel shirt, which "no matter how cowld and wet, was always war'rm and dhry." And so it would seem, one would meet a man dressed in working clothes carrying an umbrella, and a few steps farther a lady with a plumed hat would be without any shelter. A man laughingly explained, "Our rain is like your cold." You will say, "Yes, we have it twenty below zero, but it isn't cold, so we have rain, but it isn't wet."

Vancouver city is almost an island, surrounded as it is by False Creek, caused by the tides, and which is crossed by many splendid bridges scattered through the city. There is a great influx of people, the population is said to have doubled in the last five years. There are many magnificent homes and beautiful helges of ivy, rose anl privet; which, of course, were not at their best at this season. We drove through Stanley Park, and went through Carnegie Library, the museum being well worth the trouble. The unfavorable weather during our stay did not permit of viewing the scenery, but we will visit there on our return, so more anon.

Four hours' run on the "rale salt wather," and we are in Victoria. This is no city of mushroom growth. You can tell that by its architecture, you can feel it in the air, you can see it in the people you meet, the British lion is everywhere, and especially at Esquimault, where the old fortress still looks impregnable, and where the guns given by the English, which have lain on the scrap heap for sixteen years, are now being placed in position ready to defend our land. There, too, we saw an immense freighter in the dry-dock for repair, result of a collision. We see activity everywhere, but not rush; there is business, but seemingly no *boom;* there are doings without dash, and a climate that the citizens claim is unexcelled. incomparable, hard to beat. Listen, those of you who are shoveling in coal, and making paths to the gate, there has been no heat in our room since we arrived four days ago. I am writing between two open windows on this day in early February, have on a thin dress and elbow sleeves, am listening to the sound of carpenters' tools at buildings near, and to-day watched men sodding and making flower beds, and children playing in the parks. Time's up.

In My Lady's Garden for 1912

CONSULTING EDITORS:
MISS M. E. BLACKLOCK AND MR. A. B. CUTTING B.S.A.

(Dates of planting, when mentioned, are for Toronto and vicinity. Allowances must be made for local differences in climate)

VEGETABLE GARDENS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

By A. B. CUTTING

MUCH loss of time in planting a vegetable garden can be avoided, and better results can be secured by making a diagram of the plot to be planted some weeks before the work is to begin. Whether the garden is to be large or small, in a city or village backyard or on the farm, the vegetables to be grown should be decided upon in advance, and a definite plan made of their arrangement. An excellent system is to arrange the vegetables in the order in which they are to be planted. By planting hardy kinds first, following later with half-hardy kinds, and still later with the warm-season crops, the requirements in temperature and moisture of the respective classes are met as closely as possible and the poor results of haphazard planting are overcome. The scheme facilitates also the preparation of the land, and makes it easier to maintain the unplanted portion in good friable condition.

The size of the garden will depend chiefly upon the amount of land that is available for the purpose. On the farm, almost any area desired can be had, and vegetables for winter storing can be grown as well as the summer supply. In the village, the area available for gardening may restrict the kinds to those grown only for summer use, and it even may be necessary to eliminate those vegetables that require a large amount of space. On the city lot, which may be and often is, very small, only those vegetables should be grown that give the most edible product for the space occupied. Whether in town or country, the principles that govern the planting and care of the garden are the same, although the distances of planting, methods of tillage, intensity and systems of cropping may differ considerably.

THE FARM GARDEN.

In the farm vegetable garden, horse power should be substituted for hand labor wherever possible. The garden should be laid out in long rows, sufficiently far apart to permit the use of a horse and cultivator The saving of labor and time is an important consideration, not only in tending the crops, but also in harvesting them, and therefore the garden plot should be located as near the house as possible.

The accompanying diagram of a farm garden (and also the one of a village garden) is drawn after a plan proposed by the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, and adapted to Canadian needs and conditions. It suggests an arrangement that will give a large assortment and a continuous supply of vegetables throughout the growing season with some for storing, and at the same time simplify the planting and minimize the labor of tillage. The area designated comprises nearly half an acre. Smaller or larger gardens could be arranged in much the same way. Some of the vegetables mentioned in the plan may not be suited for growing in all parts of the country. The personal choice of the grower, as well as local climatic conditions, will influence the selection.

The vegetables are arranged strictly in the order of their planting, so that planting may begin at one side of the garden and proceed across the area as the season advances. This makes it possible to fit a piece of land for planting or to harrow the unplanted portion at any time desired, and thus keep it free from weeds, and in a moist, friable condition. Another feature of this plan is that while two or three kinds of vegetables may be planted in the same row, all the crops in a given row require essentially the same kind and amount of tillage and other care. It is also true that the crops occupying the land, about the same length of time are planted together. After the early-maturing crops are harvested, it is therefore possible to clear quite a wide strip of land for the planting of turnips and other late crops, if desired.

While this farm garden plan specifies four different times of planting, besides the celery, late beans and turnips, it is possible in some seasons to combine the second and third plantings, so that if celery is omitted, there will be only three plantings besides the turnips or other incidental late crops. This simplifies the planting, and better adapts the garden to the tastes of the average farmer.

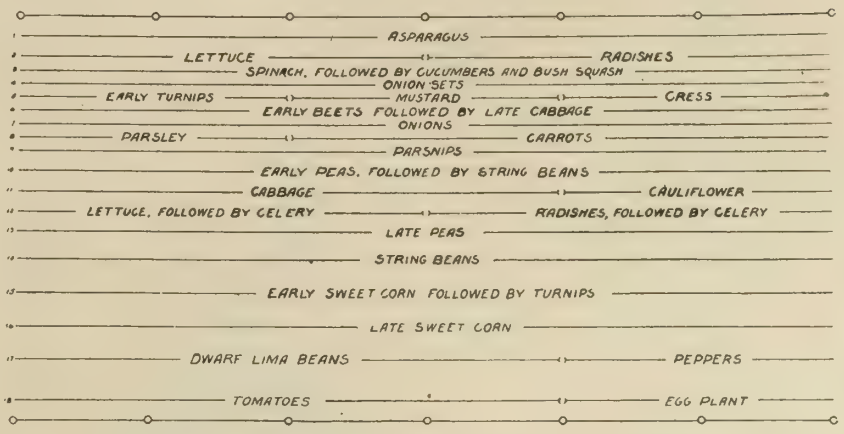


DIAGRAM OF VILLAGE GARDEN 30 BY 60 FEET

	Distance from preceding row.
Early planting, beginning as soon as soil is ready (about May 1):	
Row 1.—Permanent row of asparagus. 1.5 ft. from edge	1.5 ft.
Row 2.—30 ft. lettuce; 30 ft. radishes	1.5 "
Row 3.—Spinach (followed by cucumbers and bush squash) planted in early June)	1 "
Row 4.—Onion sets	1 "
Row 5.—20 ft. early turnips; 20 ft. mustard; 20 ft. cress	1 "
Row 6.—Early beets (followed by late cabbabe set in July)	1 "
Row 7.—Onions from seed	1 "
Row 8.—20 ft. parsley; 40 ft. carrots	1 "
Row 9.—Parsnips	1 "
Row 10.—Early dwarf peas (followed by string beans planted in July)	1.5 "
Second planting, about May 15—	
Row 11—2 dozen cabbage; 1 dozen cauliflower	1.5 "
Row 12—30 ft. lettuce; 30 ft. radishes (followed by celery set in July)	1.5 "
Row 13.—Late wrinkled peas (with support)	1.5 "
Third planting, late May—	
Row 14.—String beans (green and wax)	2 "
Row 15.—Early sweet corn (followed by 2 rows turnips sown August 1)	2.5 "
Fourth planting, early June—	
Row 16.—Late sweet corn	2.5 "
Row 17.—40 ft. dwarf Lima beans; 20 ft. peppers	2.5 "
Row 18.—1 dozen tomatoes; ½ dozen eggplants	3 "
Margin	1.5 "
Total width of garden	30.0 ft.

THE VILLAGE GARDEN.

In a village garden where space is likely to be limited, the rows of vegetables may be planted rather close together, and hand methods of tillage must be employed. The latter feature, unlike on the farm, is not looked upon as troublesome or a waste of time, for village gardening is often done fully as much for the pleasure of working among the plants and seeing them grow, as for the edible products they yield. Planting may begin as soon as a strip of land wide enough for one or two rows has

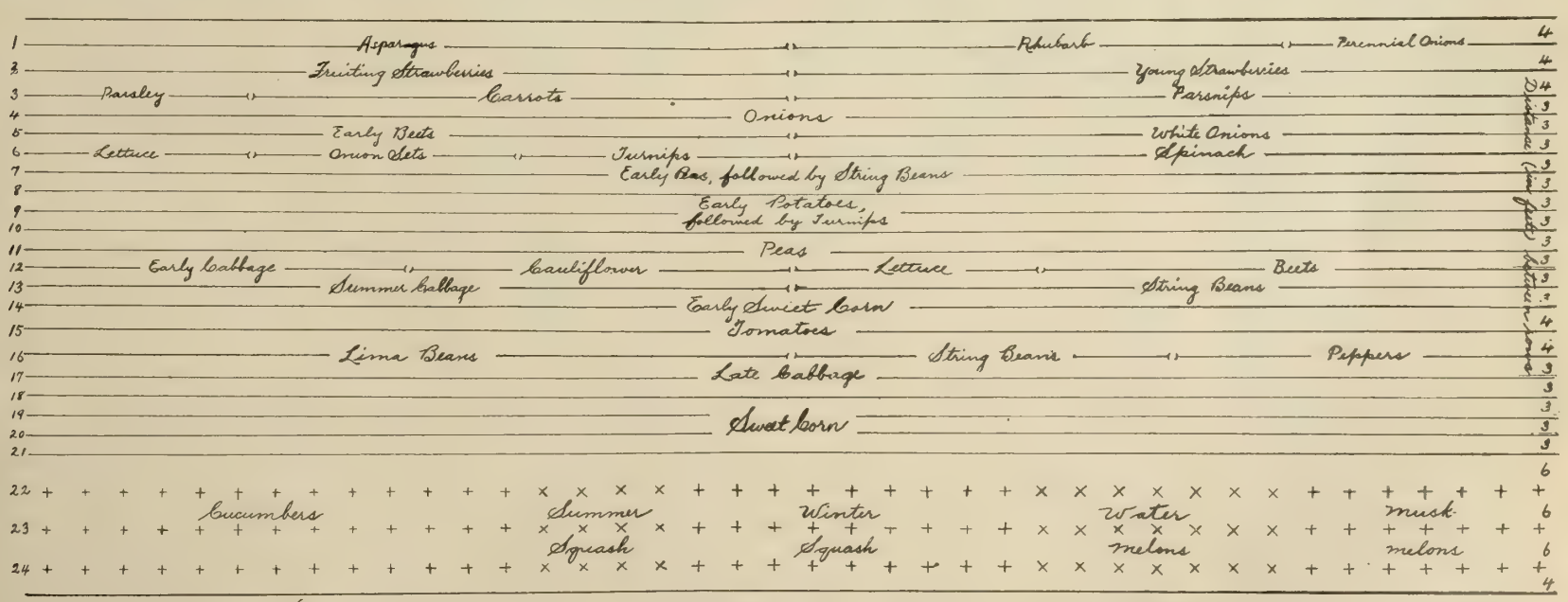


DIAGRAM OF A FARM VEGETABLE GARDEN 90 BY 240 FEET, WITH ROWS ARRANGED IN ORDER IN WHICH THEY ARE TO BE PLANTED.

First planting, as soon as ground is ready in spring (about May 1st)—
- Row 1.—Perennials: ½ row asparagus; 1-3 row rhubarb; 1-6 row perennial onions.
- Row 2.—½ row old strawberries; ½ row young strawberries. (First year half of the row may be planted with vegetables.)
- Row 3.—1-6 row parsley; 1-3 row carrots; ½ row parsnips. (Marked with turnip radishes.)
- Row 4.—Onions (yellow).
- Row 5.—½ row early beets; ½ row onions (white). (Marked with long radishes.)
- Row 6.—1-6 row lettuce; 1-6 row onion sets; 1-6 row turnips; ½ row spinach .(Followed by celery planted in July.)
- Row 7.—Peas: ½ row extra early, smooth; ½ row early dwarf, wrinkled. (Followed by string beans planted in July.)
- Rows 8, 9, 10.—Early potatoes. (Followed by turnips sown August 1.)

Second planting, about May 15th—
- Row 11.—Peas: ½ row early dwarf, wrinkled; ½ row late, wrinkled.
- Row 12.—¼ row early cabbage (30 plants 2 feet apart); ¼ row cauliflower; 1-6 row lettuce; 1-3 row beets. (Marked with long radishes.)

Third planting, late May—
- Row 13.—¼ row summer cabbage (transplanted); ¼ row of same (seed sown) ½ row string beans
- Row 14.—Sweet corn: ½ row extra early; ½ row second early.

Fourth planting, early June—
- Row 15.—Tomatoes (60 plants 4 feet apart)
- Row 16.—½ row Lima beans; ¼ row string beans; ¼ row peppers (30 plants).
- Row 17.—Late cabbage (seed sown).
- Row 18.—Sweet corn: 1 row extra early.
- Row 19.—Sweet corn: 1 row second early.
- Rows 20, 21.—Sweet corn: 2 rows late varieties.
- Rows 22, 23, 24.—Vine crops in hill, 6 by 6 feet, in blocks crosswise the three rows, as follows: 39 hills cucumbers; 12 hills summer squash; 27 hills winter squash, 21 hills watermelons; 21 hills muskmelons.

Just WHY

Woodenware

(Bread Boards, Rolling Pins, Chopping-Bowls, etc.)

Is Kept Sweet & Clean

By Scrubbing With

Old Dutch Cleanser

Because this pure Cleanser is absolutely hygienic. There is no caustic, acid or alkali in it. Avoid dangerous chemical cleansers in the kitchen.

Sprinkle a little Cleanser on a brush, and scrub the utensil carefully. Then wash in clean water. This removes every trace of stale dough or meat juices and leaves the woodenware clean and sweet-smelling.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

been prepared. By planting the same day that the land has been prepared, quick germination of the seed will be insured, and weeds will not have time to gain headway.

Most of the work in a village garden can be done with a spade, a hoe, a rake, a chalk line and a few stakes, but greater pleasure can be had by the use of a wheel hoe. By its use a person can cultivate his whole garden before breakfast, and feel proud of the accomplishment. As it does not do satisfactory work in badly-crusted or weedy ground, the experienced gardener will use it often, and thus keep the soil in ideal condition.

THE CITY GARDEN.

The conditions attendant upon gardening operations in the residence portions of a large city are in marked contrast to those of the village or farm. Usually space is very limited, and the soil is often ill-adapted to gardening on account of being "filling," composed principally of clay, but often combined with brickbats and other refuse. The limitations of space are partially offset, however, by an abundance of water from the city supply, and the nature of the soil can be radically changed by proper treatment.

The city garden is often purely a personal matter, a place where the gardener can give expression to his own ideals in gardening, irrespective of printed rules or professional practice. All laws regulating distance of planting and direction of growth may be disregarded, and plants that normally crawl made to climb.

The first essential in making a small area yield an abundant harvest is the improvement of the soil. At the first spading, all stones, brickbats and other trash must be removed. A stiff clay soil should be lightened by the addition of sand and manure. Sand to the depth of about one inch should be spread on the surface and spaded in. One wagon load of sand containing two cubic yards will cover an area of 640 square feet to the depth of one inch. Fine manure at the rate of about one-half ton to each square rod of ground should then be worked into the soil.

In order that maximum yields may be produced from a minimum space, it is essential that the ground be kept fully occupied all the time. This means not only that the rows of vegetables should be planted close together, but that short season crops should be planted between the rows or even between the plants of longer-season crops, and that as soon as one crop is harvested another will be planted in its place. Transplanting may be practised also to a considerable extent to save space during the early growth of the plants. By virtue of the richness of the soil, combined with heavy watering, the land is kept at work from early spring until late in autumn, and two, three, or even four crops may be harvested from the same spot.

The city garden should be devoted chiefly to such crops as lettuce, radishes, parsley, cress, mustard, beets, chard, carrots, onions from sets, string beans and table turnips. Cabbage, spinach, peas, peppers, tomatoes and cucumbers may sometimes be included. If tomatoes and cucumbers are grown they should be trained in an upright position so that little ground space is occupied. This close planting calls for an abundance of tillage as well as of plant food and water.

Transplanting Seedlings

By A. C. BLAIR

WHEN the seedlings in the hotbed or in boxes in the house begin to show the third or fourth leaves of fair size, they should be transplanted to about two inches apart each way, either in the beds or in other boxes or "flats." By the time that they begin to crowd again they will be ready for the garden. Such plants as cucumbers, melons and beans, which do not transplant readily, may be grown in strawberry boxes or on inverted pieces of sod, sowing enough seed for one hill in each box or sod.

When the time comes for transplanting to the garden, thoroughly soak the soil that contains the plants, so that in lifting them, a portion of the soil will adhere to the roots. The garden soil should have been previously prepared. Choose a cloudy day for transplanting, or one when rain seems likely to come soon. In a dry time, it is best to set the plants at evening. Thoroughly compact the soil about the roots of the plant when set and leave the surface soil loose around the plants to prevent the escape of moisture.

Using Leftover Seeds

By K. A. KIRKPATRICK

WITH many persons the question of using left-over seeds from last year's operations will arise. Such may be used with perfect satisfaction in many cases. In fact, where a strain has proved especially good in one season's trial, it is often much better to use old seeds rather than to risk buying a new strain. Even if several years old, seeds may be tested for germination; and if they give a high per cent. of strong germination, they should be used.

To test such seeds is a simple matter. Secure two large dinner plates and some pieces of blotting paper of about the same size as the plates. Place a blotter in one plate and place one hundred of the seeds upon it. Over them lay another blotter. Pour water into the edge of the plate until it rises high enough to soak the blotters thoroughly. Turn the second plate upside down on top of the first, covering the blotters, to prevent the evaporation of the moisture. Set the improvised tester in a room at about 70 degrees F. Supply moisture as needed, and within a week the germinated seeds can be counted, and the value of the sample ascertained.

If seeds have ideal storage, i.e., a dark, cool, airy place, they will retain their germinating power longer than where they are stored in a close, warm or moist place. The conditions under which the seeds were grown, and their stock of original vitality, also determine the length of time for which the seed will remain viable. Oily and starchy seeds usually deteriorate more quickly than those of an albuminous character. With good conditions, the following may be roughly stated as the dependable length of life for the various garden seeds:

Muskmelon, 4 to 6 years; cabbage, 3 to 4 years; cauliflower, 3 to 4 years; cucumber, 3 to 4 years; kale, 3 to 4 years; lettuce, 3 to 4 years; watermelon, 4 to 6 years; radish, 3 to 4 years; tomato, 4 to 10 years; sweet corn, 2 years; squash, 3 to 4 years; turnip, 3 to 4 years; asparagus, 1 year; beet, 3 to 4 years; carrot, 1 year; celery, 2 years; egg plant, 1 year; onion, 2 years parsnip, 1 year; pepper, 2 years; bean, 2 years; parsley, 1 year; pea, 2 years; salsify, 2 years.

Quality Vegetables

By A. B. CUTTING

THE leading commercial varieties of vegetables are not always the best for home use, especially after being in a store window a few days. The only way to have quality vegetables is to grow them yourself. Some kinds of vegetables which the amateur may grow are never seen in the market because they will not stand shipping well or do not make as attractive an appearance as some of the other sorts. Moreover, many kinds of vegetables ought to be eaten as soon as they are harvested. Corn loses much of its sweetness in twenty-four hours. The best early corn for quality is Golden Bantam, but seldom is it sold in stores, because it is yellow. Peas must be eaten the day they are picked, if one is to have them at their best.

In growing potatoes the intelligent amateur knows that the dry, mealy tubers come from sandy soil, while soggy flavorless ones are the usual production of heavy soil. The commercial grower may know this; but he also knows that the heavy soil grows the biggest crops, and it is quantity not quality that he is after.

To realize what quality lettuce is like one must eat the new young leaves, and these are not to be found in the markets.

In the home garden tomatoes can be picked at just the moment when they are fully ripe, and that is the stage at which they should be eaten, for they begin to deteriorate quickly. It is seldom possible to buy tomatoes at the quality stage of ripeness.

No one knows the taste of a melon at its best until he has eaten it within an hour or two after it has been parted from the vine. Melons sold in stores are very unsatisfactory substitutes for the kind one may grow in his own garden.

In the home garden all kinds of vegetables can be picked when they are at their best, and that usually is in the cool of the morning when the dew is on the plants. The commercial grower picks his vegetables when he has the opportunity, and that occurs often at the time when the sun is withering or has withered the product.

Another advantage in favor of the home garden is that the owner is able to gather young vegetables which seldom reach the market; for instance, beet greens with tiny beets attached are a delicacy, and these are secured by merely thinning out the rows. Young carrots also are delicious, and string beans, peas and cucumbers should be picked before they have reached full size.

By making a succession of sowings one may have vegetables at their best for a long season. String beans, peas, lettuce, radishes, spinach, carrots, corn and other things may be had practically all summer.

To have quality vegetables the amature must not think that it is necessary to follow only haphazard methods in his garden. A rich, loamy soil, well tilled, the use of manure and water in abundance, and a plot that slopes to the south will give most satisfactory results.

The main thing in gardening is good seed and intelligent use of the soil. We have all seen gardens on rich soil that were anything but good, and again we have seen fine gardens on rather poor soil. It requires lots of work to have gardens when the soil is not the best, but it can be done. Never work the soil unless dry enough. Thoroughly pulverize the clods before any seeds are planted, and frequent cultivation will bring good crops if the seed is good. Enrich the soil and get it in as fine tilth as possible as soon as it can be done.

QUANTITIES OF SEEDS REQUIRED TO PLANT THE GARDENS DESCRIBED

WITH DUE ALLOWANCE FOR NORMAL AMOUNT OF REPLANTING

	The Farm Garden	The Village Garden	The Garden
Asparagus	100 roots	50 roots	
Beans, green podded	1 pt.	½ pt.	½ pt
Beans, wax	1 pt.	½ pt.	
Beans, Lima	1 pt.	½ pt	
Beets	2 oz	1 oz.	1 oz.
Cabbage, early	1 pkt.	1 pkt.	1 doz. plants
Cabbage, second early	1 pkt.		
Cabbage, late	1 pkt.	1 pkt.	
Carrot	1 oz	1 pkt.	1 pkt
Cauliflower	1 pkt.	1 pkt.	
Celery	1 oz.	1 pkt.	
Chard			1 pkt
Corn, sweet, extra early	1 ½ pt.	½ pt	
Corn, sweet, second early	1 ½ pt.		
Corn, sweet, late	1 qt.	½ pt.	
Cress		1 pkt.	1 pkt.
Cucumber	1 oz.	1 oz.	1 pkt.
Eggplant		½ doz. plants	
Lettuce, leaf	1 oz.	1 pkt.	1 pkt.
Lettuce, head		1 pkt.	1 pkt.
Mustard		1 pkt.	1 pkt.
Muskmelon	1 oz.		
Watermelon	1 oz.		
Onion seed	2 oz.	1 oz.	
Onion sets, bottom	1 qt.	1 qt.	1 qt.
Onion sets, top (perennial)	1 qt.		
Parsley	1 pkt.	1 pkt.	1 pkt.
Parsnip	1 oz.	1 pkt.	
Peas, extra early smooth	1 pt.		
Peas, early dwarf, wrinkled	1 qt.	½ pt.	
Peas, late, wrinkled	1 pt.	½ pt.	½ pt.
Pepper	1 pkt.	1 pkt.	½ doz. plants
Potatoes	3 pks.		
Radish	3 oz	1 oz.	1 oz.
Rhubarb	25 plants or 1 oz.		
Spinach	1 oz.	1 oz.	1 pkt.
Squash, summer	1 oz.	1 pkt.	
Squash, winter	1 oz.		
Tomato	2 pkts.	1 pkt.	1 doz. plants
Turnip	1 oz.	1 pkt.	1 pkt.

Good Fruit Trees for Poor Ones

By GEO. W. TEBBS

IT is surprising to notice how many people everywhere are contented even in small gardens to allow trees that are doing no good to occupy valuable space, when with a little trouble the "barren fig tree could be made fruitful." Why should it be so? Why need it continue if this be true? One of the causes may be that the trees are of poor varieties, or else have been neglected from their youth up.

There are only two ways of dealing with trees that produce fruit of only poor quality: First, cut them into kindling wood, or else graft some good variety upon them. Why should you not get as much fruit as your neighbor? There is a great deal of fascination and pleasure in tree grafting, and it is not as difficult as many people imagine.

It is strange yet true that a graft will really grow even although the grafter (and I use the term in the good sense) has not passed an examination in pomology, and it really is quite unnecessary to be put on just when the moon is at the full. New moon time is just as good.

TOP-WORKING OLD TREES.

When you have your trees already in the garden, you have no choice as to the stock upon which to place your graft. All I would say is that providing proper care is taken, you can graft on anything made of wood. I have had pear grafts growing on maple trees, just as a curiosity of course, and with no idea of increasing the sweetness of the fruit; and it might be quite possible to get a scion going on a fence post, providing the latter was not too long dead. But it should be remembered in grafting upon old trees, say upon an old seedling apple, as in one of the accompanying illustrations, there must be lots of vigor and healthy wood as a basis for operations. There is always the disadvantage also in working upon an old tall tree that the fruit from your new grafts will be away up in the ethereal blue.

In commencing operations do not cut all the top of the old tree away. Leave enough branches and foliage for breathing purposes, otherwise "tuberculosis" rapidly ensues. Be moderate in the amputation of the limbs.

The new scions or slips, should be taken from the good variety early in the spring, taking off vigorous shoots some three or four inches long for scion making, and laying them in a moist, cool shady place until wanted. Head back the old tree as stated above, clearing the branches away in good time, before the sap begins to rise, thereby preventing unnecessary bleeding, and facilitating the actual operation when the proper time comes. It will only be necessary then to saw off one or two inches to get to fresh wood, and the tree is ready for grafting. The actual work had better be done early in April.

Personally I prefer cleft grafting. It makes tying scarcely necessary. In this operation the stump is split to a depth of one inch by laying the edge of a strong heavy blade across the centre, and giving a sharp tap with a mallet. The blade is removed, and the cleft held open by inserting a small upright chisel in the centre. A portion of wood is cut out of each edge at both sides so as to form a wedge-shaped space, and the scion which is two to four inches in length, is cut to fit it. By slightly depressing the chisel the scion can be got well in, and directly the chisel is withdrawn the cut pieces come together and hold the graft tight.

As so much of the success of grafting depends on excluding the air, it is necessary to cover the stump, especially the cuts, with grafting wax. The following is an excellent recipe: Melt together in a pan on the stove, with care, four parts of resin, two parts of beeswax and one part of tallow. When all

WILD PEAR TREE GRAFTED

are thoroughly melted and mixed together pour a handful at a time into a pail of cold water. Grease the hand and roll like toffee until light-colored.

An old broken sickle makes an excellent grafting knife. I had an old wild pear growing in my garden, which I have successfully grafted, as the accompanying illustration shows, and the new grafts are now in full bearing, four years after the scions were placed on the tree. The illustration shows the young grafts overweighted with blossoms.

FEEDING THE TREES.

If the trees are of a good variety, and yet are not doing their duty, it is probably due to one of three causes: It may be that either root pruning or top trimming is necessary, or that the soil needs attention. You cannot starve or neglect a tree and get good results. Try it on yourself if you don't believe it.

See that your varieties, if you are thinking of planting, are such as will suit your neighborhood. Don't force trees to grow which are unsuitable to your locality. Give them a fair chance. See that the drainage is good. Apple trees are not water lilies.

Trees are often treated, when heavy croppers, as if they were light bearers. Poor soil is left alone just as though it were richly stored with nutriment, and the owner of the trees doesn't need any lecturer to show him or any writer to tell him that he is wrong. Here is a splendid fertilizer for unsatisfactory trees: Eight parts of superphosphate, six parts of nitrate of potash, four parts of basic slag, four parts of nitrate of soda, and four parts of sulphate of lime. Mix and use at the rate of four ounces per square yard as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

THINNING OUT THE BRANCHES.

The thinning out of trees is most important. Let in air and light and so stimulate the remaining fruiting branches, but it must be done with care. Don't butcher the poor tree. Err on the side of leniency. Remove small branches growing inwards, and all the sprouting suckers from the main limbs.

Root pruning must be done with care. I only attempt it on one side of the tree each year when it is necessary. It is the fibrous root that is fruit-producing, and the object of root-pruning is to create more of these by removing some of the heavier roots whose tendency is to produce wood. In cutting away the roots, remove them with a sharp saw, leaving no jagged edges.

NORTHERN SPY GRAFTED ON AN OLD USELESS TREE.
The first season. Three years after fruit was produced.

Spray the Fruit Trees

By E. C. McROBERT

IN these days when insects and fungous diseases of fruit trees are so prevalent, it is necessary to spray in order to get clean fruit. No up-to-date commercial fruit grower would consider for a moment the possibility of growing fruit without the aid of the spray pump. The need for spraying is just as great in the city and village garden; in fact, insects and fungi often are found in greater numbers on small lots than on equal areas in large orchards.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about the operation of spraying. It is a simple matter when prepared spray mixtures are purchased and not much more troublesome for the gardener or fruit grower to prepare the mixtures at home. For the average amateur, the best plan is to find out from a well-informed neighbor or from the nearest agricultural college or experiment station the names of the pests that are troubling his trees or crops, and also the kind of spray mixture to use for their control.

Probably the best all-round remedy for fungi and some kinds of insects, such as San Jose scale and oyster shell scale, is the lime-sulphur wash. A commercial form of this can be purchased, which requires only mixing with water to be ready for use. For applying in winter or spring, before the buds commence to open, the usual proportion is one part of lime-sulphur to ten of water; in summer, one to thirty. To make this mixture effective for controling insects that bite and chew their food such as the codling moth, it is necessary to mix with it an arsenical poison, such as arsenate of lead.

Another solution that is commonly used for orchard and garden spraying is the Bordeaux mixture. It can be made at home as follows: For one barrel of the mixture use four pounds of bluestone, four or five pounds of lime and four ounces of Paris green or two pounds of arsenate of lead. Dissolve the bluestone in a half barrel of water; slake the lime and add another half barrel of water; then bring the two solutions together, making a barrel. It is important not to mix the bluestone and lime together, except when well diluted. Mix four ounces of a good Paris green to a paste, with a little water, dilute with water enough to enable it to pour and add same to the mixture in the barrel. Arsenate of lead is more adhesive than Paris green, and is absolutely harmless to the foliage. Buy a knapsack spray pump and go to work.

It is best to spray fruit trees four times. First, when the trees are dormant in spring, for fungi; second, when the buds are opening, for bud moths and cigar case bearer; third, immediately after the blossoms fall, for codling moth; fourth, about three weeks later, for apple scab and leaf-eating insects.

Planting vegetables, with the possible exception of peas, onions, lettuce, beets and early potatoes, before the soil is thoroughly warm, is labor and seed almost as good as thrown away.

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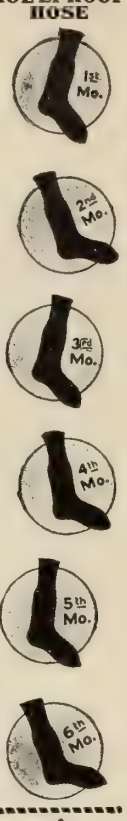

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ANNUALS THAT ALWAYS PLEASE

By F. E. BUCK

YOU may or you may not remember that in your childhood days your baby fingers had a habit of reaching after some flowers in preference to all others. You may or you may not recall that as you grow older there were sweet odors in the garden which made you love to pluck, in the cool of the evening, those flowers which appealed so strongly to the sense of smell. You may not now care for the flowers you once loved long ago. But this last statement is hardly likely. Be you man, filled with the cares of business and the interests of other hobbies, or woman filled with the cares of the house and the pleasures of the enlarging realm of social activities, you are almost sure to possess some measure of interest in, and love for, flowers. As to the kind of flowers that appeal to you, that will depend to a large measure on past associations and present temperament. Almost everyone has at least a passive admiration for the flowers. The measure of your admiration will depend upon the way you view life, and upon the liberty you have given to your more poetic self when it tries to assert its legitimate function in your life's economy.

The "flowers which always please" of this article are all annuals, and consequently if you are looking for certain ones to be mentioned—for which you have always had a good word or a strong admiration—and are disappointed at not finding them in the list, remember that the length of the article forbids the mention of "many dear old familiar" flowers because they come under the heading of perennials rather than of annuals.

The aim of this article is to reintroduce to your notice some of the most popular of the annuals. A semi-descriptive style will help us best to find out why they please. A feature of the article will be its appeal to you personally to grow some of them in a way that, perhaps, may be new to you.

FAVORITES OF CHILDHOOD.

There is no doubt at all that many of the flowers which please us most do so because they were known and loved by us when we were young. The many colors and velvety feel of the pansy petals always appealed to our youthful tastes. The primness and purity of the button-like heads of the daisies caught our eye with equal force. And flowers which possessed odor or had "honey pockets," as we used to call them, such as the foxgloves, which are favorites of the bees, had also a particular charm for the inquisitive mind of childhood.

As typical of this class, and to show that odor is a big factor in making us love a flower, let us take the well-known mignonette, because that certainly could not appeal to us on any ground other than that of fragrance.

Mignonette.—The fragrant mignonette, or "little darling," to give the word its French interpretation, is one of the most cherished of all garden favorites. It is the simplest and sweetest of plants; so modest that it hardly pretends to be a flower. Perhaps it is because of its modesty that we love it the more. It is of Egyptian origin, and with us is still less than two hundred years old. Many have called it the love flower or *herbe d'amour,* because it once played a part in marriage ceremonies. In this connection, a story may not be out of place:

The mignonette has found a place in the armorial bearings of a noble family of Saxony, and it is said that it got there in the following way: The Count of Walsthim once loved a lovely maiden by the name of Amelia of Nordbourg, who was, however, a spoiled child and a coquette. This same Amelia had a humble companion whose name was Charlotte. One evening when they were at a party together it was arranged by the hostess that all the ladies present were to choose a flower, and the gentlemen were to make verses on the selections. Amelia picked the beautiful rose and Charlotte the modest mignonette. But in the course of the evening Amelia coquetted so much with a dashing colonel who was also present, that the Count could not suppress his vexation. On this he wrote a verse for the rose, which translated, is as follows:

"She lives but for a day, and pleases but for a moment."

He then presented the following line on the mignonette to the gentle Charlotte:

"Your qualities surpass your charms."

The Count transferred his affections to Charlotte, and when he married her he added a bunch of sweet mignonette to the ancient arms of his family, repeating this motto.

Maeterlinck says that "the mignonette hides herself in her laboratory, and silently distils perfume that gives us a foretaste of the air which we breathe on the threshold of Paradise."

We love some flowers then because of the associations with which they are entwined, and we love the fragrant types, perhaps, as much as any. And that is why they please. In this list then we must include the sweet "old-fashioned" annual pinks, and the stocks, the wallflowers, in addition to those mentioned earlier.

THE TOMMY ATKINS TYPE.

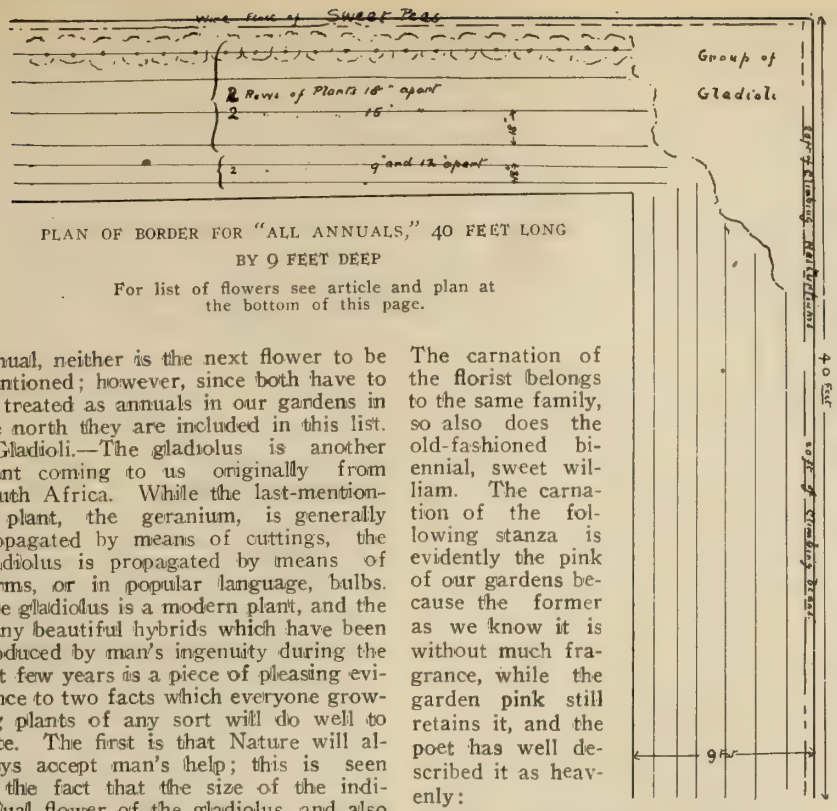
There is another class of annual flowers which appeal to us for quite different reasons. Some of them may be slightly fragrant, but that is not the ground of their appeal. As a rule they make us conscious of their worth by means of their gay colors. As types of this class we might mention petunias, geraniums and verbenas. We often see flowers of this type in our public places, and sometimes get the impression that they lack refinement of character. But that is not really so. They are not to be thought of as decking themselves in gaudy colors like the African native. But it is permissible to think of them as attired in bright congruous colors like Tommy Atkins on parade. Nature is never incongruous, and we should, and do love, these gay flowers because they are gay—and in a way belong to the public life. They must be thought of as "heroes for foreign service." But before we give up our "boys" for foreign service we learn to love them in the home. So with these flowers. There is no reason why we should not grow and love these flowers in our gardens because they have the merit of being fit for public service.

Petunias.—Amongst the showiest flowers of this class are the petunias, Petunias make very rapid growth. They come to us from South America, and next to geraniums, they are without doubt the most satisfactory flowers for massing in beds. Some are quite strongly perfumed, and all are varied and most attractive in their colors.

Verbenas.—The verbena, or "herb of grace" was worn in olden times as a charm to ward off evil associations. We have found at Ottawa that some of the modern strains of verbenas are unsurpassed by any flower if a gorgeous mass of beautiful color is required. Some are sweetly fragrant. Verbenas grow with a very spreading habit, and will stand a good bit of cutting back if such is necessary, to keep them in bounds.

Geraniums.—The very word "geranium" calls to mind bright patches of color on open lawn or in public park. The fact that this flower is so popular is its best recommendation. Apart from the fact that the geranium is a flower which will continue in bloom for the whole season, we should remember that it has other merits which have raised it to such a high place in the national esteem. It has attractive foliage at all reasons, and this is in most cases pleasantly aromatic. There is a sweet-scented section of these plants which is not so well known as it should be. The geranium comes to us from South Africa, and the very large number of varieties of all gradations of color which may be obtained would give the geranium a place amongst the "flowers that please" if it had no other merit. But it has merits belonging to few other flowers. It can be propagated with the greatest ease from cuttings, and the number of different ways in which it may be used is greatly in its favor.

In a sense the geranium is not a true



PLAN OF BORDER FOR "ALL ANNUALS," 40 FEET LONG BY 9 FEET DEEP

For list of flowers see article and plan at the bottom of this page.

annual, neither is the next flower to be mentioned; however, since both have to be treated as annuals in our gardens in the north they are included in this list.

Gladioli.—The gladiolus is another plant coming to us originally from South Africa. While the last-mentioned plant, the geranium, is generally propagated by means of cuttings, the gladiolus is propagated by means of corms, or in popular language, bulbs. The gladiolus is a modern plant, and the many beautiful hybrids which have been produced by man's ingenuity during the last few years is a piece of pleasing evidence to two facts which everyone growing plants of any sort will do well to note. The first is that Nature will always accept man's help; this is seen in the fact that the size of the individual flower of the gladiolus, and also the length of its flower spike have both been vastly improved by skilful breeding. The second is that although Nature will accept man's help, she will not yield into his hands her secrets by means of which she establishes her claim to be the great Artist; this is seen in the most marvelous blendings of several colors in a single flower. This blending of color she does with perfect congruity, and gives man no reason to think that he has a share in the result.

Other Favorites.—While it is not necessary to discuss in a list of "annuals that always please," every flower that one would place in such a list, it would be impolitic, if not unfair, to pass by altogether some which have merits equal to others discussed at some length. However, space, the purpose of this article, and the "fortunes of war" require that many of the most worthy will have to be dismissed with the briefest word possible.

Zinnias are well-known garden annuals, bearing large showy flowers of several colors. Well-grown and selected zinnias often produce flowers almost as large and attractive as dahlias. They are particularly pleasing when flowers of a formal type are required for vase use.

Balsams are among the showiest and most popular of the garden annuals. A strong point with them is that they are seldom troubled with any insect or other pest, and in addition they have a very bush-like and attractive habit of growth. They are generally covered with an abundance of bloom.

HOME FAVORITES.

There is still a third class of flowers which may very well be named "home favorites." For generations flowers of this class have made home surroundings brighter and happier by reason of their ever radiant or fragrant presence. Most of these, like the two last-mentioned, will have to be dismissed with a short word only.

Who is he that does not know the odor of pinks? In the annual pinks, both single and double varieties may be obtained which are always worth growing. Pinks seldom fail to attract our attention and win our regard. They are loved particularly by the children. The carnation of the florist belongs to the same family, so also does the old-fashioned biennial, sweet william. The carnation of the following stanza is evidently the pink of our gardens because the former as we know it is without much fragrance, while the garden pink still retains it, and the poet has well described it as heavenly:

"Red carnations blushing bright,
Sun-kissed flowers of love's own hue,
Fair adorers of the light,
Heavenly odors spring from you."

Next to the sweet peas, the nasturtiums seem to hold their own as popular climbing plants for the home surroundings. Some very desirable colors are now obtainable in the dwarf or "Tom Thumb" types. The popularity of both forms is due to the many merits possessed by this "old-fashioned" favorite.

Poppies are obtainable in many annual varieties, and should have a place in every garden. The Shirley poppies are among the best.

Salvias are entitled to premier place amongst the best scarlet flowers.

Asters are wonderful flowers, and no list would be complete without asters, and the next, and last, flower to be mentioned.

A few other flowers which might well be included in this section of "the home favorites" will be found at the end of the article.

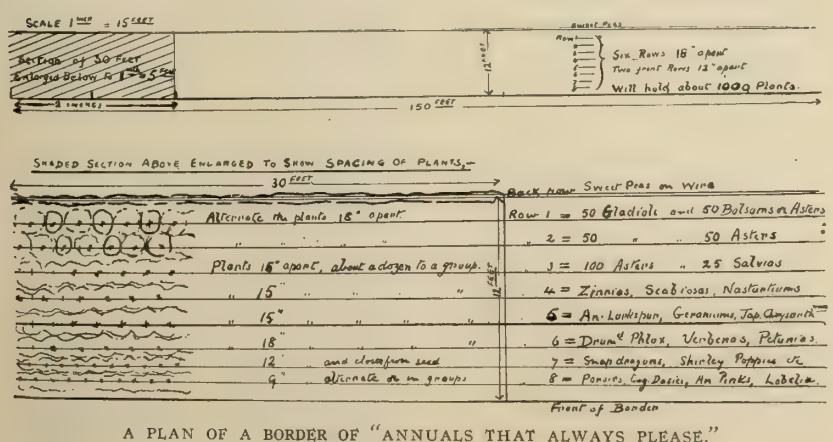
It might be mentioned, perhaps, that the three divisions into which "annuals which always please" have been placed, namely, "favorites of childhood," "Tommy Atkins types" and "home favorites," are divisions suggested by the flowers themselves, and that such divisions are used to suggest the functions of the flowers more than for any other reason.

SWEET PEAS.

The sweet pea is the emblem of delicate pleasures. It is so universally admired and so easily cultivated that perhaps no one would question its right to a place in any list of "annuals that always please." Its original home is the island of Sicily, and it is only within the last few years that it has been developed both in its form and popularity to its present high standard.

It is a beautiful flower for table decoration, and as evidence of its popularity in this connection it may be mentioned that there are in existence now national sweet pea societies, and that quite recently a first prize equal to about five thousand dollars was given for the best table display of these flowers.

In the garden it shows up to fine


Scale 1 inch = 15 feet
Section of 30 feet enlarged below to 1 inch = 5 feet
Sweet Peas
Row
Six Rows 18" apart
Two front Rows 12" apart
Will hold about 1000 Plants
150 feet
Shaded Section Above Enlarged to Show Spacing of Plants.
30 feet
Back row Sweet Peas on Wire
Alternate the plants 18" apart
Row 1 = 50 Gladioli and 50 Balsams or Asters
" 2 = 50 " " 50 Asters
" 3 = 100 Asters " 25 Salvias
Plants 18" apart, about a dozen to a group.
" 15" " " "
" 15" " " "
" 18" " " "
" 12" and drop from seed
" 9" alternate as in groups
4 = Zinnias, Scabiosas, Nasturtiums
5 = An. Larkspur, Geraniums, Jap. Chrysanth.
6 = Drum.d Phlox, Verbenas, Petunias
7 = Snapdragons, Shirley Poppies &c.
8 = Poppies, Cyp. Daisies, An. Pinks, Lobelia.
Front of Border

A PLAN OF A BORDER OF "ANNUALS THAT ALWAYS PLEASE," 150 FEET LONG BY 12 FEET DEEP

As arranged above, the dwarf plants are all placed in the front row (row 8). Poppies, mignonette and candytuft do better if the seeds are sown in the open ground. If these are sown in row 7, the verbenas, etc., in row 6 will spread forward and fill up the space after the poppies are past.

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Experiment on Asters, conducted by J. H. Lock, St. Clarens Ave., Toronto

This photograph shows the plot to which the Potash was applied

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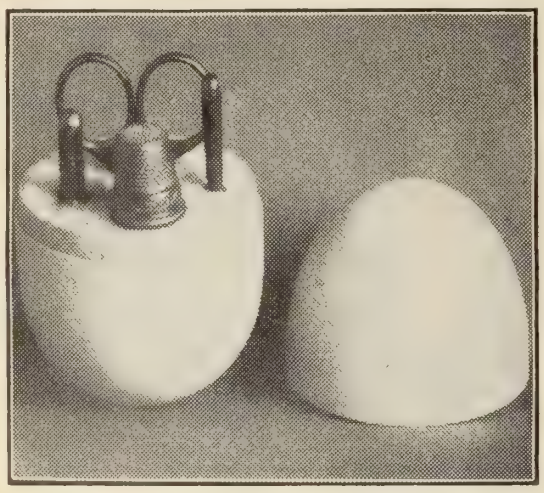

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advantage, and when grown as will be suggested later on in this article, it nearly always thrives in all seasons. Here again it should be noted that Nature seems to have selected the sweet pea to show how color may be blended in perfect harmony. Seldom do the varied colors clash. It always pleases. It dispenses its fragrant odor to all alike without regarding the rank of its possessor or begrudging the calls which the bees make on this store of sweet nectar. The fanciful lines of the poet Keats well describe some of its features:

"Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush, o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings."

As everyone knows, the petals of the sweet pea flower are called the "standard" the "wings" and the "keel," because they bear a resemblance to these objects in both shape and position. The Rev. W. T. Hutchins, a great American authority on sweet peas, pleasingly alludes to them thus: "The sweet pea has a keel that was meant to seek all shores; it has wings that were meant to fly across all continents; and it has a fragrance like the universal Gospel; yea, a sweet prophecy of welcome everywhere that has been abundantly fulfilled."

HOW TO GROW THESE FLOWERS.

Many of these flowers, as has been suggested, are ideal for massing in separate beds on the lawn or in a public park, but where flowers for the home or for cutting are required, the best way is to grow them in mixed borders.

Nothing, perhaps, is nicer than a well-arranged perennial border, but if you call that to mind that is not what is meant here. A border of *all annuals* is what is meant, and that is not very common. The way in which it is suggested that these should be grown, and the way that has given us great satisfaction is to prepare a special border for their exclusive use.

The arrangement of such a border should be quite different to that of the perennial border. In a perennial border the flowers must be arranged in clumps, and straight lines must be avoided as much as possible, but in growing annuals in a border the straight line method should be used as much as possible. Sketch out a plan of your border beforehand, and grow these flowers in the greatest abundance which are likely to be in the greatest demand for cutting.

Annual flowers are splendid for giving away to friends, hospitals, churches, etc., and in a border of annuals you appreciate those flowers which you "can cut and come again." But at the same time you will find that you will need some that are not suitable for cutting in order that the border may not be left too ragged after an extra severe demand upon its resources.

Grow several types of those flowers you like best, therefore, and give them all an equal chance to show you that they will please you if they have a fair opportunity. A fair opportunity is one where they will have a good soil and be so arranged that in dry weather all the ground will be shaded by their foliage in order that the moisture may not evaporate too quickly. Flowers so grown, simple as this sounds, will please about ten times as much as flowers grown under medium conditions only.

The accompanying plans are suggestive of borders of the type suggested.

CULTURE METHODS AND COST.

In this article very little will be said about the cultural methods or the cost of making borders of this type. Such features would not fit in with its general aim, but perhaps a little resume of the general procedure of making will not be out of place.

The cost will vary from one dollar to several, according to the time you have to give to the actual work. If all the plants, with the exception of the gladiolus bulbs, are raised from seed by yourself the cost will certainly be less than three dollars. That is if you have ordinary gardening tools at hand already. But if you buy the plants from the florist, which you may prefer to do, the cost will be greater.

Instructions and details for growing the seeds can be found in any good book on flower gardening. The salient points for making a border of *all annuals* are:

1—Get the border itself ready in the previous autumn.

2—If it has not been prepared in the autumn, preparations as early as possible in the spring will answer, provided that the ground is well enriched, with the best well-decayed compost.

3—Select the flowers you intend to grow, and be sure and order them not later than March.

4—Sow the seeds in late March or early April, some perhaps earlier than this. Sow them in flats or pots.

5—In April and May transplant the young seedlings, and put outside to harden off. Sweet peas must be sown as early as possible outside. Sow about two inches deep.

6—Plant out the border in late May or early June. Chose a cloudy day for this work.

7—During the growing season water very heavily about twice a week if watering be necessary.

8—Until the flowers commence to blossom keep the ground slightly stirred, even if there are no weeds.

9—In October dig up the border ready for the same process another year.

The best annuals to grow this way are: Pansies, daisies, pinks, stocks, wallflowers, nasturtiums, petunias, zinnias, asters, salvias, poppies, balsams, verbenas, sweet peas, gladioli, lobelia, annual larkspur, annual phlox, scabiosa, golden orange daisy, candytuft, single Japanese chrysanthemums, annual hollyhocks, mignonette, coreopsis, cosmos, marigold.

English Cowslips

By J. E. ORR

FOR perhaps more than fifty years we have had abundance of these pretty flowers. They are a dearly loved favorite with all who see them. They grow with very little care. Some of the most beautiful blooming plants grow in the grass and in the shade of the trees.

During May and June they produce armfuls of flowers, and burst forth in a great variety of colors, from bright yellow to deep crimson. Many are variegated and extremely rich in markings, and all have pretty centres. Their perfume is sweet and pleasant to inhale, as it is wafted through the air. For bouquets they are first-class, for they have long stems, and while lasting well, they never litter up a room with falling petals. They are well adapted for the country, as they can care for themselves, and also add much to the cheerfulness and beauty of the surroundings.

The cowslips and tulips bloom at about the same time, and a mixed bouquet of them looks well. They are a hardy perennial; therefore are not disturbed by zero weather. Many Old Country people show a decided pleasure when they see the cowslips in Canada, as they are reminded of scenes in the Old Land.

A Garden of Sweet Odors

By C. B. ALDEN

FRAGRANT flowers are the special joy of gardeners. A hardy annual that gives off a delightful fragrance at night is the sweet-scented stock *Mathiola bicornis.* Although its flowers are inconspicuous, this annual is well worth growing near the veranda where you are accustomed to sit in the evening. Sow the seed in the open ground just as soon as the soil is in good condition to work. Later on, thin them somewhat, but not enough to prevent them from growing in a compact mass. As they are rather weak-stemmed, the plants require the support of each other.

To have a garden, the odor of which will perfume the air and delight the owner and the passersby have, in addition to the sweet-scented stock, mignonette, verbenas, sweet alyssum, sweet peas, lily of the valley, pinks and nicotiana or tobacco plant. Mignonette, sweet alyssum, verbenas and nicotiana may be started indoors and transplanted to the garden, thereby ensuring earlier blossoms, if one cares to take that trouble. All the kinds mentioned, however, may be sown in the open as soon as the soil is ready. Mignonette needs cool soil, not too rich, and shade part of the day. Verbenas like the sun. Sweet alyssum makes a pretty border. Sweet peas should be planted as early as possible for best results. Lily of the valley comes up each year; plant the roots in a shady place. Nicotiana is very fragrant at night and, like the sweet-scented stock, will add another charm to the evening hours.

A Garden From the Woods

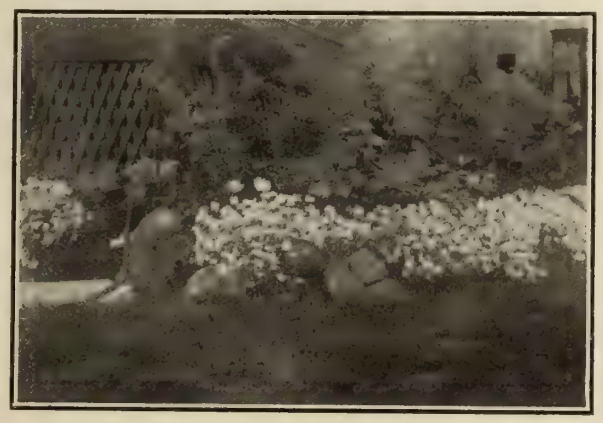
By MRS. A. G. H. WHITE

A GARDEN should be, in a measure, the expression of the owner's self. It represents an idea of beauty or usefulness, according to the taste and pocket of the possessor.

If it fall to you to have wide spaces in which to garden, then you can dream dreams and make pictures to your heart's content. But if only a narrow city lot be your portion, imagination must work out something that will show your individuality. Copy as little as possible. Let your garden be a phase of you.

WILD CRANESBILL—GERANIUM MACULATUM

Of course, soil is the great factor. If a heavy clay that will not drain, get your coal ashes worked under the surface, and a heavy coating of manure on top. If put on in the fall this will render the top soil easier to work with in the spring, but it takes a long time to make a clay soil friable. It has its advantages, though, because there is always moisture at the roots of things, that helps them through the hot days of summer. But drainage is indispensable; otherwise the clay packs about the roots and no air reaching them, they rot away and the plants die.



ALPINE CRESS WITH TULIPS GROWING OVER BIG STONES
Behind are elder and Japanese knotweed as shrubs—planted to make a high, bare veranda look lower.

If your neighbors are not severely conservative, you may induce those on either side to do away with the high board fences which keep out the air and sunshine and harbor ice until late spring. A light wire fence, open meshed, over which vines can clamber, lets all the breezes through, and is a dainty background for the flowers.

The plea of "destroying privacy" by removing board fences does not hold very well, because if you are really so interested in your neighbor's doings, and cannot see him through the fence, it is so easy to walk upstairs and look at him out of the back window.

With soil and fences arranged to satisfaction, next comes growth. If the lot is long and narrow, shorten it by putting shrubs in the corners. Not a straight line of them, "nature abhors straight lines," but group them so as to make a kind of semi-circle at the back.

In these groups, some of the native shrubs are exceeding beautiful, and only need energetic hands and car fare to get them. The red- osier dogwood, with its rich crimson wood, dainty green oval, deeply-veined leaves, is beautiful at all times—in the winter against the white snow, in spring just budding, in summer with its masses of white flowers, and through autumn with its heavy clusters of white berries.

The elders, both red-berried and black-berried, also are useful. The red-berried elder blooms early, and its pyramids of creamy white flowers, are followed by groups of red berries. If planted with a black-berried elder, which flowers late, the large flat flower masses of the latter, mingled with the red berries of the former, make an effective group, if the birds leave you the pretty fruit.

The viburnums, maple-leaved, and high-bush cranberry, are beautiful shrubs. None requires any care after planting, as they are used to looking out for themselves in their woodland home, and scorn wrappings and coddling.

Along the fences bunches of boltonia will give fountains of white bloom towards autumn. Under these have a few rare pæonies, with their exquisite flowers of varied colors, some groups of stately iris, and phlox of any kind you fancy. Our own wild phlox makes a dainty garden flower if a mass of it is planted with something richly green behind. The large lavender-blue flowers are lovely. Wild geranium also is not to be despised in a large clump, but it must be kept within bounds, or will become troublesome.

BLACK-BERRIED ELDER—SAMBRICUS CANADENSIS

The Canada lily, with its deep red-orange bells, spotted with brown, is a graceful guest to be entertained. Anemones and bloodroot, violets of five or six kinds and wild columbine, with its scarlet and gold swaying honey-cups, are beautiful reminders of golden days of rambling, when seen in the border.

Along the edge, following the lines of the border, Alpine cress is the prettiest of pretty things. The foliage is so compact, and there are so many thousands of white blossoms, and they come so early that they make the heart joyful. Among this, many bulbs of tulips, squills and snowdrops may be hidden, which in blooming above the snowy mass of tiny cress-flowers in the early season, give an effect which puts the finest confection in Parisian hats into the shade.

Asters for fall bloom must not be forgotten, and these may be planted al-

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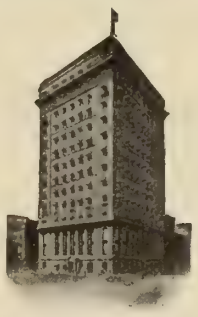

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MISTAKE
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Probably you noticed the big, double-page advertisement printed in colors in the February issue of The Canadian Home Journal. If you did not, look it up now, it's worth reading. Unfortunately, through a mistake some of the advertisements gave the address as Canal Road, Cleveland. It should have read 897 Centre Street, Montreal.

You should have a copy of the portfolio of twenty color plates of interiors mentioned in the advertisement. It is not too late to get one. Sent free on request, so write to-day. You and everyone else interested in the interior decoration and furnishing of your home will want a copy. Be sure and write to-day.

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most on top of the bulbs, whose foliage dies away after the bloom is over. Lots of white asters, pale and deep pink, rich Burgundy purple and lavender make a lovely show, and supply house flowers in plenty. One hundred plants give countless flowers if the plants are strong. Of course there are thousands of other things to put in, but this garden of my mind's eye is one that is to be inexpensive, not requiring great care, supplying work for brain and hands without overworking strength, and giving an immense amount of pleasure to one who likes a quiet place with specks of beauty in it and a chance to see nature at play with her little children, the birds and bees and flowers.

CELERY FOR THE HOME GARDEN

By GEORGE BALDWIN

THE elements of success in celery growing are many. First and foremost among them is a love for your work. If you do not like your job you will never be a real success, no matter what line of business you are in.

I will now give a few brief details of my own experience in growing celery. For two reasons my remarks in reference to raising your own plants will be very brief, as by the time this article is in print it will be too late for sowing seed of early celery, and then again you can procure all the plants you require from local seedsmen at very reasonable rates. In the latter case, do not leave the ordering until too late.

To begin with, get all the seeds you want about the end of February. I should recommend (providing you can make room for a three-row trench) White Plume, Paris Golden, and Rose Ribbed Paris. Next prepare your hotbed or seed pans. Sow the seed thickly. firming the soil down well before putting the seed in, and then again after you have sifted about one-eighth of an inch of soil on top of the seeds. Give lots of air and moisture. As soon as the seedlings have got three leaves, prick them out into more space, giving them about one inch of room each way. Keep them as close to the glass as possible to prevent them getting too long and spindly. Stir the earth frequently with a small pointed stick. When they are about two inches high, transplant again, giving three inches of space. Along about the second or third week of May they will be ready to plant out in the trench.

Prepare your trench in the following manner: Mark off your ground six feet wide by length required to take care of the quantity you intend planting. Dig this out to the depth of eight inches, throwing the earth equally on each side, then fill this eight inches up with good rotten manure and dig it in thoroughly and deeply. To insure it being thoroughly incorporated with the soil, tramp all over it and then dig it up again, then level and rake it over, after which mark off with a string the three rows which should be from eighteen inches from each bank and eighteen inches between the rows, which should run north and south. Next get your plants, which should now be about eight inches long; that is, four inches of tops, and one-quarter inch of roots. Take the shears and clip off about one-half inch of foliage and one-half inch of roots, and then plant eight inches apart in the rows. Be sure in planting that you do not have the roots turning upwards, but dibble your holes big enough to allow the roots to go down in their natural position, and above all, press the earth very firmly around the roots. Give a good supply of water and shade for a day or two with boards or paper.

Along each side of your trench you have a hill running the whole length, probably a foot high. Level this off on top to about eight inches wide, and sow radishes, which will mature long before you need the soil for earthing-up purposes; in fact, I get two crops of radishes off these hills.

From this out (your rows being wide enough) run your hoe through one day and water the next day by taking off the nozzle and holding the hose down close and giving a liberal supply. About once a week give the rows a watering with liquid manure, and about the end of July you will have some celery fit to pull. About the second week in July start the earthing-up operations by drawing from the hills on either side and putting about four inches of earth around the stalks. Do this by holding each individual plant firmly with your left hand, and using your right to draw the earth, being very careful not to let any earth run in between the stalks.

To thoroughly bleach the celery fit for table use, allow yourself ten days or two weeks, covering up to within four inches of the tops of your foliage. Scatter a little sulphur or slacked lime over your bed twice during the season. Look occasionally for a green and yellow caterpillar. Do not squirt water on the foliage. Carry out the foregoing instructions, and you will have celery fit to place before a king.

My reasons for recommending the earth instead of paper or boards for bleaching is because I have tried all three ways, and find the earth far preferable. It gives the celery a sweet nutty taste, and the bleaching is more complete.

GARDEN OF MR. GEORGE BALDWIN, TORONTO

This garden in 1911 produced 82 varieties of vegetables and 100 varieties of flowers.

There is no reason why the city man should not have a garden as well as the man in the country. It is not necessary to have a large area of land to get good returns. Often the 5 or 10-acre farm returns as much as one of 40 or 60 acres; good results may be obtained from a city lot of 50 by 50 feet. It depends very much upon the man (or woman), as well as on the crop raised.

My Garden of Ten Square Rods

By W. N. ROBERTSON

THE rear half of our city lot is an important factor in the domestic economy of our home.

Before coming to East Toronto to reside I had been for two years roving about the district of the Bay of Quinte, digging up data relating to the United Empire Loyalists, and previous to that time for a number of years following historical pursuits in far-away Australia, where the almond-eyed Celestial monopolizes the truck industry and daily brings the vegetables round to your kitchen door.

The lot belonging to my residence on Danforth Avenue is 54 feet frontage by 150 feet deep, with a lane at the back and a water tap, of which I have the use, at the north-west corner. My house stands about twelve feet from the street, with a strip of land thirteen feet on each side of the building, which with the front forms a lawn, while from the back of a shed at the rear of the kitchen there is the whole of the remaining portion of the lot available for garden purposes, to which it has been devoted since I came into possession.

As a gardening experience, perhaps the spring of the first year I tackled the proposition was the most strenuous, as I found the surface of that area which I intended to operate had been used by previous occupants as the handiest place to throw old tins, and every other worn-out accesory of civilized life. However, there was nothing else for it, so I raked the surface fore and aft and basely threw everything found over the fence into an adjoining vacant lot, owned, as I was told, by an Italian who, at the time, was on a protracted holiday among the olive groves of his native country.

Having in childhood and youth been reared on a farm in Grey County, I realized from the subconsciousness of early rural experience that the soil should be dug over and dug deeply. This I did thoroughly, and may say that nearly every second spadeful would bring up some kind of metallic nuisance in the shape of a jam tin, a piece of wire or any other kind of broken rubbish that had been discarded by the tenants of the past. This second crop of obstructions which the spade unearthed supplied a fresh contribution to the Italian's lot, which by the way, is still vacant, and as I have hopes of buying it to add to my own property, the just retribution in store for me as a result of my method in the solution of a difficulty will be sufficiently obvious.

I bought two loads of manure from a dairyman who delivered it, and as I dug each bed I incorporated it with a fairly generous portion of the fertilizing medium as the simplest way to enrich the soil if poor, as an incentive and assistant to the regular routine that Nature follows as a law.

I adopted the plan of making one garden bed and planting it before starting another, carefully observing the directions on the outside of the seed packet used, which I take it, are mainly correct as to instructions concerning preparation, suitability of soil and the right time to sow.

Peas, cucumbers, wax beans, shallots and radishes we sowed first, and afterwards duplicated them, the second crop of each coming into useful maturity as the first was going out. This system gave a continuous supply, and far beyond the usual season of each.

Onions, beets, parsnips, salsify, carrots and turnips were planted in drills and thinned out to proper space when old enough, the leaves of the extra turnips and beets furnishing excellent greens for table use in the meantime, and being quite equal to spinach, a bed of which had not been omitted. Sweet corn we sowed later on, as to plant it prematurely invites disaster from early rains, which are apt to be too copious and rot the seed.

Pumpkins, squashes of the Hubbard variety, melons and potatoes we put in last, as a possible frost would be fatal to the three former, and the tubers, except for very early use, are apt to be better if planted round about the 24th of May.

From a florist we bought tomato and cabbage plants, and set them in odd corners that were otherwise unprovided for. Here and there among the potatoes were a few English marrows, which during their career evinced marvelous growth and productivity, the only drawback to their presence was their tendency to crawl everywhere and over everything that came in their way, and while they well repaid all pains and care, they had to be watched and guided in their devious progress to prevent strangling their inoffensive neighbors.

I also planted some diminutive beds of parsley, sage, thyme, garlic and mint, all of which flourished and furnished seasoning material for the various products of the garden that were converted to pickles, catsup, chutney, sauces and the many other conditions of preserving that may be applied to the majority of vegetables.

I may say that the garden was a great success from start to finish, and grew more vegetables than our family of myself, my wife and two little girls, could consume. From the middle of May, when the first lettuce, green onions and radishes were ready for use, until the snow flurries of late November, our garden of ten square rods furnished a plenteous supply and variety of food that favorably reflected on the expenses of the household, while the healthful recreation of planting, watching and cultivating during the season, filled our leisure hours with a solicitude and interest that was both pleasurable and wholesome.

My two little daughters, Isabel and Jane, became quite proficient in the useful knowledge they gained through Nature study thus afforded, and when the muskmelon patch materialized, about the middle of September, there were as many as 175 of the Montreal variety, from small to very large, that ripened at the rate of four or five each day. These occupied the especial attention of the two children who considered them the most valuable yield of the garden, and they could be frequently seen wending their way to school in the morning with a melon under each arm.

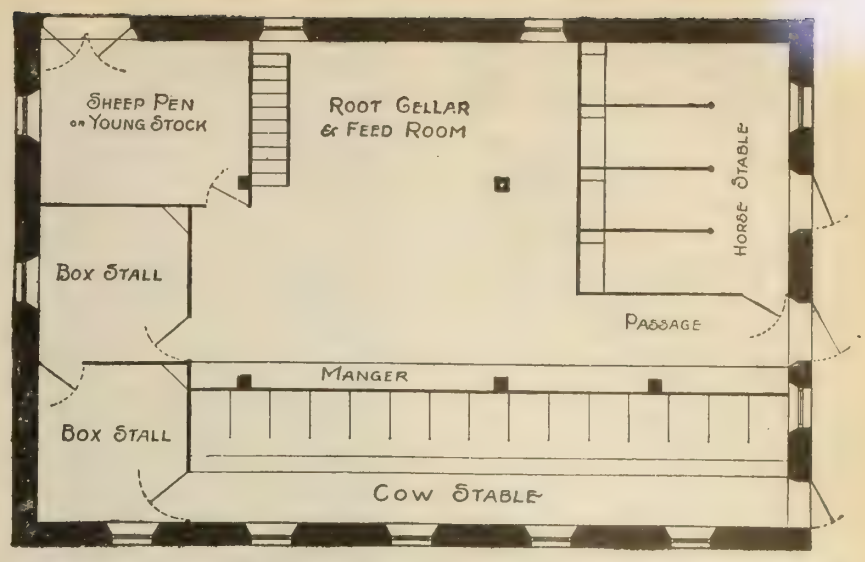
We employed no secret nor particularly scientific methods with our first vegetable garden, nor have I supplemented any different process since, although I have made and enjoyed five successive gardens in the same place. Plenty of manure, plenty of cultivation, and plenty of watering in season may be defined as the three principal factors of success. Of course, I kept the garden clean, right from the first, as a weed should no more find a place in a garden than a pug dog on a farm.

In gardens I have had since, I have added to the variety of vegetables first grown, as for instance, celery, rhubarb, artichokes, horseradish and perhaps one or two other products which are generally planted in odd corners or places in the garden to make the most of space available.

I also grow my own cabbage plants, and have them well up in a box inside the house, so they will be ready first thing in the spring. Whenever a bed early becomes vacant, like that of green peas, shallots or radishes, I dig it up at once and set cabbages or tomatoes, if it be not too late for the latter, and in this manner I keep every square foot of the garden land, except that used for paths, occupied and producing something that will eventually find its way to our dinner table.

I might say that to those who have much of the æsthetic or artistic in their temperament, the vegetable garden lends itself to those two phases of the senses more than is generally supposed. The different and varied foliage of the many plants can with a little forethought be so arranged for when sown as to form a color scheme that will be extremely restful to the eye and the mind.

The brilliant light green of the lettuce, the burnt sienna and vandyke brown of the beets, the emerald of the pea beds and the blood-veined gamboge of the rhubarb, the silken blonde of the corn tassels contrasted with the tropical russets and greens of squash and pumpkin leaves, with all the colors here and there relieved by the tawny patches of well-tilled soil, create a harmonious picture that might vie with many a flower garden, and suffer little or none by comparison.



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Beautifying Outbuildings

By C. B. ALDEN

NOT only should the farmer and the village or town householder plan to beautify the house and its immediate surroundings, but also something should be done to make more attractive the appearance of outbuildings, sheds and even the barns. I know a farmer who takes as much pride and pleasure in what he has done in the way of planting vines and flowers by his barns and carriage shed as he does in his lawn and flower garden. The front and the sides of the barns are covered with vines, and along the front are narrow beds of herbaceous plants, such as columbines, foxgloves, bleeding heart and similar old-fashioned sorts which, when once planted, require very little after-attention. At the rear of the buildings, where is located the barnyard, no planting has been done.

The idea could be applied with advantage to hundreds of farm buildings in this country. Schemes of improvement like this attract the attention of passersby, add to the value of the place, and make it more pleasant and more worth working and living for on the part of the owner and his family.

Propagating From Cuttings

By T. McVITTIE

FOR propagating plants by cuttings in the home, use a shallow box, say, four inches deep. Put in one inch of cinders or broken crocks for drainage, and fill with clean sharp sand. Insert the cuttings in the sand about one inch deep and two inches apart each way, making the sand quite firm around each. Then soak thoroughly, place in the window and shade for a few days. Cuttings should root in about three weeks' time, and be ready for planting in stronger soil.

One good soaking is usually sufficient until the roots appear. A light spraying may be given on bright days to keep the leaves from wilting.

As soon as well-rooted, the cuttings should be potted or boxed, and carefully watered until well established. Keep the blooms pinched off until the young plants are well rooted.

There are a great many plants which can be propagated in this way, such as coleus, heliotrope, geranium, ageratum, several varieties of begonias, alyssum, cuphea, fuchsia, salvia, abutilon, etc.

Coleus require a closer and more humid atmosphere, and more heat than the others, but this can be secured by covering the boxes with panes of glass. Coleus should root in about eight days.

Ferns of the Boston type can be increased at any time by taking off some of the smaller pieces with roots that grow around the edge of the larger plants. Pot them in small pots at first, but care should be taken not to overpot them. Overpotting is putting a large plant into a small pot. They root more quickly in small pots, and can be repotted as often as they require it.

Plants require a shift into a larger size of pots as soon as the present ones get full of roots, and they should never be potted sooner. They grow more quickly if only a small shift be given each time. It is best to use a pot about one size larger than what the plant has been in.

There are quite a number of plants which with a little care can be readily propagated at home, and the pleasures of gardening are greatly increased by this practice.

Some Good Dahlias

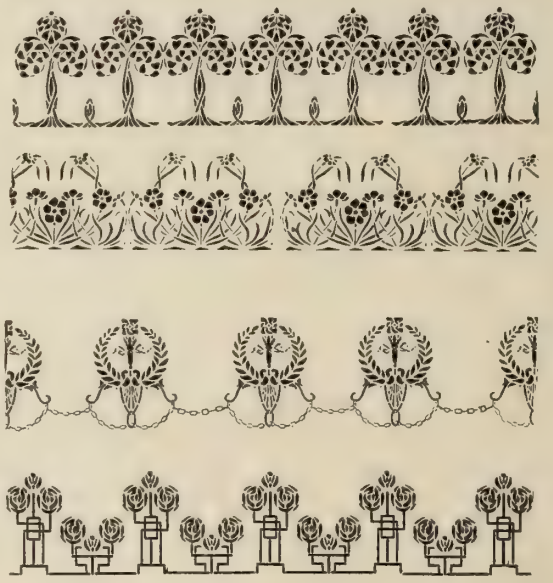
By ALEX. BALLOCH

THE decorative type of dahlia has always been my favorite, although there are quite a number of the standard type that I like very well. especially in the whites, "Mrs. John Walker" being one that I would not be without. "Mrs. Winters" and "Henry Patrick," decorative whites, are good and free blooming. (Delice, a new variety, is one of the best of the decorative class. —Ed.) "Grand Duke Alexis," a very large white with sometimes a tinge of pink, is a good one; the petals overlap to the point.

"Mrs. A. D. Livonia," standard, shell pink, although neither new nor very large, is still a favorite for its pretty shape, rich color and free blooming qualities. Another good one is "Gloire de Lyon," being very large and pure white.

To have large-flowered peonies, remove some of the early buds.

Stencil Decoration



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How to Grow Asters

By LEN. W. BARCLAY

ANY flower lover who is not already acquainted with the aster and its culture should try to have a few plants this season. With ordinary care asters give flowers until hard frosts destroy the plants. They are most desirable for midsummer and autumn blooms. The types and varieties have been much

CHOICE ASTERS IN GREAT PROFUSION
Corner of a field of three thousand plants grown last year.

improved in recent years, and some of them now are perhaps equal to choice chrysanthemums.

Asters succeed best in a rich loamy soil, although with a little care they can be made to give good results in any good ground.

The seed should be sown as early in April as possible. Various methods are used to start the young plants. I find a cold frame more suitable than a hotbed. The plants are more hardy, and do not mind transplanting like tender hotbed-grown plants do.

Sow the seeds in shallow drills one inch deep and three inches apart. Cover lightly and press firmly. Water well and cover with newspapers for two days to hasten germination. Do not leave the papers on longer. Transplant to the open ground when the plants are three inches tall. The young plants will stand light frosts without injury. Do not set closer than twelve inches in the row, and have the rows twenty-four inches apart. Asters need plenty of water and frequent cultivation throughout the entire season.

In varieties, the Queen of the Market and Express Comet are the earliest bloomers, and very desirable. Early Branching Rose is a choice variety. The Cregos are among the best and should be given a trial. Royal Purple, Mikado, Rochester Pink and Late Branching also are excellent varieties.

Asters are not much troubled with insect pests. Out of over 3,000 plants that I grew last year not fifty were lost. If the ground is too rich, or if fresh manure has been added to the soil the same season that the plants are set out, they may be troubled with stem rot. In this case the only remedy is to pull and throw away affected plants.

Marguerite Carnations

By C. M. BEZZO

THESE beautiful flowers will do well in any fairly rich garden soil. To insure a long season of bloom the first year, seed of this flower should be planted in a cold frame as early in the spring as the weather will permit it being brought into use. They may also be planted in the open seed bed when the trees are bursting into leaf, covering to a depth of one-eighth of an inch, firming the soil over the seeds to prevent it drying out before they germinate.

When the young plants have made a good start they should be transplanted to the lower bed, setting about one foot apart. They usually commence to bloom about four months from the time the seed is sown, and under good cultivation many of the flowers will be equal to those grown and offered for sale by florists.

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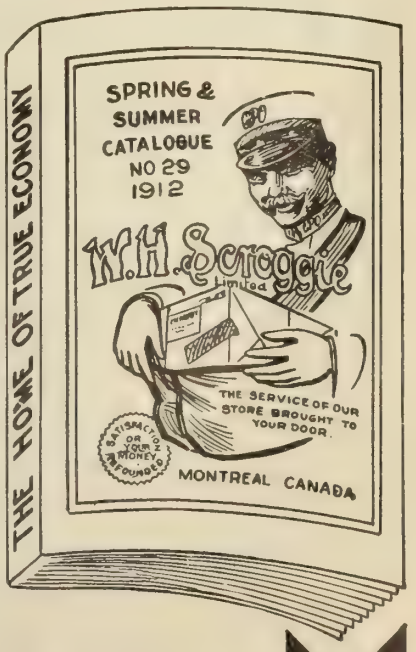
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WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

By JOHN CAVERS

WHEN the winter snows disappear and the sunshine begins to revive what has been dormant for several weeks, the question, "What shall we plant?" recurs annually to many people. It is not generally recognized that much of this annual anxiety about planting might be avoided by the more general use of bulbs and herbaceous perennials, which, when once obtained, are a permanent source of floral beauty and ornamentation. It is not claimed that these should take the place wholly of annual flowers, but that the latter may, with advantage, be relegated to a secondary place.

The herbaceous perennials when once well planted, come up year after year without any attention as to arrangement, and they require only some cultivation of the surface soil about them to yield annual dividends of floral loveliness. The half-hardy bulbs and plants, such as dahlias, gladioli, kniphofias, etc., must be taken up before heavy frost occurs in the fall, wintered in a cellar, and replanted in the spring, but the annual increase of these bulbs and plants richly compensates for the annual digging and planting of them.

Most of the herbaceous perennials increase in strength and vigor of plant, and in wealth and quality of bloom for several years without disturbance, and all of them increase their kind from year to year. The pæony, for instance, should remain undisturbed for eight to ten years, by which time it will have increased many fold. It should then be taken up, divided into sections, and replanted. The delphinium, helenium, iris, phlox and others should remain for three years, then be divided and replanted. The daffodils and late tulips may also remain undisturbed for three or four years without deterioration of the bloom.

The best six perennials in the order of their merit are: Pæony, iris, phlox, delphinium, chrysanthemum (hardy). and helenium. The most reliable of the flowering bulbs are gladiolus, daffodil, tulip, lily, hyacinth and ismene.

It is not difficult to arrange for a continuous succession of bloom from bulbs and perennials for six or seven months, beginning with May and ending with November. The following suggestions may be helpful:

For bloom in May—Columbine, daffodil, *Dicentra spectabilis* (bleeding heart), German iris, hyacinth, etc.

For bloom in June—Achillea, *Clematis recta,* German iris, hemerocallis (day lily), oriental poppy, pæony, pyrethrum, spiræa, etc.

For bloom in July—Anchusa, delphinium, gaillardia, Japanese iris, *Lilium Candidum,* phlox, shasta daisy, stokesia, yucca, etc.

For bloom in August—Dahlia, gladiolus, helenium, helianthus, *Hibiscus Moscheutos,* kniphofia, phlox, etc.

For bloom in September—*Anemone Japonica,* boltonia, hardy aster, hardy chrysanthemum, kniphofia, phlox, etc.

For bloom in October and November —Hardy asters and hardy chrysanthemums.

When shall we plant? is another question frequently asked. This general rule may be given as a reply, viz., bulbs and perennial plants that bloom in May or June should be planted in the fall; plants that bloom later than June may be planted in either spring or fall. There are exceptions to this general rule; e.g., the half-hardy bulbs and plants, such as dahlia, gladiolus, ismene, kniphofia, etc., as well as the hardy yucca, must be planted in the spring, while the lilies should be planted in the fall. The oriental poppy should be planted in August, and the daffodil in the latter half of August or first half of September.

Just a word as a plea for a closer knowledge of the flowering plants. Plant nothing, except the mixtures, that is not named and labelled, and preserve the labels until the name and characteristics of the variety have become familiar. To quote Mr. W. T. Macoun, the Dominion Horticulturist:— "How much more interesting it is to know the names of the species and varieties of plants that we grow than to merely know that they are phloxes, or pæonies, or irises!"

The Giant Purple Cone-Flower

By M. E. BLACKLOCK

THE giant purple cone-flower (*Rudbeckia purpurea,* syn. *Echinacea purpurea*) is not seen often enough in our gardens. It is a handsome showy plant, the flowers, from 5 to 6 inches in diameter, being of a rather peculiar but pleasing shade of soft magenta pink with a large cone in the centre of a strongly contrasting rich brown. It needs a warm soil and sheltered position, to stand our Toronto winters, for although a native of this continent, its home is considerably south of us, Gray's manual giving its range as W. Pennsylvania to Virginia to Iowa and southward, adventuring occasionally eastward.

Echinacea augustifolia, a sister, is found on our north-west prairies around Brandon, Manitoba. The flower of the latter species is somewhat smaller, and the color, Gray tells us, is rose or red. If some enterprising gardener would produce a hybrid from these two species, a hardier plant would probably be the result. This proves that, where the snow lies steadily all winter long, many things can be wintered that die where it is milder, and the snow cannot be depended upon as a covering that will "stay put."

Even if you live in a locality where this plant does occasionally winter kill, so stately a perennial is well worth growing, as it can be bought for fifteen cents, and at that price one can afford to renew one's stock when necessary. By the way, Why is it that people who spend large sums on tender bedding plants each season seem to think it the height of extravagance to spend a few cents on a perennial plant that is tolerably certain to give them one or two seasons' bloom, but may eventually winter-kill? This seems to be the particular form of economy that pertains to the average gardener, reminding one of Miss Matty and her candle saving, in Cranford.

SPECIAL 25c. OFFERS

1

Containing one packet each of the following most beautiful and useful flowers: Nasturtiums, dwarf mixed; Pansy, Giant Orchid flowered Mixed Sweet Peas; Candytuft, Mignonette. Aster, Mixed; California Poppy, Marigold, Balsam, Morning Glory. If bought separately at regular prices would cost 70 cents. but will be mailed to you for 25 cents.

2

Contains one packet each of the following 10 varieties of Selected Vegetable Seeds: Tomato, Cabbage, Onion, Corn, Radish, Cucumber, Parsley, Carrot, Beet, Lettuce. If bought separately would cost 60 cents; all neatly packed and mailed for 25 cents.

3

Contains 10 separate packets of the Largest, Best and most Distinct Grandiflora Sweet Peas; worth 60 cents, for 25 cents.

4

Contains six Giant Orchid flowered Spencer Sweet Peas, in six separate packets; worth 80 cents for 25 cents.

5

Contains five separate packets of the most distinct Giant Asters in cultivation in five separate colors; worth 50 cents, post paid for 25 cents.

6

SPECIAL $1.00 COLLECTION

1 Each of the 5 collections, in all 4 packets, carefully packed and sent post paid for only $1.00, together with one full-sized 35-cent packet of the new Giant Orchid flowered Spencer Sweet Pea Florence Nightingale—universally pronounced the largest, strongest and best clear lavender variety ever introduced which usually throws four gigantic waved flowers on stems from 12 to 16 inches long. Also a 15-cent packet of the Giant Nicotiana Hybrids, as illustrated, making in all

$3.70 worth of the Best Seed Grown post paid for only $1.00

If you do not agree that this is the biggest Bargain ever offered!your dollar will be promptly returned without a question. Not more than one of each collection will be sent to one address. Every packet is full sized. These offers hold good only as long as stocks last. Write to-day.

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ROSES IN SPRING

By WILLIAM HUNT

THE first week in April is usually early enough to prune roses. Rose bushes should not be pruned until growth buds show the first signs of breaking into growth. It is then an easy matter to distinguish between the dead wood and the live wood. This is not such an easy matter if they are pruned earlier in the season. Even to an expert rose grower, it is difficult to pick out the wood that is partially or wholly dead very early in the season. Pruning should be done, however, before the growth buds really burst into leaf. It must not be delayed too long.

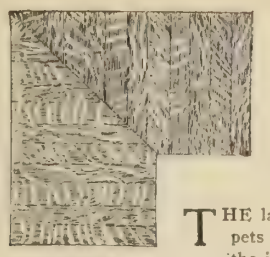
Remove all of the main dead branches first. Then cut out the small weak shoots that start from near the ground. These should be cut off close to the ground, as small weakly main shoots are of no use either to produce roses or to replenish the growth of the tree. After these have been removed, the remaining growth may be thinned out so as to secure the proper density of growth. It is seldom, however, that many of the main stems have to be taken out. If any are cut out, remove the very old ones, and leave if possible strong young canes or shoots that have started right from the ground or near to it. The lateral or side shoots of last season's growth on the main stems should now be pruned. These should be cut off about three or four inches from the main stem or branch, removing as a rule about two-thirds of the length of each lateral shoot. The top or terminal growth of the main stems should now be pruned. The shape of the tree has to be taken into consideration in this operation. Most rose bushes can usually be pruned into a dome or balloon-shaped bush, or possibly the natural habit of the bush may tend more to a conical or pyramid shape. Do not attempt to make any radical change in the natural contour of the bush. And do not prune so as to have the shape of the bush too stiff and formal, as if pruned with a hedge-clipping shears. The terminal shoots should be pruned so as to present a broken, but on the whole, a symmetrical shape. About one-third to one-half of last season's growth should be removed from the terminal or top shoots. It it difficult sometimes to leave a rose bush symmetrical-looking after pruning, from the fact that very often a great deal of the growth is winter-killed, and has to be cut out.

It will be seen by the description given that after thinning out the dead wood and the unnecessary growth, the pruning proper is done by shortening back from one-half to two-thirds of the length of the last season's growth, leaving short spurs only of the base of the growth near the main stems. The terminal point of growth on roses is not the kind of growth that produces roses, hence the need of its removal. These directions refer more particularly to the hardy hybrid perpetual roses (H.P.), such as the General Jacqueminot, Mrs. John Laing, Magna Charta, and similar hardy roses.

HYBRID TEA ROSES (H.T.)—The method of pruning given for H.P. roses will also apply to the hybrid tea type of rose. As a rule, however, the hybrid tea roses, being of a more tender nature, and not of such vigorous growth as the hybrid perpetual roses, do not require quite such severe pruning as the last named. At the same time, if the best blooming results are to be obtained, the young growth of the preceding season must also be shortened back on hybrid tea bushes. The hybrid tea roses are becoming more popular every year,

A CHARMING RUSTIC PERGOLA THAT WILL BE A DELIGHT WHEN VINE-COVERED.

A pergola properly used is a delightful adjunct to a garden. The one illustrated is a very pretty rustic one, that is very effective in the beautiful garden of Mr. W. G. McKendrick at his summer cottage on Toronto Island. The construction is simple, and in a country place where the rustic posts could be easily obtained it ought not to be a very expensive or difficult thing to make. In the city, of course, this simplicity (and almost everything else), is a luxury. One can easily imagine that in time this pergola will be covered with such roses as Dorothy Perkins, Hiawatha, Tausendschon and Crimson Rambler, and with *Clematis paniculata, Adlumia cirrhosa* and other dainty vines forming a background for the roses. —M. E. B.



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This is not an imitation—it is an exact reproduction of fine grained quarter-cut oak parquet—made from the actual wood itself.

Fibre Veneer

is manufactured in rolls 36 inches wide and 34 feet long. Several designs in addition to those illustrated. Applied over any kind of floor, and so easy to lay you will like to do the work yourself. Can be stained after being shellaced—or left in natural shade and varnished to finish. Perfectly sanitary and washable. One roll sufficient for parquet border—18 inches wide around room 16 feet x 16 feet, allowing for mitres at corners. Full directions for laying and finishing accompany each roll. Write for samples.

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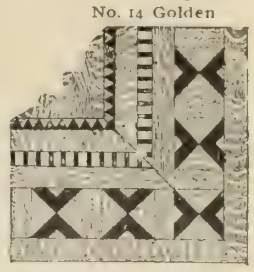

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To introduce our high grade quality we will securely pack and **deliver PREPAID to any express office in Ontario** the following 25 two and three year old Nursery grown ROSES and FLOWERING SHRUBS

5 Climbing Roses, value $2.50

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1 Lady Gay, delicate pink
1 Veilchenblau, blue Rambler
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5 Hybrid Tea Roses, value $1.25

1 Gruss an Teplitz, bright red
1 Kaiserin Victoria, white
1 Madame Testout, silvery rose
1 Mamon Cochet, pink
Le Progress, Golden Yellow

5 Hybrid Perpetual Roses, value $1.25

1 Frau Karl Druschkki, white
1 General Jacqueminot, brilliant red
1 Magna Charta, bright pink
1 Ulrich Brunner, cherry red
1 Julus Margottin, glossy pink

5 Baby Ramblers, value $1.25

1 Madam N. Levavasseur, Pink Baby Rambler
1 White Pet, White Baby Rambler
1 Mrs. W. Cutbush, Baby Dorothy Perkins
1 Perle des Rouges, Velvety Crimson
1 Mosella, clear Yellow

5 Flowering Shrubs, value $1.25

1 Hydrangea Paniculata Grand
1 Althea, Rose of Sharon
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Means sure destruction of leaf-eating insects when used on rose bushes, shrubs and trees.

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Should be used to prevent fungous diseases, which are often more destructive of plant life than insects.

Both of these insecticides are put up in a manner to permit their being easily used in small or large gardens or orchards.

Grasselli spray products are used by the most successful growers in Canada and the United States.

Write us for detailed information.

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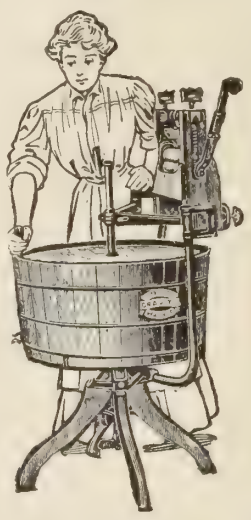
This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse, and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tubful of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—

A. D. Bach, Manager 1900 Washer Co., 357½ Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

being continuous flowering during the summer, but they are not, as a rule, quite as hardy as the hybrid perpetual type of rose.

PRUNING CLIMBING ROSES.

The method of pruning these differs very little from that of the bush roses. The dead wood and the weak, puny canes must be cut out, leaving only strong, vigorous canes. It is best to leave a young, vigorous cane or two of last season's growth on each bush, cutting out any old canes more than three years old. The old canes do not, as a rule, produce such fine roses as the younger canes. The young canes should be shortened back about one-third of their length from the top of terminal point of growth. The lateral or small side shoots of last season's growth on the old canes should be shortened back about one-half or two-thirds, leaving a short spur about four or five inches in length.

BLACK SPOT AND RUST.

All trimmings and dead leaves should be carefully gathered up at once and burned to prevent the spread of the fungous diseases known as black spot, mildew and rust. If the dead leaves of last season are left lying around, the spores of the fungous growths mentioned will develop as soon as warm weather comes, and possibly give a great deal of trouble later in the season. Spraying the bushes with a solution of lime sulphur, as used for fruit trees, or with Bordeaux mixture, will not only help to keep down black spot and rust, but will also prevent to a very great extent the visit of insect pests later on in the season. These solutions must be applied before the leaf buds open, or they may do very serious damage to the bushes.

After the pruning is done, all weeds should be carefully forked out from around the bushes, and a good coating of well-rotted barnyard manure forked in around them as soon as the ground is dry enough. About half a pound of bone meal for each bush may also be added to the manure. Chicken manure is also a good fertilizer for rose bushes. Care must be taken not to apply too much of this. About a pailful will be sufficient for five or six good sized bushes. A potato fork should be used for digging around rose bushes, or, in fact, around any small bush or tree. A spade should never be used; it often injures the root system very badly, especially if used by an unskilful person.

LISTS OF VARIETIES.

The following lists of roses will be found to be suitable varieties for almost any locality in any part of Canada where roses can be grown at all:

FIFTEEN GOOD HARDY H.P. BUSH ROSES—Frau Karl Druschki, pure white; Margaret Dickson, white; Clio, pinkish white; General Jacqueminot,, scarlet crimson; Prince Camille de Rohan, crimson maroon; Jubilee, very dark crimson; Dupuy Jamain, bright cerise red; Jules Margottin, cherry red; Magna Charta, rose red; Ulrich Brunner, cherry red; John Hopper, rose pink, with reverse of petals silvery lilac; Mrs. John Laing, soft pink; Oakmont, bright pink; Soliel d'Or, yellow.

FIFTEEN GOOD HYBRID TEA ROSES—Alice Lindsell, creamy pink; Bessie Brown, creamy white; Caroline Testout, salmon pink; Countess of Annesley, rosy salmon and old gold; Dean Hole, silvery carmine shaded salmon; Florence Pemberton, creamy pink, large; Grus au Teplitz, bright crimson; Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, cream, shaded lemon; Killarney, flesh pink; La France, silvery rose pink; Meteor, velvety crimson; Mme. Ravary, golden yellow; Richmond, rich bright red; Souv. de Wootton, reddish crimson; Viscountess Folkestone, creamy pink, shaded salmon.

FOUR GOOD CLIMBING ROSES—Crimson Rambler; Dorothy Perkins, pink; Lady Gay, pale pink, shading to white; Queen Alexandra.

FOUR RUGOSA OR JAPANESE ROSES—Blanc Double de Coubert, white; Conrad F. Meyer, pink; Sir Thomas Lipton, white; Rubra, deep rose. The rugosa roses are very hardy. Suitable for hedges or planting in a shrubbery as well as in a rose bed. These roses require very little pruning, except to shorten back the main growth.

FOUR MOSS ROSES—Blanche Moreau white; Comtesse de Murinais, white; Crested Moss, rosy pink; Laneii, rosy crimson. The moss roses require much the same pruning as the hybrid perpetual (H.P.) roses.

FOUR POLYANTH AND SMALL-FLOWERING ROSES—Hermosa, silvery pink, a beautiful little rose, hardy, flowers nearly all summer; Clotilde Soupert, creamy white; Baby Rambler, crimson; Yellow Soupert. A bed of these dwarf-growing roses is very pretty and effective.

An Indispensable Vine

THE Allegheny vine, fairy vine, mountain fringe and climbing fumitory are all popular names for *Adlumia cirrhosa*. This dear little vine is a biennial, but reproduces itself very freely from self-sown seed. The first year the young plants form beautiful clumps of foliage, as fine and as useful as the fronds of maiden-hair fern for

ALLEGHENY VINE—MOUNTAIN FRINGE

putting with cut flowers, and very much more lasting.

The second year they climb, flower and die at the end of the season. The photograph shows the vine in bloom. The flower, of a faint dull pink, is not conspicuous, but a trailing bit of it is the daintiest possible addition to a boquet, and as it festoons itself on some shrub or fence one sees the appropriateness of the name of "mountain fringe." Try it for a season, and you will feel that you can never again get on without it.—M.E.B.

The cypress vine is very acceptable for running over trellises, as it grows rapidly, and is a free bloomer. Sow the seed where it is to grow, or it may be sown in the house and transplanted to the garden when the weather becomes fine and warm.

White Swan Yeast Cakes

can always be depended upon to make good, light, wholesome bread. Ask your grocer for a 5c. package, containing six cakes, or send for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Darn the Stockings
With a Handy Stocking Darner

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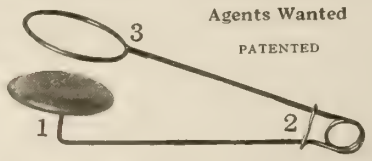

With this simple device a woman can save time and darn the holes much better and easier than by the old fashioned way.

HOW IT IS USED—Place cap (No 1) in stocking under the part to be mended, slide link (No. 2) up, which clamps ring (No. 3) to stocking and holds it in place while being mended.

Can be used to darn anything from a stocking to a dress; does not stretch the hole, but holds the stocking or goods securely.

You are so sure to like it that we will send one to you on trial for 25 cents post paid. If you do not like it return it and we will refund your money. Send cash with order.

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Mr. Cowie, N.Y., who grows over 15,000 varieties, thus pronounces the collection below.

Peace, white — **Blue-Jay**, blue
La Luria, yellow — **Victory**, the best yellow
Dawn, salmon — **Faust**, crimson

This collection, one bulb of each $2.00 post paid. **Dahlias the best.** Catalogue.

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Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

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25c and 60c bottle.

Sold everywhere.

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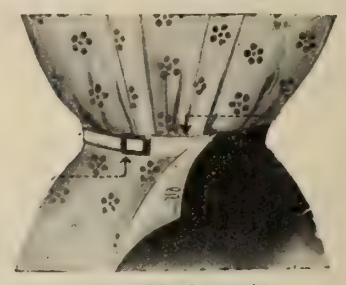
Neat Women Need It

No woman can look neat unless her blouse and skirt are properly adjusted. The Vanatter Blouse and Skirt Holder keeps both garments in correct position. It will not tear the most delicate fabric.



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Write for terms and territory.

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China Asters are more prominent this year than ever.

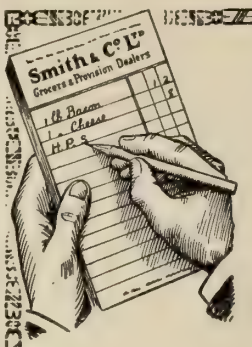
Queen of the Market, White and Pink, Lavender Gem, Royal Purple, Vick's Branching White and Crego Pink. 75c. per 100, carriage prepaid.

Gladioli, Groff's Hybrids, 10 for 25c., 25 for 55c. " " Light colors, 25 for 75c. " " Red and Scarlet 25 for 60c. Carriage prepaid.

Kniphofia, syn. Tritoma, (Torch Lily) var. Pfitzeri, grows 3-4 ft. high with spikes of bloom of a rich orange scarlet. A free continuous bloomer. Highly recommended. Each 15c., 10 for $1.25. Carriage prepaid.

JOHN CAVERS

MENTION HOME JOURNAL



Your Grocery Order is Incomplete Without a Bottle of

H.P. SAUCE

Even the plainest fare becomes dainty and appetising with a few drops of H.P.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to get a bottle to-day?

The Fashionable Punched Embroidery

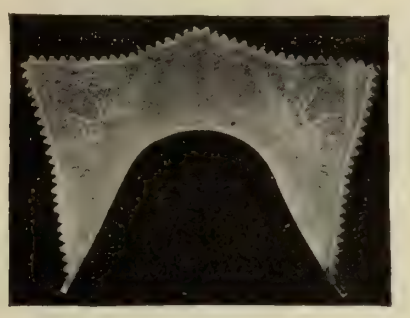
Want of space will not permit us to illustrate the large diagram which shows the method of working this embroidery, but a stamped envelope sent to the address given at the end of this article will bring

No. 8502—Waist on 45inch Voile, 75 cents.

by return mail a diagram lesson clearly showing the method of working this embroidery.

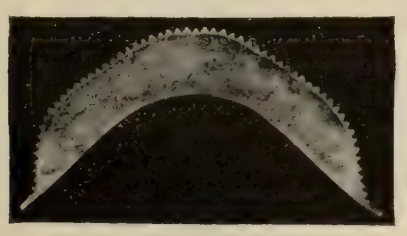
NEW ideas in embroidery are being constantly brought out, and sometimes one is instantly taken up and springs into widespread and sudden popularity. This has been the case with the "punched" work.

One sees complete matched luncheon sets, cushions, towels, etc., in fact, there seems to be no limit



No. 8227—Coat Collar, 25 cents.

to the possibilities of this embroidery. There is nothing difficult about the working of punched embroidery, as it consists simply in punching the threads of the material with a large special needle and tying the strands securely with fine, strong thread. Punched embroidery is used chiefly for backgrounds, the materials being stamped with evenly spaced rows of dots so that the designs clearly show the placing of the stitches. Special linens of a rather open weave are necessary for this work, which may be also successfully applied to either voile, sheer linens and lawns. The other portions



No. 8226—Coat Collar, 25 cents.

of the design may be worked in either solid padded embroidery, that is, if the designs are small; but large, bold designs require outlining, only using a corded outline stitch worked with a rather coarse thread, this brings the linen design in high relief against the lace-like background.

A beautiful example of this is shown on the embroidered waist, No. 8502, which has been embroidered on a 45-inch voile, the design being outlined with heavy thread and the background being filled in with fine punched embroidery.

Design No. 8227 shows a beautiful coat collar, which has been embroidered on fine handkerchief linen, with a combination of punched and solid padded embroidery.

No. 8226 shows another collar somewhat different in shape, medallion forms are filled with punch embroidery, while the remainder of the design has been embroidered solidly.

No. 1503, towel, which is a figured damask, bordered towel, with a fine huckaback centre, has been beautifully embroidered with a simple, graceful pattern. The other end of this towel is finished with a plain scalloped edge only.

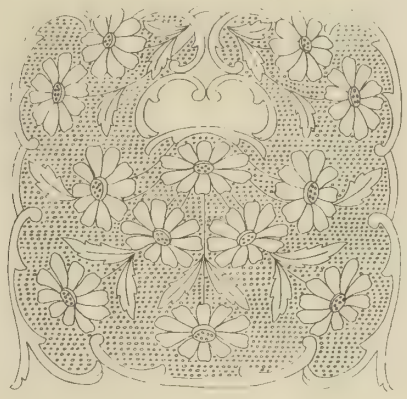
No. 2227 shows one of the fashionable deep sailor collar shapes, with cuffs to match. This beautiful

No. 2227—Collar and Cuffs Set, 60 cents.

design would be effective worked upon either cream or white linen.

No. 6500, cushion, is a dainty design which could be effectively worked up on either a white or cream linen background. The design on this need only be outlined with the exception of the centres of the daisies which must be worked in satin stitch and French knots.

Another effective pillow is 5608, which should be embroidered on fine linen. This cushion, if preferred,



No. 6500—Cushion, 75 cents.

may be stamped as a lingerie pillow within the scalloped border. Front and back are supplied to be laced together with ribbons run through the eyelets.

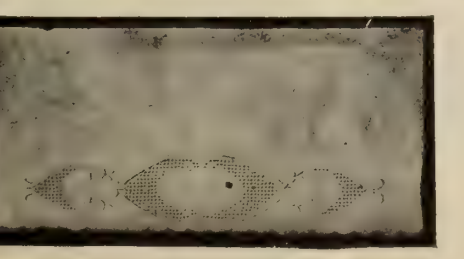
Belding's lustered cotton is one of the best threads for this embroidery. Letter F is suitable for the punched background and B or C for the outlining; if the design is to be worked in solid padded satin stitch letter D will be found suitable. If the designs are to be worked with silks Dresden Floss

No. 5608—Lacing Pillow, 60 cents.

is the right size for the punched background, and Mountmellick E is a suitable size for the remainder of the designs.

Special needles for the punched embroidery can be supplied at five cents each.

Readers will please note that the prices quoted on this page are for stamped linens only. If further information is required as to prices for materials to finish, etc., address Belding, Paul Corticelli, Limited, Linen Dept., Montreal.



No. 1503—Towel 75 cents.

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Models for Silk and Wool

THE indoor gowns of the spring are very charming and very graceful. The three shown are typical The girl's dress shown to the extreme left is in the favorite semi-princess style, and is made of crepe de chine, with trimming of dotted foulard. The design is an excellent one, for it can be utilized both for silk materials, such as this one, and for the lightweight wools of the season, and for washable fabrics. It can be made just as illustrated with a stock collar and long sleeves. The three-piece skirt is lapped on to a narrow panel and is joined to the blouse, which is cut with front and back portions and with sleeves sewed to the armholes on the long shoulder line. For the 16 year size will be needed 5¾ yards of material 27, 4¼ yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 24 for the trimming. The pattern, 7348, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The second costume is designed for evening and dinner wear. It is exceptionally graceful, altogether showing the styles at their best. The blouse includes over-portions in surplice style that can be made from banding, as in this instance, or from material trimmed. If a decoleté effect is desired it can be cut out to form a square neck. The skirt is made in three pieces that are lapped on to a panel. It can be finished at the high or natural waist line. When cut to the natural waist line it is gathered at the upper edge. In the illustration the gown is made of charmeuse, trimmed with lace. For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 36, 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with 2⅛ yards of banding 8 inches wide, and ½ yard 18 inches wide for the V-shaped portions; for the skirt will be needed 6¼ yards 27, 5¼ yards 36, 4 yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of banding. The train allows of three lengths. It can be made round and longer or shorter, and it can be made pointed and longer than shown in either view. The width with the train in pointed outline is 3½ yards, with long round train 3 yards and with the short round train 2⅝ yards at the lower edge. The pattern of the blouse, 7323, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, 7352, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The third and last costume is made of the taffeta that is promised such favor throughout the entire season. It is finished with scalloped edges that are bound with the same, and such finish is exceedingly new and eminently smart. The blouse is a simple one with separate sleeves that are sewed to the armholes. It can be made with or without lining that includes under-sleeves. The fichu is arranged over it and the closing is made at the back. The postillion can be used or not, as liked. The skirt is made in two pieces, with three slightly circular flounces, the uppermost one being scalloped at both upper and lower edges. It can be finished at the high waist line or at the natural waist line with a belt. For the medium size the blouse will require 2⅝ yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1⅝ yards of all-over lace; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 36 or 44; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards. The pattern of the blouse, 7351, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust; of the skirt, 7344, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

Smart Models for Spring Costumes

SPRING fashions have many charming features to recommend them. In the illustration are shown two typical costumes, one for the street, one for indoor wear, that are admirably well adapted to the bride's trousseau, and also to general use.

The gown on the left is made from one of the new foulards that shows tiny dots arranged in a way to give almost a checked effect. It is combined with a blouse of lace and it is trimmed with little satin buttons. Many of the smartest features of the season are included. The deep trimming portion, or girdle, on the blouse that matches the skirt is an important one. The same model could be used for a variety of materials. It would be very charming made from taffeta with coat to match, making a three-piece suit, or from light weight serge or any seasonable suiting material, and for the upper portion of the blouse can be used chiffon, lace, net, crepe de chine, or any pretty material in contrast to the lower portion. The blouse can be made with or without a lining, and the lining can be used with or without under sleeves, and the neck also can be made high. The skirt is made in two pieces, and the trimming portion is arranged over it. The finish can be made at either the high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27, 1¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27, ¾ yard 36, ⅝ yard 44 for the trimming portion, 1⅝ yards of banding, and 1¼ yards of allover lace 18 inches wide for chemisette and under sleeves when these are used. For the plain skirt will be needed 3½ yards 27, 2⅝ yards 36 or 44; and for the trimming portion, 2¼ yards 27 or 36, ⅞ yard 44 inches wide; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, 7357, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, 7280, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The street costume shows one of the very new coats that are semi-fitted, yet give exceedingly straight lines, and a skirt that gives quite the effect of a complete overskirt and foundation, yet which in reality consists of upper and lower portions that are stitched together at the line of the facing. Such a model is adapted to every seasonable suiting. Serge is a favorite for the early season, taffeta is a pronounced feature, satin is to be used, heavy ribbed silks are exceedingly smart, wool poplins and ratine are much in vogue, and for simpler use there is the long list of cheviots,

Dress Pattern No. 7348

Blouse Pattern No. 7323
Skirt Pattern No. 7352

Blouse Pattern No. 7351
Skirt Pattern No. 7344

homespuns and the like, while broadcloth is one of the stand-bys for handsome suits. Ratine, satin, silk and contrasting wool materials are used as trimming. In the illustration taffeta is combined with satin, and the collar and cuffs are made of ratine. The coat can be trimmed to give the Empire effect or made with a plain back, as liked, and the skirt can be finished at either the high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide and ¼ yard of satin for the trimming. For the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 21 inches wide for the foundation; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of the coat, 7368, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust; of the skirt, 7372, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

Blouse Pattern No. 7357
Skirt Pattern No. 7280

Coat Pattern No. 7368
Skirt Pattern No. 7372

Afternoon Gowns of Silks

SILKS will be extensively worn throughout the spring and summer, and they are very charming. Many of them are extremely light in weight and sufficiently cool for even real warm weather, while they are so soft and pliable that they take exceedingly graceful lines and folds.

The costume to the left is of chiffon taffeta with trimming of a darker color and tiny little satin buttons. These buttons are being extensively used, and they can be applied after this manner or in any way to suit the fancy. The model is an exceptionally attractive one, simple in the extreme, yet exceedingly smart. The blouse is made with a little vestee that is in every way attractive, and with one-piece sleeves that are sewed to the armholes. It is closed at the back. If liked it can be made with high neck as shown in the back view. The skirt is a simple two-piece one. It is slightly full and gathered at the upper edge, and it can be made in walking length or with a train, and with high or natural waist line. The model is a pretty one for voile and for crepe de chine, as well as for the taffeta, and also for many of the simpler cotton and linen fabrics.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 1⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of allover lace; for the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards. To trim the entire gown will be needed 1¼ yards of silk 21 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, 7354, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, 7304, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

The second gown combines silk serge with satin, but it could with equal success be made from wool serge with satin or with taffeta, from striped and plain taffeta, or from striped and plain linen. The blouse is a very practical, as well as smart one, for it is closed at the left of the front. The centre portion or chemisette, can be made of two materials or of one, and the collar can be cut with a pointed or square back, while the square back may be extended to the shoulders or to the waist line, as preferred. The skirt is one of the very newest. There is a two-piece tunic portion that is joined to a two-piece foun-

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dation, and this foundation is laid in inverted plaits at the sides, consequently there is a suggestion of the slashed effect that has been so much talked of, and there is freedom for walking, while the straight lines are preserved. The finish can be made at the high waist line, as in this instance, or at the natural waist line, as preferred.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2⅞ yards of material 27, with 1¼ yards 21, and 1 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide; 2⅜ yards 36, 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 2½ yards 27, 36 or 44 for the lower portion, and for the upper portion will be needed 3¼ yards 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is 2½ yards, 2 yards when the plaits are laid.

The pattern of the blouse, 7362, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, 7367, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

Colors for Coming Season

HERE is the color-man's list of shades for spring, 1912, in the order of their popularity: Pigskin, Indian, Manila, Reseda, Castor, Apricot, Amethyst.

The blues will, as usual in the spring season, hold first place, the medium shade of navy blue, with just a tinge of purple, being best; then the Wilhelmina, Nattier and Copenhagen shades. Next to the blues will come the tans, including Manila chamois and pigskin (the color of the pigskin leather).

Then, in about equal demand, will come the amethyst, violet ash, castor and reseda; and in pastels, apricot (a pinkish tan shade) champagnes, corals and reddish tints.

Other colors, staple or hold-overs, in the spring color scale include French grey, taupe, king's blue, maduro, snuff, olive, seaweed, wildrose, edge, salmon, Saxon green, hunter's green, myrtle, mullein, salmon, covert, smoke, steel, and a light navy.

White and cream will play the most important part in the demand for spring suits, inasmuch as no smart woman's wardrobe will be complete without this addition.

Semi-Princess Dress

SEMI-PRINCESS frocks are smart and exceedingly well liked this season, and this one will be found excellent for small women as well as for young girls. It can be made in two quite different ways, as shown on the figure and as shown in the small view. The two effects are so essentially different that they scarcely suggest the same model, yet only the neck line and sleeves are changed. The skirt gives the tunic effect and is as smart as it is new. In the illustration chiffon broadcloth is combined with satin, but any two materials can be used.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions and with straight sleeves that are joined to it. When made as shown on the figure the right front of the blouse is finished with a revers and the closing is made beneath it. When made as shown in the small front view, the collar finishes the neck

Blouse Pattern No. 7354
Skirt Pattern No. 7304

Blouse Pattern No. 7362
Skirt Pattern No. 7367

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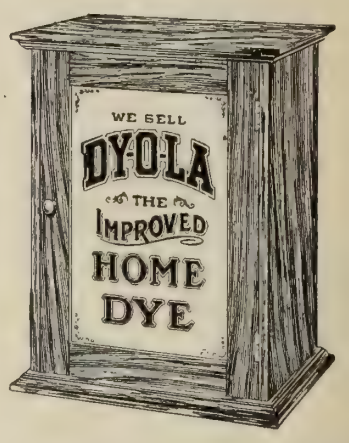

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and front edges. The skirt is made with a three-piece upper portion and a two-piece foundation.

For the 16-year size will be required 5⅝ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards 27

Pattern No. 7272

inches wide for the foundation and trimming, ⅛ yard 18 inches wide for collar.

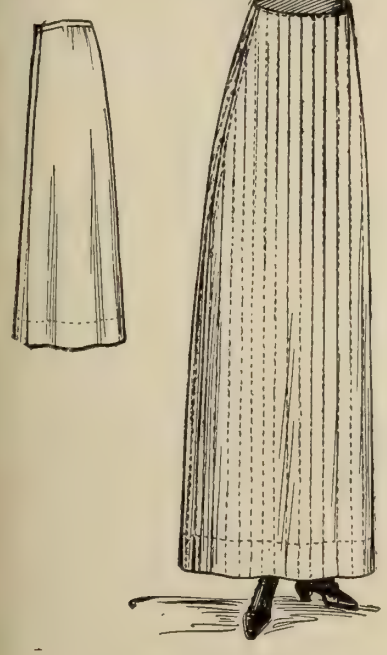
The pattern, No. 7272, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Button Trimmings

BUTTONS are to play an important role in the trimming of both coats and suits. They are varied in size and material. Belts and belt effects are also good for coats and suits, either made of the self fabrics or of leather in matching or harmonizing tones.

Two-Piece Skirt for Small Women

THE two-piece skirt is a favorite one and in addition to its smartness, it is simple and easily made. This one is of moderate width, and the seams at the sides can be left plain or trimmed. A pretty effect is obtained by arranging buttons in groups over the hips and again above the facing, and often braid is arranged over the seams. The skirt is an excellent one, both for the street and for indoor wear, and as it can be finished either at the high or natural waist line, it can be adapted to all figures.



Pattern No. 7283

The skirt is made in two pieces. When it is cut to the high waist line it is arranged over a belt; when it is cut to the natural waist line the back is gathered, and the skirt is joined to the belt. The closing is made at the left side.

For the 16-year size will be required 3¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, the width of the skirt at lower edge is 1⅞ yards.

The pattern, No. 7283, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Paris Notes

ALL waists are of the surplice, or shaped in the Marie Antoinette style, the sleeves being very long. Some of the new kimono sleeves are right at the top of the arm, while the rest is of puffed chiffon. Generally the waists are collarless, in some cases suggesting the De Medici collar kept close to the neck by a velvet band. Sashes of heavy embroidered gold and silver worn over simple dresses are in as great favor as the English embroidered sailor collars.

The waist line is normal behind, with a tendency to run up a couple of inches in front.

Taffeta striped shot pompadour, heavily glace or very dull, is almost the only material employed. In the panier skirt it gives an effect that can hardly be called pretty.

Evening skirts are all draped, of satin or changeable taffeta, on which a great deal of lace is used, also Hungarian embroidery in vivid colors. Empire effects are still retained in some evening gowns, the sleeves of which are very wide and made to go into folds under the arm, giving the effect of negligee.

Tea gowns are of Grecian style, generally with black satin showing in wide folds under a dress of white lace. Crash toweling, a cotton material in all colors, is used for walking costumes. One feature of the season will be the rich coloring of materials,, peach,

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We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE. 57

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PARIS, CANADA

WARRANTED HIGH PENMAN'S GRADE HOSIERY

DYEING BUT NOT DEAD

LADIES of refinement and culture know that fine gowns add lustre of youth to the appearance.

FINE gowns and everyday dresses cost money, but the life of a costume may be doubled by proper care.

PROPER care includes timely cleaning or dyeing before the stains become ingrained.

WE are alone in guaranteeing a jet black on Raw or Pongee Silk.

OUT of City orders as cheap as city trade. We pay express.

WILLOW PLUMES made from your old feathers.
$3.00 to $8.00

Write for price list and advice.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN

SINCLAIR DYE WORKS

656 College St. - Toronto, Ont.

Phone Coll. 621.

GROCERS are firm friends of Windsor Table Salt. They like to sell it, because it is pure and clean and good.

Ask any grocer for his best salt, and he will give you Windsor Salt every time.

Not because it costs more—it does not—but because the grocers know that Windsor Table Salt pleases their customers. 62

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

geranium, red, apricot, yellow, new blue, that is between royal and nattier.

The hair is worn low, without coiffure ornaments, in perfectly flat bands an inch and a half wide, retained by means of a diamond buckle, with an osprey drooping backward, following the line of the head.

Worth shows an evening dress trimmed with a great deal of rhinestone. Nearly all his dresses have tunics, also black satin robes opening over white linen, with elaborately embroidered petticoat, plenty of buttons being used.

Beer is conservative this year. Drecoll is using long sleeves even on evening gowns, and much lace. Doucet shows one suit entirely made of chamois leather, of geranium color, very simple. It is understood to be for the Riviera season. Artificial flowers are used by everyone.

Poiret is featuring the Empire style in real Recamier gowns, cut V-shaped and exceedingly low at the neck, with rather a high back. The colorings are rich, the trimming being of strikingly luminous silver braiding mixed with brilliant wool embroidered with flowers. Poiret is the only one to retain the narrow skirts. He uses paniers, but the skirts tighten immediately below them, and above the knees there is a polonaise, showing the petticoat in each case.

Semi-Princess Gown

SEMI-PRINCESS gowns such as this one can be made from many different materials, and consequently, are adapted to many uses. In the illustration mohair is trimmed with plaid silk and the gown is adapted to afternoon

Pattern No. 7340

wear, but it is just as appropriate for linen and for other washable materials, and it would be charming made from broadcloth or similar wools. The trimming is effective and smart, but it is not necessary; or, if a very simple gown is wanted, it can be finished as shown in the small view.

The gown consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions, and with one-piece sleeves that are stitched to the armholes. The skirt is six-gored, and the closing of the gown is made at the left of the front.

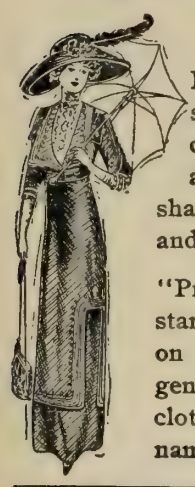
For the medium size will be required 9¼ yards of material 27, 5¾ yards 36, 4⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 for the trimming; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The pattern, No. 7340, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

IF YOU WANT AN EXQUISITE HOUSE GOWN

or something unusually dainty for evening wear, ask to see

Priestley's



AMBROSE

It is a beautifully soft silk-and-wool cloth—and comes in all the most wanted shades for afternoon and evening wear.

"Priestley's Limited" stamped every 5 yards on the selvedge of genuine "Priestley's" cloth. Look for the name.

3

Dry Cleaning will Remove the Spot

Perhaps you have always thought it impossible to clean fine Silks, Satins, Opera Cloaks, Suits, Laces, Feathers, etc. so they would look new.

Our special Dry Cleaning Process and years of experience, enable us to do work that your local cleaner knows nothing about.

We pay express one way on goods from out of town.

Write for free copy of our book, which tells all about our work and our prices.

Fountain "My Valet"
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14

WHOOPING COUGH

CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS
BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 309

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

VAPO CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Bldg.
MONTREAL

PARISIAN women are searching for Persian veils, the more elaborate and the older the better. No inclination to use them as face coverings has manifested itself; the ladies are merely tired of Russian embroideries, and they see in these Persian patterns something novel. Attractive, too, they are, for, from their length and suppleness, they lend themselves to decoration of all sorts. An evening dress may be draped with an antique Persian veil.

In French eyes it is absurd for the woman of limited income to wear light or flimsy dresses, or to wear the extreme of fashion, which is bound to pass away long ere she finds herself in a position to renew her costume. A black muslin dress for evening wear, cut square, and outlined with jet, is her idea of cheapness combined with nicety, and she dresses her hair low on the neck.

HATS are still the objects of special feminine interest and observation, and the new models are carefully studied and copied by those anxious to keep up with Dame Fashion's vagaries. The one illustrated on this page is an Eaton sample, a charming hat for misses, a most becoming shade of fancy straw braid, with dome crown and rolling brim; artistically trimmed with piece satin shirred on wires around crown and upper brim, trail of moss roses around crown and pretty bunch of flowers at side. Colors white, burnt, light navy, light brown, with satin to match, and roses to harmonize.

A PRETTY APRIL HAT

SOME of the hair ornaments which the girls are using are the prettiest things seen in ages. On a little head there was seen the other night a fine plaiting of tulle which was mounted aigrette fashion in a small jeweled sheath. The ornament was worn just at one side the front with the tulle aigrette pointing off slantingly toward the back. Another ornament consisted of a narrow band of black velvet outlined on each side with a single row of rhinestones, and just at the front there was a diamond-shaped ornament catching an aigrette. On still another pretty head there was worn a double bandeau made up of tiny green velvet ferns and little cerise satin berries. Such garnitures as this can be bought by the yard at the trimming counter. They are easily fixed up for hair ornaments. A very original ornament had a handsome satin ribbon rose centred with a rhinestone, and the rose was fastened to pale green loops and ends which were shaped and veined like long slender lily leaves.

THE kimono sleeve maintains a degree of popularity which his really remarkable, but at the same time there are variations appearing which relieve the strictly kimono sleeve of its severity and at the same time retain its lines. On the more dressy models the sleeves are of the three-quarter type, but on tailored and demi-tailored lines the full length is much shown. While the regulation sleeve is in excellent request and favor, and the set-in designs show a considerable strength, there is still a noted demand for the peasant styles.

The Work You do Tomorrow Depends on What You do Tonight

After a wearing grinding day, you need more than food and an easy chair to make you ready for to-morrow's work.

Music smoothes away the trials of the day—brings the brain back to its normal rythm—soothes, quiets and rests, because it appeals to the best that is in us.

The best investment a business man can make for himself and family is a

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PLAYER PIANO

the one that contains the special features which appeal to everyone and makes it possible to produce the best in music.

We will be pleased to give you full particulars about the New Scale Williams Pianos and Player Pianos, and if there is no dealer in your locality we will arrange to supply you direct from the factory.

ASK ABOUT OUR EXTENDED PAYMENT PLAN.

The WILLIAMS PIANO COMPANY, Limited
OSHAWA, ONT. 249

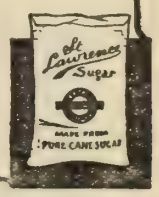
It is True Economy

to use the highest grade of sugar like

St. Lawrence Sugar

It is brilliantly white and sparkling—looks dainty and tempting on the table—and goes further because it is absolutely pure sugar of the finest quality. Make the test yourself. Compare "ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED" with any other.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited
MONTREAL. 33



Says Home Oil Tommy:

All Goes Glidingly

when things are oiled with HOME OIL. That's because HOME OIL is a *quality* oil—best *every* way—by *every* test. It took years to produce

HOME OIL

Made by the LIQUID VENEER People

because it first had to *beat them all* in the friction, heat, cold and safety tests. That's why a money-back guarantee goes with every bottle. That's why it is sold everywhere. That's why it is best for oiling *outside* as well as *inside* the home. You get more oil for your money when you buy HOME OIL. No fussy directions—just go ahead and oil.

Write for free trial bottle and prove its high quality.

Trial Bottle Free

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,
336 D Liquid Veneer Building Buffalo, N. Y.

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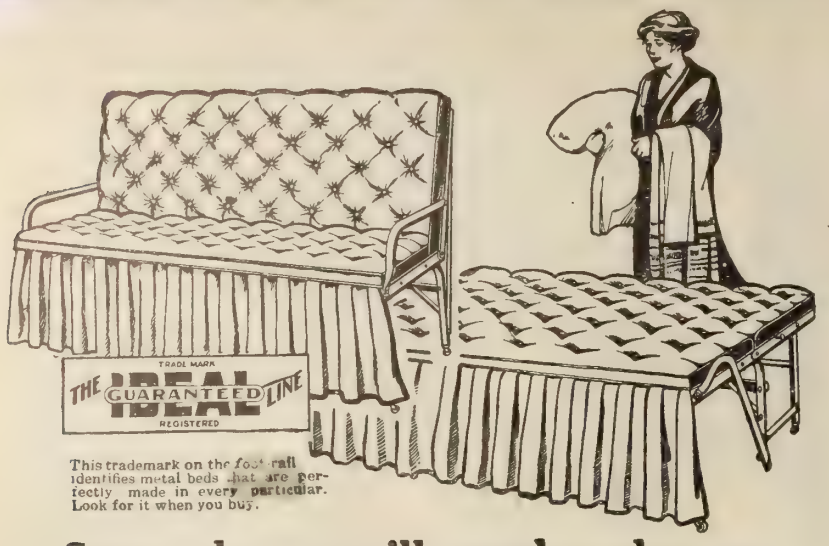


This trademark on the foot rail identifies metal beds that are perfectly made in every particular. Look for it when you buy.

Some day you'll need a davenport like this. Not too expensive, yet strong, attractive, roomy and comfortable. No home should be without one.

The thing people most like about the "IDEAL" Steel Davenport is its simplicity. Nothing burdensome, intricate or breakable about it. Nothing to get out of order, or collapse at any time. Back is quickly lowered to make a thoroughly comfortable bed when desired.

All steel frame, finished in gold bronze. Springs in seat and back. Mattress securely fastened to both back and seat, covered with green denim. Length is 73 inches, width of seat 22 inches, width when open 47 inches.

Be sure and ask your dealer to show you the "IDEAL" Steel Davenport. Our trademark identifies the genuine. Other "Space-Saving Specialties" are shown in our booklet, sent free if you write our nearest office for Book No. S66

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED

MONTREAL—TORONTO—WINNIPEG 31

ONE GOOD FEATURE OR EVERY FEATURE GOOD WHICH?

AS long as a cream separator skims close, it is a good investment. But one good feature or a few good features do not make a separator that will skim close for any length of time.

A good separator is one in which the minor parts have been just as carefully designed and just as well made as the most important parts. A defect in a minor part will, by throwing the entire machine out of adjustment, offset all the perfection attained in any other part of the machine. In the

I H C Cream Harvesters

Dairymaid and Bluebell

one feature does not overtop all others because the same I H C standard of quality in design, material, and workmanship is maintained throughout. They are the only separators with dust-proof and milk-proof gears which are easily accessible. The frame is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. These separators have large shafts, bushings, and bearings; the flexible top-bearing is the strongest and most effective found in any separator. The patented dirt-arrester removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated. I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive, and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes.

The I H C local agent will be glad to let you examine one of these separators, or, write nearest branch house for catalogues and other information.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

International Harvester Company of America
Chicago (Incorporated) U S A

I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house for Agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the I H C Service Bureau.

Don't Throw it Away. Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE MENDETS A NEAT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. D Collingwood, Ont.

STAMMERERS

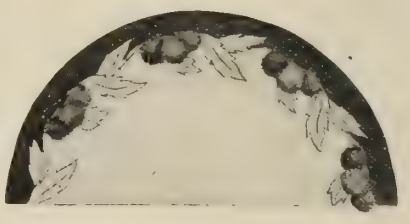
The Arnott Institute treats the CAUSE, not the HABIT, and permanently cures the most hopeless looking cases in four to eight weeks. Write for proofs, references and information to 12

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT., Can.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

By JESSIE E. RORKE

THOUGH few of us can claim really to enjoy housecleaning, it is not without a certain amount of pleasure that we begin the campaign against the season's accumulated dust, and watch the house growing fresh and spotless under our busy hands. Then, too, there is the pleasure of the new things, for each cleaning is likely to bring with it some added piece of furniture, a rug or curtains replaced, or freshly-decorated walls, or, perhaps, it is only a cover for the table or a new cushion, but whichever it may be it fills its own place in completing our plan for a beautiful home. But it is possible that we may as far advance this "house beautiful" by discarding some of our possessions as by adding new ones. We are not always as ready to bring the severe tests of good taste to the consideration of furnishings to which we have become



DESIGN FOR NUT BOWL

accustomed in our home, as we would be in the purchase of new ones. This appears to be especially true of the things that are purely ornamental. We tolerate many things because they have become so familiar that we have long ago forgotten to consider their claims to be really beautiful, and put them back in their places as a mere matter of course when even the empty spaces might be greatly to be preferred.

As a rule we are quite too much afraid of empty spaces, and in our fear of leaving a room bare and unfurnished fail to achieve the quiet simplicity and beauty that is attained by the repetition of a few simple, graceful lines and harmonious tones of color. One or two ornaments of real merit will give an effect that can only be marred by the use of other poorer ones, while even if all were exquisitely beautiful too many would only divide the interest, and each would lose something of its charm. A mantel with only one ornament, if that fails to be beautiful, will be poorly furnished indeed, and will be insufficiently so if the ornament fulfils every requirement of beauty and still lacks interest enough to hold our attention, and fill so large a space. One of the dainty rose bowls of iridiscent glass, while a perfect thing in its way, with its pretty lines and glowing bits of color, will give its full share of pleasure for the moment, but for the moment only, and will seem quite inadequate if placed alone upon the mantel, but put in its stead the Winged Victory or the Venus of Milo and we look for nothing more, but find sufficient interest no matter how often our eyes may return to the place.

Though the costliest things are assuredly not always in the best taste, it is true that much that is most beautiful in the line of ornament is expensive, and some of it no doubt to be placed among the things we may only admire but not possess, yet if we counted the cost of the bric-a-brac in our rooms would we not often find that we might have replaced it with one or two of the pieces we coveted at no greater cost and with infinitely better effect. And even if we cannot afford the things that fulfil our standard of what is most beautiful, at least we need not tolerate that which has no claim to beauty at all. If we could only spend a few moments as strangers in our own houses and view our possessions with impartial eyes, seeing only the final effect and forgetting all the associations, how differently things would impress us. The blue vase on the mantel would present itself as a jarring note of color amongst the tan and red furnishings of the living room instead of a familiar wedding gift calling up pleasant memories of the donor; and the clock that we did not altogether like in the first place, but that has just been "the clock" to us for so long, would suddenly look cheap and tawdry with all its gilt trimming. Perhaps it is well for our comfort that we find it difficult to take this impersonal view of our surroundings, but once a year at least, it is wise to compass it if possible, and surveying our bric-a-brac, ruthlessly discard any that only our sentiment, and not our knowledge of the beautiful can approve.

IT is not sufficient that an ornament shall be beautiful in itself; it must also be appropriate and in harmony with its surroundings. The character and uses of the room must be considered, and if ornament is not its sole purpose, the first consideration must be appropriateness to its own uses. It is often here that we may add rich touches of color that may repeat and intensify the colors of the room or give a pleasing note of contrast. A few pieces of silver give a charming effect in the drawing-room furnished in gray and old rose, while a piece of dull red pottery amongst furnishings of green or a brass bowl or jug contrasting with blues will be equally beautiful. The placing of an ornament will often enhance or detract from its effect. A brass or copper bowl while beautiful in any position, will be doubly so if placed where it catches the flickering light from the open grate or near a window where it becomes a glowing piece of color in the sunlight.

Pottery, vases or bowls in artistic glass, pieces of brass, copper or silver, casts in plaster and bronze are among the things from which we may safely select our ornaments. The rich colors of the pottery make it very suitable for the living-room or library, and some of the pieces are exceedingly beautiful In glass one finds pretty graceful shapes that are ornamental in themselves and most suitable for holding flowers, while in the metals there are candlesticks, bowls, fern bowls, artistic-looking jugs and jardinieres. When the surroundings are in keeping there is nothing that will add greater dignity and beauty to a room than a cast. That it may be only of plaster makes little difference, as if it is faithfully reproduced it loses little in its change from the marble, and is more in keeping with the simple fur-

DESIGN OF FRAME FOR ROUND MIRROR

nishings of an ordinary home. Though we are told that tinting invariably takes away from the delicacy and clearness of detail of a cast, the dead white rarely harmonizes with the color scheme of the room, and one turns in preference to the ivory. What is called a snow finish gives a medium between the dead white and ivory. Many of the casts taken originally from the bronze are tinted a dull green, and harmonize beautifully with some color effects.

Flowers, the most beautiful of all ornaments, are within reach of all of us, but most especially those who are fortunate enough to possess country homes. Endless variety in beauty of form and color are at our hand only waiting for us to choose. For our living-room with its tan and brown fur-

nishings we may follow the round of the season always with something new yet equally harmonious—gay crocuses, yellow daffodils, the many-tinted nasturtiums, orange lilies, roses, yellow and red, gladioli, marigolds, goldenglow, sunflowers—until winter comes, and we coax the daffodils to bloom indoors, to replace them later with pretty red geraniums or some of the many varieties of ferns. And so, if we are fortunate enough to possess a garden, we find something for each of our rooms what-

DESIGN FOR JARDINIERE

ever its color scheme may be that looks as though it might have grown just to be placed there. Among the costly bric-a-brac that is offered in the shops few things will give greater pleasure than an old ugly gray stone mustard jar filled with graceful branches of purple lilac. To be sure they are not so lasting as a piece of pottery or brass (perhaps that is part of their charm), but when they are gone the irises will be here, and then the white roses and the August lilies, each one seeming with its first coming more beautiful than the last.

When all has been said on the subject of ornament we come back to the old familiar rule—each piece must be more beautiful than the space it occupies, or there is no excuse for its presence. Furnishings that are a necessity we can only make as beautiful as we may, but ornament that fails to meet the test has no reason for existence at all.

Concerning Pyrography

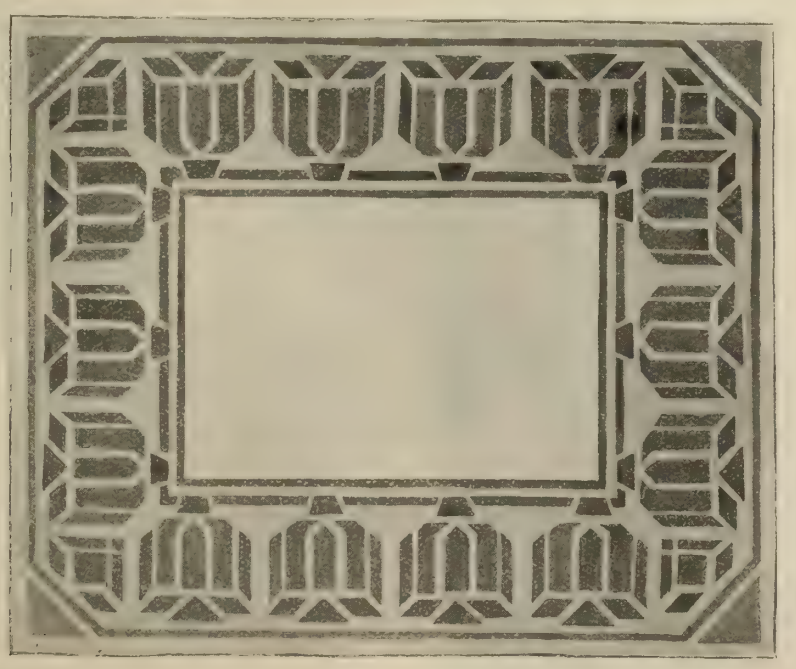
OF the various arts that are used in the decoration of a home pyrography is perhaps the oldest. Some of the earliest attempts at expression in the form of a picture or design were made with some sort of red-hot tool upon wood. Nations that had made but little progress in civilization produced wooden aticles decorated with quaint arrangements of lines and dots burnt upon the surface, while familiar objects are outlined in the same way, sometimes traced so delicately that some very fine tool must have been used. Some of these old specimens of burnt work may be seen in the museums and are exceedingly interesting, the very simplicity of the design frequently giving a most pleasing effect.

It is said that the first outline drawing was made when a man, charmed by the shadow of the woman that he loved as it fell upon the wall, caught up a charred coal from among the embers and traced its outline. It is probable that burnt work may have had some similar origin; some idler dreaming by his camp fire attempted perhaps to trace his thought on a nearby piece of wood with the hot end of his poker, or perhaps only to trace the strange pattern made by the shadow of the dancing flames.

This first tool would do its work but awkwardly, and yet the result might have more artistic value than much of the pyrography that is done to-day with our greatly improved point and facilities for heating it. Skill in the handling of a point is so easily acquired that a knowledge of the technical part of the work is often considered sufficient, and poor, and inefficient work is the result. It is to this that the varying popularity of pyrography is due, and after a surfeit of department store designs applied without artistic feeling or consideration of appropriateness we are inclined to turn in dislike from it all. Yet it has all the possibilities of any work in black and white, and the warm rich brown of the burnt wood gives a most attractive color. But the work must be done with the same careful study of effects, of light and shadow of the varying tones of color, of harmony of lines and appropriateness of design that would be given to work with the brush or crayon. The fact that the article to be decorated is usually of wood or of leather and seems to demand a choice of subject more bold and decided than we might use in decorating china or designing some exquisite bit of embroidery, should not prove hampering, but rather lend individuality to the work.

Basswood is most commonly used for this work, and most of the pieces that are shown in the shops for burning are made from it, though some which are imported from Germany are holly, which on account of the shortness of its grain is better for burning. If one is near a reliable cabinet-maker, however, it is better to have the pieces that one desires made up by him. The workmanship will be better than in the ready-mades, and one may exercise their individual taste in the choice of shape and wood. Basswood, butternut and pine are soft woods, and burn most easily, but where a design is to be finely executed and not too deeply burned such hardwoods as oak, maple and elm may be used. Of the three mentioned, elm will give the blackest line under the pencil. There is no wood that will give more beautiful results than teak, though it is, of course, expensive.

The illustrations offer some suggestions in design for the amateur burnt wood worker. It is wiser to attempt only the smaller pieces, unless one has perfect confidence in their own good taste and skill. A piece of furniture such as a chair or table, may not be lightly discarded when we become tired of it, and this we will be sure to do unless the design is extremely simple, conforming to the lines of the furniture itself, and having sufficient decorative value to give it added interest and beauty.



DESIGN FOR TRAY IN BURNT WOOD

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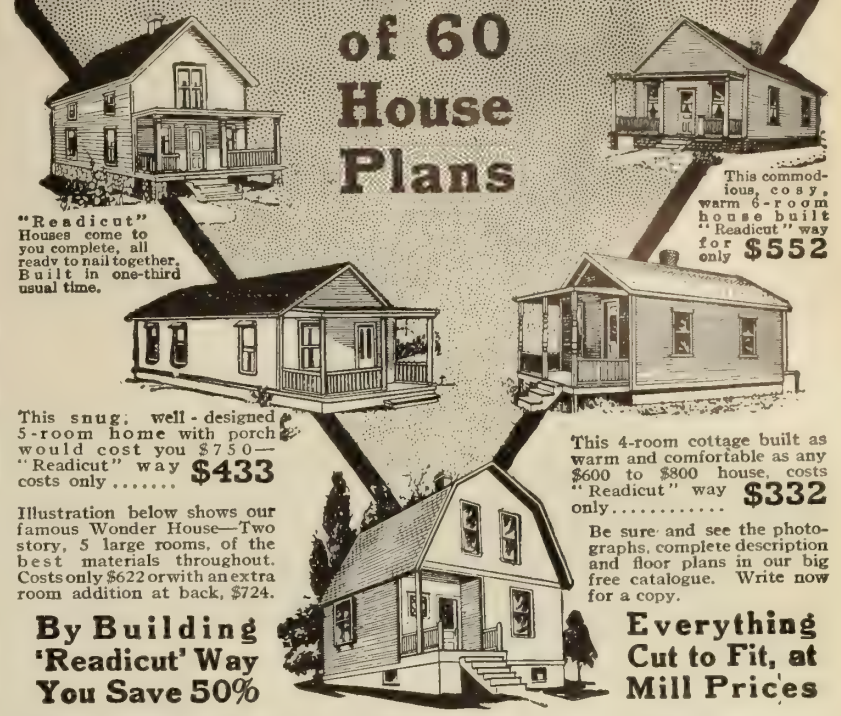

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This commodious, cosy, warm 6-room house built "Readicut" way for only **$552**

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Illustration below shows our famous Wonder House—Two story, 5 large rooms, of the best materials throughout. Costs only $622 or with an extra room addition at back, $724.

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PURITAN MOTOR WASHER

is in daily use in thousands of homes that have running water in the house.

The strength and simplicity of the motor—and the fact that it washes cleanly and quickly on very low pressure—has made it famous. The tub and mechanism are the same as in the old standby "CHAMPION" High Speed—and that means, the best there is.

If you have electric lights, you will find the **MAXWELL ELECTRIC WASHER AND WRINGER** just splendid. It washes clothes by electricity and washes them quickly and clean. Simply attach to ordinary electric lamp socket. The only electric washer manufactured in Canada.

If your dealer does not handle all styles and sizes in Maxwell Electric, Water Motor and Hand Washers, write us for catalogue.

DAVID MAXWELL & Sons, St. Marys, Ont.

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Circulation Department, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

Flowers for Rural School Grounds

By MRS. JOSEPH DAVIDSON

A PAPER on the above subject by a member of the Kemble Branch should be of special interest at this season. The writer says:

This is a sweet and beautiful subject. How eagerly we look forward to the first flowers of spring, and watch each sunny slope and rock for the resurrection of the first "pinks." And, having found a few, how our souls warm and glow with joy and love toward the Creator Who has been so bountiful in beautifying the earth that it may be pleasing in our eyes and educate us in all that is good, pure and lovely.

I have read somewhere that Canada produces more species and their varieties of wild flowers, shrubs and trees than any other part of the world, and I know that a great variety can be got within our own township (Keppel). The woods are carpeted with flowers, and no sooner does one fragrant beauty close it short life than several others awake to the call of the season.

As to the educational value and refining influence of flowers there is no question, and our native wild flowers are by far the most potent. The flowers of the hothouse and garden, the so-called improved varieties, are over-fed and coarse in comparison. They are not so delicately fashioned, they have not the inimitable shadings or the subtle woodsy perfume of so many of our native wildlings. So the wild flowers are the very best to bedeck our school grounds, and they cost nothing but the labor of planting them. The first thing to see to is the soil. It should be a rather light loam, but if it is clay, and too heavy, then we will have to haul enough leaf mould to make it right. I have known of more than one fruit and flower garden made up in this way, and it brings the quickest and best results. If the drainage has not already been seen to, it should be done before anything is planted. If there is a low wet corner it does not matter, as we can get suitable plants to put into it, and thereby have a greater variety. But the trees should be the first planted. After marking off a liberal space suitable for a playground, we can plant trees, shrubs and flowers in the space left, the flowers and low shrubs in front, and the trees and taller shrubs more as a background, and none so near the school as to keep out air and sunlight. Now, having the ground prepared, we are ready to chose the stock and plant it. I have practiced puddling the roots for a number of years, and find it is the best and surest of success. It is done this way: Dig a hole large enough to admit the tree, or plant without doubling any of the roots, and deep enough to set it just an inch or so deeper than it was before. Set the tree or plant in straight up, then pack fine earth in all round the roots; fill in about two-thirds of the earth, packing well down, then throw in water till the plant stands in a soft wet puddle or mud, then throw in rest of earth, and finish with fine dry earth on top to keep the moisture. Carefully planted in this way, there will be no more watering needed, and the plant will go on growing with but very little check. Therefore we will use the same method throughout with trees, shrubs and plants.

Our greatest difficulty in choosing our stock will be in the great number of fine things we have to choose from. In our own township we have at least four varieties of maple—and where can you find anything more handsome than a well-grown maple tree? They are the aristocracy of the forests. The "mountain maple" is little more than a shrub with us. I have never seen it taller than a well-grown lilac. We usually find it on rocky ground along roadsides. It blooms in June, and its spikes of creamy yellow flowers and its bright orange red foliage in autumn make it quite ornamental. The "silver maple," with beautiful sharp-cut leaves, white beneath, glossy dark green above, which turns to a brilliant red in the fall, has long drooping branches, and makes a very distinct specimen tree, not plentiful, and found along the lakes. The "red maple" is found in swamps and low damp woods near lakes and on river banks, and can be easily distinguished when not in leaf by its dark red branchlets. This also makes a fine specimen tree, and most helpful in the coloring, and would do well near our damp corner.

Last, but not least, is the emblem of our country, the "sugar maple." This is the most common maple we have, and taking it all round, there is no other tree that will bear comparison with it. It should be planted largely, not only in the school grounds, but along the roads and in waste places everywhere. It is clean, fresh and shapely at any time, and in its autumn dress of red, green and yellow, it is a most brilliant sight. A few "paper birch" helps to light up the coloring, also some "mountain ash," whose bright red berries are fine in the early autumn. A few "hawthorn" and "june berry" are to be recommended. Beech is splendid as a specimen tree. There are a great many more desirable trees which could be utilized if room permitted, but the usual rural school grounds are not often more than an acre, and we must not omit evergreens. We have a fine list to choose from: "White" and "red pine," the "black" and "white spruces," "cedar," "balsam" and "hemlock." The "tamarack' with its slender limbs, makes a very graceful tree, and a fine variety, although not an evergreen.

Our native shrubs are as plentiful and beautiful as the trees. "Leatherwood" and "shipherdia" are the earliest in flower, blooming before the leaves come. The "holly" is another fine shrub, with its dark green glossy leaves and bright red berries in late fall and early winter. Then we have two varieties of spiræa which would grace any grounds. Common "meadowsweet," both red and white flowered. "Nine bark" is a beautiful shrub, and easily grown. "Button bush" does well in a damp place. Our numerous family of "dogwoods" should have a place; C. Paniculata is one of the best, and the "bush honeysuckles" are some of them worthy of a place, and "staghorn sumach" makes a good showing in the fall, with its spikes of bright red seeds. Our wild rose is another family that has some beautiful members. I would not confine myself entirely to wildlings in the case of shrubs. There are so many hardy varieties which bloom later in the season, and some of them are so much like a part of home, such as the syringias or lilacs, spiræa in variety, yellow flowering currant, French honeysuckles in pink and white, etc. Among the wild native climbers there are a few fine ones. The wild clematis (Virgin's Bower), is fine in both flower and fruit, because of the long, fuzzy tails to the seed vessels the children call it "old man" and "fuzzy head." Then there is the "virginia creeper," another fine clean climber. In the fall its leaves turn to fiery red. "Climbing bittersweet" is another good one, with its bright orange fruits, which burst in the fall and expose a scarlet pulp, which renders it quite ornamental.

Of herbaceous plants, the first to greet us is hepatica and "spring beauty." Either will succeed without special selection of soil or situation. The former can be lifted in early spring as soon as you can find the plants, and if laid on a plate in the window and kept moist, will bloom right away, and will be very interesting to the children to watch the blossoms come up and expand. "Spring beauty" is a fitting name for so fair a flower, so dainty is the cluster of blossoms between the two dark green leaves. Look into the tiny floral cup of delicate blush, veined with crimson-purple, which no human hand can imitate, so delicate is the penciling. It has a long stem like fragile silvery cord, sometimes over a foot in length, and springs from a tiny tuber buried in the ground. Closely following are three members of the fumitory family, "Dutchman's breeches" and "squirrel corn." The school children often call them "boys and girls," also I have heard some call them "white hearts." The third one is the "pale corydalis," with its pale lilac blossoms just tipped with yellow—not common, but is found in rocky or burnt woods.

The wild columbine is another beauty, and easy of cultivation, and the trilliums, or wake robins, are general favorites. We have three varieties of them: T. grandiflorum, with its large white blossoms is beautiful; T. erectum is the dull brick red variety, and T. erythrocarpum, or painted trillium, is a pink and white beauty, who loves good living; but all are easily grown. The "dog-tooth violet" is the most common flower of our woods, and in beauty will hold its own with soft yellow blossoms, the petals curving backwards like a lily, and trimly set on variegated foliage and grows anywhere. We find the wild blue phlox (P. dwaricata) in damp woods. And the large family of violets; who could desire flowers more lovely than they? And we must not forget the ferns for shady places. There is a host of other flowers appearing throughout the summer, such as the wild geraniums, the toothwort, blue and yellow flags, orchids, the pink and yellow lady's slipper, wild ginger, or coltsfoot, with its curious scented buds, blue and "cardinal mimulas," "wood betony," Jack-in-the-pulpit, campanula or bluebells, the tender touch-me-nots, the shy but beautiful pirolus. Bloodroot is a curious plant with red, blood-like juice, and pure white blossoms. In the fall we have the two great families of asters and goldenrods. What a bare autumn we would have without them! But it would take months to enumerate all the beautiful flowers of our woods. On going into the woods it always seems to me like entering the Temple of the Living God not made with hands, and when I am particularly tired or worried about something, I like to steal away into the unbroken forest and let the little birds and squirrels come close to my feet. The murmuring of the trees sounds to me like prayer making continual intercession for a sinful world, and anon as the wind rises I fancy I can hear psalm-singing, and great anthems of praise for all God's goodness to us. As I look above and see the long limbs stretched

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forth, as arms in solemn benediction, one's soul is refreshed and strengthened to go back and take up life's work with renewed vigor, as Mrs. Browning tells us: "Every bush is a fire, but only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Books for Children

By MRS. J. McDONALD

FROM the Ethel Branch comes a paper on this subject, which contains many suggestions of value.

The books we read have a wonderful power in moulding our character for good or evil. While reading we are usually unconscious of any influence upon our minds, but after we have mastered the book the thought will work out in our daily lives. We cannot say how much the sense of honor, the courage, the energy and the broader outlook upon life is due to the inspiration of our reading; while on the other hand we cannot tell how much the dwarfed mind, the gloomy outlook on life and the lowered morals are due to the reading of a bad book. For these reasons the choice of reading material for our children is a matter of great importance.

Gibbon says, "My early love of reading I would not exchange for the treasures of India."

Joseph Cook says: "When a boy has once acquired a keen interest in biographical and historical reading he cannot thereafter be wholly vulgar in his taste for literature."

Beecher says: "Books are the windows through which the soul looks out." A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is is a wrong to his family; he cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books.

Parsons says: "If you teach a child to economize time and fill him with a love of good books, you ensure him an education far beyond anything he can get in the university, an education that will cease only with his life."

Ruskin says: "And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life, making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own books lightly and carefully with no chance of tearing, or dog's ears."

The cultivation of the child's taste for good reading should begin early in life It is a sad thing to see children deprived of books. It is worse to see them supplied with literature injurious to their moral or intellectual growth. Before the children learn to read much may be done to prepare the way for good literature The love of stories in some form or other is a characteristic of childhood. In all lands and in all conditions of life the mother's words, "Once upon a time" open up to the young child a vague retrospect of the past. Fairy stories are types of certain feeling which pertain to the early years of life. They are most effective when they are told rather than read. "Ghost stories" are objectionable, as they foster a dread of the unseen. On the other hand to cut off "Jack and the Bean Stalk, "Red Riding Hood," "The Three Bears," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Cinderella" from a child's life is to proclaim him to be stupid after he grows up.

It is scarcely necessary to be reminded that the stories of the Bible can never be surpassed, either from an intellectual or from a moral aspect. The history of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel, of Abraham and Isaac, and of Jacob, the lives of Joseph, Moses, David and Daniel will ever have their interest for children.

Aesop's fables are very popular among children. Many of them are valuable in consequence of their teaching of moral principles. For instance, the evil of greediness is shown in the fable of "The Dog and the Shadow," of lying, in the fable of the boy who cried "Wolf," and of improvidence in the case of the man who killed "The goose that laid the golden eggs." As the young reader advances in knowledge, stronger food should be furnished. "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and "Household Stories," and the delightful "Wonder Stories" of Hans Andersen should form part of every child's library Other books that will be read with interest are: "The Fairy Land of Science," Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." The stories of Indian life, "Swiss Family Robinson," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robin Hood" and "Robinson Crusoe." Later the romances of Scott and others will have place, also Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Lamb's "Tales From Shakespeare" and books of stories from history.

Stories of real men of adventure like Livingstone, etc., "Books of Golden Deeds," by Charlotte Yonge, would shape the taste away from cheap novels, and detective stories. "Servants of the King," by Robert E. Speer, contains eleven stories of lives of Christian missionaries, written especially for young people. Chapman's "Book on Birds," "Adventures of Nils," by Selma Lagerlof is full of Swedish folklore and one of the best new books for children.

Hamilton W. Mabie's selections of books are good; his "Heroes and Heroines" are books which boys and girls are very fond of. "Peeps Into Other Lands" is a good series. Girls especially should be given more stories of the world's famous women that their ideals may not be shaped altogether by stories of men. Too often the mistake is made of fostering a relish for nothing other than the novel. Many novels are far from being desirable food for children. Books about places and people of far-off lands will implant a love for geography and works of travel. Cultivate a taste for poetry, history, biography and science. It is a mistake to suppose that children should be kept in ignorance of these fields until they become fit to enter a High School.

Hints on Flower Culture

MISS CLARA RUTHVEN of the Everett Branch makes the following remarks regarding this seasonable subject:

The long bright days of March are with us again, and we will very soon have to make preparations for our spring gardening. And what a pleasure the average housewife finds in making the various small changes to brighten up her home in honor of spring's coming. Soon there will be the gardens to make, the flower beds to arrange, vines to set by the porch, and seeds to plant of the flowers we like the very best. I think it is best to plant your flower seeds in a hotbed early in the spring, or if these are not convenient, plant in shallow boxes in the house, and set in windows where there is plenty of sunshine.

I generally plant the seeds about the last of March. In doing this you have bloom much earlier, and can see much more for your labor. Select good loamy soil, not having it heavy, as when it is watered frequently it makes it soggy. I generally mix some of the soil in the woods (decayed leaves, etc.) with rich garden soil, thus making the soil light, and it does not harden. Water lightly every day. (I would say here that it is advisable to have these boxes ready in the fall, as it saves time in the spring), and perhaps you cannot always get the earth just when you need it.

Do not sow the seeds too thickly. It is better to sow the seeds sparingly, as the little plants grow more sturdy and strong. When these are an inch or two high they can be transplanted into the garden. It has been remarked that flowers started in the house should not be set out in the garden till corn-planting time. However, care should be taken not to set them out too early, not till all danger of frost is over, and the nights are warm. As a rule, people rush out at the beginning of a rain to set out their plants. If a few cloudy or rainy days succeed, this will be all right, but if the shower be immediately followed by a hot sun, it is all wrong.

Hence the most successful transplanters do not depend on rainy days, but set out their plants even on a warm, bright evening. In the first place, the beds should be made a few days, at least, ahead, so the soil may have had time to settle. Now then very carefully take out just a few plants, so few that you are absolutely certain they will not have time to wilt before you get them in the ground again. Disturb the roots just as little as possible during the moving process.

Have holes made quite large enough to receive the roots without danger of overcrowding, and pour in a little water. Next set the plants very gently (remember that the young rootlets are very tender and delicate) and work in the

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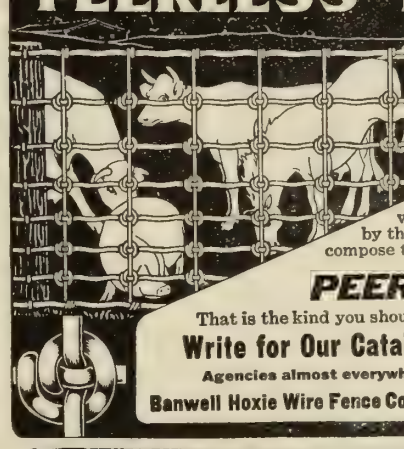

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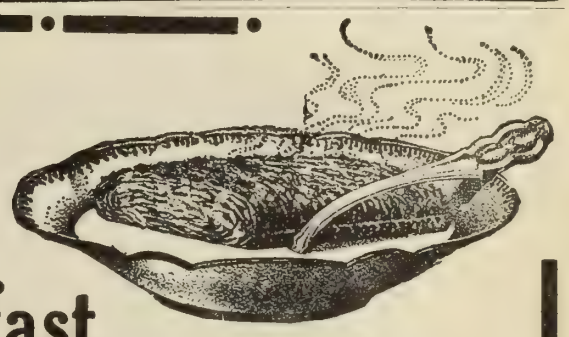

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clay over and above the roots, pressing it down firmly, but not too roughly as to bruise any of the little threads. Last of all, cover the surface of the ground about the plant completely with fine, perfectly dry earth. This will act as a mulch, and conserve the moisture about the roots, instead of allowing it to pass off into the air.

I think people who find it impossible to have a flower garden should at least try to have a few outside window boxes to attract the butterflies and humming birds, and add a little more of the glory of summer to the long bright days. We cannot have too much of it. In selecting plants for the window box one should always choose one or two for drooping, one or two for climbing, and a few uprights. Do not overcrowd, but give each plant room to develop Choose your colors carefully, and if possible, have some white flowers to give tone to the assortment.

For southern and western windows, geraniums, heliotrope, petunias, nasturtiums, phlox, verbenas, and ivy geraniums, will be found very satisfactory, as these can stand the sun's hot rays. It would be as well to keep the windows open as much as possible in order to do away with the harsh reflection of the sun, from the glass, which is so injurious to plants on a hot summer day.

From Several Branches

THE Meaford Branch of the Women's Institute met in the auditorium of the town hall, January 25th. There were two hundred and seventy-five ladies present at the afternoon session. The president, Mrs. B. Long, presided at this meeting, and greeted the audience in her usual cheerful and cordial manner, giving all a hearty welcome. The president in her opening address stated that a very important feature in our Institute work here was the starting of a special fund to assist in erecting a General Hospital in Meaford at no far distant day. The collections to be taken up at the afternoon and evening meetings are to be put aside for that purpose.

Miss C. Smith read a letter from the head nurse of the Oshawa Hospital, which was full of encouragement and inspiration to the members of this Institute to press on with the noble work. Fifty new members were added to the roll, which now makes Meaford Branch the largest in North Grey district. Mrs. Parsons, the talented and gifted representative of the Provincial Government in the interests of the Ontario Women's Institute, was present, and gave the audience a rich, intellectual treat, which was highly appreciated. The subject of her address was "The Books We Ought to Read." The solo by Mrs. S. A. Gray, accompanied by Mrs. (Dr.) Bennett, was well received. Miss McPhee, a representative from the Ogilvie Milling Company, gave demonstrations at the afternoon and evening sessions on pastry and breadmaking. These practical demonstrations were both interesting and helpful to the members.

Miss Langton of the Melagama Tea and Coffee Company, was also present at both sessions, and gave the audience the opportunity of testing that brand of tea and coffee.

Miss Wright favored the audience with excellent music, while refreshments were being served. The meeting adjourned to meet again in the evening with the Farmers' Institute. The mayor, Dr. Clark, presided at the union meeting in his happy, jovial manner. The first number on the programme was an instrumental by Miss Mary Wright.

Mr. Shearer, the Provincial Government representative for Farmers' Institutes, gave an excellent address on the advantages of agriculture.

Mr. Duff, B.S.A., the provincial representative of agriculture for Grey County, gave an excellent address on the "Problem of Co-operation in Agriculture," showing the advantages to be gained, also stating that it required the producer and the consumer to fully realize their interests were mutual. He said that was most necessary in order to bring to a successful issue the co-operative system. The speaker also recommended the advantages to be gained by adopting the methods which were advised by the Provincial Government in the improvement of orchards. Miss Georgie Sutherland then delighted the audience with a patriotic reading entitled "The Private of the Buffs."

Mrs. Parsons in her closing address set forth fully the aims and high ideals of the Women's Institute which centred in their motto, "For Home and

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Country." This organization is strictly non-political, and has as its aim the removal from its meetings of all creed, church or social distinction. One strong feature is combined in the improvement of home and national life, for in the love of home the love of counntry has its rise.

Annual Meetings

IT is again time for the Institutes to begin to plan for their annual meeting, and it is advisable that arrangements be made at the April meeting, for the annual meeting in May or early June.

If there are any accounts outstanding in the Institute, these should be paid, if there is money to meet the same, so that the books may be properly closed at the end of the Institute year.

It is important that the annual report of each branch should be sent promptly to the district secretary. The work of the district secretary is very often delayed because of the neglect of perhaps one branch secretary.

The district officers might also at this time begin to plan for their annual meeting, and should urge that each branch in the district be represented at the said meeting. The department will be glad to make suggestions regarding district annual meetings.

If any branch secretary has not already done so, she should at once send paid members for 1911-12 to the district secretary, or where there is no district secretary, direct to this office, in order that all members may receive the annual report for 1911.

Nobleton Joint Meeting

THE Women's Institute of Nobleton held their joint meeting with the Farmers' Institute at Nobleton, January 18th, in the basement of the Methodist Church. The first exhibition of cooking and butter took place, and was a decided success, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Judging from the number of entries, there being sixty-two in all, a live interest is shown in Institute work in Nobleton, and the branch is only a year old.

The following is a list of prizes given:

Cake, Dark Layer—1st, Mrs. J. A. McCutcheon; 2nd, Mrs. Jeffry.

Tarts, one dozen Lemon—1st, Mrs. W. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. H. Snider.

Pie, Plain Apple—1st, Miss M. McCutcheon; 2nd, Miss Ella Fry.

Pie, Fancy—1st, Miss E. Stewart; 2nd, Miss A. Ballard.

Fruit, 1 quart Preserved Pears—1st, Mrs. W. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. A. Hill.

Jelly—1st, Mrs. S. Hill; 2nd, Mrs. A. Campbell.

Marmalade—1st and 2nd, Mrs. H. Snider.

Cucumber Pickles—1st, Mrs. H. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. S. Davis.

Catsup—1st, Mrs. H. Thompson; 2nd, Miss Flo. Fry.

Bread—1st, Mrs. W. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. George Hill.

Butter—Mrs. S. Davis won the first special given by Mrs. J. W. Larkin. Mrs. John Mitchell was successful in winning Mrs. H. Pringle's special.

Butter, Institute Class—Three-pound prints, 1st, Mrs. H. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. Dew.

Cake, White Layer—1st, Miss Ella Fry; 2nd, Miss Dobson.

Proceeds from selling prize articles were $6.35.

After judging competition, meeting was addressed by delegate, Miss S. Campbell, Brampton, subject, "Housekeeping and Home-making." Miss Campbell congratulated the ladies on their display and said she did a great deal of judging at fall fairs, and this was as good a specimen of articles as she had judged at many places in the agricultural buildings. "Progress" was the word for Institute workers, and Miss Campbell hoped to hear of more competitions in future. Housekeeping was a fine art, and if the young ladies were taught this art, how many happy homes we would have in future. The Farmers' Institute members came in and an auction sale of articles took place.

Tea was served to all and the gentlemen made happy with the good cup of coffee and nice dainties. Prize articles were sampled. Joint meeting was held in the evening, when a large number were present. Nobleton is to be congratulated on the success of their meetings owing to the systematic management of the ladies.

Any Edison dealer will demonstrate to you how Thomas A. Edison doubled the entertaining capacity of
The Edison Phonograph

when he invented
Edison Amberol Records
—the record which plays twice as long
Then you will understand why so many good songs, so much good music or every character never appeared in record form until the Amberol Record was perfected.
Then you will understand how, when you own an Edison Phonograph, you can *now* have *all* of the very best entertainment of every kind.
Then you will understand how this one advantage alone makes the Edison Phonograph the greatest sound-reproducing instrument as well as the greatest musical instrument—even if it had no other advantages. But it *has:* the sapphire reproducing-point, that does not scratch or wear the record and lasts forever—no changing needles; exactly the right volume of sound for your home; home recording—the ability to make and reproduce your own records in your own home.
Any Edison dealer will demonstrate these great Edison advantages to you.
BRITISH RECORDS
FRENCH RECORDS
In addition to our regular monthly list of Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records, we issue regularly a number of British and French Records. Our British and French record catalogs contain the completest list of these selections, published in record form. Be sure to get them from your dealer when you go to buy your Edison Phonograph—and ask to have the new Record Supplements mailed you free every month.
There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us. Edison Phonographs, $16.50 to $240.00. Edison Standard Records, 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c to $2.50.
Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
100 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

A SMALL CROP IS A WARNING
A small crop is proof that your land is run down—it is a warning to fertilize promptly.
Manure is the ideal fertilizer because it contains the very elements that crops have extracted from the soil. To get 100 per cent value from the manure you spread, you must use a good manure spreader. The pitchfork method is wasteful, entails hard, disagreeable work, and takes too much time.
When buying a spreader, be sure you get one that will last. You can make sure of the quality, efficiency and durability, by investing in one of the
I H C Spreaders
Corn King Cloverleaf
These spreaders are used on thousands of farms. Their strength, simplicity, and durability are matters of record. Why not look into the matter?
When investigating, remember that the power transmitting mechanism used on I H C machines is the most durable used on any line of spreaders. This results from the fact that the beater gears are held in a single casting which prevents them from springing out of alignment and cutting the teeth. The teeth are long and chisel-pointed to insure positive pulverizing of all manure. There is no wedging of manure against the beater bars. The teeth do not rim the bars.
The beater is large enough in diameter so that it does not wind. You will find many other striking advantages which will convince you of I H C superiority.
Why not see the I H C local agent at once? I H C spreaders are made in different styles, in many sizes for every need. If you prefer, write nearest branch house for catalogues and full information.
CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.
International Harvester Company of America
Chicago (Incorporated) U S A
I H C Service Bureau
The Bureau is a clearing house for agricultural data It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the I H C Service Bureau.

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

Make your pastry with PURITY FLOUR It will be delicious

WE tell you frankly that it will likely cost you slightly more to make pastry with PURITY FLOUR than with an ordinary flour. But thousands of home-cooks, who have tried both, willingly pay the difference.

Because of its *extra* strength and *extra* quality *more* shortening must be added to PURITY FLOUR than to blended or soft wheat flours, when making pastry.

PURITY FLOUR gets its *extra* strength and *extra* quality from the *high-grade* portions of the hard wheat berries. There is no low-grade hard wheat flour, nor no soft wheat flour, mixed with PURITY. It is *all high-grade.*

But think of the added delicacy of flavor, the extra deliciousness of the pies and the cakes! Surely it is worth paying a little more for greater enjoyment.

And the pleasure of using such a high-class, reliable flour for all manner of cooking and baking purposes cannot be counted in mere dollars and cents. And remember that PURITY FLOUR makes

Naturally, such a high-class flour will cost you slightly more. It costs more to make. It is worth more money.

"More bread and better bread"

It takes more water because it's a strong, thirsty flour. It goes farther in the baking. Get a pencil and add

PURITY FLOUR

to your grocery list right now.

101

Say Farewell to Every Corn

Don't pare off the top layer and let the real corn go. That's simply folly.

It is dangerous, too. A slip of the blade often means an infection. Sometimes it means blood poison.

That form of home surgery doesn't belong to these intelligent times.

The treatment used by millions is this:

Apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain ends instantly—the corn is forgotten.

Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort.

Fifty million corns have been ended in this way since this famous wax was invented.

Let it remove one for you. That will show you the end of corn troubles forever.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (150)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

SPRING ALMANACS

By ELLEN R. C. WEBBER

HAVE you ever questioned "Why" when you see half the neighborhood semi-ill each spring? All nature is recruiting, the earth is putting forth new life, the birds are rejuvenated and fairly overflowing with happiness and joy. Only humanity is at its lowest ebb, is ill, tired, depressed, sick with a nameless, unplaceable, indescribable, might-be-most-anything sort of disease; a combination of universal symptoms hastily summed up as "spring fever."

Oh, yes, I know the explanation your doctor gives; poor fellow, he must give some seemingly logical explanation, else where would his chance for a fee come in? So he says: "Too much fat and sugar in the winter diet; a superabundance of hydro-carbonates; a serious tendency towards *perihepatitis,* or perhaps *hydatids,* or it might be *icterus neonatorum.* Anyway, this prescription will help you: two dollars and fifty cents, please."

Goodness gracious! If that wouldn't scare you loose from two-fifty, what would? And after all, boiled down into everyday English it simply means that your liver is "out of whack." But I know better; I have learned from experience, and when a woman has learned a lesson from that teacher, she is a fool no longer; and a Latin word as long as a boa constrictor could not detach her from that hardly-gained knowledge. My lesson? Well, I'll tell you about that.

We are, as a rule, a healthy lot; and had been as well as usual all winter, so that when one after another of my family fell a victim to some death-dealing malady, I was sorely puzzled to account for it.

I looked about for a cause, but so far as my knowledge went I saw none. The table, while not luxurious, was well supplied with wholesome food. The cooking was no worse than usual. The meals were regular, and yet John suddenly developed strong symptoms of dyspepsia.

IT was only at Christmas, that upon my remonstrating with him upon a tendency towards overeating, he assured me that he had the digestion of an ostrich, and the only limit to be set upon the capability of his stomach was its capacity. Yet, while the second month of the new year was still in its morning, here he was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. Melancholy had claimed him for her own; he made his will (my half to go to the children in case I married again; just as if I hadn't earned twice as much as all he owns) and he chose a spot to be buried in. His face grew long and solemn, and the children were not allowed to laugh in his presence.

He must have felt very miserable, judging from his success in making everyone else feel so. At last he went down to the drug department of the village store and bought a bottle of—never mind what; I'm not drawing commissions on free ads.—but whatever it was, it brought no relief to John, though he took it with the same regularity and faithfulness that a man always gives to a bitter dose—twice the first day, and a second portion three days later.

However, John was just; he didn't blame the medicine; but said "he thought his case was an unusually severe one, and that in all probability he was a doomed man." While the symptoms in John's case were rapidly growing worse and more numerous, Fred was seized with severe pains in his back; and at last he broke the news as gently as possible, that he expected to pass away before the summer waned, through the agency of kidney disease. He, too, purchased a well-advertised remedy, and took his doses every two hours; though the directions only asked you to step along towards the next bottle at the rate of three doses a day.

Fred said "he didn't believe in spending money on medicines and then not giving them a fair chance." Fred's medicine had its "fair chance" till the bottle was two-thirds emptied. I overheard eleven-year-old Joe telling him "he had better burn the cork and eat the powder so as to get everything there was in the bottle." But poor Fred was too near the grave to take kindly to childish jokes. His disease developed so rapidly that by potato planting he was unable to do a stroke of work.

Joe and I had to "help"—at least that's what John called it, though I maintain yet that John hindered Joe and me—in the planting of the potato crop. With this extra work added to housekeeping and the nursing of John and Fred, I was pretty well done out; so I could not fail to observe that Melinda, my daughter, was unable to help me, even to the extent of washing up the dishes. I turned to her woes, to learn that she was wasting away through a cough, which, unless speedily checked, would end in consumption.

I had noticed her little hacking, nervous cough, which I had taken for a disagreeable habit rather than any real disease, but she insisted that it was the first symptom of consumption.

I saw that she would be unhappy without her deadly complaint, so I gave in, and let her enjoy her misery. She asked me to get for her a particular preparation of cod liver oil, as this was the only known remedy for such a case as hers.

Now Melinda, as you know, can roll as well as she can walk, and I wondered if she would be obliged to omit walking, and roll altogether after her course of cod liver oil. However it did not increase her flesh any, for Melinda being fond of the good things of life, did not find cod liver oil, even in its most refined form, at all to her taste. She recovered quickly from consumption, and developed various symptoms of apoplexy; was afflicted with vertigo, almost by falling fits. I think the only thing that saved her was her inability to concentrate her mind firmly on her symptoms; the distraction being due to the fact that she was in doubt as to whether she was threatened with apoplexy or epilepsy. She asked me which I thought it was, and I was obliged to admit that there were one or two items regarding these diseases upon which I was not altogether certain. I could nearly always tell measles or smallpox within an hour after the health officer had gone round; a white flag meant measles and a yellow one smallpox. And without any assistane whatever, I could distinguish toothache from sciatica; but beyond this I was a complete failure, and always consulted a physician when I thought I needed rescuing from a premature grave.

And right there I discovered one peculiarity about my sickly family. They one and all declared against doctors. Their arguments sounded so much alike that I was amazed at the unity of ideas, particularly between Fred and Melinda; it is so unusual to see these two agree upon any subject.

THEN, too, there was a mystical, elusive familiarity in their arguments against the medical fraternity that haunted and yet puzzled me, till I settled it finally in my own mind as being a memory from a past incarnation. Whenever I fail to recall an idea clearly, and haven't time to look it up, I always shunt it on to a past incarnation. It's satisfactory, and saves bother.

Next I found Joe boiling the drinking water, as he explained, "to kill the typhoid germs." It seemed he already had it, "would take to his bed in another five days." I rose in rebellion; I simply could not run a ranch, a house and an hospital single-handed. Going to the big apple tree I cut a switch, and then interviewed Joe in the woodshed.

"Joe," I said, "you see this switch; now I'll wear it out across your back if you show any more symptoms of typhoid fever! I'm worn to death with dyspepsia and kidney complaint, consumption and apoplexy, and I won't have any more invalids in the family. Now tell the truth, Joe, and I'll let you

Continued on page 54

THE DRESSING TABLE

Edited by MARIE

THE winds of early spring-time that are so invigorating to wearied hearts which have grown tired of the long winter, are rather trying to the woman of delicate skin. There is a peculiar, "burning" quality in the March winds which leaves the nose and cheeks red and smarting. Some women are so fortunate as to be little affected by the most blustery roar which the March lion can produce, but most of us are sensitive to the breezes of early spring and prefer their attention in modified form. There are many good vanishing creams which may be applied to the face before one goes out on a windy day which will prevent the worst ravages of the boisterous breezes.

A veil is almost a necessity in the days of early spring, and the thin chiffon variety is the most appropriate. "Every spot in that veil means five dollars to an oculist," said a doctor to a woman who was wearing a veil dotted with a few huge "coin" spots—and, before many months had passed, the wearer realized that the doctor's words were only too true.

A home-made powder is preferred by many to the bought article, and here is a formula, given by an authority on matters of toilet preparation:

Pure rice powder, one ounce; powdered boric acid, twenty grains; powdered oxide of zinc (best quality), two ounces; powdered carbonate of magnesia, one ounce; oil of rose, two drops. Sift each ingredient through bolting cloth, throwing away all coarse particles. Combine and sift repeatedly, adding the oil of rose before the last sifting.

WOMEN who have a fondness for the perfume of sandalwood can supply themselves now with small sticks of the wood for perfuming their dresser drawers and closet compartments. The sticks retain their odor for an indefinite period, and when they seem to be on the point of losing their native fragrance an immersion in water will restore all their Oriental charm. Sandalwood perfume and toilet water are a fad among some women, who prefer this spicy aroma to others of flower-like daintiness. The sandalwood scent is fresh and inviting and it does not grow stale and unpleasant.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

TROUBLESOME—Well, you have given me quite a list of questions, which I shall answer to the best of my ability. 1. Deep breathing is an excellent exercise for developing the chest. The use of a good skin food on the neck would be beneficial for such a condition as you describe, but remember that results are not to be expected in a day. A diet of milk and eggs would help in the good work. 2. The three "foods" you men tion, especially the first, are to be re commended. You can understand that in this column it is not desirable to mention such articles directly. A stamped and addressed envelope for reply would enable me to send you information which must be given private ly. 3. The yellow or brown line on the neck may be caused by wearing the collar too tight. The use of the cream mentioned should prove beneficial. 4. The exercise you describe should result in improvement, if persisted in. 5. The recipe you quote is quite safe. 6. I would not care to say what is the best dentifrice. If you care to send stamped envelope, I shall give you a list of the most favorably known. Use dental floss, as well as a powder or paste, if you wish to keep the teeth in good condition. 7. If your hair is in the condition you mention, you are not washing it too often. If you could consult a good hair-dresser on your next visit to the city, there might be discovered some slight ailment of the scalp. 8. I could not undertake to advise as to the tonic you should use. I do not care for those which you mention and would advise that you consult a physician. Many of these "patent" remedies are worse than useless. Fresh air, sunshine and the proper diet are more to be desired than most drugs. We women make the pill proprietors rich by rushing off to the nearest drug store on the slightest provocation. Write again and tell me if you are better.

MRS. A.—I am replying to your note in the addressed envelope which you sent, but I may say here that a good cold cream is almost essential if one desires to keep the skin in good condition. As the years go by, Time does some unkind scribbling on forehead, cheeks and neck, and the cold cream is one method by which we may conceal some of his marks. In fact, he may be kept away much longer than we suppose by the use of simple "preservatives." The woman who obviously tries to look young has been ridiculed frequently. However unpleasant she may be when she over-powders and colors her face, she is not more distressing than she who has no regard for her personal appearance, and who is quite indifferent to shiny nose on stray locks. Only—remember that the skin should be treated delicately—not scrubbed as if it were a washboard.

CANOVA—I have not known the substance you inquire about to have such an effect as to make the hair come out. I am glad that yours is improving. Let me know how it progresses. I know nothing about the preparation you men tion. For the discoloration referred to, you might use a solution of peroxide of hydrogen, but be very careful to note instructions on the bottle, as a weak solution would probably be all that would be required.

The Spring Fashions in Hair Dressing

It is every woman's wish to have her hair well dressed. Particular people consider the proper care and arrangement of the hair, not as an exhibition of vanity, but as an expression of appreciation of propriety and good taste.

DORENWEND'S HAIR GOODS

represent the highest achievements of expert hair workers and challenge your impartial comparison

Our Handsome Illustrated Booklet "X" of Spring Fashions.

will be sent to you on request. This book illustrates and describes all the latest styles of hair dressing. WRITE NOW.

THE DORENWEND CO. of Toronto, Limited

The House of Quality Hair Goods

103-105 Yonge St., Toronto

Crow's-feet.

Yes, very disfiguring and aging. But you can avoid them all the same.
Never mind. Simply rub in Vinolia Cream—that will soften, and feed your skin, making it smooth as satin, flexible as elastic.

Royal Vinolia Cream

35 and 50c. On sale at all good Druggists and Stores 105

The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek

is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

The evil effects of raw winds, dust, extreme cold, working in overheated and steamy rooms or in bad air, can be counteracted by using

NA-DRU-CO Ruby Rose Cold Cream

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your Druggist's.

NA-DRU-CO Witch Hazel Cream

is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form.

For the skin irritation which winter brings—chaps, wind-burn, cracked lips, frost-bites or chilblain—it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c. a bottle, at your Druggist's.

Always look for the Na-Dru-Co Trade Mark when you buy.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 182

$1.00 for One and a Half Spare Hours

A lady who is getting subscriptions writes: "*I have worked seven days and only 1½ hours a day.*" **She earned $7.25.** This was her first experience and she is confident of doing better There is a similar opportunity in every village, town and city for spare-time workers. Write for information. CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos
Pianos of Prestige

Consider Only The Best

THE piano question is peculiar unto itself. Everything about a piano is vital to its tone or life and a weakness anywhere proves eventually to be like the bad apple in the barrel. In other words, there can hardly be "a pretty good piano"; it is good or it is not good.

The Gerhard Heintzman
Canada's Greatest Piano

has no weak feature. It has a construction, tone, quality and finish that eminent musicians, music lovers, yes, and competitors, look to with respect.

And this is no new thing---it has been true for a generation.

There can be no wiser choice than a

Gerhard Heintzman Piano

Your present instrument taken as part payment and convenient terms arranged.

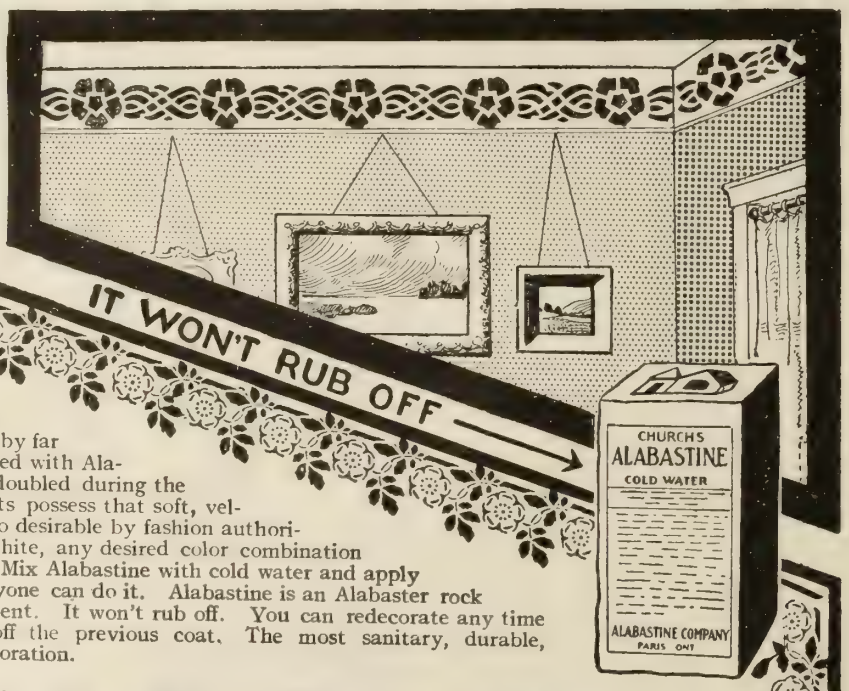
Gerhard Heintzman, Limited

41-43 Queen St. West (Opposite City Hall) **Toronto, Ont.**

New Salesrooms in Hamilton, next to Post Office

J-66

Are Your Walls In Style



Kalsomine and wall paper are hardly up-to-date. Tinted walls are now the vogue. And by far the most popular are those tinted with Alabastine, the sale of which has doubled during the last two years. Alabastine tints possess that soft, velvety, restful effect considered so desirable by fashion authorities. With the 21 tints and white, any desired color combination can be produced quite easily. Mix Alabastine with cold water and apply with a flat bristle brush. Anyone can do it. Alabastine is an Alabaster rock cement. Its colors are permanent. It won't rub off. You can redecorate any time without scraping or washing off the previous coat. The most sanitary, durable, economical and stylish wall decoration.

CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

FREE STENCILS To enable those who use Alabastine to secure the most beautiful and artistic effects we will have our expert decorators prepare suitable Color Schemes free of charge, and in addition give Free Stencils. Write to-day for particulars and handsome booklet. For sale by all Hardware and Paint Dealers.

THE ALABASTINE CO., Limited
25 Willow St., Paris, Ont. 10

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Canadian Girls' Club

JUDGING from the letters we are getting it will not be long before dozens of members will have secured the little silver watch that I told you about in the February Journal. They will be a band of honor, a club within a club. It will be a reason for constant "boosting" of the Journal. Every member of the club will want the watch, but she will appreciate even more the honor of belonging to the watch circle. Listen to what they tell me.

Dear Secretary:—

What a splendid present the watch will be. I am sure I'll have it in a few weeks. It has been too stormy this winter to really do any work, though I have got an occasional subscription from my friends. But now that I can get out again, and with this special inducement, besides all the commission and bonus, I'll certainly give some of the leaders a hard run for their honors.

Very sincerely.

A WESTERNER.

That is what lots of members have written me. It certainly has been a hard winter—too bad to work—but after the winter's rest all the members will get busy again. There are lots of acquaintances, I am sure, who have to be told of the Journal, and renewals to collect.

Dear G. C. Secretary:—

You are always offering us something nice. I don't see how you can afford to do it. The commissions have been a great help to me. I do not know what I should have done for pin money without them. And now that you offer a watch in addition to these, I certainly will work. for I have always wanted one.

Very truly,

A. R.

The answer to "How can you afford it?" is that we are particularly anxious to have a good hustling member in every town, someone who knows a lot of people and whose opinion of a magazine has influence.

Then we do not have to bother about getting the renewals, confident that you will look after them. These same renewals, by the way, are the very best part of our subscription plan, for they are so easily secured, and pay just the same.

Dear Miss F.:—

Thanks very much for writing to me about the watch. You can look for me to be one of the first to receive it. It certainly is a splendid offer, the best, I think, of all you have made. . . The Girls' Club has been fine for me. I must send you a photograph of the room that has been decorated and refurnished "almost entirely from earnings in the Club."

Very sincerely,

R. L.

I am hoping to get that picture to place among the collection of photos of rooms in which the Girls' Club has an interest. They range from the girl's own sanctum, pretty and comfortable, that invites long conferences on personal things, to reception rooms and dining-rooms, and even kitchens, with shining aluminum ware. In some it is just a Morris chair or a comfortable rocker or curtains and wall paper or a gleaming toilet set, in othes a larger share.

Dear Secretary:—

I must annex that silver watch to add to my Club collection of pretty and useful things. I wish I had more time to work, but a busy housekeeper has her hands full most of the day. It is easy to champion the JOURNAL when I find it so attractive to me, and believe that all loyal Canadians should give their support. The subscribers I have secured are delighted with it, and I know I'll get renewals from nearly all of them.

Wishing you all success,

K. N.

Dear Miss F.:—

Please tell me all about the watch offer. I have already told a number of my friends that I am going to win a watch, and they have promised me their subscriptions. You will be surprised to hear from me after such a long time, since I did any work for the Club, but we moved out here and have been very busy settling in the new home. I am going to make this a JOURNAL town. My neighbors who have been reading my copies of the JOURNAL are delighted with it.

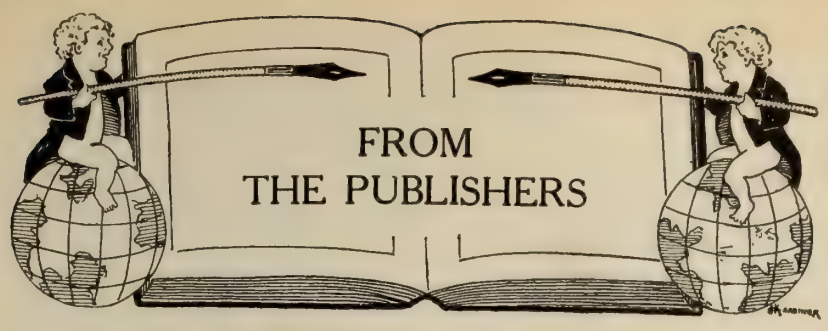
Yours sincerely,

F. B.

I feel sure that the Girls' Club and its members are going to have the most successful season in its history, and I hope that we will have hundreds of new members to share in our success. We will welcome them gladly, just write us to tell you all about the club.

THE SECRETARY.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,
Toronto.



FROM William Briggs, Toronto, comes a biography which should be in every household, "The Story of Tecumseh," by Norman Gurd. Canadians are deplorably ill-informed concerning their own history, and in this respect may be compared unfavorably with their cousins in the States. The people of the neighboring republic may have gone too far in their spread-eagle type of patriotism, and may have exalted their great men into figures of impossible and extravagant heroism. However, we have erred on the other side, and have shown a regrettable slowness in acquainting ourselves with the prominent characters of Canadian history. Tecumseh is one of the most admirable and picturesque figures of the War of 1812-15, and showed a devotion to British interests which was not excelled by any of the generals of Saxon breed. He was a born warrior, and his death for the cause he loved gives him a place with the brave soldiers who have been ready to sacrifice all for the Empire. Kipling tells us that it is "on the bones of the English that the English flag is stayed." He might have gone further in his description of British evolution, for the deeds which won the Empire have often been accomplished by those of other race and color.

This story of Tecumseh is well and graphically told by the author, and the narrative is illustrated in spirited and historic fashion by Mr. C. W. Jefferys. In this book, it may be noted that the description of the Battle of Tippecanoe differs very much from the account of the Battle of Tippecanoe hitherto accepted. In the researches by the author he was fortunate enough to come across a despatch signed by Colonel Elliott, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Amherstburg, to Major-General Brock, containing a full account of the battle as related to Colonel Elliott by a Kickapoo chief, who was present at the engagement. His description of the battle is founded on this Indian account, and on the account given in the pamphlet issued by the Louisville Historical Society written by Captain Pirtle of the American army, who had made a thorough examination of the archives at Washington. These accounts corroborated one another in many details, and differed from the account of the battle given by Drake in his Tecumseh, which was published in the early thirties, and by Eggleston, in his later work, published in 1878.

The book is one which teachers and parents should give to Canadian youth as a biography of one of the race which stood manfully by Britain throughout a critical conflict. It will be read with interest by all who enjoy a good story.

From the War of 1812-15 to the dark days of the Vendean War in France, is not such a very long jump backwards. In "Chantemerle," a story by D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor, published by the same firm, we have a romance of the thrilling old-fashioned order. Lucienne, the heroine, is a vacillating but attractive heroine, whose charms win more hearts than one—and then the trouble begins. Gilbert and Louis, both ardent Royalists, fighting valiantly for a lost cause, are well-depicted in their contrasting characteristics, and we hardly know with which lover to sympathize, as the course of true love proceeds on its unsmooth way. The strongest and most memorable personality in this eminently readable story is that of M. des Graves, the priest who ministers to his bewildered and stricken people throughout the horrors of war and pillage. "Chantemerle" is a story you will find worth while.

"My Lady Caprice," also from Briggs, is by Jeffery Farnol, the English novelist who made such a success of "The Broad Highway" last year. This story of a heroine of many moods was written at an earlier date than "The Broad Highway," but is now being republished, by reason, no doubt of the latter's great popularity. "My Lady Caprice" is a dainty bit of fiction which may be read in an hour and which will afford pleasing diversion for those who enjoy a story of love-in-idleness. The Imp is a small boy of engaging pranks whom we shall hope to meet again.

The Song of Life

Continued from page 11

"Oh, nothing much," she answered. The sun through the western window, or some other flame, nearly blinded her eyes with joy. "I could see the flowers in that side window, right up there on the road. What daffodils!"

"Eh, they're gay bits of flowers," answered the hostess, joyfully.

"And you grow them here yourself?"

"Where else? My bulbs lie in the dark all winter, ye ken, but by the first of March they get that green you can almost see them pricking up through the earth in these tubs I plant 'em in. They cry out for the sun. And I let 'em have it. They grow so fast there is a windowful by April."

"It's my only way of Easter," she continued gaily. "I never get to the church, as I am crippled with rheumatism. So I send these along to our meeting-house on the next concession. You'd pass it on the way. A fine red building it is. Sam used to carry 'em down every year, regular as Easter Sunday morning came. He was took away last year. It was awful sudden—the only son I had. Neighbors say I'm too old to grieve over Sam like I would if it had been that he and I was both younger. But it ain't that"—she walked over to the side window so blazing in green and gold—"it ain't that. It's just I've got to know something lately—that, *we all go on—through the dark, like these daffodils, to the spring.* He ain't dead. You don't need to tell me that, any more than these flowers will die in a week or so. *They've roots, ain't they? They all come again.* . . . Well, here's your young man I guess. And hope you're warm again. . . . I'm sure I'm glad you came in."

And then—after a breathless proposal. . . . "A story? Me, to have given you a story! And for the *Weekly Sun!* Why, we've took that paper as long as I can remember. They did used to say Pa believed every word of it, like the Bible itself. I guess the *Sun* is about the biggest paper in America. And to put me into it and this kitchen—into a photo—why, I ain't even got it spring-cleaned yet. Come right along tomorrow. The daffodils will look beautiful. Bring your young man, too, I like his looks. . . ."

Back through the deepening day, to their little city-of-life, rode two who had found the springtime through gates of Faith and Work.

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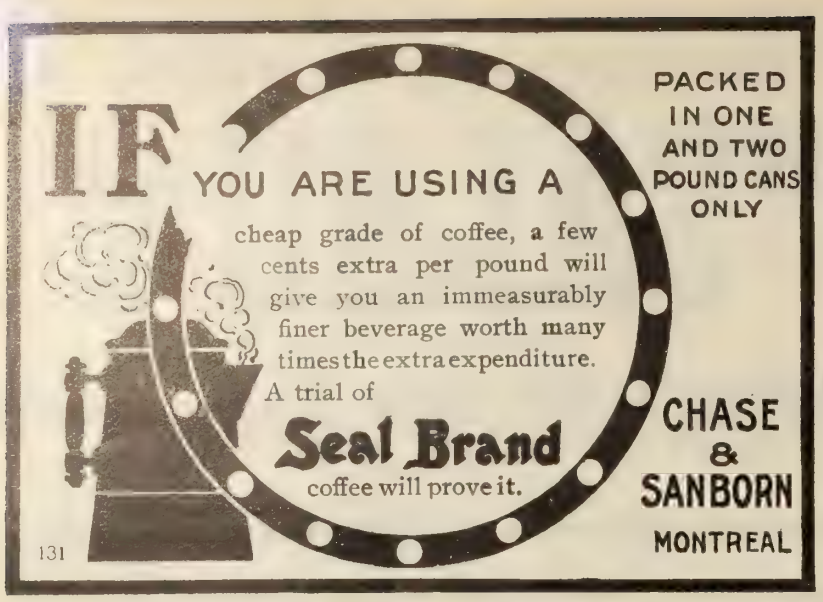
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House of Windows

Continued from page 10

sides you are a sick man yet, and these people are dangerous. If it came to a struggle, what chance would you have?"

Mark slipped a serviceable pistol out of his pocket. "I'm a dead shot," he said cheerfully. "I wouldn't need to commit murder in order to effectually disable any undesirable opponent. And I feel quite sure that they will not be on their guard against me. I am known to be a sort of useless fellow, and I have been back from Europe for such a short time—most of which I spent in Vancouver—that it is ten to one against their knowing me by sight. Besides—well, the other is a sentimental reason."

"Let's have it anyway."

"Well, you see, the one ride Miss Christine and I took together was along that very road and to that very inn. I showed her a way to make the motor horn, which is out of order, scream like a banshee. If she is anywhere in that inn she would remember the sound of it, I am sure. That would put her on the watch for some way to help us. She would recognize my voice also if I could get within hearing distance—and," bluntly, "I do not think that any one of you (except the governor, whom they know by sight), could possibly have the thing at heart quite as I have."

"Think we might fall down on the job, do you?" grinned the big detective. "But there may be something in what you say. Only there must be modification of the plan. You do not realize how desperate these people will be. Now, how long do you think you will need to convince yourself whether or not the girl is in the house?"

"A half an hour—twenty minutes ought to do it."

"It would certainly give the thing away if you loafed longer than that. Well, then, in twenty minutes a second auto will be on hand, and on it will be reinforcements. Mr. Torrance, Mr. Burns, Cunningham and myself. We

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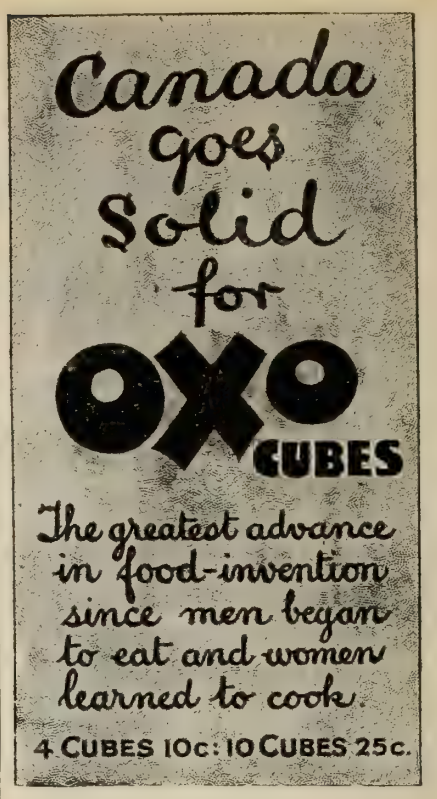
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CARROT GINGER

SCRAPE and boil some carrots and mash them, and to each pound of pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and to every three pounds of pulp the grated rind of a lemon and two ounces of powdered ginger. Boil for half an hour and you will have a delicious jam.

CREOLE PUFFS

BLANCH half pound almonds, finely shred half of them and dry slowly in the oven; put quarter cup boiling water and half cup sugar in a saucepan, and as soon as it boils add the remaining almonds and cook until the syrup is of a golden brown color; turn into a pan, cool, and finely pound; beat the whites of four eggs till stiff, add gradually one and a quarter cups powdered sugar, half teaspoon vanilla, almonds and quarter teaspoon salt; put into shape, sprinkle with the shredded almonds and sift sugar over them. Bake in a slow oven for twenty-five minutes.

SCOTCH WAFERS

SCOTCH wafers are well adapted for children's luncheons and also are much enjoyed by convalescents. Mix one cup fine oatmeal, one cup rolled oats, two cups flour, quarter cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-third teaspoon soda; melt quarter cup butter or lard in half cup hot water and add to mixture, toss on a floured board, roll as thin as possible, cut in strips with a sharp knife and bake on a buttered sheet in a slow oven.

POTATO SCRUB

BOIL and mash six good-sized potatoes, add salt, pepper, and butter to taste. Put into a baking dish, sift over the top one-half cupful of grated bread-crumbs, pour over the whole one-half cupful of sweet cream, and bake twenty minutes.

MAPLE PUDDING

A DELICIOUS pudding that is easily made, and is nicer than ice cream, is as follows: whip four eggs very light, add gradually, constantly beating, one cup of well warmed but not hot maple syrup. Put on fire in double boiler and stir till it resembles rich cream. Set aside and when nearly cold add one pint of rich whipped cream. Do not add any liquid cream. Pack in salted ice for five hours. Do not stir.

CABINET PUDDING

BUTTER a mould or pudding dish and scatter in it bits of candied orange peel, chopped nuts, chopped raisins or currants, or a mixture of these; fill the dish nearly full of bits of broken cake, and through it add more bits of fruit or nuts; mix a cup of milk with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and a pinch of salt; pour this a little at a time over the cake; cover tightly, and set in a pan of boiling water in the oven and bake an hour, or till it is firm. Turn out and serve with a fruit sauce.

RICE LOAF

STILL another way of utilizing odd scraps of meat is this: Chop the meat, put into the frying-pan with gravy or water, season well, and let it simmer till it is hot and smooth; thicken with a spoonful of flour rubbed with one of butter. Cook half a cup of rice till very tender and dry; season well; butter generously a bread-tin or any mould, and line it with the rice, pressing it firmly; in the centre put the meat, draining it if it is not thick; cover with more rice, and bake in a pan of boiling water in the oven half an hour; turn out on a hot dish and serve as it is, passing gravy in a boat, or put a tomato sauce around it. Croquettes are, of course, one of the best ways of using up meat.

CHEESE PUDDING

BUTTER a baking-dish, and put in thin slices of bread on the bottom and sides; lay on this slices of American cheese; salt well, and add a sprinkling of cayenne and a tiny bit of baking-soda; repeat till the dish is full, with cheese on top; pour on milk to just cover, and set in a hot oven for about half an hour or till the dish puffs and browns; serve at once.

SALMON CUTLETS

DRAIN and pick up a small can of salmon; add sufficient thick white sauce to make a paste; season well, spread it out, and let it grow firm; cut into chop shape, dip in fine crumbs, and egg, and let it stand an hour; fry two at a time in deep fat; put a bit of parsley stem in the small end of each one.

FIG TAPIOCA

COOK till clear three tablespoonfuls of granulated tapioca in two cups of water with a teaspoonful of butter. Stir constantly. Chop fine half a pound of figs, add a cup of water, and one of sugar; cook these till smooth and thick, and cool; mix the tapioca, and add half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Chill well, and serve in glasses with a little whipped cream on top.

ORANGE COMPOTE

PEEL small seedless oranges; dip each one into syrup made of boiled sugar and water so stiff it will thread; pile up the oranges one at a time on a glass dish, and slowly pour over what is left of the syrup till all are well coated; serve very cold with whipped cream around the base.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS

MAKE a fondant of a pound of granulated sugar and a little over a gill of boiling water. Boil until the mixture threads, then drop a little into iced water, and when it can be rolled into a ball between the thumb and finger it is done. Season with vanilla, and beat the mixture until soft and white; then knead with the fingers to a soft doughlike mass and form into round balls. Spread these on waxed paper to dry. Melt in a double boiler a cake of sweet chocolate. Run a tiny skewer or a stiff wire into each cream ball, roll it over and over in the melted chocolate, then set on waxed paper until dry.

CREAM CANDY

Put two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one cupful of brown sugar into a saucepan and pour over this one cupful of water and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook until it hardens, when put in cold water. Pour into pan and cool. Then pull for about thirty minutes, then cut into small pieces with scissors. Set aside to cool. When thoroughly chilled put into quart jars and seal tightly. In a couple of days you will have the finest cream candy you ever ate. Flavor with peppermint and you have something for "after dinner mints."

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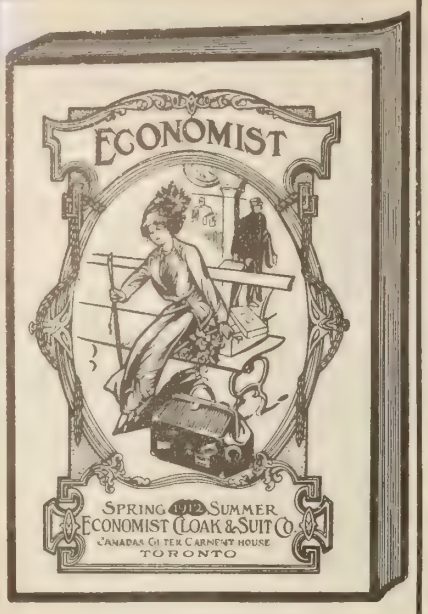

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AUNT MARY ANN

Continued from page 8

had tried to be such a help at the time of the wedding, and had ended by being so in the way. As Hilda had no mother, she had offered to take her mother's place, coming over every evening, for a fortnight previous to the event, to watch the progress of the *trousseau*, to praise and to admire and hinder Hilda with her sewing. One night she had brought two gifts—a centre piece and a d'oyley, with calling cards attached, from Julia and herself, and three times she had reminded Hilda "not to get the cards mixed."

But the climax had come when Hilda finally agreed to let her run the luncheon, and Aunt Mary Ann, waiting on the table herself, had gone from guest to guest with the enquiry: *"There are seven courses. Will you have soup?"*

A firm, springy step on the walk brought her back to the present. She was in the hall, and had the light turned on before her husband could open the door.

He let in a draught of cold air and she snuggled into his embrace for he had been away since the day before.

"I *can* look up to you," she said, kissing the cleft in his chin.

"Who was insinuating that you could not, little girl?" said Clayton.

"No one. But Aunt Mary Ann advised me to marry a *tall* man. She said more trouble came through not being able to look up to your husband than through anything else."

"I hope you'll always be able to do that, little woman. Speaking of Aunt Mary Ann, she was on the train yesterday. She was taking a basket of live stock to the city—a clothes basket—hens, I think it was. She got off at every station between here and Brighton for fear she would miss her own. The fourth time I saw the conductor pick her up in his arms—basket and all—and deposit her on the platform of the train. He was ripping mad, and he told her that if she dared to get off again before she reached her destination she might stay there."

"Oh, Clayton. Why didn't you look after her?"

"We were on different cars; and, to be frank, I dislike traveling with fussy people. Is supper ready, dear? I'm famished."

Hilda hurried out to the kitchen. Her husband followed her and thrusting a hand into his coat pocket, drew out the mail. There was one letter for Hilda, which he threw on the kitchen table.

"What does that mean?" he asked, a little coldly.

Hilda turned from the stove in surprise, and picking up the letter, which had been opened, drew forth the single sheet and perused its contents swiftly.

"It's the end of the year," she said, looking her husband frankly in the eyes, "and there is a deficit in the church funds. All the members were asked to help wipe it out. I am a member, so I sent ten dollars."

"I thought it was addressed to me or I would not have opened it," said Clayton. "There's just one thing that I wish to be fully understood, Hilda, you may have all the money you want to spend on yourself, but I don't believe in subscribing to the church or to foreign missions. I was brought up in a house where *all* the spare money was given to the church, and I saw my mother wear her life out slaving and slaving, and trying to make ends meet."

She lifted the supper, and all through the meal there was a grim silence.

Later, when the dishes were washed, she threw herself on the divan and closed her eyes.

Clayton took up a book and pretended to read. Finally the tension grew unbearable. He threw down his book, and crossing the room, knelt beside the divan.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"My head aches."

"Oh, Clayton," she cried, taking his big hand in two of hers, "I can't bear to quarrel."

Clayton lifted her head from the pillow and held her close.

"We won't, dear," he said.

"I think I would always rather give in to you than have any coldness spring up between us—even when I thought you were in the wrong." Clayton held her closer.

"You grow more alike after you've been married awhile—unconsciously." Hilda shivered.

"Clayton, dear, would you like me to be like Aunt Mary Ann when I'm old?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"And yet at my age she was soft and pretty and pliable—generous, too."

"It's a big stretch of imagination," said Clayton, drolly.

"Clayton" — Hilda's fingers closed tensely over her husband's—"when we were married you asked me if I would like a regular allowance, and I said 'No.' May I change my mind?" There was a long silence.

At last Clayton spoke. "Am I such a miser, little girl, that you alter your mind in four months? All that is mine is yours, dear, and to-morrow I shall see that our bank account is made joint. And"—he drew a deep breath as though the resolution cost him something—"you may spend the money as you like."

"Thank you, dear."

SPRING ALMANACS

Continued from page 46

off on this whipping. Where did you get those symptoms of typhoid you told me you had?"

Joe whimpered a little; but soon solved the mystery of all our troubles by the astonishing confession: "I got 'em outen a nalmanac over in Fred's room!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed I, dropping the stick. "I believe the whole family got their sickness 'outen a nalmanac.'"

That elusive memory wasn't from a past incarnation after all: it was just the same old almanacial theory.

"Joe," said I suddenly, "you're a treasure to your mother." And in my exuberance of gratitude I made a foolish offer. "I'll bake you a turnover for every almanac you find and burn," I promised. "We will clear the atmosphere of 'symptoms,' and that will be equal to destroying germs."

Then I went to Fred's room. On the wall at the side of his bed hung his source of misery. I opened its pages only to be surprised at the many symptoms of kidney disease which were my own daily companions, though they had not held my attention before. I often had a pain in the back—especially after doing my own work, and then helping the men folks out on theirs, weeding a couple of hours. "That tired feeling," well I guess every rancher's wife has that occasionally.

Fred's almanac pointed to the disease with one hand, and to the "cure" with the other, while it preached loudly of the failures of doctors to help the patient even. In Melinda's room was another death indicator, and I grew so dizzy over its many and intricate paths to the grave as almost to believe that I too was either apoplectic or epileptic.

On the sitting-room table lay a hotbed of dyspepsia which John had just left off studying, to lie on the lounge and moan as he gripped his waist between two weak hands. No wonder he thought he was doomed. No man could revel in all those symptoms daily and live. I gathered all these sources of contagion and destroyed them by fire. The remnants of the "cures" I collected and poured down the drain.

A few days later I found that my indebtedness to Joe amounted to thirty-two turnovers. He had proven himself a financier on a sure proposition, and had begged from the stores and borrowed from the neighbors many extra almanacs before I wakened to his methods; thereby earning for himself a steady diet of pastry. But the family, lacking fuel to feed the fires of imagination, became healthy and able-bodied once more.

And this is the lesson I learned from experience, in answer to that question, "Why?"

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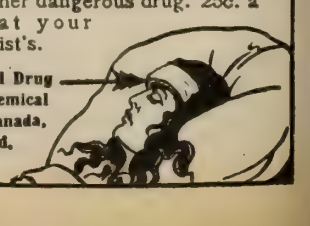

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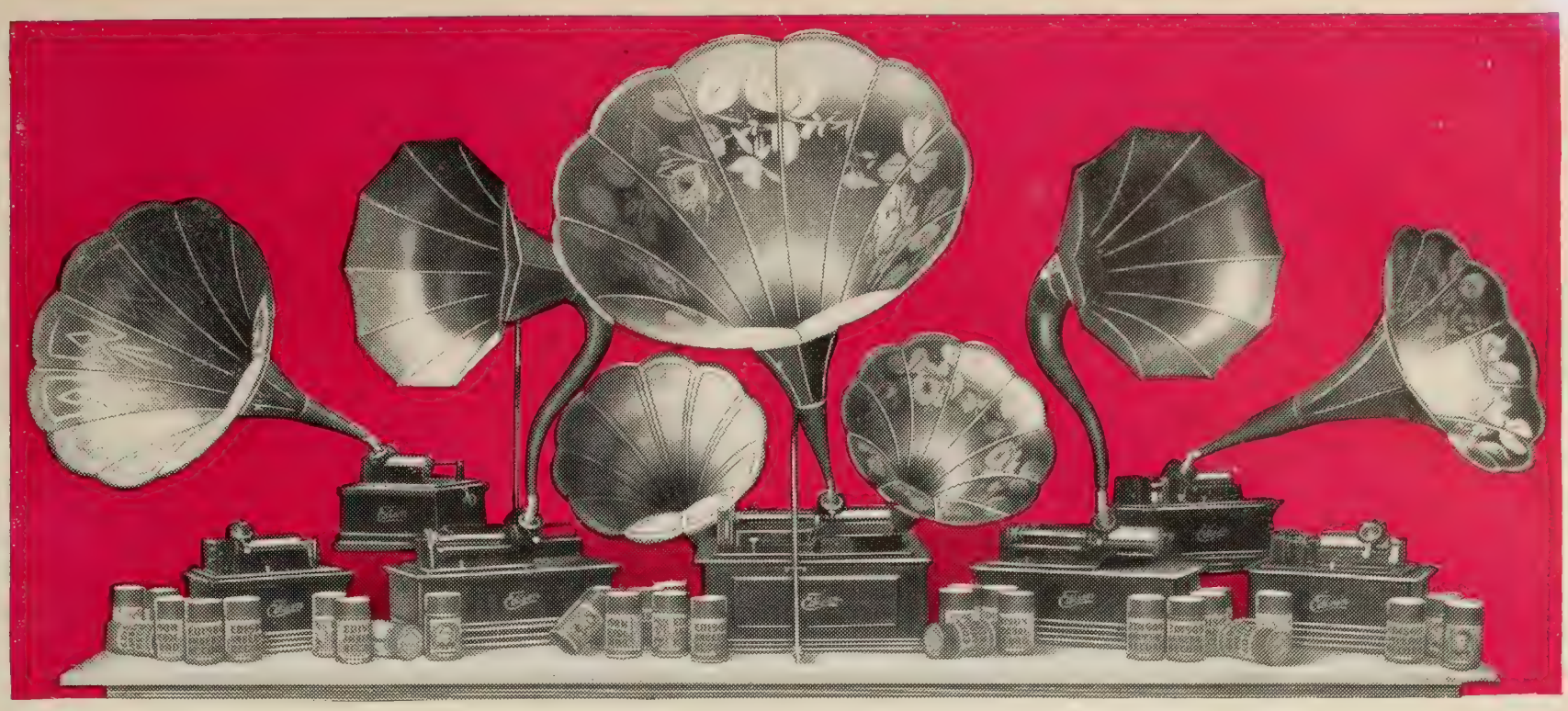

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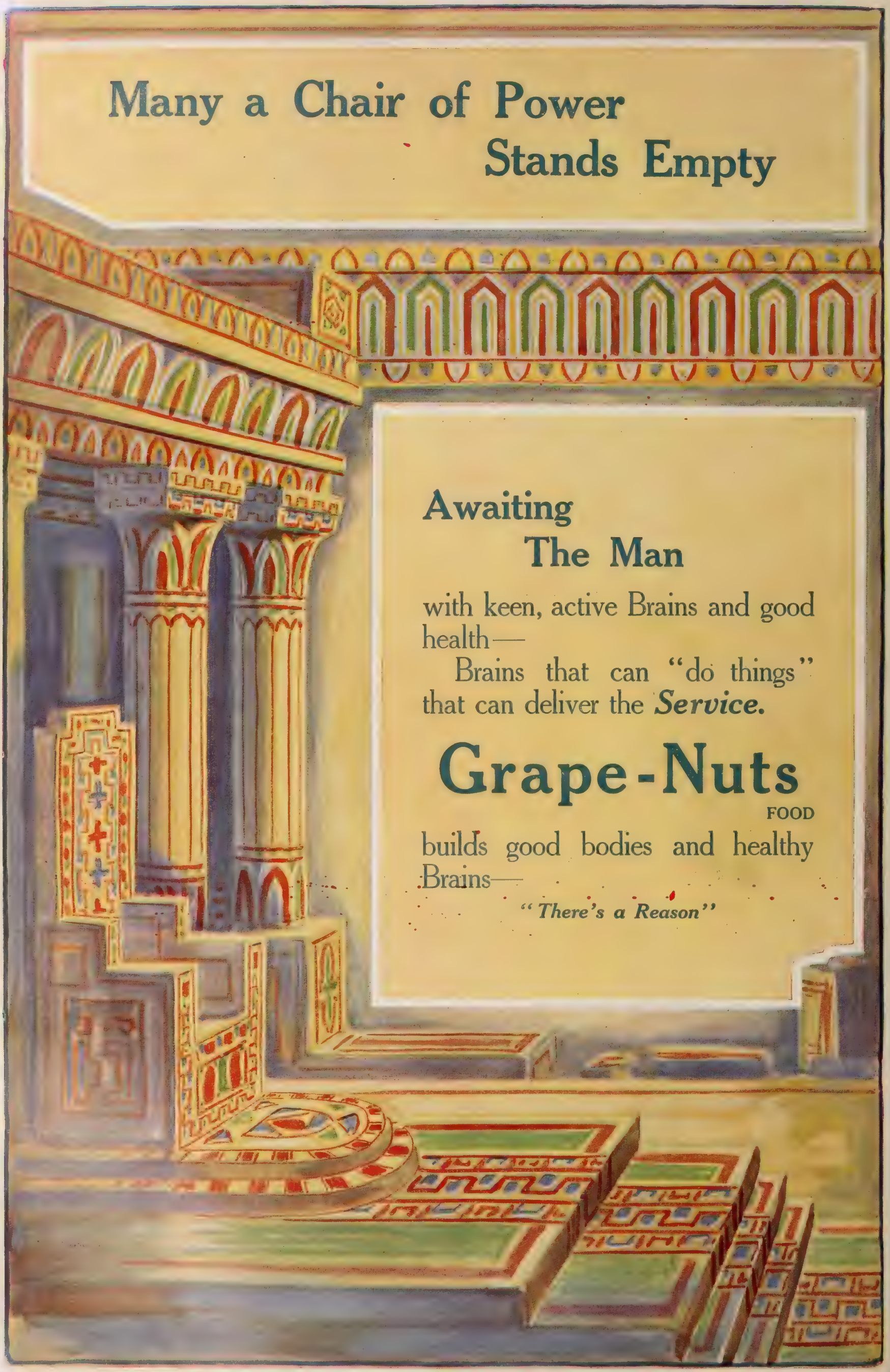

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Canadian Home Journal

THE SCHOONER GIRL
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

MAY
1912

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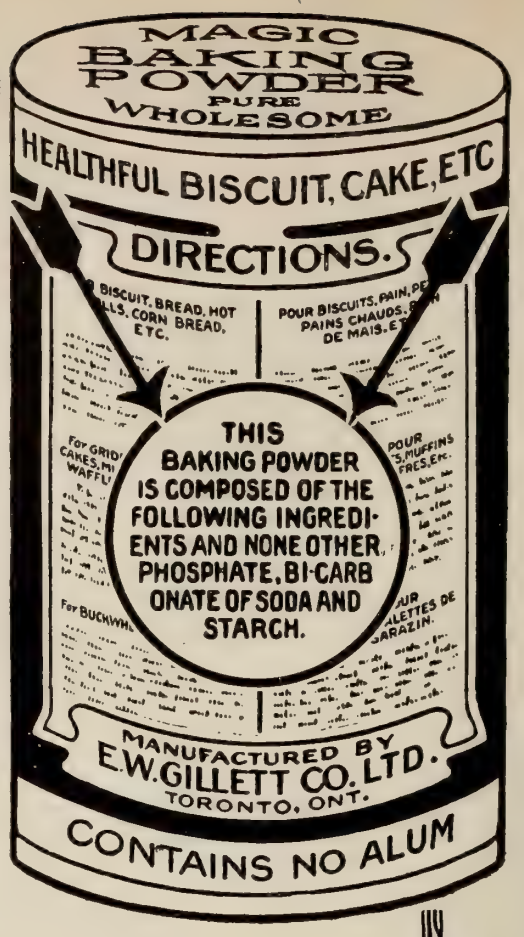

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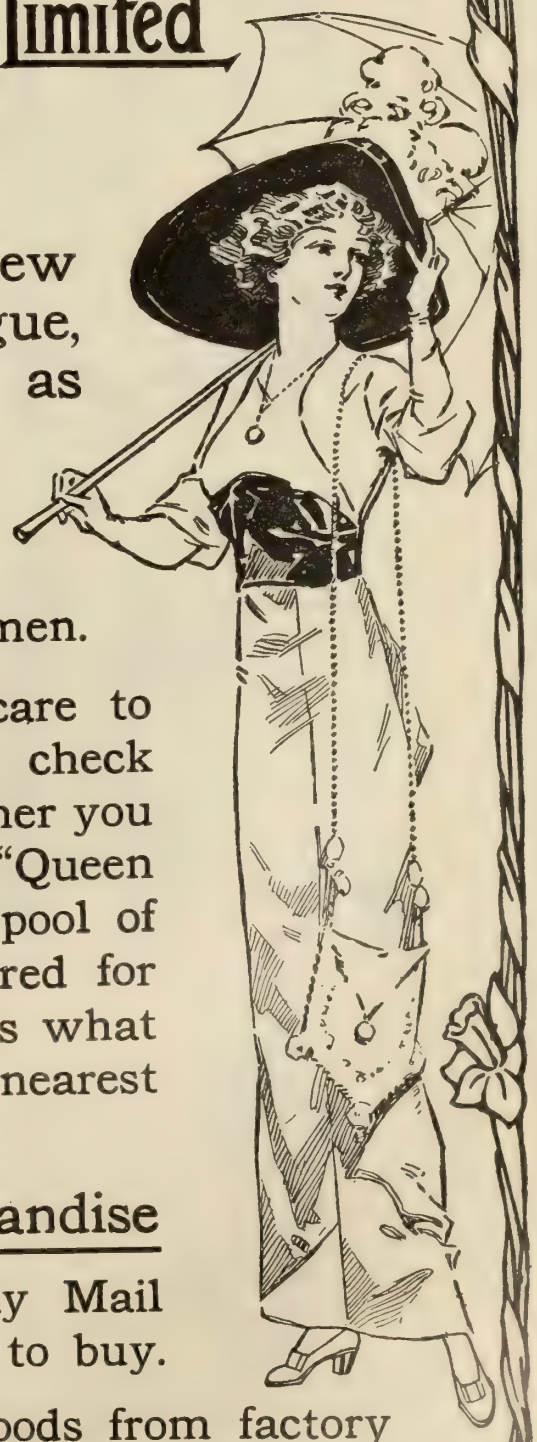

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CANADIAN
HOME JOURNAL

Subscriptions must be paid in advance and are stopped on expiration. To change address we must know former and new address. No address chang'd later than 15th

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EDITORIAL CHAT

By all means read "The Schooner Girl." You will find it a most unusual story. The scene is on the Labrador coast, perhaps an out-of-the-way place for a love story, but they love there just the same as any other place in the world. Then the story has an unusual and happy ending quite unlike most stories, but read it anyway and find out for yourself.

We know you will like "The Unforeseen," as it is the kind of a story that keeps you guessing until the end to know who will be the bride.

"A Slave to Fashion" is another good story, and the two serials have proved to be the best stories we have ever published.

"Mother's Day" has, in Canada, inside of two years, become one in which thousands have become interested. The second Sunday in May is the day in each year on which each of us should do honor to our mother. Read of this splendid movement on page 20.

Most women are interested in babies, and much time is taken up in discussing the "dear wee things." You will be able to talk with more authority on this subject if you read page 19. There you will find out just how much the baby should weigh and measure at almost any age. Read it anyway and judge for yourself when you next see a baby if it is well developed or not.

Our Dressing Table page is becoming one of the most popular pages in the magazine. "Marie" is always willing to answer questions on any subject covered by her department.

So many of our readers have written us asking for more music that we have resumed our music page in this issue.

Women's Institute members will note a change in their department. We are more than anxious to make this department of such value to the Women's Institute movement that it will lead the way in place of merely being a place in which to state that certain meetings have been held.

Members of Institutes will find this department helpful in giving them suggestions that will make their work more effective and it may help them solve some of the difficulties that confront them in their work.

We want to do anything that will help along the Institute work and we are open to receive suggestions for publication that will increase the efficiency of this splendid movement.

Preparations are under way for our "June Brides' Number." Doubtless this number will prove interesting to many of our readers, if we may judge from the past. We are anxious to extend our congratulations to our lady readers who send us a card asking to have their name and address changed. They recognize that the JOURNAL will be of value to them in their new home.

It is not often that we say much to our readers about our advertising, but there is such a strong connection between the two that we believe our readers must be somewhat interested.

Our friends have been so busy telling their neighbors about the good qualities of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL that it now takes 25,000 copies each month to supply the demand, and still new names and renewals keep coming in at least fifty per cent. greater than last year.

The circulation of the JOURNAL is now where it commands attention from the very largest advertisers in Canada and the United States, and if you will take a few minutes to look over the advertisements you will see that they are the best and most reliable firms in business anywhere.

The guarantee published on page 3 shows just how much we trust our advertisers, and we want our readers to believe every statement they make, and buy from them or ask for their goods every time an opportunity presents itself.

The greater the returns our advertisers receive from their advertisements the more they will advertise and the better magazine we will be able to give to our readers.

Did you ever stop to think of the work necessary in the publishing of a magazine?

The reading of manuscripts sent in for publication is in itself something that requires considerable time and careful thought, that we pick only the best for our readers.

For every story accepted and published, there are many returned to the authors for various reasons. We much prefer stories by Canadian authors, but if we cannot secure stories from Canadians up to the standard, then we must search elsewhere for them.

Stories come to us from all parts of America, which is only one indication of the international importance of this magazine.

Starting with our June Number we propose introducing into our Journal Juniors' Department, a number of puzzles which will, we are sure, prove entertaining to our younger readers, both boys and girls. We may offer prizes for the correct solution of the puzzles, and we advise our junior readers to watch their department for the announcement and particulars in next issue.

We have just received word from the Deputy Minister of Agriculture for British Columbia, that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has been appointed the official organ of the Women's Institutes of that province.

The letter is as follows:—

"Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has been selected by the Women's Institutes of British Columbia as their official organ.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"WM. G. SCOTT, Deputy Minister."

It is pleasing to note the wonderful growth of this movement. We believe it is now the largest women's organization in Canada, and its influence for good throughout the Dominion has no limitations.

Institutes are now doing good work in Ontario, New Brunswick, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and Manitoba.

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THE SCHOONER GIRL

A Story of Love on the Labrador Coast

By FELIX J. KOCH

"T'AINT the job I'd be pickin' agin' for the summer; not by a good deal! Why, there be nothin' to it. You clean an' you throw, an' you clean an' you throw, an' then, you no quicker'n get the first mess out of the way but the punt's down there to the foot of the ladder with more of 'em, an' then you start the whole business afresh!"

Clothilde threw her head back; the thin Roman nose, heritage of centuries of Latin ancestors, dilated; the brown eyes looked half sadly out of the seaward opening of the curing-barn; the narrow lips pursed and the red cheeks grew taut, and, if you had been a close observer, as, unfortunately these fisher-folk were not, you might have detected a glassiness to those eyes and a huskiness to the voice, which betokened bitter disappointment. Meanwhile the girl ran fingers, visibly unaccustomed to manual labor, nervously through her wavy black hair.

She seized another cod resentfully and took the curing-knife in hand. Then, quite as quickly, she threw the two down once more, drew the little white sunbonnet far over her head, and, arms akimbo, gazed out at the sea.

"Still sorry you come?"

Big, lubberly, good-hearted Nikolaus Weddle leaned across the table and laid a brawny hand, scarred with the oar-galls, on the white, slender fingers of the girl.

"'Deed I am that! It's bad enough in the towns on Ste. Pierre or Miquelon, but there you get some change at least, an' there's the shops, even if they be nothing to them to St. John's, an' there's books and you git yer mail . . "

"We gets mail by the *Lake* when she kin come up the tickle," Thomas Crosby, —Shamus they called him, interjected.

"Which ain't one trip in a fortnight. The *Lake* only makes up-trip once in two weeks, an' it's ten days down, with fog permittin' an ice allowin'."

The girl's voice grew thicker, it trebled more with each word of her retort.

The people of the curing-barn gathered closer. It wasn't the first case of the sort they had known, and they always pitied a schooner girl, come from the settlements *up* sooth, (in the higher latitudes, you know, up is *south* and down is north, for doesn't the north slope down as it nears the Poles?)—growing weary and rebellious of the monotone of day after day of nothing but cod and ice and fog, with a cruel sea lapping to froth on the rocks before and an unexplored, inhospitable no-man's land behind.

Nikolaus winked to the others slyly.

"Let's be stoppin' for a while, you an' me," he said gently.

"We'll go off an' gather some bake-apples on the mountain and you can tell me of your town to home."

The girl, feeling the need of just such sympathy as his at this moment, washed the blood and scales from her hands in the water-pail, dropped the apron, cut from a coffee sack, and gave it a kick to a corner, set the curing-knife in the ledge of the wall, and followed the man.

The two strolled up the trail leading to the ridge of Cape Harrigan, the summit of the range, from which broad No-Man's Land unfolded.

"You never been away from hum so long?" Nikolaus asked her, for the dozenth time that summer, the question breaking the silence as best he knew how.

"Oh yes," again she answered, but this time with a brutal frankness. "Never though, where there weren't nothing, like here. You see, it be's mighty hard to get used to it, the lonesome. You people are all good and kind to me, I ain't a mite complaining; but of course you're interested most in the fish. The more fish you'uns get, the better.

"I come up here to make pin-money, what comes handy, but ain't just needed, and as I might instead of stayin home for the time. What's more, I'd heard so much about the Labrador schooner-girls havin' such a jolly good time, and how," (she laughed slyly despite herself), "they comes home one and all with a lover they'd caught with the fish up the coast . .. ."

"*Down* coast you means, don't you?" Nikolaus asked quickly.

The girl caught herself.

"Yes, down north I mean. But I thought, with all the summer for fishing and fish to be had by the millions, you people kept fairly good hours, an' that, inside the curin'-barns at least we'd be warm, an' I didn't spose how, when the traps was heavy, we'd be stayin' up half the night to clean an' cure."

The pent-up disappointment of days rushed forth, once the floodgates had been opened.

"More'n that, t' tell the truth, I didn't 'spose we women would have anything to do with that work. They told me, when I applied for the job, there at Brigus, that we'd just be expected to cook your meals for ye; tidy up, and do odd bits of sewin', an' keep you men from gitting homesick for the company of wimmin' and comin' back before the cod stopped their runs!"

"That was the up shot of the bargain, and while I guessed that at times we'd of course help you at your jobs, I didn't suppose things to be near as they are."

Nikolaus was picking the path on the rocks, which grew more rugged and jagged with each step of the way. As he sat his foot down, pace by pace, to test the pathway, he answered—

"Well, that's sure the rule of it in some 'plants' on the coast. An' it's all you'd be asked to do.

"But you know how 'tis with the rest o' us. We gets paid by the 'lay' an' the more quintals we brings in, the more there'll be comin' to us. It's our own sisters or wives or daughters as we men's got, an' a woman as is a fisherman's wife 'spects to work, for o' course it'd be to the interest o' all to get all we can."

The girl understood thoroughly. According to the contract, as signed with the planter, she need not have raised a hand other than to cook, bake or sew, meanwhile making herself agreeable and companionable. But, find yourself alone in a wee group of maroons, dropped, as it were, weary miles from the rest of their kind, in a broad wilderness of sea and fog and rock, and realize how absolutely dependent on their goodwill you may be for every moment of your happiness or peace of mind, and you'll very soon come to the wise conclusion that while in such Rome one must follow the Romans. Adroitly as she could, the girl tried to explain this to her escort. Reaching a somewhat sheltered ledge of mountain, she suggested they rest for a time on the rocks.

FISH BY THE ARMS FULL

The man, with a skill born of long practice, picked for her a natural armchair made soft by a bed of the reindeer moss; he shoved the rocks out of the way to make room for her feet, and then, satisfied that she was cozy as possible, he threw himself full-length into the trail itself, his stomach resting on the shreds of rock, his head poised on his two brown fists.

"Gosh dern it!" he exclaimed, as his eyes ranged seaward, taking in the prospect which the elevation allowed. "Them 'bergs is goin' to close up the tickle. The wind's veerin' that big one square to the mouth."

The girl looked instinctively toward the mouth of the "tickle," off which, but still some miles to sea, a magnificent iceberg rode before the wind, drifting gently landward. Companion to this, like the ice palaces of fairyland, 'bergs of all shapes and sizes rose from the waters. The fog had lifted suddenly, as it is wont in Newfoundland; the sun beat full upon the 'bergs, these of rich deep blue, as seen from here,—the crest of the waves, as they rolled to the ice floes were touched with the tiniest rim of gold, and where a flock of gulls circled above a pinnacle on an iceberg, a single ray of sunlight caught the very spire of ice and sent off a heliograph flash.

Neither man nor girl saw beauty in the picture. To them it meant that the huge berg, which they hoped would drift seaward, was coming in, it would stand and block the way for boats to the *fiord*, at either side of whose entrance the cliffs rose so sheer as to forbid all attempts at portage. The mail-boat would at once know that the fishermen could not come to sea in their punts and so there would be no stopping. What mail there might be would be carried on to Nain and then back, which meant two weeks at the very least.

"Oh Nikolaus," the girl burst forth wildly, "we won't get our letters! Last time the mail boat was due, the fog sent her to sea and she skipped us; and now it's the icebergs. I haven't had a letter for over a month. You don't know *what* can happen it that time! It's terrible! Awful! I can't stand it."

Nikolaus put his strong arms, fisher-fashion, around the woman.

"There, there! Don't go on so! See, you be worryin' so you're adlin' your brain. Why your very speech be's different from natr'l. You was usin' high flutin' words like teachers and preachers just now, —that ain't no good sign with simple folks. Come, we better be gettin' back."

He raised her gently and found a way across the rocks to what seemed a shorter path to the sea.

Nikolaus, though he did not let her know, was thoroughly frightened. He had heard of people who'd gone insane from sheer loneliness in the north. Trappers, out a full winter by themselves in the wild, sometimes did that, and when found were gibbering idiots. No plain schooner-girl in her senses could furbish the king's English, as he later put it, as Clothilde just had done. More and more solicitous of her safety was the fisherman, as the girl continued giving vent to her keen disappointment in words of an English which the Labrador hardly knew.

"You be's not feelin' well," he said, with quiet firmness. "You need restin'. I guess I'd better be carryin' you down to the village."

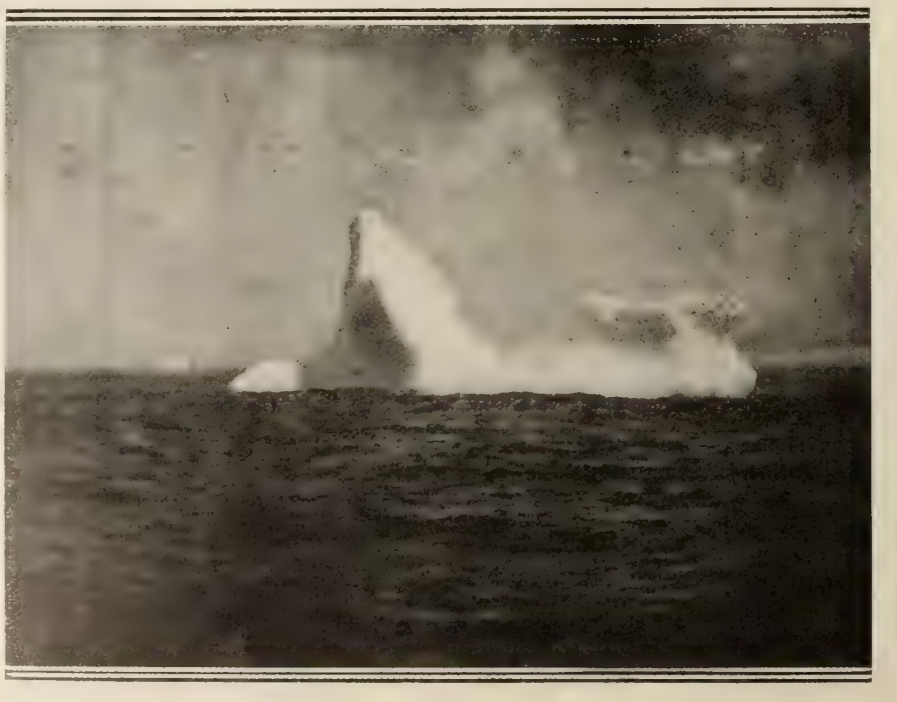
Without so much as a by your leave, the strong young fisherman had the girl in his arms and began a more hurried descent of the mountain. Down mountain is often more trying than up, and when, after a time, on this little-used trail, he came to another of the little levels so frequent here, the man stopped and deposited his burden.

Something in the girl's very helplessness, as he bore her, had seemed to be impressing upon him the fact that this would be the opportune time, indeed, for discussing a matter he had often attempted to open with her, but which, with a woman's deftness at manoeuvering, she had always staved off successfully.

"Clothildy," he began, "you ain't well,—you ain't been well. I seen that, and so did all of us. I ain't goin' to stand for it, seein' you wastin' from me,—an' I'm goin' to run me punt to the end of the tickle. an' if the berg's closin' the inlet, when the mail-boat comes, I'm goin' to stay nigh and hail the *Lake* with me flag.

"I'll have the doctor come out to shore in the dowry, an' then I'll bring him up here to see ye, if I got to raise him up the cliff in a rope, as we did the time Brokamp died."

All the roughness of a Labrador fisherman had vanished from Weddle. The voice, accustomed to bellowing above the roar of the sea, had become mild as a baby's, and the tall, sun-



THE ICEBERG DRIFTED SLOWLY LANDWARD

ON THE LONELY COAST OF LABRADOR

bronzed fellow went down on his knees holding his hand to the woman's brow, stroking her wrists, trying, as best he could, to make her comfortable.

"Clothildy," he was saying, "I been mighty sorry for ye, ever since you come here. I seen from the outset how you ain't fit woman to do this work, an' I ain't fit for no other. You shop-folks down to Ste. Pierre may be sellin' the fishers all yer lives; but some how, taint in yer blood to be fishers yerselves.

"Now, that's what's been worryin' me, Tildy, all this fortnight. You means well, an' all that, but you ain't cut out by nat'er for a fisherman's wife."

The girl, to whom had come that buoyancy of spirit which is Nature's eternal reaction on grief, bolted up and looked at him squarely.

"Why, Nik., I don't quite see what your aimin' at! I ain't got the marryin' bee in my bonnet. I'm mighty thankful to you for your thoughtfulness, Nik., but you mustn't worry about me trying to turn myself into a fishwife.

"You mustn't take it so hard as that. I'll live through the summer, and then I'll get over it. It was my blunder, that's all, and I'm gettin' my medicine. I thought I'd like a season up here, with the fishermen, earning pin-money and testin' the life of a schooner girl, of which I'd always heard so much. I'll live through it, I tell you, and once I get home, and put the plump in my cheeks again and get the tan off my nose, I'll be thankful all my life that I done it."

The iceberg was veering before a change in the wind. Chilling blasts, cooled by those refrigerators of the sea, came sweeping across the ledge. Strangely incongruous in the prospect, a robin, harbinger of glorious springtime in the southland, soared from among the rocks, perhaps to find a warmer shelter.

"I don't follow clear!" the man answered slowly. "You come here to us like a regular schooner girl, far as we know. Now you talks of going and you say you won't be returning, *never*—

"I don't follow. An' you keep saying you ain't even cut out to be a fisherman's wife, even sposin' he worked double hard, so you'd have no work to do."

"No," the girl laughed merrily; what she took to be to his assumed soberness was really funny. "That being a fishwife I am certain I'm not cut out for."

She was marvelling at his wonderful solicitude for a woman, who, two months before, he did not know existed.

With him, however, a different line of thought was swinging its way through the brain. Bit by bit he was putting two and two together, arriving at last at the obvious sum.

The boy in him turned rampant. He threw his arms up and down savagely; he whirled and danced in fiendish rage, and meanwhile, burst forth in his scornings:—

"Then, why did you keep trickin' me, 'Tildy? Ain't I been kind's I could be te ye all the six weeks? Ain't I done all a lover could do for a girl, on the Labrador?

"An' now, you know's well as I do, I'm goin' to be laughed at for always fer being just a silly lolly as was duped by a schooner girl. No other Labrador girl'll be havin' me, bein's you've done proved me a ninny.

"It's mean, dirty mean, that, Tildy. I never once

IN CHARGE OF THE POST

thought you was one of them men-trickers we'd heard of, nor had any of the rest of us.

"You shore could a seen the very fust week you was here, 'Tildy, whether you was comin' like the most of 'em is, to be broken in for a fish-wife, an' ought to accept our encouragement or no. Why the girls come all way from Novy Scoshee, some of 'em, to be teached, this, and make ready for the life they's to lead. We men takes our fancy to 'em, the first day or so, almost—love at first sight, Parson Briggs calls it, an' we all of us gets to know each mighty quick, cause we be's eating, drinking, workin', playin' together, as we will do when we's married. So it ain't no question 'bout likin' later or not,—us be testin' right here now, an inside a fortnight, if both be likin' the other, they're ready to hitch up, soon's the travellin' parson comes by.

"If you likes me, as you pretended, an' I likes you, as I shore shown you, why d'ye want to wait or go home? We can do away with a lot of this workin' at curin', seein' as you ain't got the strength."

He subsided, his energy spent for the moment.

The girl saw, for the first time now, how the land really lay. Point by point a dozen things, seeming strange at the time, were explained to her. It had started already on her arrival at Cape Harrigan on the mail boat—the young men at the shore, where the ship's dowry landed, and these, each and all so kind to her, the first day and the second. Then the whispered confab on which she had stumbled, come to sudden silence on her approach. After that Nikolaus alone paying her marked attentions, helping her, guiding her, her inseparable companion when not working, and the others friendly, but that was all.

Little did she know that this was the way of the North land, the manner of mating on the lone Labrador coast. Single women are few on 10,000 miles of coast here, and the men of the Labrador seize the first opportunity of picking a life mate. Then, if she decline, they are quite as quick to give a brother a chance.

The very first evening of a single woman's arrival at a settlement, such of the unmarried men as think of her favorably, draw lots as to who shall be the first to go courting. Conventions are dropped, north of Belle Island, and if, in a day or two of the close confinement of the fish barns the fisher-swain finds that the girl does not take kindly to him, or he, in his turn, regrets of his choice, he comes forth openly to the others, to give them their chance in turn. On the part of the women here, "the sooner married the better," is their feeling, so the chance of a nuptial is never delayed very long.

The women of Labrador, obviously, aware of this picking by lot among suitors, act accordingly, and a girl of the Peninsula, true to its ethics, either frowns or smiles on the suitor, within a few days of their meeting. The summer season alone will bring them together, and if they part unmarried in autumn it will be parting forever.

A feeling of supremest pity kindled itself in Clothilde for the man sobbing there on the rocks.

"Don't cry," she said, as she might have counselled an infant. I'll straighten it out for you yet.

"First, though, let me explain it all to you, for I think it's only right now that you know."

She stood squarely before him, put her hand on his shoulder and repeated:

"I had no idea of this thing. I did not know. I'm just *terribly sorry* about it all."

Continued on page 49

THE LOVER

FISH SPREAD OUT TO DRY

ON THE BEACHES

THE UNFORESEEN

The Story of a Bachelor's Proposal

By ANNIE S. SWAN

"MOTHER," said Kate Eardley, as she came in from an afternoon walk in the village, "I have great news for you. Someone has taken the Moat House."

Mrs. Eardley looked up from her needlework with an expression of pleased surprise on her sweet face. Mother and daughter were very much alike, and so youthful was the elder Katherine that they might very easily have been taken for sisters. Katherine, or Kate, as she was commonly called, was what is usually termed a fine young woman, and her clear-cut, determined features and beautiful, honest grey eyes betokened considerable strength of character.

Mrs. Eardley was the widow of an army surgeon, and as their means were very limited she had come back to the village of her girlhood, where she had been the rector's daughter. Lindford was an ideal little spot, tucked away among the Suffolk hills, very remote from the world and very quiet in the winter. Kate loved Lindford, and never found it dull. She was a singularly well-balanced and healthy-minded young woman.

"Who told you, and who has taken it, dear? There have been so many rumors, I shall only believe it when I see the new owner."

"But the rector has seen him—in fact, he is here to-day. He has bought the place, and is going to make wonderful alterations at once. I only hope he won't fill up that dear old moat, or the chief charm of Lindford will be gone."

"Did you hear his name?"

"Yes, Calderon; Geoffrey Calderon."

"Quite a good name," said Mrs. Eardley musingly. "Now I wonder what Calderons he belongs to."

"He's a bachelor, mother, and Mr. Somerset thinks he must be very rich, he talks so freely about improving the place."

"Young, middle-aged or old?"

"Middle-aged; Mr. Somerset thinks about forty-eight, but Gracie says he doesn't look a day more than thirty-five, and I can see," added Kate with a little smile, in which there was no maliciousness, "that she means to set her cap at him. So do I. It will be a race between Grace and me, who is to be mistress of the Moat House."

Mrs. Eardley merely smiled at Kate's harmless little joke, which could never by any chance have a foundation in fact.

Both Kate and Grace Somerset were above any such suspicion, but the arrival of a marriageable man in a quiet neighborhood is always something of an event. And a rich man, able to buy the Moat House, and spend unlimited money on its improvements, was more interesting still.

"He is coming to live in Lindford while the alterations are going on—and mother, what do you think? Mr. Somerset actually asked whether you would take him in as a boarder for six weeks or so. Do you think we ever could?" She shrugged her shoulders as she spoke, and finally broke into a ringing laugh.

"When the rector said that I told Grace she couldn't have a chance—could she, mummy?"

Mrs. Eardley somewhat reprovingly shook her head.

"I shouldn't mind if he were nice, and would pay sufficiently to let us do things well, while he is here. We should have to get an extra help. But do you think Mr. Somerset was in earnest about it?"

"Oh, quite; they would love to have him themselves, only they haven't room. The only other alternative would be for him to live at the Red Lion at Craydon and ride over every day."

"Well, we can't do anything until we hear from him; or until the rector speaks to me about it. Probably it will never come to anything, but I'm pleased to hear that the old place is let at last, and I hope Mr. Calderon will turn out to be a pleasant neighbor. After all, that is all that can possibly concern us."

At that moment the front door bell rang, and Kate herself went out to open it. The Eardleys only kept one young maid, who was at that moment dressing in her attic bedroom. But Kate had no silly pride; she was just as pleased to open the door to a guest as to wish her or him good-bye on the step, but she felt a trifle embarrassed when she beheld a tall stranger in the porch, a middleaged, gentlemanly-looking individual with a fine, strong, kind face, and abundant hair, slightly touched with grey.

"My name is Calderon," he said courteously, as he raised his cap. "Could I see Mrs. Eardley?"

"Yes," answered Kate readily enough. "Please come in."

She held open the door wide and ushered Calderon straight to the drawing-room to her mother.

"I have to apologize, Mrs. Eardley, as well as to confess," he said, with the easy grace of a man accustomed to make himself at home in any company. "I am here at the instigation of the rector, who inspired in me the hope that I might find quarters here while I am waiting for my own place to be put in order."

"Sit down, Mr. Calderon," said Mrs. Eardley, pleasantly. "We are just going to have tea, and we can discuss the matter over it. I fancy it rests with my daughter, as she does the most of the housekeeping for me, thereby inciting me to indolence."

Calderon shook his head.

"I shall never believe in your indolence; I have heard already too many of your good deeds in the parish. As for Miss Eardley, I must at once throw myself on her mercy. If she could see the chaos of the Moat House she would be moved to instant pity."

"But should we ever be able to please you, Mr. Calderon?" said Kate brightly. "We have only one little maid, the natural product of the village, a little raw, and very decidedly *gauche*. Wouldn't you be afraid to trust yourself to such tender mercies?"

"She must never know! She must never know!"

Calderon glanced round the pretty, homelike room, the prettiest room, he decided, that he had seen since his boyhood.

"I have been a soldier in my time, and don't forget that I am a bachelor. Bachelors are generally supposed to be satisfied with anything."

"Ah, that is quite misleading! Bachelors are the most exacting of men," said Kate, smiling as she left the room to hasten the progress of Patience with the tea tray.

Within an hour Calderon left the house, having entered into a compact with its inmates, and having arranged to move his belongings from the Red Lion at Craydon in the course of the next day.

Then began a period of delightful interest and companionship for these three, so oddly thrown together. Calderon had found a home after his own heart. Mother and daughter delighted him, they were so womanly, so perfectly natural, so entirely free from guile. At first his feeling was that of some long-absent relative who had suddenly and unexpectedly come home. He consulted them about everything; each day he insisted that Mrs. Eardley or Kate should drive with him to the Moat House to deliver an opinion on some part of the work, regarding which he was not quite decided. That he was a very rich man was evidenced by the lavishness of the improvements; and withal he was so anxious to preserve all the old features of this historic house that expenses were considerably added to.

Mother and daughter did not speak very much to one another about their new friend, who had slipped into his place in their home and their hearts. But both were conscious of a quickened interest and pleasure in life, and neither paused to enquire the reason.

One day, when Calderon had been an inmate of Rosearbour for about five weeks, Mrs. Eardley's eyes were suddenly opened. She had gone to pay a marriage call at a house about four miles distant, and when she arrived found a large gathering to greet the bride on her first "at home" day. She felt sorry for the moment that Katherine had not come with her, but she had gone to the Moat House as usual with Calderon, and had expressed not the slightest desire to exchange her outing for the wedding "at home."

Mrs. Eardley, a general favorite, found plenty of people whom she knew, and who were glad to see her, and presently she was pounced upon by the Dowager Lady Pigott, one of the grandees of the neighborhood, to whom everybody paid court because she was rich and because her tongue was so outspoken and dangerous.

"How do you do, Mrs. Eardley! I haven't seen you for generations. Come and sit by me in that alcove. I can't think why people come to things of this kind to be crowded and bored to death. And do you think Peter Leyden and his wife will be happy? She gives herself a good many airs, but she hasn't come up against the nether millstone of Peter Leyden's heart yet. All the Leydens are hard nuts. I remember old Anthony. He proposed to me once, and I very nearly accepted him, so you see I might have been Peter's mother, and then I should have had the pleasure of putting that chit in her place. Well, and how are things going with you?"

She put up her heavily-jeweled lorgnette and surveyed the sweet, high-bred face of Katherine Eardley with a sort of malicious curiosity. She had some disagreeable things to say presently, acting up to her favorite role of candid friend; meanwhile, she wondered how the woman managed to keep her youthful face and pretty figure, when Katherine, to her certain knowledge, was twenty-three.

"Where's your girl? This is the sort of thing she shouldn't miss," she said presently, keeping her eyes mercilessly fixed on Mrs. Eardley's face.

"She's gone out for the afternoon with a friend," answered Katherine a little lamely, for the first time finding it difficult to speak quite frankly of the demands Calderon made on Kate's time.

"I know—she's gone to the Moat House with Geoffrey Calderon. I hear all about the goings-on; and if you can hook him for your girl I'll congratulate you. He's worth having, and I say it was a very clever move on your part getting him as a boarder. However did you manage it?"

Katherine Eardley's face flushed painfully with anger and humiliation. The dreadful, vulgar old woman, whom people endured on account of her title and her wealth, positively enjoyed the effect caused by her words.

"Lady Pigott, I don't understand you. It is very rude to speak like that, besides being untrue," she said quickly. "We took Mr. Calderon under pressure from the rector, and himself as a neighborly kindness, and to save him driving every day from Craydon. How dare you say such a thing of me or of my daughter!"

The unusual heat of the reply seemed to the astute old woman to prove the case against her, and she chuckled behind her lorgnette.

"Don't lose your wool, my dear," she said, giving her an affable tap on her arm. "I assure you I admire you for it; and if you succeed in getting Geoffrey Calderon for a son-in-law I'll congratulate you with all my heart, and give them a handsome present. I knew his father well. He was one of the best."

A something swept over the vain, frivolous, evil-tongued old woman that for a moment made her more human. But Katherine Eardley, usually the most sympathetic of women, was too much hurt and

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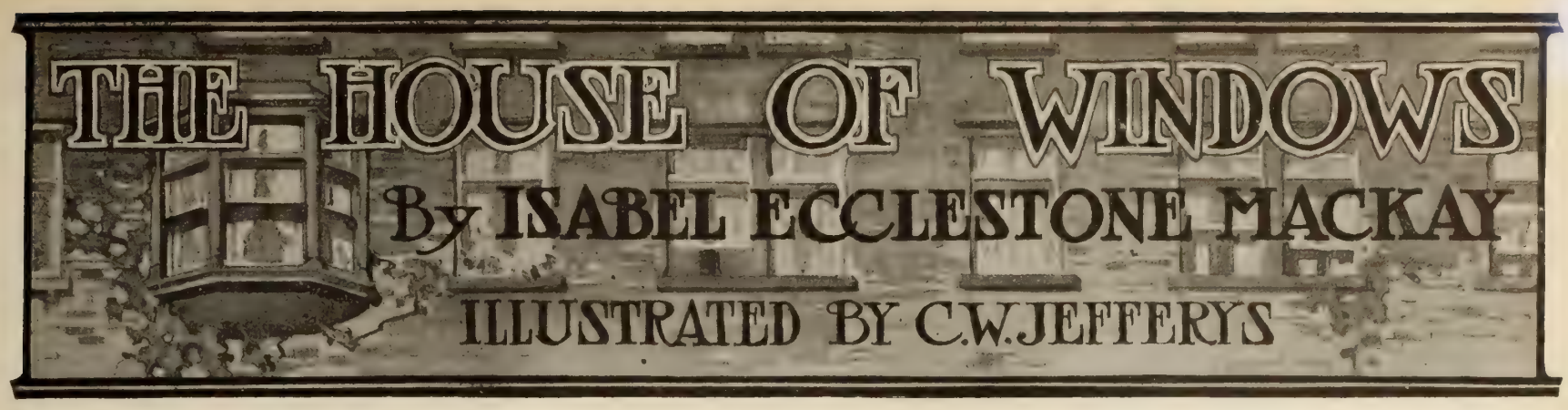

AT least she tried to scream. She put all her remaining strength into one mighty effort, but the first thread of sound had hardly passed her lips when the girl's hand was over her mouth. The door opened, as if the man had been waiting there, and in a moment she was securely gagged.

"Got some spunk, I see!" said the man, gazing at her for the first time with something like admiration in his eyes. "Lucky for you this tavern isn't doing the business it used to do, or you'd be wearing that ornament about all the time."

Christine heard the farmer come out, climb into his buggy and call "Ged-up." The old horse and rattling rig moved slowly away, and with it seemed to go the girl's last hope. Careless of the giggling regard of the yellow-haired girl, she threw herself on the bed and gave way to hysterical weeping.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UPON that first day in the gable room Christine, in a flush of hope, had told the yellow-haired girl that her friends would certainly find her soon. She had believed it, too, for it seemed impossible that such an outrage could have been perpetrated and remain undiscovered and unavenged in this commonplace age of the world's history. If she had been a kidnapped maiden in medieval times, shut up in a high tower, guarded by men-at-arms, with appropriate stage settings, there might have been some element of reality in the affair; but to be snatched up suddenly from a busy city street at the glorious beginning of the 20th century, to be imprisoned in an ordinary road hotel, in an ordinary gable room, within a very few miles, she felt convinced, of her own home, and to be as completely helpless, as utterly isolated, and in as certain a danger as that other medieval maiden, seemed a thing too fantastic to think about.

And yet, as day succeeded day, the truth of this unbelievable fact crept into the girl's soul. From angry wonder and childish petulance, she passed to frightened misgivings, from frightened misgivings to terrified apprehension. The sinister purpose of these people was in the air. She did not know what it was, but she read its signs in the careless giggle and vulgar jest of the yellow-haired girl; in the hard determination of the girl's mother, whom she seldom saw, but who was apparently the mistress of the house; in the continual watchfulness of the man, and, most of all, in the evil gloating of the old woman, whom she now found out was called Granny Bates. This sinister old hag was with her more and more as the days dragged by. Usually she spoke little, but sometimes she would mutter and mumble to herself, and more than once she had a raving fit, during which she screamed out at Christine a torrent of abuse and vituperation, of which, happily, the girl did not know the meaning. At other times, again, she would seem to forget the girl and sit for hours talking to and weeping over a faded photograph. The photo was that of a young girl of about Christine's age, with a pretty, silly face and much tawdry ornament.

"As good a girl as ever lived," the old woman would murmur, "and pretty, too, as pretty as the best of them. Always laughing and so kind to her old mother—a good girl—a good girl."

"She's dead now," she said one day looking at Christine with unseeing eyes. "But there was nothing the matter. I'll take my oath on that. She died of felony—on her lungs, you know." And then, suddenly, as if the pretences were too much for her, she gathered the picture into her arms and rocked it passionately, moaning, "Ruined, ruined! As good a girl as ever lived. And so pretty, so young. Dead! They killed her. Oh, see her white, dead face, so pretty, so pretty!" She burst into hard sobs, and Christine, startled and shocked into pure pity, came over to her, murmuring words of sympathy. But at her touch the old woman sprang up with a curse so terrible that the poor girl shrank back appalled. The man, who was as usual not far from the door, heard, and, coming in, took the woman away.

"Don't you go near her when she's like that," he warned Christine. "She'd just as lief kill you as not, and we don't want that to happen."

The last words were uttered with a kind of rough sincerity, which, together with the look accompanying them, made Christine vaguely aware of a new danger. It made her realize that of late the man, who at first had been utterly careless, had gradually changed in his manner towards her. The change had begun with that admiring glance bestowed upon her when she had tried to scream for help. From that on he had taken more notice of her, had been kind in his vulgar way, and stood as a buffer between her and the old woman's worst rages. But Christine was under no misapprehension as to the nature of his regard. She knew it for what it was, a menace and not a refuge. Once, in desperation, she appealed to him. He laughed, not unkindly, but in a way which killed every hope.

Between him and the old woman, Christine knew, was continual war. Evidently she wanted something of him which he refused to give. By turns she stormed, entreated and cajoled. He met her always with an unmoved refusal. In this refusal, Christine realized vaguely, lay her safety. But was she mistaken or did his attitude grow less assured as the days went by?

One day, after she had been in the gable room for over a week, the yellow-haired girl, with cheerful malice, told her of the false trail which had been laid, and which, in the unlikely event of her friends tracing her, would lead them far away to New York. Christine did not question the truth of her words, and from that moment she began to droop; she lost her appetite, her interest in everything; she no longer listened for a familiar voice at the inn door. For the most part, she lay upon the bed, staring with unseeing eyes at the sloping ceiling. This change was watched by the yellow-haired girl with complacence, and by the man with uneasiness. It is doubtful if the old woman noticed it at all. Christine herself, morbid and half-starved, began to think that it would be quite easy to slip out of life this way.

But she was to be forcibly aroused from her indifference. One day toward the end of the fortnight, the man came in to her room alone, and, after carefully ascertaining that no one was outside or upon the stairs, shut and locked the door. He came over to her with a sheepish grin upon his common, rather handsome, face.

"See here," he began at once. "This has got to stop. The old woman is determined to have all or nothing, and I'm tired of going on like this. All the same, I said I wouldn't harm you, and I don't want to. You and me must get the best of the old woman, that's all. I'll tell you what—I've thought it all out. We'll let her think what she wants to think, and we'll go away together. But I'll swear to do fair by you after. We'll get married by the first parson we find!"

Christine sat up, slow horror brightening in her eyes and flooding the pale cheeks with crimson. "What do you mean?" She could hardly gasp the words.

"What I say. I'll marry you fair and regular. You'll be Mrs. Wilson as tight as a wedding ring can make you. We'll have the laugh on the old woman—eh?"

But Christine, in the first moment of actual realization, had fallen backward in a dead faint.

"Guess I was a trifle sudden," said the man ruefully. He went out awkwardly and sent in the girl.

It was when she recovered from the swoon that Christine first thought of the little bottle tucked inside her dress—and remembered, with relief unspeakable, that it was poison. To gain a respite she pretended to be much more helpless than she was. She refused to talk to anyone, and ate scarcely enough to keep herself alive. But Tough Wilson's patience would not stand this long. He forced the question to an issue, and this time no fortunate fainting fit concealed the young girl's rage and loathing. When he left the room she knew that he had become dangerous. The yellow-haired girl also told her cynically that Bill was going to have a "spell." He had begun to drink, and in drink he was a devil. The old woman was openly exultant, and kept whispering to the faded photograph that soon she would be avenged—soon—soon.

At last there came a day when Christine said: "If he does not come to-day, he will come too late." (Through it all she had clung to a thread of blind faith in Mark.)

Wilson had been in to see her that morning, smelling strongly of whiskey, and with red fire in his eyes. Once more he had urged his proposal and she had not answered him a word. He went out quietly, but she knew that he was at the end of his self-control. She felt the cold glass of the bottle with her hot fingers—and waited.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone, the air was crisp with the tang of last night's frost. Some late birds sang. It was a good day for motors, and, as the goalers were too busy to watch her, Christine, after the early visit of the man, had been securely but not painfully gagged. She lay now looking up through the window at the cloud-flecked sky, thinking of nothing, in a kind of stunned quiet.

Suddenly there rose from the road outside a piercing, long-drawn, elfish scream. Its first note brought Christine upright on her bed. When it had died away in a choking gurgle she was on her knees, sobbing, beneath the open window. She knew that scream. Some time, long ago, a merry girl had pressed that broken bulb, and laughed at its fiendish echo. It was Mark's auto horn.

And then she heard his voice (very loud it seemed) at the inn door, and his step upon the porch. He had come.

As she knelt there, weeping, the door behind her quietly opened, and the man and the old woman came in. They said nothing, but, picking the girl up as if she had been a parcel, they laid her on the bed as they had done upon the first night, wrapping her skirts about her ankles and securing them firmly. In the moment that they needed for this, Christine had found and uncorked the bottle of carbolic, saturating her clothes and filling the air with the odor.

"What's that smell?" asked the man in a whisper.

"Be quiet. I don't smell anything." Indeed, the old woman had lost her sense of smell long ago.

"It's carbolic. Have they been cleaning up here?"

"Maybe. Be quiet." In silence they fastened the girl's hands by her side, and tied a fresh knot in the gag. What were they going to do?

She was not left long in doubt. The old woman moved quickly to the great clothes press and wardrobe by the far wall, and threw open the doors. The upper part of the interior was a mass of indescribable litter, but the bottom was a chest with a lid, which the old woman lifted, disclosing a perfectly empty space quite large enough to conceal a slight girl like Christine. They were going to put her in there—they were going to smother her.

Are the airholes big enough?" asked the man. The old woman nodded. "I saw to that. I didn't want her dead. Here, lift her in." (She was not to smother, then.)

Wilson hesitated for an instant. "Are you sure it's the man?" he asked.

"Sure—would I make a mistake? He's Torrance's adopted son, and he knows the girl too. I saw them together once. What are you waiting for?"

Whatever it was, he waited no longer, and together they lifted Christine and placed her in the long coffin-like chest. Then, with deft hands, they covered her with old clothes and litter from the top of the cupboard. Her face they covered lightly, but in such manner than no trace of human outline showed. "It will be pretty hot when the lid goes down," said the man loudly enough for the girl to hear, "but you can't smother. The airholes are free."

"Leave the lid up until the last moment," he commanded the woman. "It may be a false alarm. What were you doing in the hall? What makes you think he caught a glimpse of you?"

"I saw his face," snapped the old woman. "I tell you, he's on the scent. But he'll never get her. I'll see to that."

After this ominous remark there was strained silence.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed. Christine fought to keep from swooning. If Mark were near she must help him. But she could hear nothing now. Only she knew that he had not gone away.

Twenty minutes. There was a whirr of another motor upon the road. The man sprang to the window and turned back again with chalk-white face. "It's Torrance!" he whispered, "and Johnson, the detective. If they find her it's all up."

"They won't find her." In an instant, while the man stood there stupefied with his own fears, the old woman slipped from behind him. Before he could spring upon her, she had drawn something from her dress and struck through the open lid of the chest downwards.

The man flung her from him upon the floor. "If you've killed her I'll do for you," he said, almost quietly. But the first step he took toward the chest was stayed by a confused murmur of sounds from below. Doors opened and shut. There were steps upon the stairs. "Too late," he muttered. "Here, let's get out of this." He closed the lid of the chest gently and swung-to the doors. The

old woman scrambled to her feet. The steps and voices of the searchers were now distinctly audible.

Very quickly the man and woman unlocked the small door on the wall and disappeared through it into the sunlight on the roof.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN his car had swung lightly in at the inn door and the long screech of its wailing horn had died away, Mark lived through a moment in intensest expectation. He hardly knew what he expected, but anything could have happened without surprising him. In some vague way he had thought of himself as a modern Jack the Giant Killer, winding the enchanted horn before the castle of the imprisoned princess. In that adventure one remembers, the gates immediately fell open, and the princess herself appeared smiling upon the threshold. But in this adventure only Mrs. Hornby appeared upon the threshold, and she was not smiling. It seemed to Mark that there was a veiled hostility in her manner. However, he doffed his cap to her courteously, and asked, in an unnecessarily loud voice, if she could serve him with luncheon. The woman replied, curtly enough, that she could, but he noticed that she did not move aside at once to let him enter. She was a big woman, and, coming as he did from the bright sun into the shade of the porch, he could not see very clearly past her into the still darker hall. But, eyes sharpened by love and expectation are keen, and in the moment during which he confronted the immovable barrier of her stout person, he saw something—a glimpse, a fleeting vision of a face behind her—a face indescribably ugly. His heart gave a great leap and then began to beat with sickening rapidity. Once before, under a street lamp, he had seen that face. The certainty that he was upon the right track unmanned him more than any disappointment would have done, and he grasped at the trellis of the porch to steady himself. Nevertheless, he managed to reply lightly to the landlady's unnecessary remarks about the weather and the state of the roads, and the next moment was able to follow her through the now empty hall into the pleasant old dining room, where he and the lost girl had had their merry meal together.

□

It all looked different now, the atmosphere was changed, the charm departed. Instead of the rosy country girl, who had waited upon them before there was a waitress of the worst city type—pallid, hard, wearily indifferent. But (Mark's heart leapt again as he saw it) this particular waitress had an astonishing head of very yellow hair.

In one corner of the room a solitary bicyclist, busy with fried ham and eggs, looked up and nodded.

Returning the friendly nod, Mark drew a chair and sat down at a nearby table. The waitress, with a bored air, dropped a menu before him and stood by superciliously while he pretended to study it.

"Not like the grub one used to get here, is it?" asked the friendly bicyclist, unmindful of the listening girl.

"I have not been here since the inn changed hands," said Mark, "but I used to know it well and one was always sure of a good meal."

"That's so," with enthusiasm. "Old Lady Haffey kept a good chop and knew how to serve it. Only decent thing you get now is ham and eggs." Then, as Mark had given a hurried order and the girl had left the room, he dropped his voice and said with a confidential wink, "What I would like to know is how they make it pay? Must be some way. They're not here for their health. Say, isn't that girl a corker?"

"It depends," said Mark, who was talking against time, "upon what you mean by corker."

"Oh, well, you can see what sort she is, can't you? What's *she* doing out here in the country?"

"Her health, perhaps?"

The bicyclist laughed and applied himself to a remaining egg. "These eggs are fresh, though. Did you order eggs?"

"I—really, I don't know what I did order—just anything."

"You'll get that alright."

"Do you know this house well? It seems a picturesque old place?"

"Yes, it is. Darned picturesque. It must have been built at a time when they never made a room square if they could possibly put a twist in it or top off a corner. The rooms upstairs are all kinds of shapes, and there are little rooms higher up in each of the gables, with windows set so high that you'd need a chair to see out."

"Very interesting," said Mark, spilling some salt on the tablecloth and carefully heaping it into little mounds.

"Think so? I don't like that kind of thing myself. Are you motoring alone?"

"No—that is, yes, of course." Mark glanced at his watch and found that he had still ten minutes to wait. Why, oh why had he asked for twenty minutes? He had found out all he wanted to know in the first glance—the old woman, the yellow-haired girl. There could scarcely be any possibility of being on the wrong track. And if they had by any chance recognized him, what might not be done in twenty minutes. What might be happening even now.

He jumped to his feet in uncontrollable impatience.

"Oh, don't get the jumps," advised the bicyclist. "They take their own time in serving here. If you ordered fried chicken they'll have to catch the bird first." He laughed at this ancient jest with hearty appreciation.

"It's very quiet here," said Mark. "Do they keep no boarders?"

"That's it?" said the other. "*Do* they? I've never seen anybody round at this time of day except that girl and the landlady and the chore man."

"What's the chore man like?"

"Just like any other chore man."

□

Mark glanced at his watch again. Five minutes yet. Should he begin the search alone? No, he dared not risk a failure. But *why* had he asked for twenty minutes?

"Say, you are in a hurry, aren't you? That's what comes of motors. They give a man the jumps. Great road for motors this. Here comes another, a big one. Gee, they're making the dust fly."

Mark did not wait to look. He sprang for the door, nearly knocking down the girl, who was coming back with a loaded tray. Unable to control himself another moment, he flung all caution to the winds and rushed down the passage, pushing the stout landlady aside as carelessly as if she had been a bag of meal. His white face in the door was all the signal that the others needed. With businesslike promptitude Johnson produced the warrant.

"Now, then," he said to the heavily protesting Mrs. Hornby, "we're here to search. There's no use having words about it. No good comes of resisting the law, you know."

In the hall his directions were brief and to the point.

"Cunningham, watch the back and side doors. Burns, stay here by the front. Don't let this woman move. Mr. Torrance, go through every room on the ground floor. Mr. Mark and I will take the upstairs. If any of you need help, whistle. If I whistle, come as quickly as possible."

Before he had finished Mark was half-way up the stairs. The landlady had ceased her protests and there seemed an absolute silence in the house. Upon the upper landing the door of the hotel parlor alone stood open, all the other doors were bafflingly alike.

"Do not let us waste time here," urged Mark, seeing the detective produce a formidable bunch of keys. "There are gable rooms, higher up—a man told me—look, there is the stair."

"Get your pistol ready, then. It's a bad stair for a fight. And let me go first. I must, you fool, the door is closed and I may have to break it in."

The door at the head of the narrow stair, however, was not locked. It opened easily, and the two men found themselves in a small dark entry with a door at each side of them. Mark sprang for one door and the detective for the other. Both opened without trouble and both led into empty rooms. The rooms themselves were very similar, store rooms evidently, though in each of them stood a small camp bed for use, probably in times of overcrowding.

The blank disappointment on Mark's face was reflected upon that of the detective, but almost as they turned to rush downstairs again a breath of wind from the open window brought an odor, faint, yet unmistakable, from the left-hand room.

The two men paused as if a voice had called them.

"Carbolic," whispered Mark. "She has been here."

The detective sniffed the air like a pointer. "Yes," he admitted, "and not long ago—and look! The window is barred. But where is she?"

Mark pointed silently to the little door in the low side wall. It was partly open.

"There," he said, "they have gone that way, while I waited downstairs. We've lost her."

The big detective shoved him unceremoniously down upon a chair, and, opening the little door, looked out. There was bright sunshine on the roof and some pigeons cooed by the old red chimney. No one was in sight. A little to one side and in the shadow of one of the projecting gables a strong ladder leaned against the eaves. The detective peered over gingerly. Its lower end dropped straight into some shrubbery, which, in its turn, straggled away to the good-sized bit of maple and beech wood, which made such a picturesque background for the picturesque old house.

□

"A clean get-away," murmured the detective. "That's what comes of unbusinesslike methods. The old girl recognized the boy and they've made off."

"Well," he said, returning to the room. "They've gone, I guess. But we'll look through the place below to make sure. They have such a small start that with two autos and a bicycle (I see one standing by the fence) we ought to get them before they go far. Buck up, sir. We're only beginning. Let's get a glance at these clothes presses first."

With practiced hand he flung open the big doors. "Nothing there. Wait, let's look in the chest." He lifted the lid and peered in. "Only the usual litter," he said. "The kind of thing one keeps for seven years to see if it will come in handy. I think we are wasting time here. Come along, sir."

But Mark did not come along. He was sitting very stiffly upon the chair into which the detective had thrust him, staring, as a hypnotized man might stare, at something upon the floor—over by the closed chest.

"What is it?" asked the detective startled.

Then, as Mark did not answer or unfix his dreadful gaze, the other, with a thrill of communicated horror, followed the direction of the staring eyes, slowly, over the board floor, to a spot near the wardrobe where something slowly trickling from a warped seam of the chest had formed in a tiny pool of red. The detective needed no second look.

His shrill whistle rang out, loud and menacing in the quiet room. A rush of footsteps sounded from below. Then he laid Mark, who had fainted, upon the bed.

. . . . . .

In after years Mark never forgot the slow torture of his recovery from that swoon. The sight of a gable window was always enough to bring it back in its full horror. He shuddered at the sight of a wardrobe, he could never sit comfortably in a room with sloping ceilings, yet his first really conscious look fell upon Mr. Torrance's face alight with tender anxiety—and something else. The first words he heard were:

"She is safe."

Just who was safe Mark's clouded brain did not realize, for the moment, but the monstrous horror which had enveloped him seemed to fall away. Somewhere a clutching dread loosened. He smiled contentedly and let the bicycle man feed him fiery stimulant with a spoon.

"Most remarkable thing I ever heard of," said the bicycle man, between spoons.

Mark's eyes strayed to the window, a gable window, high up. It all came back, the chest, the red spot on the floor. Don't go off again," said the sharp voice of the bicycle man. "It is all right, you know; really it is. Have another brandy."

"Better tell him at once," said Johnson's familiar voice.

"She is safe, Mark." This time the words had definite meaning, a meaning to which the look upon Mr. Torrance's face gave point and force. Mark saw him raise his hand unaffectedly to eyes which were wet with tears of thankfulness. He lay quietly, trying to realize.

"But," he said in a whisper, "I saw blood."

"Yes, I know. It is only a trifle, thank God. A knife thrust in the arm. She is quite safe, my little daughter, quite safe."

□

Mark drank the remainder of the bicycle man's brandy in a gulp and sat up, but, seeing the chest, he fell to shuddering. "Let's get out of this horrible room," he said. "I can't realize it here."

The big detective offered his help with alacrity and Mark found himself glad enough to lean upon his arm. Mr. Johnson, it is needless to say, was quite himself again. Success (after a few trifling setbacks) had restored him to all his usual complacency.

"I'm afraid you weren't just cut out for a detective, Mr. Mark," he told him with kindly banter. "You faint just a little bit too easy. It doesn't do in the detective business. Why, first thing when you see something that shows you we've hit on the scent at last, what do you do? Keel over."

"I thought—"

"Yes, but you shouldn't have thought. Find out first, think after. As a matter of fact it was that knife thrust that saved her. If it had not been for that blood we might have gone away, chasing the fugitives, and left her in that devilish chest. As it was, we got her out of it none too soon."

"Don't talk about it, Johnson," entreated Mr. Torrance. "I only want to remember that she is safe."

"Where is she?" asked Mark, when he could trust himself to ask the simple question.

"She is in one of the rooms downstairs. The doctor is with her. He says she must have absolute quiet. I broke down and he sent me away. You shall see her soon."

The two men clasped hands in an ecstacy of gratitude. Drawing himself up, Mark inhaled the first free breath he had known since the search began.

"We have sent for her sisters," said Mr. Torrance. "They will know by now that she is safe."

"Have the ladies come yet?" asked the doctor, putting an anxious face in at the door. "If not, it is quite necessary that someone who knows the patient well should see her at once. It must be someone in whom she will feel implicit confidence. She has awakened in what seems to be an agony of terror. I cannot reassure her. It is imperative that she should be quietened. Which of you gentlemen would be most likely?"

He paused and glanced at them enquiringly.

The three men who loved her looked at one another. Then the glances of two of them fell upon Mark. But Mark was seized with sudden fear.

"I dare not," he said. "How do I know? She may not—"

"I think she will, son," said Mr. Torrance, and Tommy gravely added, "I think she will."

"Come quickly then," said the doctor, somewhat mystified.

Mark followed him down the corridor into a quiet room, where the sun of early afternoon lay

Continued on page 47

A SLAVE TO FASHION

A Story of How a Feather Brought Happiness

By HELEN M. DRUMMOND

"LAN' sakes," said Miss Tiggs, as she studied a fashion sheet that she had rescued from a neighboring ash barrel, "Lan' sakes, if tight sleeves ain't in again." She glanced rather wistfully at her own puffed ones, and stroked the shabby stuff with careful fingers.

"Guess it won't turn no more," she murmured, thinking very rightly that a blouse that had first seen light at a rummage sale, and that had been turned and sponged twice already, could not enter the social life of Binders Alley again unless subjected to some stronger method of renovation. Miss Tiggs shook her head; to dye it would cost twenty-five cents, and in its proudest moments it had only been priced at fifteen.

"I do love to be got up stylish, too," she said, reverting again to the fashion sheet, "an Mis' Hogan's got her new hat for $1.49—it ain't got much style, though," she ruminated, thinking that if by any chance, Mrs. McWhirter should pay her the dollar that she owed her for fixing over her last year's skirt, she could get a cheap straw and trim it herself. But Mrs. McWhirter's paying of bills was an event too far in the future to allow of any present consideration, and Miss Tiggs not being given to melancholy except at the spring and fall millinery openings, recovered her spirits and commenced to eat her frugal supper. Life had not dealt altogether kindly with Miss Tiggs, sewing at its best was never very profitable, but hers was a cheerful spirit, and one that took interest in everything, from the naming of the Hogan twins to the number of times that Mr. McWhirter, Sr., came home in a state fit to be interviewed only by the wife of his bosom. So she ate her bread and dripping contentedly, and with a fine disregard for social etiquette, scooped up her potatoes with the only knife that her cupboard possessed.

"I do wish't I'd a new hat," ste observed," pensively, "but then, lan' sakes, I guess I can fix up the old one so that it'll look real smart. Maybe Mis' Smith'll give me a bit of trimming when I take back her plain sewing." Mrs. Smith dwelt in a world far removed from Binders Alley, but occasionally a bundle of old finery found its way to the humble dwelling of Miss Tiggs, and then it was that that lady appeared in gowns and hats that were the envy of the whole neighborhood for months afterwards.

□

"Susan Tiggs is that stuck up," Mrs. McWhirter had observed on one of these occasion, "that there's no bearing with her; Lor' ye'd think she was the only person that ever had a muff." But the old velvet muff had been worn out many a month before Mrs. Smith thought of the little seamstress again, and gave her a few sheets to hem.

Miss Tiggs finished her supper and put the plates in the sink.

"Guess I'll take the parcel to Mis' Smith now," she reflected, "the walk'll do me a mite of good after settin' in the house all day." She put on her things, and locking the door, went downstairs.

"Goin' out, Miss Tiggs?" called Mrs. McWhirter grimly, from over the banisters. "If you see Mr. McWhirter anywheres, you tell him to hustle right along, I've got somethin' real important to tell him."

"Yes, Mis' McWhirter," answered the timid Miss Tiggs, fervently hoping that she would not meet that gentleman, whose condition at that hour of the day would probably be best described as "unstiddy on his pins." So she hastened to the front door pursued by howls of the Hogan twins, who having only arrived a few weeks ago, seemed to find the world not at all to their liking.

"Poor Mis' Hogan," soliloquized the little seamstress, as she trotted along, "she might a been satisfied with one, but then they always did want more'n anyone else, them Hogans, they're a graspin' lot."

Up town she went till the houses grew bigger, and at last Mrs. Smith's mansion appeared, and Miss Tiggs, climbing the great stone steps, rang the bell.

"Mis' Smith at home?" she enquired, with dignity, of the butler. "Tell her Miss Tiggs is waitin." Mrs. Smith appeared after a few minutes, and smiled pleasantly over the sheets.

"Very nice indeed, Miss Tiggs," she said, as she paid her, "and I have here a little bundle of what I thought you might find useful." Miss Tiggs' eyes glistened gratefully.

"You're real kind, Mis' Smith," she said, visions of old lace and ribbons by which a hat not unworthy of the name of Tiggs might be trimmed, passing in front of her dazzled eyes. Mrs. Smith smiled, and the little seamstress trotted the long way home again, weighed down by delightfully anxious thoughts concerning the adorning of a new hat that was to electrify the elite of Binders Alley. She crept up to her room, the twins were hushed, but the lively tones of Mr. McWhirter and his spouse showed that the important piece of news had not been all that it was expected to be. Miss Tiggs unlocked her door, and lighting the lamp, put the bundle on the table and cut the cord with trembling fingers.

□

"Maybe it'll be a blouse waist. I just needed a new one, or a bit of silk," she observed hopefully, as she drew off the last wrapping; but, alas for the vanity of all human wishes! out fell an eminently useful pair of blue serge bloomers! Then Miss Tiggs burst into tears. All her hopes of astonishing the neighbors vanished into thin air. Nobody would be astonished, or even interested in a pair of bloomers. She turned them over.

"Not a mite of trimmin', even," she said hopelessly, "I better give 'em to the twins, Mis' Hogan kin put one in each leg an' carry 'em, kind of Indian like." She shook her head and wiped away a bitter tear.

"I guess you can't pay the rent an' have a new hat too," she observed, clinking the five quarters in her hand, and then in a burst of unsatisfied longing: "Oh, I do wisht I could have a mite of style about me, just once't."

A month passed and Miss Tiggs fell ill, not seriously, but rheumatically, and was obliged to keep to her bed.

"No, I ain't sick," she answered to all enquiries, "it's only them bones of mine, they won't stop their aching." Mrs. Hogan brought the twins in for company, and cheerfully gave her afternoons to her sick neighbor; Mrs. McWhirter sat up nights and administered tonics, while even Mr. McWhirter was considerate enough not to make his nightly tumble right opposite the invalid's door.

"Ain't they pleasant, though," thought little Miss Tiggs, turning painfully around in her bed. "Everybody's so kind, an' them bloomers'll come in real useful when I git around again." She stifled a sigh as Mrs. Hogan displayed her fashionable straw at $1.49, and chased away a tear at the sight of Mrs. McWhirter's last year's bonnet, imposingly renovated by the milliner across the way.

"Them strings with the rosettes is real classy," she observed wistfully, trying to take an interest, as Mrs. McWhirter turned from side to side at the cracked mirror.

"Ain't they, though," responded the stout lady in question, "I'm real pleased an' McWhirter is too." A smile crept into Miss Tiggs' eyes at the mere thought of the beer-loving Mr. McWhirter taking an interest in anything beyond his own strictly personal likes and dislikes, but she tactfully suppressed it.

"There, if that ain't a knock," grumbled the other regretfully, putting the bonnet under the bed. "Now whoever is looking for rooms at this time of day?" She left the room, but soon stumped heavily up again.

"Visitors, Miss Tiggs," and before the words were fairly out of her mouth the imposing form of Mrs. Smith loomed up behind her.

□

"I take this as real kind of you, Mis' Smith," said poor little Miss Tiggs, raising herself up painfully in bed. "I didn't expect no such pleasure, or I'd a bin fixed up a bit." Mrs. Smith sat down on the one chair that the room possessed, and looked at the pitiful little figure with the skimpy knot of grey hair, and the toil-worn hands, moving painfully on the shabby coverlid, and her heart was touched.

"You poor soul," she said, leaning forward. "Now, what can I do for you?" Miss Tiggs looked gratefully at her, then at the roses that she had brought.

"I hain't seen a rose, not since four Easters ago, when you give me one, just like that, for me hat."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Smith, "I remember, but dear Miss Tiggs, I came to bring you a little present from our sewing circle." Miss Tiggs looked at the five-dollar bill laid on the counterpane, and her face flushed.

"I never took charity before."

"But it isn't charity," explained Mrs. Smith, with unusual sympathy, "we just wanted you to buy something for yourself, something perhaps that you've wanted." Miss Tiggs sat up in bed with a jerk.

"Oh, ma'am," she demanded pitifully, "have you ever wanted anything all your life, and didn't have no money to buy it with?"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Smith, gently. Miss Tiggs lay back on the pillow with flushed cheeks.

"An orstrich feather," she whispered, and then with tears in her eyes:

"Oh, I shouldn't have said it, ma'am, but somehow when you've been thinkin' all your life of one thing, an' it so foolish, too," she concluded weakly.

"But why a feather?" asked Mrs. Smith in a puzzled way. Miss Tiggs raised herself up in bed, and leaning her chin on her skinny hand, looked pathetically around the bare room.

"You see, Mis' Smith, you've allays had all you wanted, you never had to do without your supper to buy a mite of trimmin' for your hat, did you? An' you ain't never hankered and hankered for jest one thing, an' never been able to think on it even; once't I found a cock's feather in your stuff, but it wasn't no good, it blew away immediate." She sighed at the sad memory and went on:

"An' oh, Mis' Smith, the day I went to your house, I put up a bit prayer, I was so hopin' that I'd get somethin' real toney, but I guess the Lord didn't mean me for style, for he only sent me a pair of bloomers." Tears came into Mrs. Smith's eyes.

"Oh, you poor dear," she cried, "you send right out and buy a feather, or wait, I can get one and send it over."

□

"Do you really mean it?" questioned Miss Tiggs, weakly.

"I do," said Mrs. Smith, decidedly. "And I'll go out and get one this very minute."

"But the ladies?" queried Miss Tiggs doubtfully, "what'll they say?"

"Don't you mind about the ladies," answered Mrs. Smith, "I'll see to them." She nodded her head decidedly, and with a bright smile said "goodbye."

An hour later came a business-like ring at the door, and a small message boy left an interesting-looking box at the door, which Mrs. McWhirter, wiping her hands upon her apron, received with haughty dignity. She turned it over and over, shook it, and then applied her nose gently to the crack.

"Lor', what kin it be?" she ruminated, and then in a piercing whisper:

"Mis' Hogan, there's a box for that Susan Tiggs." Drawn by this enticing piece of news, Mrs. Hogan poked an interested head out of her door.

"Smell it, why don't yer," she adjured.

"It have," answered Mrs. McWhirter irritably, "an' it ain't no use."

"Be it heavy?" queried Mrs. Hogan, reaching out for a comfortable feel.

"No, it ain't," responded Mrs. McWhirter, with a frown, trying to peer under the cover. Just then Miss Tiggs' weak voice called:

"Oh, Mrs. McWhirter, was that a parcel? Maybe it was my orstrich feather."

For one long agonized second Mrs. McWhirter and Mrs. Hogan looked into each other's eyes.

"An ostrich feather," breathed the one in an awestruck voice. "Mercy me!"

"An ostrich feather," whispered the other faintly, "Oh, Lor.'"

They stumbled upstairs to the little room where Miss Tiggs lay, and gave the box into her trembling fingers, then watched with envious eyes as the downy plume was lifted out of its tissue paper wrappings.

"For me new hat," said Miss Tiggs, proudly, turning it around so that its several charms could be admired, "a present from some friends," she added, with a fine affectation of carelessness, just to show that she was accustomed to a society above that of Binders Alley. Mrs. Hogan sat in silent astonishment, too overcome for speech, but Mrs. McWhirter was haughtily admiring, saying that she'd seen as good, indeed as much as had as good, in her day. But Miss Tiggs was lifted to heights far above the envious feelings of her neighbors, and only smiled complacently.

"To think it's mine," she breathed ecstatically, as she smoothed its silky ends, "me that's never had a mite of style about me hats; Lord, ain't I the thankful creeture!" She put the feather lovingly back in the box, and then as a sudden thought struck her, twinkled all over.

"What with me new feather an' me new bloomers, I'll be the only thing in the hull place."

THE COST OF A CRIME

The Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company, in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton. He obtains employment with Archibald Currie, a brother of his former partner, and is unrecognized. "Charlton" does well and wins the esteem of Mr. Currie and his ward, Katherine Wrede. Mrs. Reedham suffers from financial stress. "Charlton" prospers for two years and then it is decided to send him to South Africa. While absent on a six months' trip in Africa, Turner, a fellow-employe, determines to find out more about "Charlton."

CHARLTON did not fail to grasp the opportunity and he had established Archibald Currie's South African affairs on a sounder basis than they had occupied for a long time. Currie had never so far been fortunate in his Cape representative, and had suffered through not having an agent on the spot absolutely devoted to his interests. Charlton then was the right man at the right moment; and he had done his work well. The satisfaction which ought to have been his in contemplating the issue of his journey was strangely tempered by a singular depression of soul he could not shake off.

He had no doubt of his reception by Archibald Currie, nor did he anticipate disappointment or lack of appreciation; also he thought of Katherine Wrede, with a strange mingling of pleasure and pain. Nevertheless the depression remained. He was astonished at the magnitude of the crowd, and wondered half dismally how long it would be before the boat train should get away.

He traveled with very few encumbrances, indeed it would be possible for him to rise and walk with all his belongings in his hand. But there were mountains and stacks of baggage in the hold, many rich women panic-stricken by the very name of war, were hastening back to England, and appeared to have brought all they possessed in the way of personal worldly goods with them.

Charlton, unencumbered as he was, was one of the earliest to leave the ship. As he stepped from the gangway, his face flushed, and the hand gripping his heavy portmanteau distinctly trembled. For his eyes fell upon the face of Katherine Wrede. She seemed to be alone, an immense thrill shot through him, and his heart beat. What could this mean? For what reason should she take this journey to Southampton to meet him? He took off his hat as he approached her, and kept it in his hand until they had exchanged greetings.

She was looking well and most attractive in a long, close-fitting coat of tweed, and a small coquettish felt hat with an eagle's quill. Her speaking eyes were aglow with pleasure. She welcomed him back to England as if she felt really glad he had come.

"Of course, you are surprised that I am here alone? Uncle Archibald is at the hotel. The gout is bad this morning, and in view of the character of the weather he thought he would be safer indoors. Oh, except for the offending toe, he is in the best of health. Yes, and spirits, they have been rising hourly at the prospect of your return. You have no idea how he has missed you."

Charlton smiled, and the somewhat strained tension of his features relaxed.

"And I hope you are quite well?" he said, with a glance at her glowing face, as he put his portmanteau down, and beckoned to a porter.

"Yes, don't I look it? I certainly feel it. We have had a very busy summer, yet it has seemed quite long."

"I do not go by the boat train, then," he said, doubtfully.

"Why, no; tell them to bring the stuff to the hotel. We slept there last night, and I think Mr. Currie will not return to London until to-morrow. Perhaps not even then. Do you know, we have got quite settled at Wareham, and we came from there yesterday?"

"Mr. Currie wrote to me, of course, that he had bought the place, but has the Hyde Park Square house been given up?"

"Oh, dear, no; we are going up presently for the winter. You will love Clere Minster. It is the most beautiful place I have seen in England, and we are in the very heart of Hardy's country. I am taking a course of him in consequence. But you have not yet told me how you are, after all your anxious and arduous labors."

Charlton only paused to give his instructions to the man handling his luggage, and then turned to walk by her side. His depression seemed to vanish at her touch, her friendliness was so spontaneous and so sweet to his starved heart that he could not thrust it away.

"I am quite well, thank you very much."

"You look well, but like one who has lived the strenuous life. I have heard from Uncle Archie how hard you have worked, and what marvelous results you have achieved. He is so enthusiastic about it, you can't think. That is why we are here. Are you pleased that we have come to meet you?"

A little shyness seemed to creep into her clear voice as she spoke the last words, and once more Charlton permitted himself to look at her face.

"You can imagine what it is to a lonely man," he answered readily enough. "Just before I saw you I was contemplating with a great impatience, I must confess, the probable length of time such a welcoming crowd would take to be satisfied."

"Uncle Archie thought you would like it, and he said he owed it to you," she said quietly. "Well, do tell me about the war. Did you see anything of it?"

He shook his head. "I never was nearer than fifty miles from the front. Part of the aftermath has come over with us to-day. That explains the size of the crowd, I expect."

Her eyes grew large and luminous with compassion.

"You mean that there are wounded in the ship?"

"Yes, about two hundred, the fruits of the Modder River. What are they saying about it here in England?"

"The interest is getting keener every day. I believe that people are beginning to realize that it may in the long run prove more serious than has been expected. This place, for instance, has become a perfect military depot. Yesterday afternoon I watched the troops embark in the Semiramis. You must have met her in the Channel."

"We did, but it is time they were waking up. It's going to be a very serious matter indeed, Miss Wrede. I fear more serious for England than for South Africa."

"The Boers? I am afraid I sympathize with them more than I ought," she said, with a sigh. "They are splendid fighters."

"Yes, and well prepared. They have expected this, and been preparing for it for years."

"Then you think it will be a long war?"

"I do."

"How interested Uncle Archibald will be! And are you glad or sorry to come back to England?"

She would come back again and again to the personal note, which of all others, Charlton wished to avoid.

"I have not much to make me glad," he replied unexpectedly. "If I had been a free lance I should not have come back, but gone out to the front and taken my chance."

"We should not have liked that. Uncle Archibald can't spare you. He has missed you so much," she repeated. "But I think I understand how you feel. Many men are volunteering now, even Mr. Currie's nephew, Stephen Currie, has spoken about going, but his mother will never permit it."

Charlton did not immediately reply. With the mention of familiar and suggestive names there rushed in upon him a realization of his position. Judged from the ordinary standpoint it was both assured and promising, but there was always the dread background of the past, the shadowy phantom of a future that might at any moment yawn open to engulf him. He told himself that he had made a mistake in returning to England, at least so soon, and he could easily have multiplied reasons for prolonging his mission. But of late Archibald Currie's letters had pressed for his speedy return; he had frankly said that he missed him greatly, and would even sacrifice something to have him once more at Old Broad Street. In the last letter he had said that the question of partnership would come up for immediate discussion and settlement on his return, as since the purchase of the Dorset place, of which both he and his ward were deeply enamored, it was his desire to withdraw gradually from business life. This, he said, would be impossible, unless Charlton would pledge himself definitely to remain at Old Broad Street.

In an amazingly short time, then, considering the strange circumstances of his life, Charlton had reinstated himself. Only his great gifts and his special determination, as well as the unique opportunity presented by Archibald Currie, would explain this; yet there was no elation in his soul. Nay, he was conscious of a prevision of evil he could not, with all his efforts, shake off. Katherine Wrede's welcome dissipated it for a moment, and when in the hotel sitting-room he received the hearty, even affectionate, welcome of Archibald Currie, it once more disappeared.

"You are looking well, but thin, very thin. Don't you think so, Katherine?" said the old man delightedly, as he took him by both hands. "We are glad to see you back, and I am profoundly grateful for the service you have rendered. I hope you don't need to be told that?"

"Thank you, sir," said Charlton, with a faint smile. "The circumstances were special, the opportunity unique. It would have been criminal had they been neglected."

"I will leave you to discuss the dry details," said Katherine brightly. "Perhaps I shall go back to the dock again. I am thinking all the time of those poor fellows bound for Netley. Oh, it is horrible!"

She went quickly out of the room. In a word Charlton explained her words, and then, sitting down together, they went minutely into the details of the South African business. Charlton had it all at his finger ends, and his clear, succinct account of what had been done, and what would still be done, filled Archibald Currie with the liveliest satisfaction.

"You have proved yourself invaluable, Charlton, and, believe me, I can never, I will never, forget it. We must discuss the future later on. Meanwhile, unless you are in a hurry to return to London, for any personal reason, you might come down to Wareham with us to-night, and we can all return to town to-morrow together."

Charlton hesitated a moment.

"I think if you do not mind, I will go back to London to-day."

"Very well; we can all go up. The Hyde Park Square house is open and ready for us. You had better come there for one night at least."

"My old lodgings are ready for me. I wrote to my landlady last mail, telling her to expect me by this boat."

"Yes; but now, perhaps, it might be advisable for you to remove from Camden Town. Your means will permit of a better neighborhood."

"I am very comfortable," replied Charlton, biting his lips; "my landlady is an old servant of my family, interested in me. I feel at home with her."

Archibald Currie looked surprised. It was absolutely the first time Charlton had made the most remote allusion to his private affairs. His employer, though aware that he journeyed from Camden Town every day, did not even know his exact address.

"Well, I don't wish to press you; but at least you will come out to dinner, and we must have a week-end at Wareham very soon. You will be charmed with the Old Manor House. Miss Wrede is making an idol of it. Nothing has surprised me more than her apparent love for, and adaptability to, country life."

"I should say that Miss Wrede had wonderful gifts in that direction. She is so bright," said Charlton sincerely enough. He was immediately struck by the keen, wistful look his employer cast upon him.

"You like her?" he said enquiringly. "You would have a good deal in common."

"She has been more than kind to me, Mr. Currie, and to a man in my position, kindness from a lady in hers means a great deal."

He chose his words with care, but their humility did not please Archibald Currie.

"Tut, tut, don't speak like that. A man of your ability and conscientiousness is any woman's equal. Believe me, Charlton, it never pays to undervalue one's self."

Charlton was silent a moment.

"Have you forgotten the circumstances in which we became acquainted, Mr. Currie?" he asked hesitatingly. "I came to you an unknown man without credentials, you must have understood that there was something behind?"

"Yes, yes, of course,' 'said Currie hastily, as if he would rather not be reminded in that direction. "But it is open to any man to work out his own salvation. Whatever fault may have been yours in the past, Charlton, and I can never believe that it could be a bad one, you have nobly redeemed the time. We all make mistakes, only we are not all found out."

The words immensely comforted Charlton, and his eye softened.

"Sir, if there were more men like you in the world," he said unconsciously, repeating the words he had spoken over two years before, "the world would be a different place."

Archibald Currie broke into a cheerful laugh.

"Well, well, I have been richly repaid. And now we shall have no more long faces. We are going to make a night of it when we get back to London to

celebrate your return. Well, so far, everything has been going well at Old Broad Street, and Turner is still at his desk. But upon my word, I seem to grow less and less just to that man, I really dislike him intensely. He reminds me of a snake in the grass. I wish I had the courage to give him his marching orders."

"Don't see or speak to him," suggested Charlton. "I don't like him myself, but I shouldn't allow his existence to worry me."

"Well, he's a disturbing element in the place. I wish he'd take the craze of going to the front. I could spare him with great alacrity. He owes his place to you, Charlton, and he ought to know it. He will know it one of these days, if I get any more of his offensive looks."

"How's young Reedham?" enquired Charlton, with interest he could hardly disguise.

"Working steadily, but——" At the moment there was a knock at the door, and some letters and telegrams were brought in, some of them requiring immediate attention and reply. So Charlton did not hear what his employer had been going to say regarding the boy. His heart beat almost to suffocation at the thought of seeing him again, and his longing explained his eagerness to return to London without delay. When they reached Waterloo the carriage was waiting to take his fellow travelers to Hyde Park Square.

He left them there, and putting his own luggage in the cloak room, proceeded by omnibus to Old Broad Street.

It was only five o'clock, and he could have a word with Leslie before business closed, see for himself how the boy was looking.

He enjoyed his ride on the top of the omnibus, albeit the wind from the river was chill. It seemed to help him to clear his mental vision, to realize what he had come home to. And he was glad to get away from Archibald Currie and from Katherine Wrede in order to force his position, perhaps more particularly in regard to Katherine Wrede.

He wondered as he was trundled in leisurely fashion across the crowded bridge and down Fleet Street towards St. Paul's how long it would be before he would dare to walk a free man again under his own name on London streets.

It would not be possible for him to accept a partnership from Archibald Currie without telling him the truth. Everything would depend on the manner in which he received that truth. If the deception were forgiven then there would be no difficulty about the paying back of the money he had abstracted from the trust. It could be advanced easily from his interest in the new firm. If, on the other hand, Currie should take the harsher, narrower view, if he should resent the deception and think punishment was due, then his last end would be worse than the first.

But the telling of the truth, something told him, could not be long delayed. His position had become intolerable to himself. If ever the home he had deserted was to be restored, now was the time. But his heart no longer beat at the prospect. He was conscious of a strange, almost complete detachment in spirit from the old Norwood life.

His longing to see the boy was all that was left.

Surprise was depicted on various faces when he entered the office. It was known that he might return any day, and in the main the looks were welcoming looks. Turner merely glanced at him with a curious malignancy, and made no answer to his greeting. He had been biding his time, the time that had now come. A dull flush overspread the man's coarse features as he bent lower over his desk, but presently raised his head again to watch Charlton make his way as an arrow to its mark, to the far corner where Leslie Reedham sat. He even craned his neck to observe the close and dear intimacy of the greeting, the tremulous smile about the man's lips as he laid his hands on the boy's head. He could not hear the low spoken words, but he could imagine them, and his own smile was crafty and sullen as he made an entry on the page before him.

"How are you, my boy? It is an uncommon pleasure to me to see you again," said Charlton in a low voice. The boy's eager face flushed and his fingers gripped the offered hand. He had been very lonely without Charlton's fostering and kindly supervision, and had missed him more than he could have expressed.

"I am quite well, sir, thank you," he said. "I hope you are quite well? I—I—am very glad you have come back."

"Are you? You seem to have changed and grown. I find you altered greatly."

"Yes, sir, I am six months older, and—and—but I have no right to speak of my troubles."

"What are your troubles?"

The boy's lips quivered, and he glanced round almost piteously.

"Sir, I could hardly tell them here, when I should be at work."

"Surely not. Well, will you come home with me to tea to-night. I will see that you get safely back."

"I should like to come if you do not live too far away."

"I live at Camden Town."

"Ah, then, I could easily walk through Regent's Park home."

"To Regent's Park? Have you moved, then, while I have been away?"

"Yes, sir, some months ago."

"I am glad, it has brought you nearer to me. Well, you tell me about it as we go home. I shall be ready at six o'clock, wait for me when you are finished."

The boy nodded, and returned comforted to the contemplation of his work. The lonely feeling that had been so acute of late, and daily increasing, seemed to disappear at the sound of Charlton's voice. Comfort came to him.

They left the office together, and took a train at Broad Street for Camden Town. The compartment was so full that they had to stand the greater part of the way, thus intimate conversation of any kind was impossible.

When they alighted at the Camden station the rain had ceased, and the stars were beginning to shine steadfastly in the sky.

"It is fresher out here," said Charlton, as they stepped across the road. "It's only a few minutes' walk. Tell me now why you have moved to Regent's Park. Does your mother not find it a more expensive neighborhood?"

"That doesn't matter now," said the boy, dully, yet with a note of resentment in his voice. "I thought, perhaps, that you would have heard that my mother has married again."

"What?"

Charlton stood still on the kerb and helplessly stared. They had happily left the busier main thoroughfare, and turned into one of the quiet squares that abound on both sides of the road, so that their attitude was quite unobserved. Charlton's face had grown strangely white, and his features seemed to work convulsively.

"Married again, boy? It's impossible," he cried shrilly.

"It's quite true," said the boy in a patient voice. "She has married Mr. George Lidgate. He was my father's partner, and very kind to us since father went away. But—but I think it was horrible of them to marry so soon, I only knew after they had been married several days."

"Married to George Lidgate!" repeated Charlton in a hoarse whisper. "Let us get on, Leslie," he added, trying to recover himself. "Only a few more steps to the house."

He put his hand through the boy's arm and held him fast, and his steps seemed to totter as they began to move up the gradual ascent to St. Paul's Crescent.

"I wonder they were not afraid," pursued the boy, "because I know that my father is not dead. Lidgate talked to me about it one night trying to show me that I was treating my mother badly. I can't be the same. How can I be the same? I feel it is horrible."

"It seems so, and, as you say, your father should be alive it would be a terrible business."

"He is alive, I tell you," said the lad fiercely. "And I shall see him some day. I said that to my mother at the time, and she cried all night and could not sleep. And then Lidgate was angry, and spoke to me about it."

"Do—do they seem happy?"

"Happy?" said the boy vaguely. "Oh, yes, I think so. My mother looks ever so much younger, and, of course, he can give her everything she needs. But I—I can't bear it. We were happier at Clapton, even when we were poor. It doesn't seem right."

"This is the door," said Charlton, heavily fumbling for his key. "I sent her a telegram from Southampton, so she will be ready for us, I hope."

"Surely I have been here," said the boy, seeming to struggle with some memory. "I am sure I have been to this house before, once with my mother. I remember the red flower pots in the window."

Charlton knew that he had, but made no answer. He opened the door and stood aside to let him in. At that moment Mary Anne Webber appeared at the top of the basement stairs, and the moment Charlton saw her face he knew that she knew. He put up his hand as if to ward off some blow.

"A moment, Mrs. Webber," he said, "I will speak to you later."

He pushed the boy before him into the sitting-room and closed the door. The gas was lowered. He reached up above the round table, neatly laid for tea, and turned the light full on.

Then very deliberately, while the boy was looking interestedly round the room he took off his blue spectacles.

"Leslie," he said, and his voice rang out clear and strong, vibrating with all the passion of the fatherhood that had been so dear a part of him.

The boy startled, turned round sharply, and met his yearning gaze.

Mary Anne Webber, standing irresolute, wondering much, on the top step of the basement stairs, was suddenly startled by a great cry.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOMB.

"YOU are all we have, Stephen, and it is your duty, for all our sakes, to stay at home."

Mrs. James Currie made this deliverance at the dinner-table at Fair Lawn on the evening of Charlton's return from the Cape. She had just been reading in the evening paper an account of the arrival of the first batch of wounded officers and men at Netley, and her fears, which much persuasion had lulled to sleep, leaped into new being at the news.

In appearance, a large, comfortable, motherly person, she had a narrow, nagging, unlovable nature, which made life sometimes very difficult for all the inmates of Fair Lawn. But none could accuse her of lack of interest in her children. She loved them, indeed, with a jealous, selfish love, which gave them little peace. Disappointed because her daughters had not made the brilliant matches she had desired and hoped for, she had concentrated her whole ambition on her son. And though much wroth, she was in a measure grateful to Katherine Wrede for having refused him.

Her knowledge of that young woman was sufficient to assure her that, had she married Stephen she, his mother, would have had no sway or voice in their establishment. She still hoped he might turn to the girl she had chosen for him, Susan Bracebridge, a colorless person, only too pleased to be guided by Mrs. Currie. Katherine Wrede's final decision, however, delivered in no ambiguous terms, had decided Stephen on a new venture. It was the time when war was in all men's mouths, and the blood of old and young alike was fired with the desire to do great deeds for their country's honor. Stephen had announced his intention of going out to the front with the C.I.V.'s.

"There are lots of other chaps without brothers going out, mother," replied Stephen, as he carefully pared an apple. "Don't be silly about it. Nothing's going to happen to me if I can help it; I mean, I'm not one of the reckless sort. I'll do my duty, but I'll look after my own skin, and take jolly good care those confounded Boers don't get a pot at me."

"What are you laughing at, Sophy?" he asked suddenly, when his younger sister suddenly giggled.

"I was wondering what's the use of going out if you're thinking of your own skin all the time," she said flatly. "I don't suppose these poor chaps that came to Netley thought much about themselves. If I went to the Cape I should try to distinguish myself at any price. I only wish I had the chance."

Sophy sighed as she uttered these unexpected words. There were times when she rebelled against the grey order and monotony of her life. She had been brought up well, if strictly, surrounded by every luxury; but she was not content. The womanhood in her stirred often in vague, rebellious longings. Put into words, Sophia desired to live.

"Don't talk about what you don't understand," said her mother severely. "Well, Stephen, I like your prudence; it is reassuring. Of course, I know you won't run any needless risks, but, all the same, I shall never know a moment's peace till you come back."

"We shan't be long gone," said Stephen cheerfully.

"Are the arrangements made, or any date for sailing fixed?" enquired his father interestedly. Personally, he was rather pleased that his son was going out. He could easily spare him from London Wall, and it would give him a certain distinction to say he had given his only son up for the country's good. Like many another, he did not anticipate a tithe of the woe yet in store.

Before Stephen could reply to his father's question, the servant came back to the room with the coffee, and at the same time gave a message to Stephen.

"There's a gentleman for you in the breakfast room, Mr. Stephen. He did not give his name."

"A gentleman, are you sure, Jane?" he asked suspiciously. "You know most of the gentlemen who come here, are you sure it's not a beggar or an imposter?"

"No, sir; I think I have seen him before. He is a perfectly respectable man."

Stephen pushed back his chair and left the room.

The breakfast room was on the opposite side of the spacious hall, a pleasant apartment looking across the Heath. Stephen opened the door with a quick impatience. A tall, broad-shouldered man in a dark overcoat stood by the table. He recognized him in a moment, of course, as Richard Turner, who had once served an apprenticeship in their own business.

He was not pleased to see him, and could conceive of no reason for such an intrusion after business hours except a begging appeal of some kind. Stephen Currie had been reared to be suspicious, and to give no help unless absolutely obliged. And then never gracefully, but grudgingly, as if the obligation were resented.

"Hulloa, Turner," he said abruptly. "What brings you here?"

"A bit o' private business, Mr. Stephen," replied the man, and the trembling note in his voice indicated that for some reason or other he was moved. "I wasn't sure whether to ask for you or your father, but I came to the conclusion it concerns you most."

Stephen was interested, and stepped back to close the door more carefully.

"Well, what is it? I can't conceive of any private business you can have with me, but go ahead."

"Yes, Mr. Stephen, I will. Do you remember a man called Charlton that Mr. Archibald Currie took on from God knows where, a couple of years or so back, and who has wormed himself very high up in the governor's good graces?"

Continued on page 46

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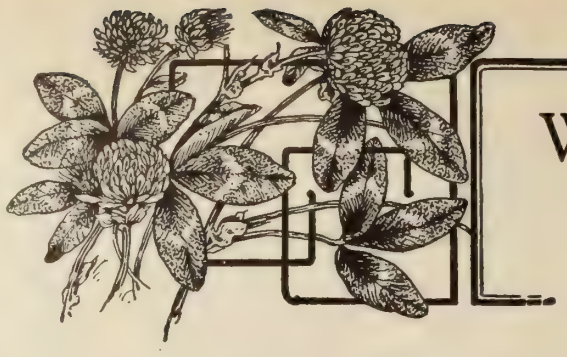


With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Our Winter Competition

WE have received some delightful and instructive letters on the subject of "A Winter Adventure," and the competition which closed in March has shown us just what good correspondents we possess in our many cousins. The first prize goes to Miss Agnes Florence Aylward of Penzance, Saskatchewan, the second to Miss Jennie A. Brown, Empey, Ontario. Congratulations!

Some Winter Letters

Empey, Ont., Feb. 2, 1912.

Dear Editor:—

Seeing that a competition on "A Winter Adventure" was open, I decided to send in a description of *one* of my winter adventures.

Christmas holidays having come, two of my girl friends and I arranged that we would go out for a sleigh-ride one afternoon. One of the girls having come from the city to spend the holidays with me in the country, seemed to think it a delightful idea.

At two o'clock we were on our way. The air was keen and brisk. The distance was about ten miles, but it seemed more like two for we chatted all the way, each one in turn telling about other experiences

When we arrived at the place we started for we were in a large village. It had a post-office, several general stores, and all places necessary to do a good day's shopping.

After doing our shopping, we had some ice-cream, and about four o'clock started for home.

The horse seemed specially frisky, and when we were about a mile from home, a piece of flying paper frightened him, so badly, that he threw us into a deep snow bank. We were not hurt, but felt very uncomfortable, with snow nearly up to our necks. With some of the said snow still on us, we climbed back into the cutter, and hoped to arrive home in safety.

After reaching there, and having a good hot supper, we sat around the fire and laughed about our adventure, which now seemed to us a huge joke.

JENNIE E. BROWN.
(Aged 14)

* * *

My Dear Jennie,

Yours is such an interesting letter that we have published it, although you have forgotten to have it certified. Being upset is not so bad when it means nothing more serious than a tumble into a snow bank. Isn't it strange that horses are so frightened of paper? I remember a runaway, which came from the frisky horse becoming alarmed at a wheelbarrow. Write again.

Pelham Centre, Ont., Mar. 18, 1912.

Dear Cousin Clover.

I am going to write to your charming Circle.

Gertrude you did certainly have a Bob ride. We have some dandy hills around our place. My brother and another boy put their sleighs together by two long scantling, and a sleigh at each end. They made something (I don't know what you would call it) to steer with, you can imagine for everyone calls it the automobile sleigh.

Cousin Clover, do you like to read? I do. I could read all the time if I didn't have anything else to do. Did you ever read "Jane Eyre"? It is a dandy book, and the "Elsie Books" are also good.

I think I had better close. So adieu Circleites, and Cousin Clover.

CROSS PATCH.

Clara wrote this, age 13.

MRS. BECKETT.

Fairview, Van., B.C., 1499 8th Ave.W

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and I like it very much. I always read the Juniors' Page. In the summer holidays we go out in the country. I and my brother found a camp stove and we cooked potatoes and carrots and beans, and we ate them.

We have two ponies, named Nip and Tuck. I ride on Nip with the saddle up and down the road. Tuck is only a colt. We have a calf and a cow. One day the calf got away and we had great fun catching it. I will close now.

Yours sincerely,

MARTHA MCKECHNIE.

Martha has received no assistance. She will be ten years of age next January.

MRS. ANNIE C. MCKECHNIE.

* * *

Dear Martha:

With such a name you ought to make a famous housekeeper some day, and, indeed, your neat handwriting gives assurance of your tidy ways.

Nip and Tuck are new names for me for ponies, and I am sure you must enjoy your rides on the former. I wish you had a photograph of your small self on his back.

Brownsville, Ont., Aug. 17, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My sister Elsie and I spent our summer holidays at our Auntie's, who lives a mile and a half west of Mount Elgin. A beautiful creek runs through the end of their farm. One nice afternoon we all went down to the creek to bathe and fish. This photo, which we are sending you, is where we are in the creek bathing. One other afternoon we spent down to our little friends, Edythe and Jack George. We had a good time down there playing all kinds of games. We played baseball, hide-and-go-seek, drop the handkerchief, and a lot of other nice games. The most that surprised Elsie and I was that a new baby brother came to our house.

I think I will close, wishing the page much success.

Aged 10 years. RUBY WILLIAMSON.

I certify that Ruby has done this without aid.

MRS. WILLIAMSON.

* * *

Dear Ruby:

Your letter is most interesting, and the photograph is very good. You look like a happy group, and as if you were enjoying yourselves. The baby brother must have been a most joyful surprise, and I hope he is happy and healthy.

VISITING OVER THE BACK FENCE

Cats in Japan

ACCORDING to the Japanese, the domestic cat appeared in their country at a relatively recent epoch, having traveled from China with the missionaries of Buddhism. In the middle of the sixth century of the Christian era sacrifices were offered to the cat, which was known by all as "the guardian of the manuscripts."

"The guardian of the manuscripts" kept away the mice, which otherwise would have eaten the precious papyrus. In some instances placards were set in conspicuous places among manuscripts as a warning to the mice: "Beware! The cat is here. She drives the mice." Portraits of cats were also placed in parts frequented by mice.

The cats were revered. For a long time they were kept in the temples. But their general desirability, and the charm of their grace, affection for men, and adaptability to human conditions so appealed to the layman that one by one very gradually their kittens were permitted to leave the temples and to become the pets of nobility After entering the families of the high officials of the empire they won their way into humbler households.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am sending you a composition on "Easter."

Easter is celebrated because it is the time of the year when Christ arose.

It is celebrated by dyeing eggs and trimming them with ribbons, getting a different variety of eggs, and by eating eggs. Some children think it a great pleasure to hide eggs about a week before Easter and bring in a large quantity on Easter and surprise their parents.

At our Sunday School we always send a large quantity of eggs to the Sick Children's Hospital. We take a box or a large basket and place a little straw in the bottom to imitate a nest, and all that have any to give place them in the box or basket. We have had as many as twenty-two dozen, but not always.

We country girls always look forth for sport in Easter holidays, gathering wild flowers, but this year it is too cold for them yet.

We celebrate Easter in the church as well as at home, special Easter services are held, and suitable hymns are sung, and the church is decorated with flowers.

We all should try to make Easter pleasant for everybody as well as ourselves.

Yours sincerely,

Aged 14. LULU HAGERMAN.

Certified, Mrs. W. Hagerman.

A MAY BREAKFAST

PREPARED BY

MARY H. NORTHEND

JUST wherein lies the difference between a May breakfast and a May luncheon seems to be a matter of some doubt. The degree of formality is determined by the time of day; therefore, a breakfast would be less formal than a luncheon just as a lunch is less formal than a dinner. A breakfast should be served earlier in the day than regular lunch hours, and the bill of fare does not differ from that used in the ordinary luncheon.

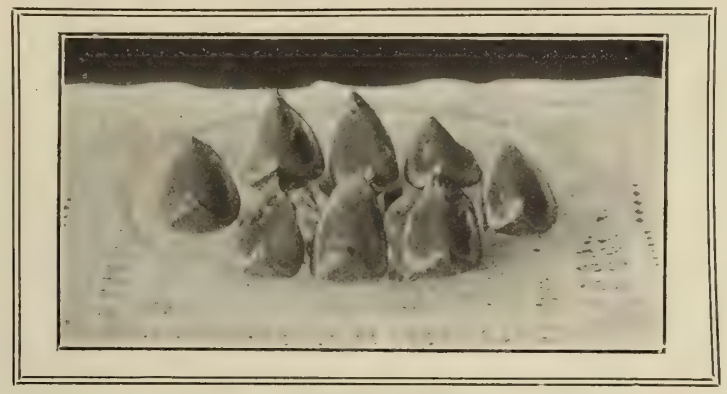
The May hostess should make the most of the beautiful and abundant spring flowers. It is well to select some particular one of these as a central theme, arranging menu and accessories to agree with the color scheme embodied in the chosen flower. The result is a remarkable degree of harmony, a feast for the eye as well as the palate. There is a wide field for choice, and there will be no difficulty in fitting the decorations to the occasion.

Suppose that the hostess wishes to use her gold-banded china. Let her invite her friends to partake of a narcissus breakfast, and decorate the room with potted ferns and great jars of the fragrant poet's narcissus nestled among its own sword-shaped leaves.

Spread the table with a fine white cloth, and see that the napkins match it. A tall reed-and-raffia basket of graceful shape may well serve as a centrepiece. Mass the narcissi gracefully, in a natural manner, using no leaves, for these are too stiff. For greenery, substitute the delicate twining smilax, with ferns to form a continuation of the mat. Place cards may be unobtrusively attached to the basket by means of narrow white ribbons, and candles in crystal sticks may be added to heighten the effect of yellow and white in the color scheme. The gold-banded china upon such a table will appear perfectly harmonious.

While it is not necessary to introduce the same colors into the bill of fare, it will be found that the scheme is made much more effective by so doing; and while it may take a little more thought, the results more than justify the planning. The following menu will be found reasonably simple and easy to serve, while is is also very satisfactory.

Grape Fruit Cocktail
Tomato Bouillon
Toasted Crackers
Olives
Eggs in Ambush
Lambs' Tongues in Jelly
Asparagus and Green Pea Salad, Cream Dressing
Meringue Tart
Candied Oranges
Candied Mint Leaves
Coffee



CANDIED ORANGE

MERINGUE TART

LAMB'S TONGUE IN JELLY

To make the grape fruit cocktail, take as many grape fruits as there are to be guests at table. Make a fancy shell from each lower part, by scalloping the edge of the part removed. Taking out the whole contents, place the pulp and juice in a large bowl. Add pieces of fresh or canned pineapple, halves of skinned and seeded Malaga grapes, sections of oranges cut into halves, and canned pears or peaches, with the juice that belongs to them. Sweeten to the taste, chill thoroughly, and serve in the natural shells, with a lace paper doily between plate and fruit.

TOMATO BOUILLON—Cut two cups of tomatoes, either cooked or fresh, into very small pieces. Add two cups of boiling water, half an onion, two sprigs of parsley, four slices of carrot, and a bit of bay leaf. Set it over the fire, and let it simmer for twenty minutes. Then drain it through a sieve that is sufficiently fine to hold back the seeds, but let the pulp pass through. Add a quart of meat broth or a quart of boiling water in which a tablespoonful of beef extract has been dissolved. Season to the taste, and serve very hot in the ordinary bouillon cups. Stand each cup in a soup plate, with a garnish of parsley branches thrust through rings of lemon peel.

CREAMED FISH—Use sliced halibut and a good white sauce. Arrange a garnish of parsley like a wreath about each round of toast. Care must be taken to serve this hot.

LAMBS' TONGUES IN JELLY—Cook four good-sized lambs' tongues, and set aside to cool. Partly fill a mould with clear aspic jelly, add the tongues when firm, and pour on the rest of the liquid jelly, which has been allowed to become cool, but not hard. Unmould when firm, and garnish with sliced lemon, cranberries and chopped aspic jelly, tinted yellow.

EGGS IN AMBUSH—Line small buttered tins or moulds with a mixture of flake boiled fish, bread crumbs, and seasoning. Moisten with milk and a well-beaten egg. Drop a raw egg into each cover with the fish mixture, and steam for thirty minutes. Unmould and serve at once with a white sauce.

ASPARAGUS AND GREEN PEA SALAD—Drain one can of green peas and half a bunch of cooked asparagus. When cold serve on individual lettuce leaves, or arrange the whole in a salad dish or platter, and serve with:

CREAM SAUCE TARTARE—To a cup of good mayonnaise dressing add two tablespoonfuls each of fine-chopped olives, capers and gherkins. Just before serving, add a cup of double cream, beaten solid, and salt if it is needed.

MERINGUE TART—Make a stiff meringue of eggs and fine granulated sugar. Drop in circular mounds on a board covered with wax paper, sprinkle with grated cocoanut, and bake about forty-five minutes in a slow oven. When cool, hollow out slightly, and fill the cases with raspberry jam. Serve cold with sweetened whipped cream.

CANDIED ORANGES—Peel the fruit and separate the sections without breaking the white skin that covers them. Place on plates in a warm room until they dry. Make a syrup with granulated sugar; boil until it will thread, and then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar for each pound of sugar. Boil until it begins to turn a light yellow. As soon as this change in color appears, lift the kettle at once from the fire, and set into a pan of boiling water. Now take the sections of orange upon a greased fork, dip them carefully into the syrup, and drop them upon waxed paper to dry. Be very careful not to stick the fork into the orange, simply lay the pieces across it, and never stir the syrup. Candied mint leaves are prepared in similar fashion.

Roses are being used in profusion for dinner table decorations, and a pretty idea at a restaurant party was where the guests sat down in groups of ten at four tables and upon each table there was a large, low crystal bowl, in which roses of various shades were arranged.

At another dinner different shades of roses were represented upon each table, beginning with the most delicate pink, and shading through tones of almost a mauve coloring to the duskiest crimson.

A great liking is being shown for roses in the old-fashioned tea shades, a rather pale lemon and an intensified tawny yellow, all of them of exquisite beauty.

A FEELING OF PLEASURE

Is added to any meal or lunch that has for its part pure fruit, that is properly preserved, or a catsup that lends a tempting charm to any dish.

E D S

Preserves and Catsup

Conform to the wish of the most fastidious tastes for their genuine goodness. Only the choicest fruit is selected for E. D. S. Preserves and Catsup, mingled with the finest grade of sugar and the proper care in cooking and bottling that make it a delight and a feature of every meal.

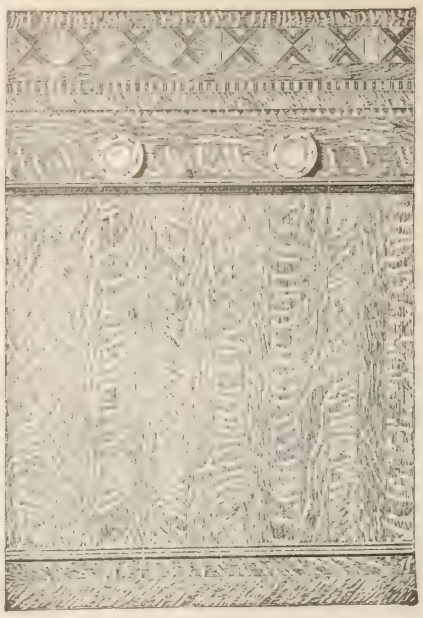
Remember the trade mark and see that your next grocery order includes E.D.S. Preserves and Catsup.

Made by

E. D. Smith

At His Own Fruit Farms

Winona, Ont.



How Your Walls Will Look With Fibre Veneer

Now you may have the beauty of paneled oak walls in dining-room or library at the cost of good wall paper. Plain quarter-cut effect in lower, above the plate rail border of parquet 12 or 18 inches wide. Fibre Veneer is hung like wall paper, is sanitary, washable, and very much more durable. It is not an imitation, but a perfect reproduction made from the actual wood itself.

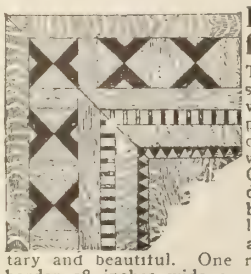
How much you will need

Fibre Veneer is 36 inches wide and 34 feet to the roll. One roll will cover a space equal to 3 rolls of wall paper. Chart below gives approximate quantities required for rooms 8 feet high to plate rail.

Room size.	Rolls wall required.	Rolls border.
10 x 13	4	1
14 x 18	5	1
16 x 22	6	2

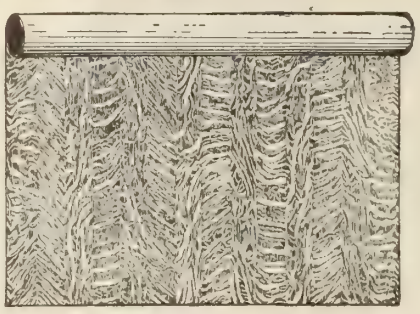
How Fibre Veneer is made

Fibre Veneer is reproduced from fine quarter-sawn oak, preserving all the beauty and distinction of the grain. It comes in rolls 36 inches wide, 34 feet long. Parquetry patterns can be divided into either two or three widths, 12 or 18 inches. It is made in a number of patterns. Samples sent on request.



Fibre Veneer for Parquetry

This is a perfect substitute for hardwood. Can be applied over any kind of floor. Shellaced varnished finish. Can be stained any desired color, after having been shellaced. Very durable, entirely sanitary and beautiful. One roll is sufficient for border 18 inches wide around room 16 x 16.



How You May Buy Fibre Veneer

Order by mail, enclosing remittance and specifying design and shade wanted. Send for samples if you wish to choose from full selection. We may have a dealer in your vicinity. If he cannot supply Fibre Veneer, we will be glad to fill your order direct. Write to-day.

Special Introductory Price
$1.50 per 34 foot roll.
Delivery charges prepaid.

HUGH SILVER & SON, PRESCOTT, Ont.

The Care of Silverware

Ever go into the home of a prosperous friend for dinner, and see the beautiful silverware arranged on the snow-white table linen and sideboard?

Ever in your own home notice how beautiful the silver looks after being properly cleaned, the different articles of jewelry, rings, toilet sets, silver handbags, etc.?

Ever stop to think of the hard labor and work it takes in the average household to clean Silverware? All the rubbing, scrubbing and polishing.

Ever think of the cost of the Silverware and consider that the rubbing and cleaning of it by the old methods wear away more silver than the hardest ordinary usage—rubbing is *Positively Ruinous* to plated ware?

The average life of Silverware is all the way from three months to a century according to the care that is taken of it. In some cases priceless heirlooms are handed down from generation to generation and the problem is always how to restore the natural lustre and brightness without injury.

There is one ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY way to clean Silver, Gold and Plated Ware, and WITH NO RUBBING. Thus the articles are not scratched—the surface is not marred or injured in the slightest—in fact we guarantee Wonder-Shine Silver Cleaner in every possible way. It does the work perfectly in one-quarter the time, and many articles can be cleaned at once.

At All Leading Dealers **25c and 50c per package**

THE ORIGINAL GENUINE

WONDER-SHINE
SILVER CLEANER

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

By JESSIE E. RORKE

NEVER before have wall decorations shown daintier or richer colors than are to be found among those that are displayed this season. While tans, browns and a warm, deep green seem to be the leading shades, every variety of color is to be found; cream and ivory white, old ivory and champagne, all the delicate shades of green and blue and pink; greys without number in the prettiest shades that one could imagine, greys with a suggestion of blue or pink, greys that touch the borderland of lilac and heliotrope, and soft cloudy greys that are just grey and nothing more. Among the many browns and greens of the darker papers are a few dull blues and rich, deep reds, but the latter are shown very sparingly.

The most characteristic feature of the season's design is the stripe. It appears in every paper that is not entirely plain, sometimes as the whole design, sometimes forming a framework for the floral pattern, and sometimes the merest suggestion in a paper that is almost plain, but always there. Some of the bedroom papers have a quaint old-fashioned design that reminds one of the dainty flowered dimities that our grandmothers used to wear. Tiny pink rosebuds arranged in the inevitable stripe go clambering up a background of grey or mauve or palest blue. This background usually has some small design in self-tones—often the little check or spot that is suggestive of the dimity. Sometimes the design repeats the pink in the rosebud, but so sparingly that one feels the color harmony without searching out the cause. Frequently these papers are used without a border, the ceiling being re-turned and separated by a moulding from the wall paper, but the borders, when used, are decidedly Colonial in design, the rosebuds being arranged in the conventional wreaths and garlands that were distinctive of that period. Sometimes the roses are absent and the small fabric patterns of the background form the only design, the decorative effect being added by the border or by panelling. The cut borders are still most prominent and roses are certainly the prevailing flower. One most attractive paper is a delicate shade of madder brown, with wide satin stripe; the cut border is of roses in deeper madder brown, rose madder and brown green leaves.

DESIGN FOR FLOWER VASE

Panelling is used to an even greater extent than formerly, and the papers designed for the purpose are accompanied not only with borders, but strips for panelling, and a narrow design, which is used as a base trim. The latter is shown in very pretty designs, and is sometimes used when the walls are not panelled. Some of the papers are accompanied with cretonne, printed in a design to match the border and panelling, that may often be used with good effect. An exceedingly pretty paper was of soft grey, just shading into lilac, with a small self-toned design. The border base trim and strips for panelling had a slightly conventionalized lilac design in two tones of lilac against the grey background. The pretty cretonne had the same lilac design. These cretonnes are used for curtains, cushion covers and upholstery, but one must bear in mind the general rule that figured curtains should only be used with plain walls, and even the most charming designs should not prove tempting unless the wall treatment has been the simplest.

HONEYSUCKLE BORDER

One reason, no doubt, for the increasing popularity of panelling is the opportunities which it offers for originality and individuality of treatment. Each different room not only permits but demands an arrangement suited to itself alone, the placing of doors and windows, the height of the room, and its proportionate length and breadth are all factors that must determine the size and shape of the panels. Sometimes only one kind of paper is used, the panels being merely outlined by a border of some conventional or floral design; at other times two papers will be used, one figured and the other plain or nearly so, the panels being separated by a narrow moulding. Some very good effects are obtained in rooms that are treated in this way, but there is a danger of making the walls too elaborately decorative. They form a background not only for whatever may be hung upon them, but for the whole rooms as well, and all nature teaches us the beauty of what lies close to us, depends in a measure upon the quieter color and larger spaces of the background against which we view it.

Fabric effects appear everywhere; not only the dainty muslins and dimities are represented, but in the darker-papers one finds narrow stripes in soft dull browns and greys and greens that seem to have the very texture of the tweed and cheviot suitings. Some of the tapestry papers are very beautiful. They are shown both in self-tones and in color, the latter usually in rich, warm tones, that are suitable for library or living-room, while the self-toned silk tapestries in all the pretty, delicate shades that one can imagine are very rich and effective for the drawing-room. The ingrain and oatmeal papers still hold their place and vary little from other seasons, unless it is in the variety and delicacy of their colorings.

If the only requirement in selecting paper was to find something pretty it would be an easy task this season, but

BORDER FOR TABLE SCARF

when the pretty paper is found one must consider whether it is entirely suitable, and this is not so easy to determine. If the room is light and, most particularly, if the windows are of plate glass, colors that fade quickly must be avoided. Green is the most difficult color to hold and should not be used in a bright room, except in expensive paper. Blue and pink are also fleeting colors that make a good quality of paper a necessity, if they are to be exposed to much light, but yellows, tans and browns, and some of the greys are more to be trusted. Satin-stripe or silk-finished papers are less likely to fade than those of an ordinary finish, so that less expensive papers in this style may be more readily trusted.

The size of a room has much to do with determining the style of paper that may be used. Small rooms will look best with the greatest simplicity of treatment. Plain papers or those with quiet, inconspicuous patterns, are best. If the room is low these may be finished with only an angle bead where they join the ceiling, but if high enough to permit it may have a deep frieze or border. The large designs of the tapestry papers are particularly suited to large rooms, and the panel arrangement and the upper and lower third (which is still in use, though less popular than formerly) may be used to advantage here. Decided stripes will make a room appear higher, while a re-turned ceiling will have the opposite effect. The use of a dark ceiling paper not only makes the room seem low, but gives a most unpleasant feeling of oppression and should always be avoided. Floral designs have almost entirely disappeared from the ceiling papers, but some very pretty designs in self-tones are shown. Cream and white ceilings are most widely used, but with many papers a lighter shade of the same color will give the best effect.

The paper will do more than anything else to counteract the effect of a dark room, the warm, bright colors, more particularly the yellow and yellow browns reflecting and intensifying the light, where duller colors would absorb it.

An efficient decorator may be trusted to consider all these details and bring a well trained taste to the selecting of our papers so that we may more safely rely on his judgment than our own, yet I wonder if, even at the risk of blunders, we are not wiser to do our own choosing. If left to the decorator our house may fulfil every requirement of good taste, yet it will lack personality, will have failed to be any expression of ourselves, and so will have lost a charm that has greater force than any harmony of color and design can give.

With the coming of May with its occasional warm, bright days, we begin to plan for the out-of-door living that will begin in another month at least. We are wisely learning to use our rooms as little as possible during the summer months, and not only spend our leisure hours, but eat and work, and perhaps sleep as well in the open air. We have different ways of arranging this, according to the planning and location of our homes; a wide porch or vine-covered pergola may serve as a living-room, or it may be a sheltered corner under the balsams, where hammocks, easy chairs, a table and rugs make every degree of comfort possible.

A very attractive jar for flowers may be made by stenciling the design in oil colors on one of the big creamy butter crocks, and a pretty addition to the afternoon tea table is one of the new linen trays, recently described in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, with the design stenciled instead of embroidered. The protecting glass makes this quite serviceable. It is a mistake, however, to repeat the design too constantly; the cushions, for example, will be prettier if only one or two are decorated and the others left plain. The honeysuckle motif is simpler and would be pretty in only one color against some neutral ground.

STENCIL DESIGN FOR CUSHION

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Simply moisten a cheese cloth duster with LIQUID VENEER and dust everything with it—from the grand piano to the dainty gilt frame on the mantelpiece. Always dust with LIQUID VENEER and your duster will carry off all the dust instead of scattering it, your home will always look like new, and your housework will be lightened in a way that will surprise you.

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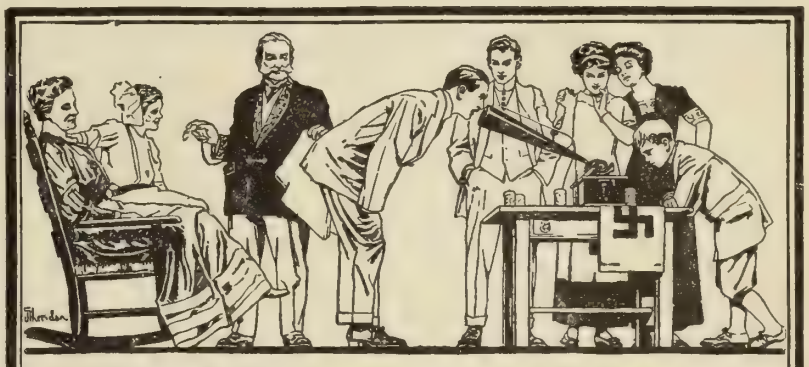

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The ability to make and reproduce your own records in your own home—the songs and stories of every member of your family and all your friends—in addition to all of the greatest entertainment of every kind

Think what that means! The Edison Phonograph—the instrument that you would choose anyway, because of the purity and sweetness of Edison tone; because its volume of sound is exactly suited to your home; because it plays both Edison Standard and the long-playing Edison Amberol Records; because it has the sapphire reproducing-point that does not scratch or wear the records, and lasts forever—gives you this great home-recording feature *besides!* And this feature *doubles* the pleasure of owning a sound-reproducing instrument.

Most Edison styles are regularly equipped to make records at home. Recording equipment for styles not so equipped can be purchased at slight additional cost.

When you go to your Edison dealer to pick out your Edison Phonograph, be sure to ask about this home-recording feature, and to get recording equipment with the instrument you buy.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us. Edison Phonographs, $16.50 to $240.00. Edison Standard Records, 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c. to $2.50.

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

We have seen the sun dip into the sea,
And steamers sail forth for cargoes of tea,
To China, and far distant lands.
The attractions are such we fain would stay,
But our home and duties call us away,
So respond to beckoning hands.

HOMEWARD BOUND

WE were at Victoria when we left you last month. A few hours' run by steamer brought us to Seattle, the place that was once described by a traveler as "a dirty, hillside town." It is now one of the loveliest of cities, vying with Naples in its magnificent view from Queen Anne and Capitol Hill, the waters of Puget Sound, and numerous small lakes glistening at the foot. The beautiful residences are not small and cluttered together as in many cities, but spacious as regards the building and grounds, leading on to the business part of the city, where all is the liveliest sort of activity. I like Seattle, its clean, broad streets, its delightful climate, its attractive and up-to-date stores, its optimistic citizens, its natural beauty, and that grandest of all attractions for visitors, the scenic drive, one hundred feet wide, for driving and motoring, extending for miles around the city, providing the most artistic and picturesque driveway one could imagine or desire; now winding up an incline, and around the hills at the water's edge, bordering on a precipice, through a primeval forest, the same wide, smooth, white boulevard, and at every turn the picture changes.

We visited the exhibition grounds, where the world's fair was held two years ago, and highly approved of the policy adopted by the city in building upon the principle of future benefit to its citizens rather than tearing down and destroying the vast structures, leaving not a trace of the loveliness in the shape of broad walks and drives and artificial lakes. The grounds comprised the three hundred and twenty acres that were set aside for the State University, and the buildings left standing are for the use of the students. The great Forestry Building, with its pillars of gigantic Washington fir trees in the rough, is converted into a museum; another is a library, provided with individual desks, each having a shaded electric reading lamp, and as we looked in, there sat students quietly preparing their lessons, with all kinds of reference books at their disposal, which must mean a great assistance.

Yet another building was used for a gymnasium, and entertainment was provided for the young people in much the same form as in the Y.M.C.A. The music hall provides an auditorium for concerts, as also does the great natural amphitheatre with its seats for twenty thousand people for outdoor recitals or discourses. Machinery Hall makes an excellent laboratory for chemical experiments, and electrical training. These buildings, with the dormitories and the residences of the president of the University, which is the "replica of the home of W. Seward," are artistically arranged, rendering the campus a miniature city.

WE chose between rail, tram, and boat, the water route to its rival city, Tacoma, and again was impressed with the broad spaces for streets and private property. There looms "The mountain that was God"—Tacoma, forty miles distant, and let no one be indiscreet enough to mention "Rainier," the name Seattleites give it, for that is a bone of contention which present historians are trying to settle by compromising "Tahoma," one of the names used by the different Indian tribes. On the map at present it is known by the hybrid Rainier—Tacoma, the monarch of the Cascades. One writer thus apostrophizes it:—

"O, rarest miracle of mountain heights,
Thou hast the sky for thy imperial dome,
And dwell'st among the stars all days and nights,
In the far heavens familiarly at home."

We saw in Tacoma the largest stadium in the United States, a veritable Coliseum, built of cement, capable of seating thirty-five thousand people, overlooking the Sound, beautiful in situation, and centrally located.

Two other places we visited across the border were Puyallup and Everett, two "dry" towns of five and thirty-five thousand respectively, and both well satisfied with the dry conditions. The only drawback to the first mentioned is its name, which, it is claimed, cannot be pronounced save by old-timers—Pew-all-up—accent on the second syllable. It is a suburb of Tacoma, connected by street railway, and between the two places there are numerous market gardens, and chicken ranches. Everett is a great lumbering centre, with twenty-five sawmills along the waterfront. Such enormous logs, in the mill yards I never saw! The climate in all these places is ideal, neither extreme heat nor cold.

Back to Vancouver, where the weather redeemed itself, for it was an uninterrupted week of sunshine, enabling us to see to advantage all points of interest, one of which was Capilano. It certainly deserves a trip to see the canyon, and view at close range the majestic scenery of mountain and gorge. To cross the narrow bridge, suspended by cables, the height of mountain above, and depth of chasm below, is something to which tourists aspire, but an experiment better to be avoided by nervous people. As the train pulled out we cast lingering looks at the "Two Lions" crouched in safety on a mountain top, keeping guard over North Vancouver, each with a giant paw stretched out on the snow-clad height. Good-bye Vancouver, city of mountain and beautiful scenery, busy, bustling, delightful place, reaching out to Australia, Japan, and many foreign ports, with a great future ahead, good-bye.

STAY, just one word before we part! Among our fellow travelers we met many who had been over much the same ground as ourselves, so we had common topics for conversation. In discussing the various cities we all agreed with a certain article one of them had read, which pronounced Vancouver the—I will not use the word, but say "smokiest" city of all, and the original word follows. Wherever one goes they are deluged with tobacco smoke. A few seats in the rear of the street car are reserved for smokers. Passengers are required to enter there, pass through the sickening cloud which is wafted forward at every entrance, so that the whole car is practically converted into a smoking room. This was the case in many cars I rode upon, and it reminded me of a controversy that arose in our home city in regard to regulations along that line. Our chief magistrate—all honor to him—in his remarks said: "Any man that cannot refrain from smoking while taking a street car ride deserves to walk." He was right. We are, as a nation, rising to a high platform on the pure air question, and are trying to live outdoors to get the benefits derived therefrom, and everywhere we meet this pollution.

We entered a cafetaria and found ourselves enveloped in smoke. We decamped, because when I eat my meals I want a place as far removed from tobacco smoke as possible. One woman related how she had watched a young man opposite her puff at a cigarette, lay it down, and swallow a few mouthfuls from his plate, then a few more whiffs, saturating his food with the taste and aroma of the weed, evidently to his great satisfaction. What are we coming to? Oh, yes; perhaps I am behind the times in not knowing that this is tolerated in first-class eating houses, both in Canada and the United States, but all the same, I hope Vancouver stands alone in this respect in our fair Dominion.

And women have to endure this! Well, on street cars they do, and on the public highway, but they do not have to remain in eating places where it is allowed. They can refuse to buy a seat in a grand stand, and be suffocated by the vile odors from cigars—by the way, why cannot special stands be erected for those who forget themselves in the presence of women, many of whom are too delicately constituted to swallow second-hand smoke, and for others who cannot live an hour without the eternal pipe in their mouth?

On the C.P.R. boats that run on the small connecting lakes there was solid comfort in this respect. The cabins for ladies and gentlemen were at opposite ends of the boat, and placards outside, midway, reading, "No smoking allowed beyond this notice." Would that such were universal! "Can we smoke in this car?" "No, sah, dere is de smokah," answered the burly porter, so I was free to enjoy my chair in the observation car.

Twice before I have touched on this subject, the second time in response to a letter; now, I will promise—no I will not, for I may get warmed up on the subject again. There seems to be something to fight against always, and when we are through with the liquor curse, we can shoulder arms for the tobacco crusade, for nothing short of legislation will help a city to rise above the debasing effects of habits that should be, but are not, under personal control, inasmuch as they deprive helpless individuals of their rights, and allow the stronger sex to be absolutely selfish, and inconsiderate of women's pleasure in public places. Men's rights as regards smoking in their own homes, is a private affair, and a question they settle for themselves.

HOME by way of Crow's Nest Pass. Don't ever miss it, reader, when you make this trip, as you surely will some day. This is early March, and I can imagine what it will be like three months hence. One night out from Vancouver, and we arrive at Arrowhead, where we take the boat for several hours, making five changes during the day from boat to train and *vice versa,* the last at Nelson, B.C., where we boarded our vessel, and in calm seas, anchored at the dock, slept peacefully until the signal to start at six in the morning was given, and the pulsations of the machinery informed us we were started on our journey through the waters of Kootenay Lake. It made a restful break in the long train trip, and we did not mind the changing in the least, as in every case we stepped from one to the other with porters and waiters to assist with the grips and bandboxes.

Just here it might be in place to tell you that we sent our trunk on ahead containing many things that as I supposed, "went along for the trip." Travel is a great teacher, and this I have learned, and pass it on, that if one goes to the coast to spend the winter, unless intending to visit in the middle provinces, there is no need of fur coats. A long cloth coat with a set of furs is all one requires for the climate there. A sweater coat to wear under the long cloth comes in handy for motoring, or for steamer trips, when sitting outside is enjoyable.

I have often seen the question asked as to what one should carry when traveling. I think I could arrange to go around the world with an extension suit case and a toilet bag. You see, one is on the move, and extra hats and boots and underwear are useless baggage. The first two can be replaced if they fail to last the trip, and one can easily arrange to have clothes laundered as they journey. A cloth suit with several tailored and one fancy waist, an evening gown of silk that does not crush easily; a simple little morning dress, if one intends visiting friends; a kimona, and let this last be of light weight material, preferably soft dark silk. With a few other little accessories, one can do considerable globe-trotting without the inconvenience of a trunk.

AFTER watching the mountains on either side of the train it was a relief to find ourselves on the prairie, and able to see things from the level. But the cold struck a chill after the balmy weather we had been enjoying, and it was comfortable to don the long-rejected fur coats. We made two stops in the prairie cities, and renewed old friendships, spending a delightful week with relatives near Moosejaw. This was a new experience, looking out of the window across miles of level country all covered with white glistening snow. It brought to mind an impression once written me from a friend living her first year in a prairie city, "If I could only command a mountain to rise up, it would be such a relief to the monotony of flatness." As far as the eye could reach in any direction, nothing but the dazzling whiteness, no trees nor shrubs, nothing but a few straw stacks and several houses to break the smooth surface. I can understand how easy it must be to lose one's way on the trackless expanse when caught in a storm, and how lonely for strangers coming to our country, to face week after week of winter snow and sunshine, looking out into space, and listening to the wind sweeping over the broad plain until, as one woman described it, "I felt as though I must shriek in company with the constant sound of the blast."

We have passed Winnipeg, and now the train is rapidly nearing Fort William. Four miles farther on is Port Arthur. These are called the Twin Cities at the head of the lakes, with great elevators and railway terminals. Here is where passengers can again break a train trip, and enjoy a voyage of nearly one thousand miles in majestic steamships, going by C.P.R. to Owen Sound, or to Sarnia by the Canadian Northern route, passing through Sault Ste. Marie, the canals and scenery being well worth seeing. These cities are fair rivals, Fort William boasting a larger population, while Port Arthur has the choicest situation, the former nestling at the foot of Mount McKay, and the latter, from its elevated position, looking across the bay at the Sleeping Giant on Thunder Cape, guarding the harbor entrance.

Icebound still are these prosperous cities, but ere many weeks elapse, the blue cold waters of Lake Superior will dance in the sunlight, and the sound of the boat whistle will be heard in the land, and great freighters will be carrying the millions of tons of wheat in storage to the world's markets, and steamers will be arriving with their cargoes of merchandise and human freight, the bay will be dotted with every design of water craft, and all kinds of business will be set humming.

We find ourselves clasping and buckling the straps on our grips for the last time, the porter gives us our final brush, the train slows up at Port Arthur, and as we draw near to our own door we feel with Farmer John, that "After all, the best of a journey is getting home."

THE NORMAL BABY

By GEORGE E. DAWSON, Ph.D.

GREATER than the conservation of natural resources, greater than the regulation of the trusts, greater than the science and art of flying, greater even than woman suffrage, is the question of the baby. And yet—paradox of paradoxes!—it is just as obviously true that no large section of mankind, nor any considerable number of individual men and women, have yet intelligently and consistently made the baby the chief interest of their lives.

Where is there a civilization whose domestic life, whose government, whose industries, whose culture, have been consciously ordered so as to insure the proper quantity and quality of offspring? How many men and women have yet deliberately and intelligently chosen to be, beyond everything else, good parents? Whose name has ever been inscribed in the Hall of Fame because he or she has contributed to the world a baby, fashioned according to the full measure of love and wisdom?

Nevertheless, the great parental impulse of mankind has always been sound. The baby has been nearest to the heart of the world. All the qualities of life that enter into what we call motherhood and fatherhood have been evoked by the baby, and they must ever be renewed through the mystic process of the generation and birth of children.

If, then, babies in general command the instinctive interests of men, and if

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES

such interests should be rendered more intelligent and effective in conserving the welfare of individuals and society, we may well enlist the aid of science in forming a judgment as to what an average baby should be. A few of the more obvious and best ascertained standards for such a judgment are herewith submitted:

Height and Weight—While the size of a baby varies naturally according to racial and family peculiarities, within these limits it is a very significant measure of vitality. Elements of size, height and weight are the most obvious, as they are probably the most important. The average height of the new-born male child has been generally taken as 19.68 inches, with about one-fifth of an inch less for the female. The average weight of the male child at birth is 7.3 pounds; and of the female, 7.1 pounds. These are standards derived from the authorities of continental Europe.

Warner, an English authority, gives, for English children, a height of 19.34 inches for males, and 18.98 inches for females; and a weight of 7.55 pounds for males, and 7.23 pounds for females. On the other hand, Dr. Holt, one of the best American authorities, gives for American children, a height at birth of 20.6 inches for males, and 20.5 for females; and a weight of 7.55 pounds for males, and 7.16 pounds for females.

The baby grows very rapidly during the first year, increasing in height about 8 inches, and in weight something over 12 pounds. During the first six months the male baby grows nearly 5 inches in height and 8 pounds in weight; and the female baby grows 4.5 inches in height and about 8 pounds in weight.

Growth in height is affected by hereditary influences more than is growth in weight; whereas growth in weight is affected by nutrition and other environmental causes more than is growth in height. Roberts estimates that the baby at birth is about one-sixth of the height it will ultimately attain under good conditions.

Girth and Diameters of Trunk—The baby's development of chest and abdomen is another important measure of its vitality. A large chest indicates a robust child, while a small chest is apt to indicate a delicate one. Dr. Holt gives the average chest girth at birth as 13.4 inches for males, and 13 inches for females; while at six months the corresponding girths are 16.5 inches and 16.1 inches respectively. At birth the diameters of the baby's chest; that is, the breadth and depth, are about the same, giving the chest a roundish appearance. The diameters of the chest of the male child at birth are about 4.3 inches, respectively; and those of the female child, 4.2 inches.

As age advances, the breadth of the chest increases more rapidly than the depth, giving gradually a more elliptical form to the chest. Throughout infancy the girth of the average child's abdomen is about the same as that of the chest. As late as the end of the second year the girths of the chest and the abdomen are often identical, but after that time the chest girth increases much more rapidly. Too great enlargement of the baby's abdomen indicates intestinal disorders, and is especially a symptom of rickets.

Length of Limbs—There is a certain proportion between the limbs and the body, and a certain symmetry of the limbs, that indicates a properly balanced development. At birth the limbs are relatively short in proportion to the trunk. Dr. Holt has found that the legs, measured from the anterior-superior spine (the upper projection of the pelvic bone, on the front side of the body) of the ilium to the sole of the foot, are 43 per cent. of the total length of the body; that is to say, something over 8 inches in length. Whereas at five years they are 54 per cent. or 11 inches in length. Roberts, measuring from the trochanter (the protuberance at the hip joint) to the sole of the foot, estimates the length of the lower limbs at birth as about 7.6 inches on the average; and the upper limbs, measuring from the axilla to the ends of the fingers, as about 8 inches. The lower limbs develop more rapidly than the upper. Thus, in adult life, the arms are four times as long as they are at birth; while the legs are five times as long as they are at birth.

Head Measurements—The size and shape of the head are significant for the general vitality of the baby's life, while for its nervous and mental development they are the most significant criteria we have considered. The head is the largest division of the organism at birth, proportionately. From birth to the completion of full development the head only doubles in height, and less than doubles its dimensions otherwise, while the body as a whole elongates its dimensions three or four times.

The circumference of the head at birth is 13.9 inches for the male child, and 13.5 inches for the female child. This increases to 17 inches and 16.6 inches, respectively, at the end of six months; and to 18 inches and 17.6 inches respectively, at the end of the first year. The breadth of the head at birth is about 3.8 inches, and the length about 4.5 inches, this ratio increasing somewhat as the child grows older.

The divisions of the skull are united by sutures, and these are not commonly ossified before the end of the sixth month, very frequently some mobility being detected at the end of the ninth month. The symmetrical closure of the sutures means a well-shaped head. There are two fontanels, a posterior and an anterior one. The former is usually closed by the end of the second month, while the latter, which is much larger, closes on the average about the eighteenth month. An open fontanel at the end of the second year indicates that the baby's development is not proceeding normally.

This paper has presented only the credentials of the average baby, and that, too, according to the scientist's view of such things. But the limits of variation in the baby world, as fixed by Nature, are wide ones, and so our human standards must needs be flexible. It will not do even for a scientist to

Continued on page 49

Are You Accepting Steamed Beans Thinking They Are Baked?

IT'S only a question of what you want, Madam. Only a question of getting what you ask for.

We have no quarrel with the manufacturer who offers *steamed* beans—or the grocer who sells them—or anyone who wants to buy them.

But the Government insists that there shall be no misrepresentation on the can. Only beans that *are* baked can be labeled "baked." Steamed beans cannot be labeled "baked." To be sure of the kind you are getting, *read the label on the can.*

Heinz Baked Beans

(Oven-Baked)

are the only well-known brand on the market to-day allowed to use the word "baked" on the label. "Heinz" Baked Beans are *really* baked—in great ovens under intense dry heat. They come out brown, mealy and tender—delicious—digestible, and with that real Boston baked bean flavor that cannot be *brought out* by any other than the baking process.

First, last and always, flavor, *flavor*, FLAVOR is the *real* reason for their enormous popularity.

Another thing, "Heinz" Baked Beans have the moisture *baked* out. Boiled and steamed beans have the moisture boiled and steamed *into* them. By actual analysis, "Heinz" Baked Beans contain much less water than boiled and steamed beans—far more nutriment—food value—the quality you pay your money for. So "Heinz" Beans, though they sell at the same price as boiled and steamed beans, are actually *one-fourth cheaper.*

For just these reasons, "Heinz" Baked Beans are the largest selling brand on the market to-day. And, remember, while you pay the same price, the grocer willingly pays a little more for "Heinz" to give you their extra flavor and food value.

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans With Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Plain Baked Pork and Beans (Without Tomato Sauce)

Heinz Vegetarian Baked Beans (Without Pork)

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

Try "Heinz" Baked Beans at our risk. If you don't prefer them to any other you have ever eaten your grocer will refund full purchase money.

H. J. Heinz Company—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

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CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

TORONTO, CAN.

Head Office . TORONTO

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS
$6,800,000

TOTAL ASSETS
$52,000,000

An Account for Two or More Persons

A joint account may be opened by two or more persons, and it may be agreed that any one of the depositors may draw on the account. This privilege is a boon to travelers or people away from home frequently. Should any one of the parties to the agreement die, the survivor may obtain all moneys in the account on their own cheques without any expense or delay.

The Traders Bank

of Canada

INCORPORATED 1885

113 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

MOTHERS' DAY

Celebrated the Second Sunday in May

THE wonderful growth of Mother's Day in Canada is shown by the following clippings taken from a few of the daily papers in Canada last May:

The celebration of yesterday as Mother's Day was a popular movement. —*Winnipeg Free Press.*

Mother's Day was generally observed throughout the city yesterday, in common with all of the large cities throughout the continent, and wherever people went the majority of them were wearing the white flower for mother's memory.—*Montreal Witness.*

Mother's Day was marked by reference in many of the city pulpits and the custom is evidently growing in favor.—*St. John's Telegraph.*

For the first time in Hamilton's history, Mother's Day was quite generally observed yesterday. Almost every one on the streets in the morning wore flowers.—*Hamilton Times.*

Mother's Day is to be celebrated in New Westminster if the ambitions of those behind the movement are realized. —*Vancouver Province.*

The Mother's Day celebration in Montreal yesterday was largely observed, many hundreds of people wearing white flowers.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Seven hundred and forty-four children and their parents listened to an address (on Mother's Day) on "What We Owe to Mothers." Both children and older auditors wore white flowers. —*Toronto Globe.*

Mayor Hopewell has issued a proclamation asking citizens generally to observe Sunday as Mother's Day and signify they are doing so by wearing the white flower. * * * Last year the Y.M.C.A. took an active part in the observation and will do so again this year.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

At the opening of the meeting of the common council yesterday afternoon, Mayor Frink said his attention had been called to the fact that to-morrow was being observed in many cities by the wearing of the white flower in honor of mothers. * * * He asked the press representatives to call attention to the observation.—*St. John's.*

Two years ago the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL co-operated with the founder of Mother's Day movement, Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, to make the movement better known in Canada.

Mayors of cities, ministers, publishers and other prominent persons have assisted in making known the objects of the movement, and it is expected that on Sunday, May 12th, every person in Canada will unite in honoring the best mother that ever lived, their mother.

Public opinion prevails that Mother's Day has become national and international in three years simply because some one happened to suggest it, and the idea proved popular; that it is like Christmas, Easter, Fourth of July, Memorial Day and Thanksgiving Day, requiring no personal endeavor or funds. It should be remembered that all of these holidays have had the church or nation behind them to crystallize sentiment into observance.

Mother's Day has not had these forces. No public funds have ever been contributed. Not even stamped envelopes have been sent to answer letters or for information requested. All of the expense, as well as the labor (which has required working from May to May) has been borne by the founder.

But now, because of the great growth of the movement, the burden has become too heavy for one person, and the Mother's Day International Association will assume a share of it, with the founder as its president.

Through members in other lands it is expected that Mother's Day will become universal in observance.

The Mother's Day International Association should become the largest in the world, because you and every worthy man, woman and child of a mother-loving heart are eligible to membership.

Some of the largest organizations of the country are interested in the Mother's Day movement, as well as live governors, mayors and men of international prominence here and abroad.

Mother's Day is for everybody, and it is desired that it have the interest of all fraternal, military, business, social, civic, educational and other organizations, as well as all persons who honor the home, or a mother.

Like all good things, Mother's Day has its imitators, who endeavor to start "varieties" of it, and use its plans and methods. If such persons better understood the movement, they would know the day very fully embraces all they are seeking to establish, and that they should not trespass, if they are really acting in good faith, to give the people something new.

Mother's Day is in no way connected with any woman's organization, notwithstanding impression has been given to that effect.

WEAR AN EMBLEM.

Every person is asked to wear a white carnation—or his or her mother's favorite flower—on Mother's Day, as a filial honor badge.

If possible, send, in a mother's name, the "memory" flower (or, better still, some needed comfort) to the shut-in in a sick room, hospital, orphanage, home for the aged or incurable, or to some one else with whom a little joy goes a long way. It may set the blood tingling in the veins of some one you think has no heart, and who may think you have none.

THE CHOSEN FLOWER.

The white carnation is the chosen emblem of the day, because it may be thought to typify some of the virtues of motherhood. Its whiteness stands for purity; its form, beauty; its fragrance, love; its wide field of growth, charity; its lasting qualities, fidelity.

In selecting the white carnation as the Mother's Day emblem, it was not a matter of choosing the choicest flower, but a purely white flower and one not now used by any nation as a national flower, or any of our states as a state flower.

It seems strange a flower so beautiful and popular as the white carnation should not have been thus used.

That it is, and has been, a favorite flower in many countries is attested by its sale in the streets of cities in Europe, and by its reproduction in works of art of almost every character found in European museums. One notable reproduction is on Napoleon's desk in the Louvre in Paris; another on an old vase in the Capitoleum museum in Rome; another on some very old Turkish plates of centuries back.

A clever florist has endeavored to make the Mother's Day emblem "red flower for the living" and "white flower for the dead." It is a mistake for any one to accept such a suggestion.

It is not intended that the honor badge of Mother's Day be a mourning badge through any such distinction. The emblem of Mother's Day is the white carnation.

THE TIME FOR OBSERVANCE.

The time of observance of Mother's Day is the second Sunday of May—a fixed time rather than a fixed date.

OBSERVANCE.

The manner of observing Mother's Day is left to every one's own heart in the injunction:

"Live this day as your mother would have you live it."

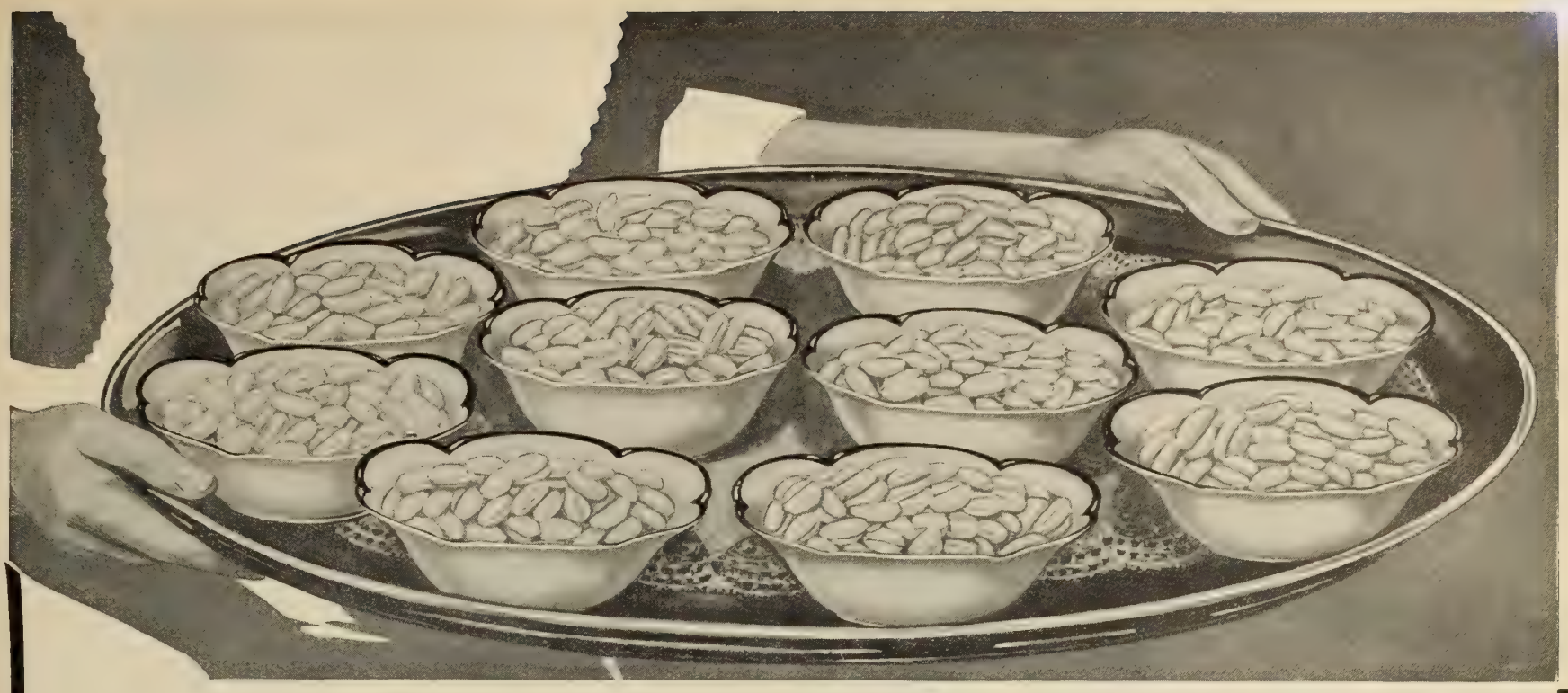
Don't try to be "an earthly saint," but just the "big boy" or "girl" your mother believes you are.

If possible, have your mother and father as your guests of honor this Mother's Day, or go home and visit in a way which will make this a day of pleasure to them.

If you can not do this, through letter, message or gift, stamp the day with kindness.

If this is "a memorial day" to you, reverence it as such in your own best way—it is not for any one to tell how.

"The observance of Mother's Day appeals to all social, fraternal, civil, military and religious organizations alike; to him who has missed life's crowning joy, the tender ministrations of a mother's love, no less than to the one who has derived the elements of a noble character from the maternal care bestowed in childhood."



Ten Dishes Free

To Every Reader of This Magazine

Pay Nothing at All

The coupon we print here will buy from your grocer one 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. We pay the grocer for it.

This offer is made—for this time only—so every home may know this food delight.

One package means ten big dishes. Serve them in several ways.

Then none at your table will ever forget these crisp, enticing grains.

These Curious Creations

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are curious foods. One never saw anything like them.

The grains are eight times normal size.

Each grain is filled with a myriad cells, caused by the steam explosion.

Each cell is surrounded by toasted walls, crisped by terrific heat.

So these thin-walled grains, while nut-like, melt like snowflakes in the mouth.

Breakfast Dishes

Which Taste Like Toasted Nuts

These crisp, brown grains taste much like toasted nuts.

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream. Or mix them with berries, to give a nut-like blend.

Girls use them in candy making, in place of nuts.

Boys eat them like peanuts, when at play.

Chefs use them to give a nut-like garnish to ice cream. Also in frosting cake.

In all these ways the nutty flavor gives a keen delight.

"The Good-Night Dish"

For luncheons or suppers—between meals, or bedtime—serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

The grains are crisper than crackers. They are four times as porous as bread.

They are whole-grain foods. And never before were cereals made so digestible.

A tempting, ever-ready dish that doesn't tax the stomach.

A hundred times this summer you will want to serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Prof. Anderson's Invention Foods Shot From Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are scientific foods.

Their inventor is Prof. A. P. Anderson. He spent seven years in working out this process.

The grains are sealed up in great bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grains to steam, and creates tremendous pressure.

Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. All the food granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size, yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

The result is these crisp, gigantic grains, honeycombed with countless cells.

Never before were grains made so digestible—never so delicious as these.

Good for 15 Cents

At Your Grocer's

Take this coupon to your grocer and he will give you, at our expense, a full-size package of Puffed Rice.

The price of this package is 15 cents, which we pay the grocer for it. The package to you is entirely free.

Accept this offer in fairness to yourself. It means a ten-meal treat. You will never forget the delight of them.

Cut out this coupon now. Lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

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Sign and Present to Your Grocer

Good in Canada or United States only

This Certifies that my grocer this day accepted this coupon as payment in full for a 15 cent package of Puffed Rice

To the Grocer

We will remit you 15 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Peterborough, Ont.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Dated 1912

This coupon not good if presented after June 25th, 1912
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

NOTE—No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

15 Cent Coupon

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers — Peterborough, Ont.

260

In My Lady's Garden for 1912

CONSULTING EDITORS:
MISS M. E. BLACKLOCK AND MR. A. B. CUTTING, B.S.A.

(Dates of planting, when mentioned, are for Toronto and vicinity. Allowances must be made for local differences in climate)

LIMITATIONS IN TOWN FRUIT GROWING

By ALEX. McNEILL
Chief of the Fruit Division, Ottawa

THE city or town gardener is under many limitations, most of which in the last analysis get back to the limitation of space. He is limited in his ground room, limited in his air space, limited in sunshine, and these limitations ramify in many directions.

As a partial remedy for the lack of surface space, the city gardener will make his garden space as deep as possible. If roots have moisture and plant food, it is astonishing how they may be crowded, and since the streets are usually well drained by sewers, the owner of a city lot can usually deepen his soil far beyond that of the ordinary cultivator.

Wherever the surface space is limited, it will pay to indulge in the Old Country method of trenching the soil. This consists in digging a trench along, we will say, the back end of the lot, throwing the surface soil to one side so that it is not covered with the sub-soil; then proceed to take a second spading at the bottom of this trench, but turn it over as one would in digging an ordinary garden, without raising it to the top.

Of course, some old-fashioned gardeners insist that it pays even to take a second spade trenching of sub-soil and treat it in this way. If so, this simply means leaving room to the right to take the first spading of sub-soil to the surface. The sub-soil at the bottom of the trench is then loosened as in ordinary digging, and a layer of coarse manure can be put on top of it with good effect.

In starting the second trench the surface soil will be thrown far enough to cover the first spading of sub-soil taken out. Of course, the spadings will thus go on methodically, so that the sub-soil will be thoroughly loosened for about two to two and one-half feet down, and manure, even very coarse manure, can be conveniently worked into the sub-soil, and whatever rotted manure can be obtained can be worked in with the surface soil. A town plot so worked will be in excellent shape to produce four or five times as much as ground treated in the ordinary way.

The market gardeners in the suburbs of Paris, France, each cultivating from one to two and one-half acres, treat practically the whole of their ground in this way. Of course, they keep something growing on this high-priced and intensely cultivated soil from the earliest moment in spring until it is frozen in the fall, and get enormous crops.

It is not yet sufficiently recognized, even by market gardeners, that more depends upon keeping the proper mechanical texture of the soil than upon enriching the land. Consequently, the limitations of space can be further overcome by constant cultivation. The city dweller who would like to have the most succulent of vegetables and the most vigorous flowers will find that even a slight raking of the soil about his plants each day will yield excellent results.

Whether the cultivation should be deep or shallow will vary, of course, with the particular plants, but speaking generally, two or three inches is as deep as cultivation should go generally, and for many plants an inch is quite deep enough if the cultivation is frequent.

No need of vegetation is more urgent than water. There must be neither too much water nor too little. The proper quantity is just what a thoroughly-tile drained piece of soil will contain five hours after a soaking rain. It will be found that in thoroughly loosened soil, finely divided, every particle of soil will retain by capillary attraction just the proper quantity of water to enable the roots to exercise their proper functions. It is much better to retain the ground water by surface cultivation at frequent intervals than to attempt to supply it by means of the hose.

The too-frequent application of water from the hose is a besetting sin with many city gardeners. Such a way of supplying moisture is almost certain to leave the soil in a bad mechanical condition. Instead of being friable and open, with hygroscopic water about every grain of soil, the soil is apt to be run together in soggy, heavy masses. However, it is necessary to use the hose at intervals. Where this is to be done it is better to imitate, in a small way, the irrigation methods of the arid regions, that is, make trenches at not too great a distance apart, and allow water to run into these trenches, and soak gradually on each side until the earth is thoroughly saturated. If possible, arrange the water so as to have the whole soil saturated at about the same time. Watch the ground carefully after this thorough soaking, and as soon as it can be worked without "puddling" or running the soil together in waxy masses, cultivate the whole surface thoroughly, and continue this cultivation at frequent intervals. That can hardly be too often until the ground is quite dry, when it will require another watering. There could hardly be a worse practice than sprinkling the surface of a garden with the hose. Complete saturation is almost impossible, and the water is put where it can do the least good and the most harm.

THE LIMITATION OF SUNSHINE.

The next—and a most serious limitation—is the limitation of sunshine. No matter how rich and well-watered the soil may be, a healthy, vigorous growth cannot be obtained without exposure to sunshine, and here the skill of the gardener may be shown in so training his plants and thinning and arranging them that every glint of sunshine will be utilized upon a green leaf. Every useless obstruction that casts a shadow will be removed. Dead and dying leaves will be taken off, excrescent growths will be cut away, and all imperfect specimens will be discarded as soon as their imperfections are discovered so that they will not be occupying the root space or taking the sunshine from plants of value.

Much may be done to utilize sunshine in training vinelike plants upon vacant wall and fence spaces. It is astonishing how large a yield of tomatoes may be grown from a few plants, placed even a few inches apart in the earth, but whose stems are skilfully trained to a wall, fence or trellis in such a way as not to shade each other or other plants.

I have known the roof of a lean-to kitchen being utilized for trellis space for grape vines The whole roof space was occupied with trellises, and these were covered with luxuriant vines, bearing large quantities of fruit. The single stem occupied practically no space, running down from the earth, and flowers and vegetables were grown over the whole surface below where grew the roots of the grape vine. It made a pretty arrangement, and in point of economy of space was certainly a triumph.

LIMITATIONS IN VARIETIES.

A limitation of another sort is in varieties, whether it be fruits or flowers. If the space will not permit everything one would wish, by all means make the selection that will give you what you cannot buy. If the climate will permit you to grow peaches, and you have room only for a single tree, by all means grow a Mountain Rose or a Champion, and buy your common sorts on the market.

So with strawberries, grow for quality rather than quantity. The market gardener will supply you with the coarser sorts, the only ones that are profitable for him, but you will find it impossible to buy the tender, high-flavored varieties, and hence must grow them if you have them at all.

So, too, with certain flowers. The florist can only deal in florist flowers, or those that will hold up well to stand the hardships of being exposed for sale. You can grow the fragile, delicate, beautiful things that money cannot buy.

The city dweller who has a lot large enough for one apple tree has a source of pleasure that few of the uninitiated can appreciate. He has the possibilities in that one tree of a delightful succession of fruits, from the earliest Yellow Transparent to the late Northern Spy. The one tree with a little care will give him Duchess, Gravenstein, Primate, Fameuse, St. Lawrence, McIntosh Red and as many more varieties as his fancy will suggest if he will but learn the simple art of grafting and employ it judiciously. I have seen as many as forty different varieties of apples growing on one tree, and one tree properly managed will grow apples enough for the immediate consumption of one family. The cooking varieties and winter fruit, of course, will be purchased.

Limitations of a different sort might be provided for, but this would take me too far afield. For instance, the city gardener will quite frequently want to take a holiday, and this imposes a limitation. If a garden is left for two or three weeks, the owner may return to find it almost ruined with weeds, drought and lack of cultivation; yet even here a judicious selection of varieties and a careful planning of the dates at which the sowings of seeds are made and a final clean-up, will often work wonders. Things may be so arranged that nothing material arrives at maturity during the holiday. Such flowering plants will be selected as will flower before and after this period, and in other ways the holiday may be provided for.

One other limitation I might mention—not for the purpose, however, of assuming to suggest how it may be effectively met. That, I fear, would involve another and a longer paper. I refer to the limitation placed upon the town gardener by the average town boy. I very willingly take refuge in the convenient subterfuge that I lack space to deal with this subject. I cannot resist, however, suggesting that education will go further than harshness, and a well-timed exchange of confidences, a few ripe apples and an odd bouquet will do more than a policeman's club. A fence is no use; it only serves as a convenient ladder. To attempt to guard our treasures by watching them is a task beyond human endurance.

I know of only one efficient remedy, and that is the formation of a juvenile fruit and flower guild. Catch the worst offender by means of an initiation into the mystic circle of youthful horticulturists, make him president of the guild, and spend a few evenings after office hours in showing them how in their own back yards they can grow beautiful and luscious things, and the problem is practically solved, and in the meantime you will acquire a new interest in life, and will begin to think that this old world is not so bad after all.

FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE PLANTS IN BEDS OF VARIOUS DESIGNS
Corner of grounds of Mr. A. Joyce, Ontremount, near Montreal.

Raspberry Culture

By W. G. HORNE

SOME varieties of raspberries can to some extent be grown on nearly all kinds of soil. The Marlboro and Herbert varieties are suitable particularly for medium heavy soils, and the Cuthbert variety for the lighter soils. The Cuthbert is the all-round best one, especially for quality. It has never been excelled so far in this respect. The fruit should be gathered each alternate day to have it at its best. This variety will do very well on very light sandy soil.

The planting of the raspberry can be done either in the spring or late fall. If in the spring, do it as early as possible for best results. Watch the roots for "anthracnose" disease, and discard affected plants. I prefer planting the young summer shoots. Showery weather is necessary to give success with this planting. A good distance is six feet by three feet in the rows. Cultivate thoroughly, and up to time for gathering the fruit.

Cut out the old canes as soon as possible, after fruiting is over. Cut down your canes in the spring to about four feet. Thin out all weak canes, and leave from three to five of the healthiest in the hill for cropping.

HARDY PHLOXES

By M. E. BLACKLOCK

THE hardy phlox (*Phlox paniculata* syn. *decussata*), and its hybrids, is one of the most useful, easily grown and showy perennials in existence, and its hardiness is indisputable. We should be very grateful to the hybridists who took the phlox in hand and who have given to us the brilliant colors, immense trusses and the huge individual flowers of the present varieties.

No two people would agree as to which are the best twelve phloxes, but in every "best dozen," Comte von Hochberg is conceded to be *the* best deep crimson. It is a magnificent color, dark, rich and velvety, and has a large flower and good truss. A mass of it would be a glorious sight.

Another that is nearly always included in these lists is R. P. Struthers; it is generally described as "rosy carmine" in the catalogues, but to me that always *sounds* like a color with magenta in it, and R.P.S. has not the faintest trace of magenta. I should call it a deep salmony-rose. It has all the glare and self-assertiveness of the salmon-pink-colored things, and there is the same difficulty about getting it to harmonize with other

DWARF PHLOX HERMOINE

colors, but nevertheless, it is a beauty. It has large flowers, a great spreading truss, and splendid blooming qualities, beginning early and lasting, if the old bloom is cut off, until frost. In masses it is brilliant to a fault.

Pantheon, a rose pink. is a general favorite. It has neither magenta nor salmon to mar the beauty of its color, and is a lovely soft shade with large flowers. A new one named Rijnstroom is said to be an improvement on Pantheon, with blooms "larger than a silver dollar," but until it gets a little cheaper Pantheon will probably still hold its own.

The most vivid rose-pink that I have come across is almost overlooked by the compilers of best dozens—it is Wolfgang von Goethe. It is a peculiar and very lovely shade, and has a large white eye. Mine has not been a very free bloomer, and this *may* explain its absence from most lists, but probably its position, under a plum tree, where the chances are that it is not sufficiently well nourished, may explain this deficiency.

Coquelicot, with comparatively small flowers, has reigned for many years as *the* fiery scarlet, but the florists tell us that it is likely to be deposed. New aspirants for its throne are Siebold, "brighter in color and a stronger grower"; George A. Strohlein, scarlet-orange with "extra large flowers in huge clusters"; and Baron van Dedem, "glistening scarlet blood-red with immense flowers and trusses."

Another intensely brilliant one is General van Hentsz; it is described as "salmon-red, with a white eye," and occupies a conspicuous place amongst the new varieties. Mine could not have been true to name, as it had a mauve eye, but it was a magnificent variety, nevertheless.

As to the best tall white, there seems to be much diversity of opinion. F. G. von Lassburg, Frau Antoine Buchner, and Mrs. Jenkyns are all so superlatively good that, when seen growing close together, it is very difficult to choose between them.

Of the dwarf whites, Hermoine is charming, though few of the authorities rave over it. It is from twelve to fifteen inches in height, and is one solid mass of bloom, the individual flowers being large, and of snowy whiteness, and its lasting qualities are wonderful. White Lady is also a beauty, with immense flowers, larger than those of Hermoine, but the trusses are not so large. Tapis Blanc, the shortest of all, said to be only from six to eight inches high, and to have the largest individual flowers of any white phlox, seems to be the favorite dwarf white, and is very useful as an edging to a bed of the taller varieties. The only colored dwarf variety that I have tried is J. L. Temple, a lovely pure pink, which makes an excellent companion for Hermoine, being about the same height.

To return to the tall ones again. Selma is a lovely soft pink, with a large crimson centre, and is quite different from the ordinary one on that account. It is on most lists, and is deserving of the honor. Of white varieties with large crimson eye, Henri Murger still holds its own, though there are rivals in the field that may yet oust it, such as Bridesmaid and Josephine Gerbeaux. Charles Pfister, soft rose; and Lady Molly, ditto, both with white centres, are very beautiful and desirable varieties, with large flowers. L'Aiglon, a rose pink, is another delightful variety, with a lighter halo round the eye. These three I marked in Barr's catalogue as being particularly good when going over their enormous block of phloxes at their Surbiton nurseries in 1910.

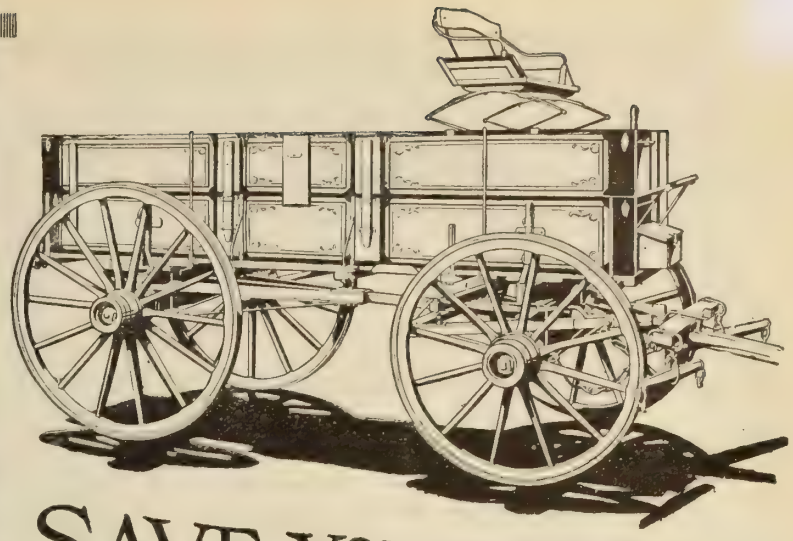
There is a rich rose that is frankly of a magenta tint, that I have had under three different names—Jourdain, Eclaireur, and Edmond Rostand. If they are not identical they are so much alike that no ordinary mortal could detect any difference. The color is soft and beautiful, with a large eye extending into a halo of a very much paler tint. The flowers are very large, and so are the trusses. There are some others of the magenta-pink type that harmonize with the magenta-crimson. Crepuscle, with enormous mauve-pink, crimson-edged flowers, is one of them, and it is a phlox of renown. Canadian Beauty, with very large lovely flowers of soft, luminous, mauve-pink and large white eye, is another, and it is a particularly fine variety. If Antonin Mercie, another beauty that I fell in love with at Barr's, a soft rose-lilac with large white eye, would harmonize with these, one could form a very charming group of them alone, but they must be separated from the rose, salmon and scarlet varieties by a plentiful use of white, or there would be a terrible discord.

Eugene Dauzauvilliers, one of the most refined and beautiful of phloxes, is farther away from the magenta-mauve and is more of a heliotrope; its white eye is so large that it has more the effect of a white flower edged with heliotrope.

Mme. Paul Dutrie has not flowered for me yet, but if it is half as lovely as the description, "delicate lilac-rose, like a soft pink orchid," it must be a most fascinating variety. Needless to say, it is on many lists of "best dozens."

NOTES ON CULTURE.

The cultivation of the phlox is simple if you will remember these few rules: It likes deep, rich soil, with plenty of water in the growing season. One authority says that to dig out the soil two feet deep, and put in *one foot* of well-decomposed manure, and fill up with alternate layers of good top soil and manure, is the correct thing to do. I have never tried quite such rich soil as this, and would be a little afraid of making my plants dyspeptic from overfeeding, but they may be equal to the task of assimilating it; if so, there certainly should be fine flowers from such



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liberal feeding. Young plants give the finest flowers. In England they frequently use plants of *one* stem only for beds, planting them out about a foot apart, and carpeting the ground around them with some low-growing plant with flowers of a contrasting color; the size of the trusses and of the individual flowers is enormous when treated this way; they use all of the same variety to a bed, of course. This is too formal a method of gardening for my taste, but it certainly shows what a phlox can be made to do when young plants are used.

No phlox should remain undivided for longer than two or three years, or both flowers and trusses will diminish greatly in size, the shoots crowding each other out. October is the best month for dividing and transplanting though this may be done in spring, but to be successful then it should be done very early, as the phlox makes its way up almost as soon as the snow goes, and the more nearly dormant it is the better it will grow when transplanted.

If the dead flower heads are cut off as soon as the first crop of bloom is over, a second lot will take its place, and the plants will flower more or less until cut down by frost.

Home Adornment

By J. McPHERSON ROSS

NOW that spring is here it is time to look after the ornamental part of our home adornment. Our lawn will need attention by top dressing with some fertilizing material, and if any bare spots occur, re-sod them. If your lawn is of a size to permit it, a few trees judiciously dotted here and there would improve it. Never plant one in the centre or between the window and the street; you must never obstruct the view either way.

A most beautiful tree for lawn decoration is the cut-leaf weeping birch. The mountain ash is another. We do not appreciate the mountain ash as we should. A compact tree of graceful fern-like foliage, with abundant fragrant blossoms in spring, followed by scarlet berries in the late summer, nothing can be more attractive or showy; planted in conjunction with silver birch and a few Norway spruce, they make a charming group, effective and striking. This tree is subject to the attacks of bark louse, so prevalent on apple trees. An emulsion of kerosene and soap, syringed freely about the 1st of June, will generally destroy this pest, as that is the time it hatches out and travels over to locate itself in the young growth. This advice applies to other trees, such as thorns and fruit trees, which it infests.

Amongst the shrubs will be found suitable places to plant some desirable perennials or herbaceous plants. For masses of color nothing can be easier grown than a good collection of hardy phlox. A few hollyhocks grouped together and a clump of gladioli are exceedingly showy. The funkia, or day lily, is a most useful and decorative plant, and serves to form a good margin or bold edging to finish a border of shrubs and herbaceous plants or act as a division between the lawn and shrubbery.

Another favorite flower is the paeonia, and, most effective as single plants or grouped in beds on large lawns. A bed of paeonies margined with the lemon day lily (*Hemerocallis flava*) is most effective.

Good combinations can be made of annuals and perennials to keep up a successive show of flowers all the summer. We have so many to suit our fancy that it is a good plan to give a certain plant the dominant decorative figure for one season and another the next year. We are glad to notice the interest gardening has now with the public; they appreciate better its true value and all of us welcome the change.

After the seeds are sown we must keep careful watch and be ready with the hoe to loosen the soil and to kill the weeds. Thin out the plants when too thick. Have the watering pot handy or the hose, to water when things become too dry. Watch for the insects, and sprinkle with hellebore, Paris green, tobacco water or soapsuds.

We cannot too strongly urge the use of the hardy perennials, amongst which we select delphinium, phlox, paeonies, rudbeckias, iris, Oriental poppy, achillea and columbine. In planting those intended for ornament, avoid straight rows; group the plants in colonies or families where possible, and vary the outline of your border. Low-growing, free-flowering plant, such as lobelia and sweet alyssum make capital edging to flower beds composed of nasturtiums, geraniums, petunias, etc. Beds for conspicuous places may be made circular with the central plants, cannas or castor oil plant, next a ring of caladiums, then *Coleus verchifelti* or *C. perilla,* then a ring of scarlet geranium, a ring of blue ageratum and completed with an edge of alyssum, centaurea or graphalium. For smaller beds a pleasing effect is made by planting pink geraniums edged by alyssum.

The public can now see how much they have missed in the past, what they might have been enjoying all along, such as tastefully laid-out home grounds with verdant lawns surrounded with borders of beautiful flowering shrubs, and beds of fragrant beautiful flowers, kitchen gardens filled with choice fruit and vegetables, porches and verandas covered with climbing roses, clematis, honeysuckle, trellises filled with luscious grapes, and all produced with but little labor.

Saving Aster Seed

By MAX MOINEAU

MY interest in asters began years ago, when I bought my first variety of seed from a reliable grower. Since then I have saved my own seed, with excellent results, but only from flowers that particularly please me. I select a few of my very best blooms, strip the plants of all but three or four buds, and cover with cheesecloth to prevent cross-fertilization by insects. The flower attains full development before the pollen is ripe, and I can easily pass judgment upon it before there is danger of accidental cross-fertilization.

If I wish to cross a variety, I cover the two selected for the purpose, and when the anthers burst to shed their pollen, I use a camel's hair brush, filling it with the pollen of one flower and dusting it over the stigma of the other; the one I have crossed I keep covered with cheesecloth. Ninety-five per cent. of my flowers come true, and I have originated several varieties which I consider as fine as any that I have seen. The reason that I do not secure an hundred per cent. of true flowers is due to the Mendelian theory of reversion. But this would lead us into a lengthy theoretical discussion, and I shall not touch upon it. Suffice it to say that my method has produced the finest seed that I have ever seen, and it stands to reason that it should. Under a reading glass I select only those seeds that are the best developed. I leave my seed flower upon the stock until it has thoroughly ripened, and dry enough to fall loose at the mere touch of the finger.

After selecting the seed I place them in envelopes, which I mark with a description of the flower, and date of the year it was grown. I also mark the seed flower with a wooden label upon which is a description of the flower, and if crossed, with a description of the two flowers.

My experience has taught me to use only last year's seed. Those which are more than a year old will not give satisfaction, and some will not grow at all. I have learned this from actual experience. I maintain that if one is careful enough he can have finer seeds, and better flowers from his own collection than can be secured from many of those that he buys. I have bought seeds, which, from a whole package have produced only six or seven plants, and perhaps only one of them true to type.

I have practised saving my own seed for several years, and whenever I cover the flower in time, I have not been disappointed. This covering must be done before the pollen ripens, or it will be of no avail.

For amateurs I am an advocate of saving seed from the best of their favorites, but I would not confine them to this method alone. Look the catalogues over for the latest novelties, secure only the best from the most reliable growers, and study the improvement, by cross-fertilization, of old favorites. Herein lies the greatest fascination.

There is a long list of plants which can be used for hedges where one merely wants a line of demarcation between sidewalk and lawn or in the garden, or a screen not growing more than six or eight feet high. Of all the plants used for this purpose, we believe the Van Houtte's spiraea is the best. We have seen several hedges of this plant that made an effectual screen for the back yard, and when they were in bloom they were a beautiful sight to behold.

LOVELIEST OF SUNFLOWERS

By M. E. BLACKSTOCK

HANDSOME perennial sunflowers are fairly numerous. Nearly everyone is familiar with the very double one known as the "dahlia sunflower" (*Helianthus multiflorus plenus*), and there are other hybrids of *H. multiflorus,* Meteor, Soliel d'or, Bouquet d'or, etc., differing

LOVELIEST OF THE SUNFLOWERS

only slightly in either color, size or shape from the type, and all handsome in a prim, stiff way. But the most beautiful of the sunflowers to my mind is the one illustrated—is it Miss Mellish?

The authorities at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, on being sent a spray in bloom and asked if it were the hybrid of *H. rigidus,* known as Miss Mellish, replied that they saw no reason why it should not be that variety, but they did not say absolutely that it was. Kelway's catalogue describes Miss Mellish as having "semi-double

SPRAY OF SAND SUNFLOWERS

flowers with very long petals of golden yellow," which is an excellent description of this flower. Barr also calls it semi-double, with very large flowers, but of bright orange yellow. The other English catalogues are silent on the question as to whether it is single or double. The American catalogues of both Dreer and Farr expressly state that Miss Mellish is a single variety. This is a case of doctors disagreeing. Nevertheless, I pin my faith to the English florists, as it most likely originated in England, and it may be possible that seed, and not plants, were first imported to the United States. We all know how disappointingly often the seed of double flowers will produce single-flowering plants, and the descriptions of plants, as a rule, are so meagre that it is quite impossible to identify them by it, and the United States florists may have thought the single one was true.

The Care of Shrubs

By R. L. CANNING

IN the spring examine each shrub, and cut away dead wood, or prune any branch that needs it. If any shrubs are dead replace them at once before the hot, drying suns and winds arrive, and while the soil is cool and moist. A good plan is to top-dress or mulch with stable manure, or even short straw, any newly-planted shrubs, and this will save lots of labor in the summer with the hose, as it assists to prevent excessive evaporation.

The flowering shrubs probably were badly hurt this past winter through the intense cold and I fear that the hydrangeas suffered badly. Carefully examine them, cut away any dead wood, and if the tips are dead, prune hard, so as to get them to start strong from the base, and form a good head. If any are dead, replace as soon as possible. If the new ones are large specimens, secure them with a stake and make them firm.

All flowering shrubs, such as duetzias, Japanese lilacs, hydrangeas, spireas, mock orange;, bush honeysuckle and others, will be greatly improved by attention during the growing season. Stimulants can be given, such as liquid manure, sheep manure or any other manure which can be obtained at the seed stores. The better the wood this year the better the flowers next year.

There are lots of little things the amateur can do to help his shrubs grow. The grass from the lawn forms a splendid manure, the wood ashes from the summer stove judiciously applied, are excellent, and the soap suds from the domestic washtub once a week is hard to equal.

The Lemon Verbena

By C. M. BEZZO

THIS is a half hardy shrub, which grows about two feet high with numerous branches which terminate in a pyramid of white bloom. But it is grown chiefly for the delicious fragrance of its leaves, the green sprays of which render it most acceptable for bouquets and other cut flower decorations.

Sow the seed in a warm sunny window or a cold frame, or in the open ground, when the trees are out in full leaf. Plants started in the house should be grown singly in flower pots from the time they are large enough to transplant from the seed box until time for planting in the open ground when all danger of frost is past, setting the plants two feet apart.

Plants may be taken up in the fall and if planted in boxes and kept dormant in a warm cellar, will be ready to plant out again the following spring.

After having all but disappeared from the old gardens, the everlasting pea (*Lathyrus latifolius*) is making its way slowly into the new ones. It is an admirable climber for the garden gate, wall or fence, and it will do for a low cottage porch, as it easily will run up eight feet in good soil. Generally speaking, however, it is not at all particular as to soil, and it may be said of it that it will grow anywhere. It is particularly valuable for planting among rocks, on banks and in low ground.

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Muskoka is rapidly being adopted by nature lovers from all parts of the continent. The opportunity that is offered here may never be duplicated, and any one thinking of establishing a summer home in ideal natural surroundings will be well advised to write for further information to.

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Gladioli—Why and How I Grow Them

By H. H. GROFF

AFTER a more extensive experience than that which falls to the lot of the average amateur who follows intensive horticultural practice for personal satisfaction and love of the beautiful, and after having built and pulled down $2,000 worth of hot, cool and propagating houses, the accumulation of an interested experience, twenty years ago I concentrated all my attention and activity on the one and most beautiful flower possible of general cultivation throughout the civilized world, the gladiolus.

There is no flower of such easy cultivation that has such a full and complete range of color, not only the primary whites, reds, blues and yellows, but an absolutely limitless range of combinations of all of these in endless variation and ever increasing quality and beauty far beyond the power of human mental conception.

If I am able to make this claim after the extended experience of many years spent in critical investigation of the world's best quality, and after having produced for distribution over half a million distinct varieties, with many thousands more of varieties not yet disseminated, it surely is worth considering and proving by every grower of flowers who may desire the greatest satisfaction and delight.

There is much to learn by experience as to the influence of your soil and location on the plant of my choice. Not only this, but it is desirable that we understand the influence of various and diverse seasons on those varieties grown, for the reason that each season will affect a variety more or less favorably, according to the character and condition of the soil and situation in which we place it.

The influence of hot and dry conditions on warm and well drained soils is directly opposite that of those grown in cool, moist locations. The same variety grown under these decidedly diverse conditions will be almost impossible of recognition by the untrained grower.

For this reason, assuming that the season is one of normal extremes of heat and drought, certain varieties, if planted early and matured during such a period, will not produce characteristic flowers. The effect on variegated and striped types of any and all shades and colors, is to intensify and spread the darker shading without exception. Late planting and later harvesting is the only remedy for this natural effect of a natural cause. This influence, however, has its compensations, for all dark and highly colored types give a most attractive intensity when grown in full exposure to the light and heat with limited moisture in the soil.

It is for the foregoing reasons that I say you must fully inform yourself as to the environment in which your gladioli are grown, if you desire to control their development on preferred lines.

The influence of the best conditions for the production of the most beautiful flowers, is not the most beneficial for the strength and vigor of the plant and corm. The gratifying result in increased beauty and coloring of the flower, however, compensates for this commendable diversion of the vital forces for our pleasure. It is not unreasonable to expect that the vigorous field grown corm of 1911 will lose much of its constitutional vigor when grown under pampered and relaxing conditions for flower development in 1912.

It is not necessary for me to detail the everyday and well understood methods of soil preparation and cultivation. The gladiolus can be grown anywhere excepting on cold humus and stiff clay, but even these soils can be prepared with little trouble for thousands of corms on a very limited area.

Full exposure to the sun and air are as important as the selection of soil, and if we are able to combat the extremes of natural influences, no plant will respond in a more gratifying manner.

The subject is too extensive for proper treatment in all of its aspects by a single article. For plenty of flowers secure a liberal supply of the corms and plant them at intervals from April to the middle of June, and you will secure a three-months' season of the greatest beauty and pleasure possible in the whole range of modern horticultural development.

The Poppy

By C. M. BEZZO

POPPIES are hardy annuals of rapid growth and producing in profusion gorgeous flowers ranging from the single cup or saucer shape to the perfectly double bloom of ball-like form, three or four inches in diameter of the finest, silky texture, and soft though brilliant colorings.

Poppy seed must be sown in the ground where they are to grow as they cannot be transplanted. Sow as early as possible, as the young plants do much better in the cool, moist weather of early spring. Broadcast the seed very thinly over the surface of the ground and lightly rake it in, and when the young plants are well started thin out to stand from ten to fifteen inches apart.

If it is not intended to remove the spring-flowering bulbs, poppy seed may be sown over the surface of the bed while the former are blooming, and will not only give a succession of bloom to that bed, but enable the bulb foliage to ripen more leisurely without becoming unsightly.

Pick the seed-pods off as soon as the petals have fallen; for this purpose go over the bed every day and the plants in their effort to perpetuate their existence will throw out branches and bloom far into the season. Keep well watered during periods of severe drouth.

Walks and Driveways

By A. B. CUTTING

WALKS and driveways often detract from the natural effect that is so desirable in the home landscape. They should serve simply to link the more important features of the landscape together, and to serve as entrances. There should be as few of them as possible. The general idea of the arrangement should be simplicity and convenience. On large grounds, they should be laid out in moderate curves, not winding nor twisting, but gracefully curving from the point of entrance to the house. It is usually better to enter a place near one corner or the other. Whether the road should come out again at the same point as it entered or whether it should leave the place at another point, are questions which the size of the grounds and other considerations will govern. The curves should not be so marked as to induce short-cuts across the turf. Have the curve appear necessary by planting trees or shrubs at a point where the curve is most marked. By planting trees and shrubs here and there along the side of the driveway, the house will be screened from view and therefore will present different views as it is approached.

On small lots, economy of limited space restricts the walks to straight lines. In such circumstances, the best road or pathway is the one that takes the shortest time.

The width of driveways depends upon their length and the amount of travel upon them. Short driveways may be only eight to ten feet wide, but long ones should be wide enough for two rigs to pass easily. Have the footpaths from three to five feet wide. Walks and driveways should be properly graded. Have them convex so as to have drainage. Keep the edges of the turf cut and remove all weeds, stones and rubbish as often as necessary.

One deep cultivation is usually all that should be given to the vegetables. After this one, which should be done as early as possible after the seeds are up, shallow cultivations frequently given produce the best results.

THE WALL BEAUTIFUL

EXTERIOR

INTERIOR

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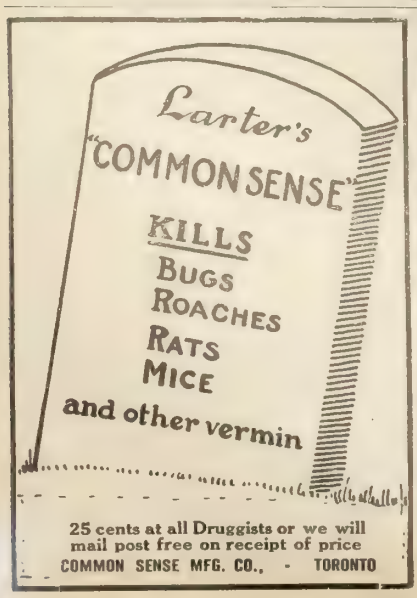

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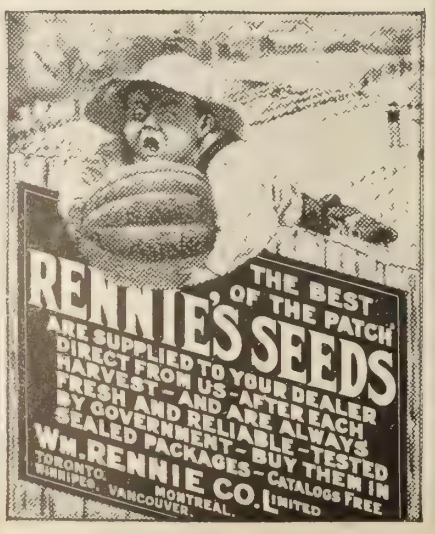
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THE UNFORESEEN

Continued from page 8

wounded by the aspersion cast upon herself to be at all responsive. Someone else came up at the moment, and the subject naturally dropped, but the wound remained. As she drove back in the hired fly to Lindford, she asked herself quietly and dispassionately whether there could be any truth in Lady Piggott's words. Had she planned, even hoped, that Katherine should one day be mistress of the Moat House? Did she wish Geoffrey Calderon as a son-in-law? Her face grew hot and flushed again under this painful self-arraignment, but by the time she had reached home she had not arrived at any answer or conclusion. Only she knew she was hideously, desperately uncomfortable, and wondered how she was going to appear natural and self-possessed at the dinner-table that evening. Should she tell Katherine? Something told her she would not be able to help herself.

Kate was at home when she stopped at Rosearbour, looking out for her, so happy and bright and interested in everything that had taken place that Mrs. Eardley hated to disturb her peace of mind. But it might be necessary.

"Did you enjoy yourself, mamma? And do tell me about Peter's wife. Did anybody miss me, and who were all there?"

Mrs. Eardley found a certain relief in answering these trivial questions; but Kate, watching her keenly, easily discerned that there was something disquieting at the back of her mother's mind.

"Somebody worried you at The Grange, mummy. Who was it?" she asked in her direct, straightforward way.

"It was only Lady Pigott; she was even more disagreeable and horrid than usual. She accused me of being a designing mother, inviting Mr. Calderon here for the express purpose of trying to make you mistress of the Moat House."

To Mrs. Eardley's relief Kate burst into a peal of clear laughter which had the effect of almost completely reassuring her.

"Is that all, dear? But nobody minds Lady Pigott, and everybody who knows you will absolve you from any such ulterior motive."

"I don't feel reassured altogether, dear. Of course it was a little unusual, perhaps, for two ladies, living as we are, to make accommodation for Mr. Calderon. But he was so nice about it, and of course the money was acceptable. Why should we pretend otherwise?"

"Don't trouble about it, mummy. I'm sure there is no such idea in Mr. Calderon's head. He is just like a big, kind brother, and I can't think how we got on without him."

Once more Mrs. Eardley was reassured. Kate must be fancy free, or she could not speak so carelessly. Yet in her heart of hearts there still lurked something she was afraid to face, to acknowledge, even to herself. She dared not put it into words. Something had crept into her life in the last weeks, and she knew that when Geoffrey Calderon should pass out of it the days would be greyer. What this could mean to a woman in middle life she did not ask herself—the fact was sufficient.

"What kind of a day did you have at the Moat House?" she asked presently, thinking Kate might wonder at her silence.

"Oh, perfect as usual. The drawing-room frieze was just going on, and it is really lovely against the dark oak. It is a perfect room, and it does seem a shame to think no woman is going to enjoy it for her very own."

"Some woman will, I don't doubt, one of these days. At least, they will do their best to provide him a wife."

"But I don't think he is a marrying man, mummy. He said to-day that if he could go on living with us and doing up the Moat House to the end of his days, he would be perfectly happy."

"A curious ambition for a man," replied Mrs. Eardley, with a little smile which sprank from a sudden inexplicable lightness of heart.

"How much is there to do now? Will they finish soon?"

"They really are practically finished now, and there is no earthly reason except the one he gave, why he shouldn't be living at the Moat House now."

"Then I think I will tell him, dear, and you and I will go away to Eastbourne for a month. I always find Lindford relaxing just about now, so it will fit in nicely."

Kate was secretly astonished, but made no demur.

Nothing was said that evening about Eastbourne, nor the next morning. Kate had to attend the sewing meeting at The Rectory the following afternoon, which meant that she stayed to tea. Geoffrey Calderon, perfectly aware of the simple and very regular routine of these women's lives, remembered that, and came back from the Moat House just after four o'clock, in time to have tea alone with Mrs. Eardley. She gave a little start when she heard his step across the lawn, but she had quite recovered her serenity when he appeared in the drawing-room, and even felt glad that so convenient an opportunity had occurred for her to mention the subject of their going to Eastbourne.

"I'm all alone this afternoon. It is the Dorcas day," she said. "And, to tell the truth, I've just been having a very early tea. But Patience will bring you some fresh in a moment. What has happened to bring you back so soon to-day?"

"Several things. Of course, I remembered it was the Dorcas day," he answered quite frankly and quietly. "In fact, I came because it was. Did Miss Kate tell you yesterday that the place is nearing completion, and that I haven't any reasonable excuse for trespassing any longer on your kind hospitality."

"It has been a great pleasure to us to have you, Mr. Calderon," she answered with perfect serenity. "And I am very glad you have spoken of it to-day, because I was only saying to my daughter last night I should like to go off to Eastbourne for a month for a change."

"Ah, yes, Eastbourne. So you are tired of me?" said Calderon, with a note of reproach in his voice. He was looking intently at her, and she was quite conscious of his gaze, which fluttered her heart. She now believed that he had come purposely to speak to her about Kate, in Kate's absence, and she longed to get away. His next words were absolutely convincing.

"I came over this afternoon, because I made pretty certain of finding you alone. There is something I wish to speak to you about."

"Something about Kate," she said faintly, and wondered how long it would be before Patience should bring in the tea.

"Well, it concerns her, I suppose, indirectly, but it concerns you more, Mrs. Eardley," said Calderon, as he took a step nearer her, still covering her with his grave, kind, and rather penetrating eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, and at the moment Patience brought in the teapot and immediately retired.

Mrs. Eardley busied herself pouring out his tea, not daring to meet his glance, and even wondering whether she could invent some excuse for leaving him. She knew what he was going to say, that he wished to ask her for Kate, and why was she not glad?

"I hardly know how to begin; my presumption seems so great," he said, with the humility of a man whom love has ennobled. "I've got the place almost right, but it can't be a home for a man there alone. Will you come and make it a home for me?"

"You mean Kate, of course, you are asking me for Kate, Mr. Calderon? Surely you know that I could make but one answer, though I wish for some reasons it had not happened."

Calderon laughed a little, and the light deepened in his eyes.

"I'm not asking for Kate; she's a dear girl, but—but a trifle young for a staid bachelor like me, don't you think? It's her dear mother I want. Katherine, I love you, you must have known it of late. I haven't troubled much about hiding it. Are you going to take pity on a lonely bachelor and come and give the Moat House its finishing touch, its inspiring presence?" She sprang up; her color flamed, and then receded.

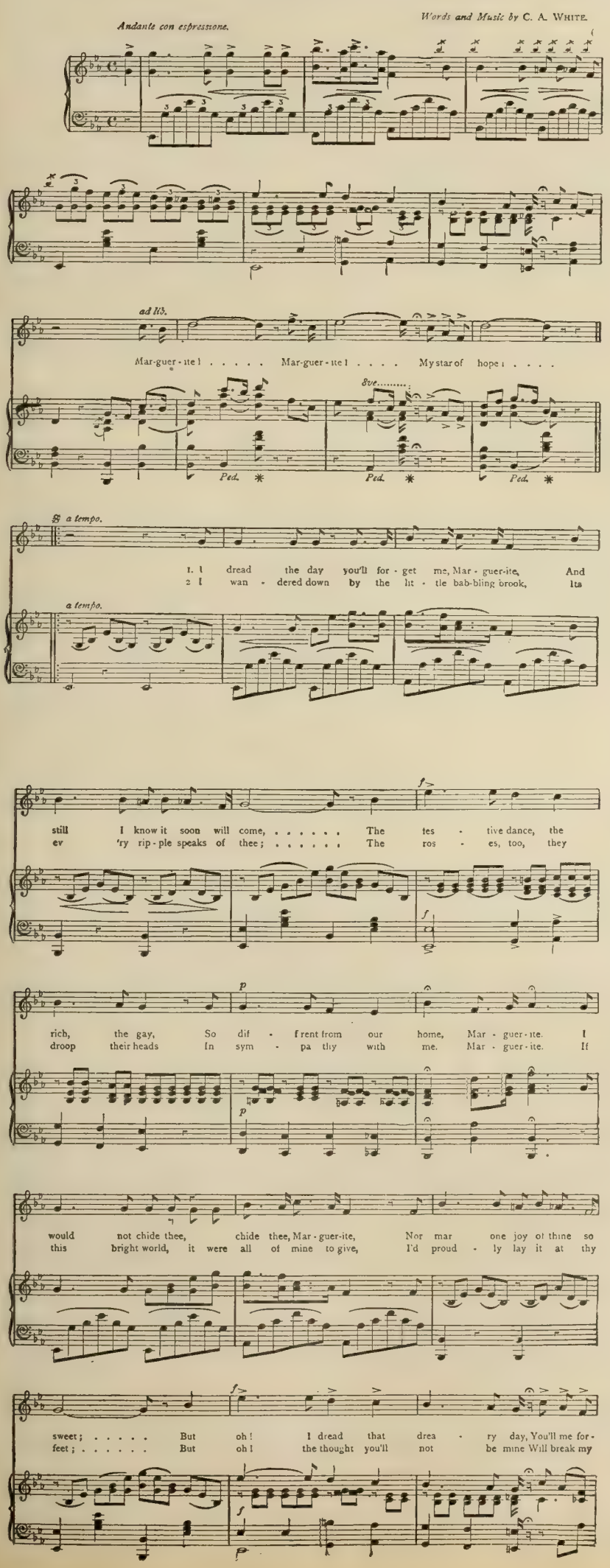
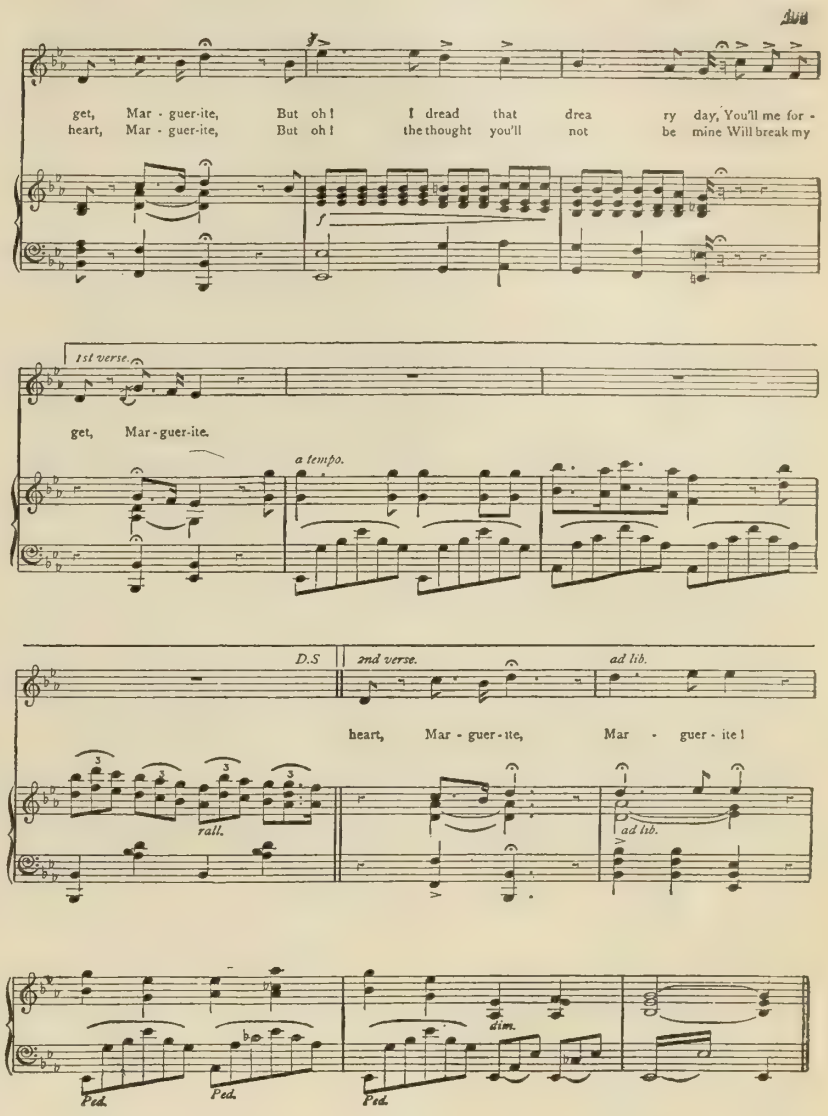
"Oh, Mr. Calderon, what is it you say? You are surely laughing at me—an old woman—I have not deserved this

Continued on page 54

Music and Matters Musical

An Old Song But Still a Favorite

Marguerite.


Andante con espressione.
Words and Music by C. A. WHITE.
ad lib.
Mar-guer-ite! . . . . . Mar-guer-ite! . . . . My star of hope! . . . .
8va.....
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo.
1. I dread the day you'll for-get me, Mar-guer-ite, And
2 I wan-dered down by the lit-tle bab-bling brook, Its
a tempo.
still I know it soon will come, ... The tes-tive dance, the
ev'ry rip-ple speaks of thee; . . . . . The ros-es, too, they
rich, the gay, So dif-f rent from our home, Mar-guer-ite. I
droop their heads In sym-pa thy with me. Mar-guer-ite. If
would not chide thee, chide thee, Mar-guer-ite, Nor mar one joy of thine so
this bright world, it were all of mine to give, I'd proud-ly lay it at thy
sweet; . . . . . But oh! I dread that drea-ry day, You'll me for-
feet; . . . . . But oh! the thought you'll not be mine Will break my

The Eternity of Music

WHO was it, when He formed this temple of creation, that first introduced into it sculpture, painting, poetry, music; those marvelous missionaries of the beautiful, that, like the angels in the vision of sleeping Israel, bring earth and heaven into sweet union? Who was the first sculptor that struck with His chisel the marble rocks, and fashioned them as He would? Who was the first painter that touched with His brush the flowers of the valley? Who was the first decorator, that studded with gems the Milky Way, and spread this arch of splendor across the concave of this, His temple? Who first told the strong sons of God to "shout with joy," and bade "the morning stars sing together," when all creation was ringing with the notes of Him, the first composer? Who has sanctified this art of *music*, not to oppress the intellect, not to cloud it, not to silence it, nor to lull it into a sleep fatal to its powers; no, but to beautify, elevate, and influence even the intellect itself, by purifying the imagination and the heart.

He it was, who declared that *music* should become in heaven itself eternal; that when all the others should, as it were, faint at the gates of heaven; when the chisel should fall from the hand of the sculptor; when the painter should cast away the brush in view of the glorious coloring beyond the stars; when the poet should breathe no more the song of hope; when the architect need no more to build a house with hands in view of the eternal temple of Almighty God; when the sacred mission of all the other arts shall have been fulfilled; that then glorious music shall survive them all, and, flying in, as it were, through the gates of life, give her lesson to the angels, then all the other artists shall become for eternity the children of song.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Could you tell me how to keep my piano keys white?—Mother.

Answer.—Use a cloth thoroughly wrung out of cold water to wipe them; but best of all is to make sure that plenty of sunshine reaches the keyboard. It will indeed surprise you, all through the home, what that old sun will do for you.

What is the meaning of the following terms: Prestissimo, Accelerando, Largo, Allegro, Allegretto, Andante?

Answer.—Prestissimo — A direction for a quick lively movement or performance.

Accelerando—A gradual quickening of time, just the opposite to a ritard movement.

Largo—Slow.

Andante—Moderately slow.

Allegro—Quick, brisk and lively.

Allegretto—Moderately quick.

These terms will, of course, be governed by the composer's signature of time and movement at the opening of the work.

What is a triad?—R. M. Y.

Answer.—A triad is a common chord consisting of a tone with its third and fifth, with or without the octave.

I have had considerable trouble in my class of young pupils, in trying to win them from ragtime to the really good music; or, in other words, to create in them an ambition to play the best. What would you advise me to do?—Teacher, Orangeville.

Answer.—Yours is certainly a common difficulty. But we can only remind you that the best fruits and flowers are the result of cultivation and hybridizing.

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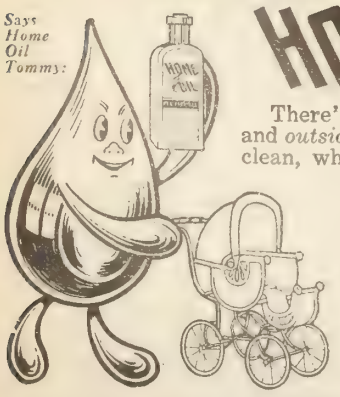

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

And so in music the taste for the best must be slowly cultivated in the student by a gradual raising of the standard of the composition, and not by a sudden break from old loves. The teacher must, with much patience, explain the beauties of certain movements, and in your conversation tactfully create a desire on the part of the pupil to understand the meaning and even the very thought of the composer. In other words, create a new atmosphere in the mind of the student, by crowding out gradually the commonplace by crowding in the good things.

We have been fortunate in Canada of late years in having many eminent musicians choose this land as their permanent home. It is indeed a compliment to our growing country, showing, as it does, the high estimate placed on our possibilities and on our present high position in the world of art and music. When we see new schools and places of instruction being erected and carried on here in Canada, it must impress us very surely of the fact that we have a people, who, while not being extremists, are reaching out for that sensible culture which is always attractive.

We have too long been content with the old school, which taught that this passage or theme must be placed thus-and-thus, because the composer had this-or-that rule or theory in mind. We seem to have assumed that there were hard and fast rules which dictated against any freedom on the part of the student or artist, and have discouraged the student from showing any originality or new conception of possibilities in a given composition.

One of our Canadian musicians of high standing, in the person of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, has associated himself, as director, with a school of advanced and unique methods, and in the Columbian Conservatory of Music we have a method which should create a keener perception of the art of expression and which will no doubt produce many leaders among pianists and organists.

It is impossible to go fully into the methods of teaching adopted by the conservatory, and which are absolutely unique, differing from any other method in existence to-day. It will be interesting to touch briefly upon the distinctive features of the course. By becoming a pupil, one practically has a lesson every day, and at the same cost as a single lesson under ordinary circumstances. Each pupil receives a personal lesson at the conservatory, but he takes away with him the lesson, fully printed and every detail made clear to him. He is minutely instructed how to study them at home and how to recite them.

With each lesson there is a set of review questions, which are filled in and submitted to the teacher. As an evidence of how complete the course is no pupil is allowed to go to a more advanced lesson until he has graded as high as 90 per cent. in the previous one. Until that grade is secured the lesson is returned again and again until perfection is reached, and this without any extra charge.

This course consists of 48 lessons, and this procedure of examination is adopted throughout, even if it takes a couple of years to pass the four examinations which are periodically held. If the pupil will do his part, the conservatory guarantees to give complete satisfaction. Each pupil is supplied with 50 pieces of graded music, all by well known composers, also a Tonograph, free of cost. The conservatory is authorized to issue diplomas on completion of the courses.

AMATEUR HYBRIDIZING

By M. E. BLACKLOCK

SPEAKING of the bees and their work makes one think of all the wonderful flowers and fruits that have been evolved, of late years, by men who understand the crosses that were likely to produce certain results. That is the part where brains are necessary, and where much study is required. The actual hybridizing itself, while it sounds terribly scientific and difficult, is really the most simple of operations. It is merely the placing of ripe pollen from the anthers (the little knobs or boxes filled with powder on the top of the stamens) of one flower and placing it on the stigma (the top part of the pistil) of another of the same species. This is really the act of fertilizing rather than hybridizing. It is only called hybridizing when the flowers, thus fertilized, belong to different species. For example, take the genus Rosa, it has numerous species (which are again split up into almost innumerable varieties, by hybridizing), of which our own wild rose (*Rosa blanda*) is one. If we were to take pollen from one of these roses and place it on the pistil of another of them that would *not* be hybridizing, but if we took pollen from it and placed it on the pistil of a Japanese rose (*Rosa rugosa*) that *would* be hybridizing, because we would be crossing one species with another. The crosses of different species belonging to the same genera will generally be more or less fertile, unless the species are very opposite in character. When you try to cross flowers that do not belong to the same genera, although they belong to the same family, it is *very much more difficult* to *produce any results.* Scientists tell us that it is absolutely useless to try and cross plants of different families. To illustrate this, you can produce hybrids from two entirely distinct species of roses, because they belong to the genus Rosa; you *might possibly* get a cross between a rose and a spiraea, because spiraeas, though they do not belong to the genus Rosa, yet *do* belong to the order Rosacæ, or rose family.

The real fun of hybridizing for the amateur is in trying to improve our existing species by new varieties, rather than by creating freaks. It is best to begin on annuals, because they give the quickest results. Let us suppose we have two plants of petunia for an imaginary experiment. The one, which we will call "A," is a perpetual bloomer, with a strong constitution, and has an abundance of flowers, but the color is poor and the blossoms small. The other, which we will call "B," has enormous flowers, with large, open, beautifully pencilled throat, but the plant is not robust and produces but few flowers. So we will try what reciprocal crossing will do, which means that we will fertilize a flower on "A" with pollen from "B," and a flower on "B" with pollen from "A." This may seem precisely the same experiment, but it is not. It is a fairly well established fact that from the male or pollen parent, color and appearance is generally obtained, while the seed bearing or female parent gives its constitution to the offspring; so if this theory is true, the seed from "A" crossed by pollen from "B" should give the best results, as what "A" needs is color and size, which ought to be produced by this cross. To make sure of the flowers we are experimenting with not being self-fertilized, we must see to it that their own stamens are removed directly the flower opens, and it should be protected from the danger of insect fertilization, either by carefully removing the colored part of the flower, which tempts them to visit it, or, better still, by tying a little leno bag over it, that insects cannot get through. Of course, there is a certain amount of the wind carrying the pollen from flowers on the same plant, to the pistil but that is a risk you cannot well guard against out of doors. Another important thing is to watch for the time when the stigma is at the proper stage to absorb the pollen. This is quite easily seen in that of a petunia, as it has a shiney appearance, a viscidity to which the pollen grains readily adhere. The pollen also must be at that very floury stage known as "ripe." The pollen can be applied either by a small camel's hair brush or by the blade of a pocket knife—it does not matter how, so long as you succeed in dusting it over the stigma. When this has been done replace the leno bag and label your flower or make a note of what you have done. The sooner the flower fades, after it has been fertilized, the more certain you may be that your experiment is successful. It is a sign that its chief object in life has been accomplished, for the beauty and sweetness are given to the flower to attract insects to visit it, so that they may carry pollen from one flower to another. It is a very exciting time when seedling hybrids of our own raising have reached the blooming stage, and there is no need for discouragement if the first flower to unfold and a large number of its brethren are quite commonplace. The first to bloom are frequently the poorest, vitality being their one virtue. Possibly, when the weaker ones have arrived on the scene, we shall get our reward in a specially beautiful blossom, and great will be the joy thereat.

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Will You be the Guest of Texas?

In Dallas, May 19 to 27, there will meet the strongest assemblage of advertising men ever brought together. The eighth annual convention of the A. A. C. of A. will be attended by men from every corner of the continent. The progress of the year and the problems of the day are to be made known by those whose names stand for leadership in advertising efficiency.

There is serious work to be done. Grave questions of policy are to be discussed. The advertising man who cannot be present will do well to charge some good friend to watch events closely; there'll be much of value that the printed reports will never get. The man who comes will have an opportunity to "sense" conditions and futures that will pay him twice over for the time and money represented. Many of the great national advertisers will have their captains at Dallas just to get that "sense"—to listen for the significant overtones in the roar of debate, possibly even more than to the debate itself.

Texas hospitality is to other hospitality as the big commonwealth itself is, in size, to lesser members of the Union. The native son of the Lone Star State rises to the occasion when strangers are within his gates. To say that he "entertains" them is hardly to do justice to the multitudinous dinners, smokers, auto rides, boat trips and singfests of every sort that are showered upon the happy guest. But the spirit of welcome running through all the fun is the best entertainment and the thing that sticks longest in memory. One is made to feel that "Glad to see you," in Texas, is no empty formula.

A New Idea

It is a common experience of men attending conventions to derive more benefit from a single chance conversation than from the whole round of set discourses. The talk one picks up by the way constitutes, in fact, the real value of these gatherings. Conventions like the "lunch conferences" which Carnegie introduced in the steel business, afford an opportunity for busy men to meet and clean up a lot of ideas of the discussive kind that have accumulated in their minds. Again, the occasion is handy for long-postponed business interviews between men from different cities.

In order to systematize the coming together of men who want to meet, or could profitably meet, it is requested that those interested in special subjects, or anxious to see any one person in particular, send their names to "Texas Secretary, Room 1020, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City." Every effort will be made to get them in touch with the individuals they name or with delegates known to be well informed on given topics.

As to Arrangements

The four days' "swing around the circle" to Fort Worth, Houston, Waco, and San Antonio will be without expense to delegates, as they will be during that period the guests of the Texas Advertising Clubs. Full details regarding transportation, hotel and the like may be had by addressing Secretary,

Dallas Advertising League
Dallas Texas

Concerning Conventionalities

Why We Do Certain Things

WEBSTER defines conventionalities "artificialities," "formalism." We are apt to confound conventionality with etiquette, or good manners, when, in reality, it is vastly different. For every age and for every condition, good manners provide helpful equipment. Both in business and society a manifest ignorance of the rules of good breeding puts many a young man at such woeful disadvantage that all his sterling qualities of mind and heart are lost sight of in his one great lack of manners.

But conventionality is another matter. It is really a custom, or style, set by certain people, and, as Webster says, contains the elements of formality and artificiality. A certain prevailing style of dress, of entertaining, of conducting oneself, both at home and abroad, cannot be followed without sacrificing one's personality and common sense in many cases, besides a great deal of money.

Hundreds of people commence their married life with a conventional wedding and a conventional wedding trip, when they could ill afford to waste either money, or nerves. How much better if they had saved their money and used it to help furnish a cosy home for themselves! Often after their home life is commenced the young wife thinks it beneath her to do her own work. It is courage she lacks, when she decides that it is scarcely in keeping with her social position to do her own housework, and her disinclination for it helps her to see reasons why it should not be becoming.

It would be better if we were not so easily given to taking up with new ideas, with things that receive the popular sanction. If we were more in the habit of thinking for ourselves there would be so much less foolishness in the world. The daily life into which we are born, and into which we are absorbed before we are aware, forms chains which only one in a hundred has moral strength to despise and to break when the right time comes, when an inward necessity for independent action arises, which is superior to all outward conventionalities. A wave of popular sentiment has very often little basis of sober thought, and popular customs and conventions are quite likely to be hugely lacking in common sense. What could be less sincere than the conventional handshake.

Then, take as another instance the conventional dress. Consider the ridiculous things they call hats, and the impracticable things they call shoes. Think of wearing short sleeves in winter and trailing perishable fabrics in the dust as we walk. Many a woman is a slave to conventionality. A fashion edict seems to paralyze her brain. Before what she supposes to be the inviolable laws of the kingdom of fashion, she stands petrified. She dare not be original because she fears to be thought odd. If green is the conventional shade, she dons green, when perhaps it is not, in the least, suited to her complexion. A woman should no more accept a bonnet that is unbecoming, because it is the fashion, than she should accept a husband of a certain type, because that is the style of man they are marrying this season. Better study one's own style and select from the prevailing modes that which is individually becoming, keeping in mind the couplet by one of England's poets:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

The wealthiest young woman in America attended a public function in New York, and this is a newspaper's account of her appearance: "There was nothing of what we call 'conventional' in Miss Helen Gould's appearance. She wore a small black hat, which would have been completely hidden in the crown of a 'merry widow,' and which was trimmed only with a bow of black velvet, and a buckle. Her white shirtwaist, with a neck ribbon, was of the simplest order, and a black skirt and short black coat were alike quiet and ladylike. So simple was Miss Gould's attire that she was an unconscious rebuke to the overdressed girls and women around her, who could ill afford the clothes they wore, and it must be confessed that the quietly dressed woman, worth millions, looked the woman that she is, while of those around her the least said the better."

Do not lose your own personality in trying to be conventional. Remember home manners and home affection and happiness are in no sense dependent upon style or custom. We are likely to forget that our appearance in the eyes of our little world is not dependent upon what we have in our houses, or even the sort of clothes we wear, but is almost entirely dependent upon our own personality. The world may confidently expect us to do certain things, and follow certain customs which it has set down, but we have our own lives to live and can afford to do without the plans the world offers us. It is not, as many believe, so important to know how to walk and sit and dress quite correctly; just how to order a dinner from a menu card, and which fork to use. The ideal people are the simple and unaffected ones, and the truly great are at all times honest and without sham.

At the same time, the world's opinion is to a certain extent well worth heeding, and much sorrow often comes from utterly disregarding it. Let us live simply and dress quietly. Let us smooth out our faces, and take the frills from our manners and speech. Let us begin to rid ourselves of unnecessary convention and reserve. In the greatest moments of life there is no room for affectation, nor in the lesser moments is there need of it. To our own selves be true. In every hour of our lives cultivate simplicity and obey the mandates of the duty which lies nearest us. The elements of happiness and faith and joy in living are all within us. They can never be found in the outside world.

Let us sweep the cobwebs of envy, and discontent from our house of life and open its door to the sunshine that is waiting to come in.

The Simple Fact Remains

Shakespeare was a poet grand
  Traditions so declare;
Some things he did not understand,
  But they were very rare.
But nowadays we have no time
  For sixteenth century lads,
For hubby reads the politics
  And wifey reads the ads.

Rabelais and Cervantes, too,
  Had humor—so they say,
And Moliere molded, wise and true
  And witty, human clay.
With patient art they pictured forth
  Sinners, saints and cads—
Now hubby reads the baseball news
  And wifey reads the ads.

Plato, a philosopher,
  Wrote many things of note;
He taught men truth (so we infer
  From things we hear he wrote);
But that was long, long, long ago
  Among forgotten fads—
Now hubby bolts the stock reports
  And wifey reads the ads.

No one was bound by culture's rules
  When Homer smote his lyre,
There were no graded public schools
  To set the world on fire;
No colleges worked day and night
  To manufacture "grads,"
While hubby read the racing tips
  And wifey read the ads.

Of course, I don't presume to state
  That things are worse to-day
Than when men marched through Hadrian's gate
  Or lined the Appian Way,
When Virgil no typewriter had
  Or even paper pads.
Still, hubby *does* read sporting news
  And wifey *does* read ads.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

From Woman's Home Companion.

FASHIONABLE EMBROIDERIES

SO many of our readers are interested in the punched or Normandy embroidery that we are showing some further suggestions for this fashionable work, as well as a diagram which will clearly show the method of working this beautiful embroidery. It is seldom that an embroidery becomes so suddenly popular and suitably adapted to so many uses as the Normandy or punched work. One of the reasons for this is that it is most durable, and while the background stitch may be somewhat tedious the remainder of the design is so easily and quickly embroidered that in reality less time is expended upon this than other embroideries which require so much padding before the work is commenced.

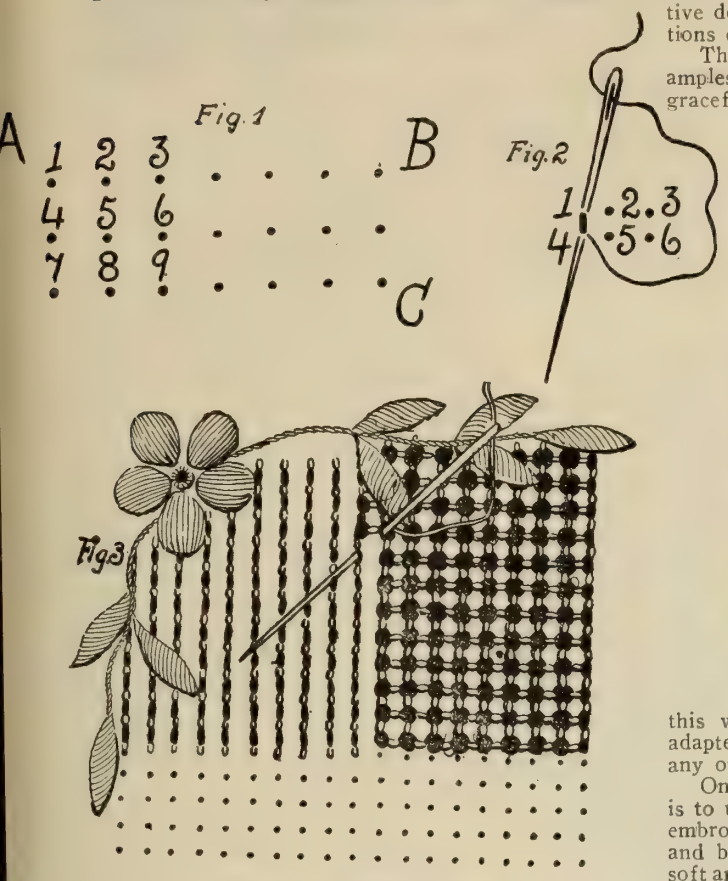
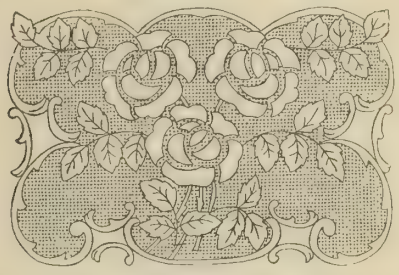


Diagram for Punched Stitch.

All articles of household linen as well as dresses, waists, collars, etc., are made attractive with this embroidery. The linens of rather open weaves are necessary for large pieces of work, but fine marquisettes, lawns, sheer linens, etc., are also suitable for dainty fine dress and lingerie purposes.

Special needles are required for this embroidery.



No. 6501—Cushion (front and back). 90 cents.

They are coarse, and the punching of the linen with these threaded with a strong fine thread gives the lace-like background. The diagram will show that the embroidery is to be worked in straight rows first, all one way, then across, keeping an even tension on the embroidery thread. The beauty of this work depends upon the evenness, as a beautiful design may easily be ruined and puckered by pulling the strands too tightly together.

On large, bold designs, such as the two centre-pieces we illustrate, the design only requires heavy outlining, using a coarser thread than for the punched background. Other embroidery seems to rather detract than add to the effect, as the beauty of the design is to have the linen in relief against the lace-like background.

Smaller embroideries, where the punched design is used for filling scrolls, etc., are effectively combined with solid padded embroidery, this idea is shown on collar Set. No. 8225, which has an attractive design of French embroidery with dainty insertions of punched work.

The two cushions illustrated are effective examples of this class of embroidery. The 6503 is graceful, and original, and one of the features of this work is so many striking designs have been adapted, which would not have been practical for any other class of embroidery.

No. 8225—Collar and Cuffs Set. 60 cents.

One of the newest ideas for cushions and centres is to use cream or greyish linen background for the embroidery, working the punched filling with white, and bringing out the remainder of the design is soft artistic tones matching the coloring of the room where it is to be used. Thus 6501 Rose Cushion could be punched with white, the scrolls and leaves outlined and veined with green, and the roses either only outlined or else worked in solid padded satin stitch in dull rose or brown shades. Many effective combinations will suggest themselves to our readers.

No. 6046—27-inch. 80 cents.

Many beautiful waist designs are being shown for this effective embroidery, many of which are being embroidered on sheer masquisettes. The effect is most dainty and the designs are equally suitable for either the kimono effect of the set-in sleeve which is being so much used at present. We will be pleased to give further information regarding these to any one interested.

Readers will please note that the prices quoted on this page are for stamped linens only.

No. 6047—36-inch. $1.35.

No. 6503—Cushion (front and back). 90 cents.

If further information is required as to prices for materials to finish, etc., address Belding, Paul, Corticelli, Limited, Linen Department, Montreal.

Special needles for the punched embroidery can be supplied at 5 cents each.

IF YOU WILL SEND US

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8 SKEINS OF EMBROIDERY SILK

which is sufficient to finish a

15 INCH CENTRE PIECE

which is stamped for

"THE NEW HEATHER EMBROIDERY"

This is the very latest embroidery which will be fashionable for 1912.

We will

SUPPLY FREE

sufficient lace to edge this Centre Piece, and the diagram enclosed will furnish full instructions for this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send at once as this generous offer is made for a short period only.

Our Art Embroidery Silks are the best on the market.

Send 10 cents for a copy of Belding's Needle and Hook Book which contains all the latest suggestions for Art Embroidery. :: ::

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Dept. L **MONTREAL, P.Q.**

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at **12 cents each.** Send cash to **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. **PAPER PATTERNS TWELVE CENTS EACH POST PAID.**

Gowns for Afternoon Occasions

TWO of the most noticeable features to be found in the latest fashions are graceful overskirts and peplums, and these models show them to advantage. In the illustration both gowns are made of taffeta, one white, the other striped, but fabrics are marvelously beautiful just now, and there are a great many that can be adapted to the purpose.

The white gown is exceedingly dainty. It is trimmed with frills and banding of lace, and it is in every way as attractive as can be. The tunic is made in three pieces, and the complete underskirt in four. There is very little labor involved in the making, and the effect is smart in the extreme. The blouse includes the kimono sleeves that retain all their favor. It can be made just as illustrated or either with a square or high neck. In this case one material is used throughout, but overskirts always suggest combinations, and the model will be a very pretty one for two materials. Blouse and overskirt, or tunic, made of marquisette or other transparent material over a messaline skirt would be beautiful, or plain material could be combined with striped, or two colors could be used to make a good effect. For trimmings can be used frills, bandings, scalloped edges or any preferred finish, but frills of graduated widths make one of the new features. The slightly raised waist line is always pretty, and is liked by many women, but there are a great many girdles being worn, and this skirt can be cut to the natural line and finished with a belt if found more becoming.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2⅞ yards of material 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, with 2⅛ yards of banding and 2½ yards of lace; for the skirt will be needed 7¾ yards 36, 5½ yards 44, with 8 yards of lace.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7402, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust; of the skirt, No. 7403, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The second gown shows the favorite two-piece skirt and a blouse that is finished in an extremely novel way. Trimming portions are arranged over the tucks and over the edges of the peplum to give a most distinctive effect, and there is a fancy collar at the back that is in every way attractive. The foundation model, however, is just a plain one, shown in the small view, and the peplum can be made shorter if liked. As a result the model suits simple materials as well as the silk, and it would be charming made of shantung or foulard with trimming of satin.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3¾ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of silk for the trimming, and 1½ yards of allover lace 18 inches wide: for the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7410, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, No. 7304, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

A Fascinating Bag

THE very newest of all the adaptations of Irish crochet work is a bag, all of the crochet, but by no means of the fine, closely twisted imported Irish thread. That would make an endless task, for the bag is fully seven inches by ten, without its novel fringe. It is made of a heavy mercerized D. M. C. cotton, silky white, and is practically made from two of the oblong rose centred medallions so often used for inserting in fine lingerie waists or for neckwear.

The same working formula, however, would serve without a change, as the cotton is so coarse that the rose in the centre of each side of the bag is almost, if not quite two inches across, with silky petals standing up from the surface of the groundwork. The quality of the thread used makes it possible to crochet this bag in this enlarged fashion without the result being at all "sleazy." The groundwork is well filled with picots, and the little "motifs" made by crocheting a succession of triple crochet stitches into one of the picot loops. When the sides have been finished they are joined with a half-inch edging of the same thread, and a lace of some two inches in width is crocheted around the top, the open spaces of which are used as a beading in which to run a heavy twisted cord of the working cotton.

Around the edges of the joined section, at the sides and bottom, the bag is a fringe of "dangles"—pendants some two inches long, wider at the lower end and tapering toward the top, "plain crocheted" around a "stuffing" of white cotton wool or some similar filling.

New Embroidery Ideas

BEADS still play as important a part in the trimmings as they did earlier in the season, and all colors and kinds of them are very much used. Far newer than the metallic or glass ones, however, are those of white china, and these are used in embroidery for all sorts of materials and occasions. Lovely scarfs of messaline or chiffon have on the ends a deep border done in beads of a contrasting color, as tiny pink beads on a white scarf, or white beads on a pale blue one. Tunics made of very thin silk or chiffon also have this bead work, and they are even used on the washable linen and mull frocks. One lingerie gown shown had the entire front of the blouse closely embroidered, a smaller design on each side of the back, a straight deep band around the edge of the kimono sleeves and an eight-inch band on the skirt. Smart parasols in dainty colors are shown with a wide border of these white china beads.

The work is all done by hand and any of the designs formerly used for braiding may be chosen. Care must be exercised not to pull or draw the material in working, and also each bead should be sewn on by taking a tiny back stitch. This will prevent the entire design being ruined if the thread breaks or one bead works loose. Beaded bags are being carried, the long cord by which they swing from the arm being made of several strands of strung beads tightly twisted.

Another new idea in embroidery is to decorate white lingerie frocks with colored oval disks. One very effective dress illustrating this was of white dimity, while the disks were of pale pink linen, and in three sizes. They were applied to the hem of the skirt to form a deep border in three rows, the largest disks being at the bottom. The smallest size only was used on the edge of the sleeves and to form a motif on the blouse front.

Blouse Pattern No. 7402
Skirt Pattern No. 7403

Blouse Pattern No. 7410
Skirt Pattern No. 7304

Dainty Lingerie Gowns

THE lingerie gown is always one of special interest at this season, and here are two lovely models, one of which is designed for young girls and for the small women to whom girlish styles are becoming.

Marquisette is one of the prettiest as well as most fashionable materials of the season, and in the illustration the gown to the left is made thereof with trimming of simple lace. The model is a most attractive one, including many new features. The wide fichu is important, and the peplum is to be found upon many of the very latest designs. This last is separate from the gown, however, and can be omitted if a plainer effect is liked. The skirt is made in two pieces, lapped on to narrow panels at the sides. The blouse is a simple one with separate sleeves sewed to the armholes. If liked, it can be made with high neck and long sleeves. All the pretty lingerie materials of the season are appropriate, and the model also can be utilized, for the simple silks that often are made in lingerie style, while for trimming any one of the fashionable laces or embroidery can be used. As all the banding is arranged on indicated lines, the labor of making is slight, while the result is in every way satisfactory.

For the medium size will be required 6¾ yards of material 27, 6¼ yards 36, 4½ yards 44 inches wide, with 10 yards of edging, 10 yards of insertion to make as illustrated, 1½ yards of allover lace 18 inches wide for yoke and long sleeves, as shown in back view. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

The pattern, No. 7419, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure.

Flouncings and bordered materials never were prettier than at this season. They are shown in almost limitless varieties, and the young girl's model is especially adapted to their use.. The simple straight tunic, or overskirt, is in every way smart and attractive, while the foundation, or under portion of the skirt, is a straight band stitched to the lower edge, consequently there is only the weight of one skirt, while the effect is of two. The blouse is so simple that it speaks for itself. Kimono sleeves retain all their favor and are always graceful, and the tucks mean just pretty fullness. The neck can be made square

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or high. If bordered material is not liked, or for any reason it is desirable to use the model for plain fabric, the edges can be trimmed with banding or with insertion, or they could be scalloped, either bound or buttonholed, for scallops treated in these ways are among the smartest of all things this season.

For the 16-year size will be required 2⅛ yards of flouncing 28 inches wide, with 3½ yards 17 inches wide, and ¼ yard of plain material 36, ½ yard of tucking 18 inches wide and 2¼ yards of banding to make as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 7413, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years of age.

New Neckwear

THE round neck admits of many different treatments in the name of finish and decoration, but the new turned-down plaiting, varying an inch to four inches in width, is one of the foremost; the narrower are perhaps the more choice. This frill is cut either from a straight or a graduated piece, and it is made of satin, of taffeta, of footing, or of lace insertion. In some cases two materials are combined. One of the prettiest plaitings shown is of footing half an inch wide, edged with the same width of satin ribbon, while another shows a strip of selvage cut from a length of satin, and plaited. When lace is chosen, Mechlin and shadow are two of the kinds that, being made with straight edges, are successful as plaitings.

The graduated frill which shows a decided point in front and on each shoulder is a nice variation from the straight line, and often more becoming and less trying.

A tiny plaiting of insertion or footing sometimes surrounds the quaint old-fashioned round-cornered collar which is one of the season's revivals. This bit of embroidered mull fitted the round neck of great-grandmother's gown, and is destined to appear once again, but this time with the additional plaiting.

On certain of the newest summer frocks made of medium weight tub material, the neck is cut out to a line four inches below the collar, and then mounted upon a more sheer yoke.

Models for Silk and Linen

THE present may well be called a silk season, for a great many kinds are being extensively worn. In the illustration are shown two models, which are especially well adapted to taffeta and to silks of a similar kind, and also to linen and other fabrics that take tailored finish with success.

The young girl's costume includes a blouse that is belted in the Russian style that is so popular this season, and sleeves that can be made either in three-quarter or full length. Long sleeves have taken a great hold, and unquestionably are fashionable, but those of three-quarter length are equally correct, and are apt to be preferred by many wearers during the warm weather season. The simple little skirt is made in two pieces, with a straight band joined to the lower edge, and this band is laid in inverted plaits at the sides. The striped silk makes an exceedingly good effect, and stripes of any material would be found equally satisfactory, but such a design as this one is not to be limited to any one treatment. In the back view linen is trimmed with embroidery, and with tucking, and the result is excellent, while thinner and lighter materials, such as voile and the simple lawns and batistes, can be treated in the same way with success. Plain, changeable taffeta would be pretty made after the manner shown in the front view, with the edges of the little blouse or

Dress Pattern No. 7419 Dress Pattern No. 7413

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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines —the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

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Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

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Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

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Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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coatee and the upper edge of the bands on the skirt finished with the pinked out ruchings or with flat puffings, that are so much liked in that particular silk. For the 16-year size will be required 5 yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 4 yards 44 inches wide, to make as shown in the front view; for the treatment indicated in the back view will be needed 4½ yards 27, 4 yards 36, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2⅛ yards of flouncing 12 inches wide, 9 yards of insertion, 3¼ yards of tucking 4½ inches wide, and ⅜ yard 18 inches wide for the yoke.

The pattern, No. 7423, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years of age.

Buff linen makes the gown shown to the right with chemisette of white embroidery and frills of sheer white muslin. It is very smart and very attractive, altogether in the height of style, for color and material both are exceedingly smart, but there is scarcely any fashionable model to-day that can not be varied, and this one can be made with a shorter peplum and with or without a collar, and with the blouse made plain or with a frill, or with an applied band of lace, as indicated in one of the small views. In whatever way it is treated, it is exceedingly attractive and altogether fashionable, and the details therefore can be left entirely to individual preference. The skirt is a simple three-piece one with the edges at the left of the front, overlapped in place of being seamed. The blouse is made with sleeves sewed to the armholes, and the peplum is separate so that it can be used or omitted, as may be liked. Again, the three-quarter sleeves are not the only ones, for they can be finished with deep cuffs extending them to the wrists. Whether linen, pique, taffeta, or any other seasonable material is used, the gown is sure to be liked, and in addition to its other advantages it is easy to adjust, for the closing is made at the left of the front.

For the medium size will be needed 8¼ yards of material 27, 6½ yards 36, 5 yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette, 1¾ yards of muslin ruffling for the frills.

The pattern, No. 7411, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust.

Collars, Cuffs and Revers on Suits

THERE has been some change in collars, cuffs and revers on many of the suits this season. As these make the suit attractive or otherwise, great attention is being given to their construction. The large collars have disappeared and the small ones take their place. The mannish revers and collars are also considered very good. The shawl collar remains. Self collars and cuffs are seen in many of the plainer garments, but in the more dressy ones there are collars, revers and cuffs of satin, bengaline, wash-rag cloth, repp, pique, linen or lace. These will be popular this spring.

Dress Pattern No. 7423

Dress Pattern No. 7411

Girl's Dress

THE yoke dress is always a pretty one for little girls. This one is quite novel, for the yoke is closed at the left side of the back while the dress itself is closed at the centre, beneath the box plait. In the illustration it is made of linen with trimming of embroidery, but frocks such as this can be utilized for all materials that are used for girls' dresses. The model is a charming one for challis, cashmere and the like, and for linen, soft finished pique, and also the thinner and lighter washable materials, such as lawn and batiste, with trimming of any preferred banding; or the front of the dress could be left plain

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and the yoke be made from all-over embroidery, as indicated in the small view.

The dress consists of front and back portions that are plaited and joined to the lining yoke. The pointed yoke is finished and arranged over the lining. The three-quarter sleeves are tucked at

Dress Pattern No. 7373

their lower edges, the long sleeves are gathered and the short sleeves are left plain.

For the 6 year size will be required 3 yards of material 27, 2½ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide with ¼ yard of banding to trim as shown in the large view, ⅜ yard of all-over lace and ¾ yard of banding to trim as shown in the small front view; 8 yards of braid to trim as shown in the back view.

The pattern, No. 7373, is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years.

Girl's Dress

SUCH little dresses as this one are the prettiest possible for the little girls. They are charming in their simplicity, and they suit all childish materials. This one can be made with or without the revers and with or without cuffs, consequently it can be made just a plain little dress for morning and playtime or a pretty, dainty one for afternoon occasions. It is closed at the front, and even the littlest child can take it off and put it on herself. In the illustration one of the new striped voiles is trimmed with white batiste that is scalloped and embroidered by hand.

The dress is made with blouse and skirt. The blouse is cut in one with the sleeves,, but is made with a seam at the centre back as well as under the arms. The skirt is straight. The two are joined at the belt. When the revers are used it is seamed to the right front edge.

For the 6-year size will be required 3¾ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming. For the embroidery can be used transfer designs 583 and 417. Price 10 cents each.

The pattern, No. 7342, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Peplum Blouses Coming

THE latest word in lingerie blouses is peplum styles—revivals of 1830, says *Ready-to-Wear*. The shape of the peplum is its strong feature, and many and odd are the cuts in which they are produced. Some are pointed, some scalloped, and others are round with old-fashioned tabs attached to the centre of the back.

Peplum styles have been exploited before, in recent seasons, but never with the same amount of enthusiasm which is evidenced on their behalf just now.

New Cobweb and Lace Veils

THE fashion in veils is varied; that is, varied in style and design, rather than in mesh. The cobweb veil is without doubt the favorite, and it is seen both plain and combined with dots—small, medium, and large. The plain cobweb veils come in simple designs, hexagon, octagon, and conventional flower patterns; but no matter what their design, they are used for face veils only. Other face veils have the foundation mesh in cobweb, and are ornamented with chenille dots. To describe the many patterns would be impossible, so great is their number.

One pretty veil, the foundation of which is cobweb, has a large hexagon figure made of small chenille dots, and the conventional flower in the middle of each hexagon is also chenille. This veil may be worn appropriately with a dress or semi-dress hat. The hat, however, must be moderate in size, for the face veil, which, to be correct, should cling close to the face and hair, is not in good taste when flowing loosely from a picture shape.

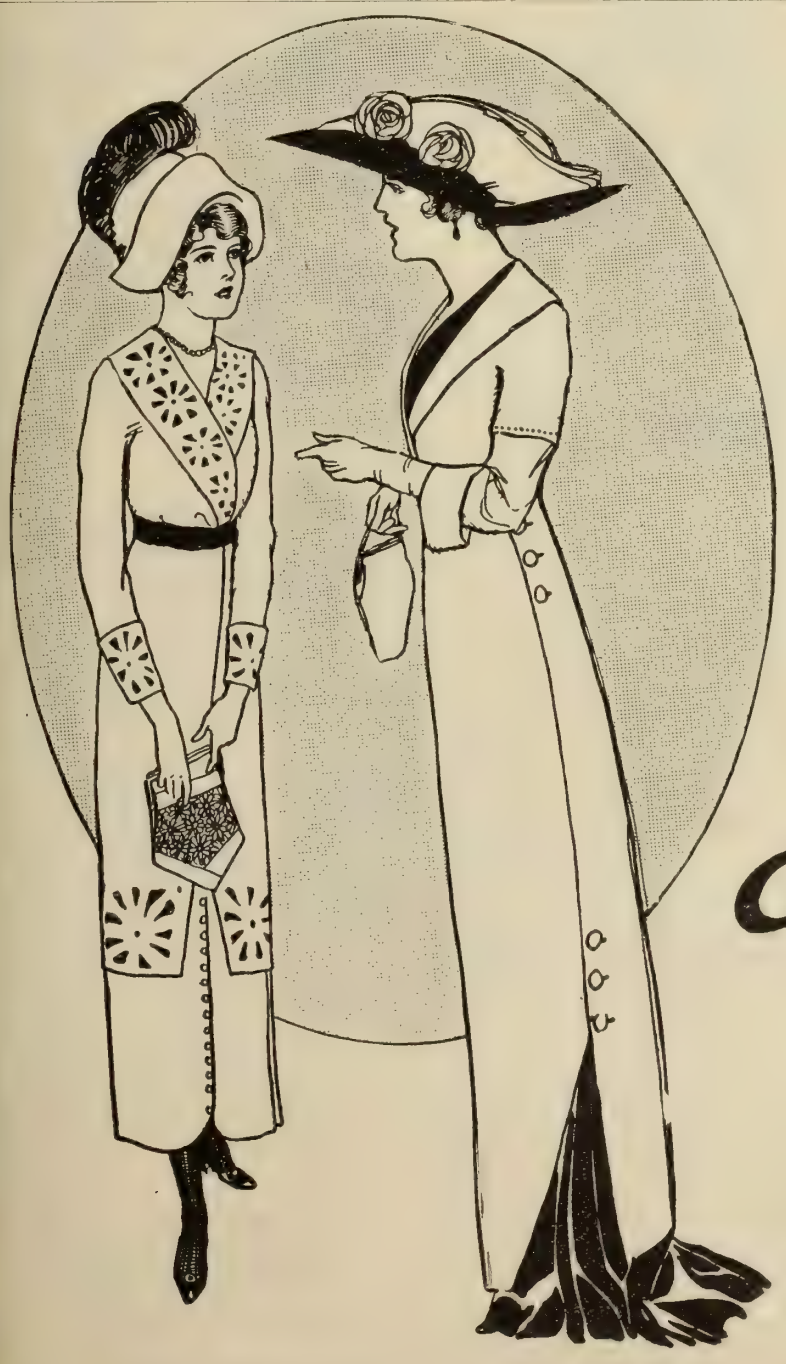
In the same class with the veil just described is the plain cobweb mesh veil. This pattern, because of its simplicity, is much worn by the conservative woman, and when properly arranged over the face the effect is very soft and dainty. A pretty veil more appropriate to wear with the tailored hats, has a sheer foundation, with small chenille squares in black and white, forming a checked pattern. Another, with the hexagon pattern, has a plain square design, with the squares seemingly held together with small dots.

All face veils, whether arranged on a tailored hat or a dressy shape, should be carefully pinned around the edge of the brim of the hat, allowing the lower edge of the veil to come just below the chin. The veil should be inconspicuously fastened with hairpins just below the barrette in the back of the hair, thus drawing it closely at the lower edge. Twisting the veil under the chin, to take out the fulness, spoils the shape of the veil, and surely detracts rather than adds to its pretty

Dress Pattern No. 7342

effect. The ends of the veil are tied, and tucked out of sight.

Lately the face veil has had a decided rival in the lace veil, and it seems likely that this latter veil will enjoy its decided popularity for several months to come From time to time there are new patterns and weavings, but there never has been quite so unique ideas as now.



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A LETTER

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
Toronto, Ont.

Alta., April 4, 1912

Will be glad to have this Pattern, as I find the May Manton Patterns very good ones, no trouble to fit at all. We enjoy our Magazine coming in every month. Wishing it every success.

Yours truly,

Mrs. G. R. L———

Although the lace veil is very picturesque and exceedingly becoming, it has had a decidedly bad feature, which was this: When drawn over the face, it was almost impossible to see through it, and it was quite as impossible for the passer-by to see the fact behind it. Now this has all been done away with, by having the centre of the veil of plain mesh just big enough around to fit over the face. Of quite as much importance as the simple mesh feature in the cobweb veil is the very new and very correct arrangement of the veil itself. The top of the veil is shirred in the centre front, and fastened to the brim of the hat with a silver butterfly. At the side the veil is not fastened to the hat, but arranged in soft folds. At the back it is again shirred, but not quite so much; and at this point it is fastened, and the ends hang in graceful, loose folds.

One attractive lace veil has a plain mesh ground with dots and large leaves, done in the running stitch, scattered over its surface. The lower edge is finished with a border of the leaves and tiny flowers in lily of the valley effect.

The special feature of one of the newest fashionable veils has its border of fringe. Filet net veils are also much favored.

Girl's Dress

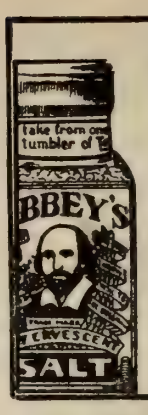
EVERY suggestion of the double skirt is exceedingly smart this season, and this dress shows the effect in an exceptionally attractive manner. In one view it is made all of one material; in the other view it is made of two, and it is equally well adapted to both treatments. All seasonable materials are appropriate, but the dress on the figure is made of rose colored linen with the collar and cuffs embroidered with white, while the back view shows white combined with color.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The side portions of the blouse and the upper portion of the skirt are lapped onto the front and lower portion to give a novel effect, yet the making is extremely simple. The one-piece sleeves are stitched to the armholes. The skirt is made in three sections and both the upper and lower sections are straight at their lower edges. The three-quarter sleeves are finished with bands and rolled over cuffs, the long sleeves with deep straight cuffs.

Dress Pattern No. 7365

For the 12 year size will be required 4¾ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36, 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide to make of one material throughout; 3½ yards of light colored material 27, 2½ yards 36 or 44 with 1½ yards of dark material 27, 1⅛ yards 36 or 44 inches wide to make as shown in back view.

The pattern, No. 7365, is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.



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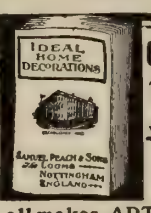

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The kind that dyes either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods, perfectly with the same dye.

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Don't fail to send post card for story booklet, "How Dot Saved the Day," DY-OL-A color card, and Booklet telling what color your goods will "take" successfully.

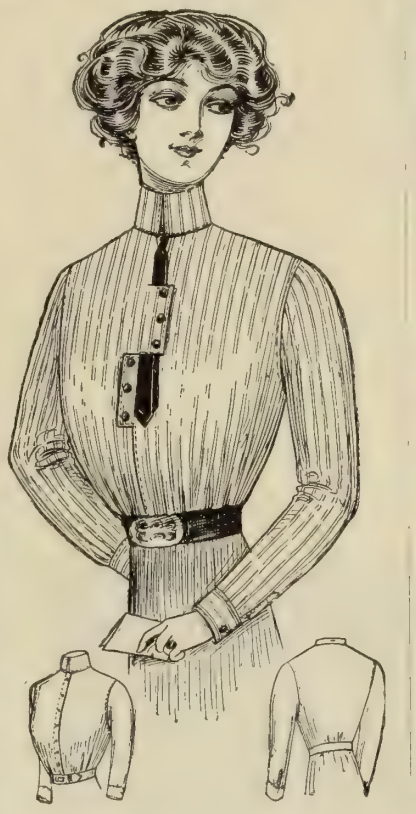
The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited

Montreal, Canada

Plain Blouse or Shirt Waist

THE plain shirt waist that is finished with shaped front edges that are overlapped is a new and smart one. The one illustrated can be treated in that way or finished with plain hemmed edges, as liked. It is without fullness and includes regulation sleeves with overlaps and straight cuffs. Altogether the design is a most satisfactory one both for the plain waist and for the foundation for material that has been tucked or trimmed to suit the fancy.

The waist is made with front and back portions, and the neck edge is finished with a neckband. The sleeves include openings that are finished with overlaps. The collar is separate and attached by means of buttonholes and studs. When made as shown in the large view, the front edges are slashed and finished and lapped one over the other; when made as shown in the



Pattern No. 7333

small front view they are hemmed, and the closing is made with buttons and buttonholes for the entire length.

For the medium size will be required 2¾ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7333, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

Black in Combination

OF black and silver and black and gold there is no end. The black and silver combination is approved by almost all the great French dressmakers.

The manufacturers have provided a wealth of wonderful materials both in black and silver and black and gold, and the beauty of the metallic nets, laces and embroideries is beyond description. Black chiffons, marquisettes, etc., with gold borders, are legion, and the dressmakers are making artistic use of these bordered materials.

One lovely model has a white satin under-robe, over which falls a straight tunic of black chiffon, with a border of gold running up into the black in long points. Below this woven border is an applied border of wide dull gold lace joined to the chiffon under a narrow band of ermine. This tunic falls very low on the white satin skirt and over it is a graceful crossed drapery of black chiffon bordered widely with white chiffon, a single line of jets marking the line between. The bodice is of the gold bordered black chiffon with touches of gold lace and ermine in the short sleeves, and with a draped fichu of black chiffon bordered, like the over-tunic, in white chiffon, from which it is separated by a line of jet.

Black satin coats, so much worn last winter and so exceedingly practical, are here again, and there are plenty of smart-looking, graceful coats in this material backed or lined with bright color, which shows in collars and cuffs.

The Wizard Who Ends All Corns

Some years ago a chemist invented the now famous B & B wax.

To apply it we invented the Blue-jay plaster.

Since then, fifty million corns have been ended forever by this little application.

It is applied in a jiffy. The pain instantly ends. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

Why pare corns when this thing is possible?

Paring simply removes the top layers. It is exceedingly dangerous, for a slip of the blade may mean infection.

Why trifle with corns—treat them over and over—when a Blue-jay removes them completely, and in 48 hours. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (151)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

"Corn Fed!"

See the Kellogg "Corn Fed" boy! Isn't he a big, chubby fellow? Every morning he gets a big dish of the "growing" food — Kellogg's Corn Flakes. He thrives like your children will thrive when you feed them the nutritious sweet hearts of the world's finest corn.

Buy a package today.

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Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES 10c Per Pkg.

Peerless Poultry Fence Protects
We build Peerless Poultry Fence strong enough to keep marauding animals out and sufficiently close to keep small fowl in.
A Real Fence That Gives Real Service
Built same as farm fence of good galvanized wire, protecting it against rust. Top and bottom No. 9 heavy, hard, steel wire—intermediate horizontal wires No. 12—stays No. 13, 32 to the rod. This makes an excellent, all around, general purpose fence suitable for turning all classes of stock.
Agencies nearly everywhere. Live agents wanted in unassigned territory.
The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Hamilton, Ont.

Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
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New Institutes

OUR list of Institutes has been added to during the past winter series of Farmers' and Women's Institute meetings, and it is gratifying to note the appreciation on the part of these Institutes, of the work which may be done by the Institute. It will be of interest to the older Institutes to know where these new Institutes have been organized. The list is: Algonquin, Shanley, Iroquois, Williamsburg, Kars, South March, Canton, Mount Grove, Spencerville, Phillipston, Ivanhoe, Stirling, Elgin, Coldsprings, Harwood, Baltimore, Centreton, Sunderland, Cornwall Centre, in Eastern Ontario; Belmore, Rosemount, Holland Centre, Shallow Lake, Strathnairn, Bognor, Wardsville, Hatford, Huttonville, Anten Mills, Thornton, Carlisle, in Western Ontario.

We wish the greatest success to all these new branches.

Annual Meetings

THE Department of Agriculture is pleased to note that Women's and Farmers' Institutes are co-operating in holding their annual meetings at the same time and place. The business sessions are usually held in the forenoon or early afternoon, followed by a brief programme, and later by an old-fashioned picnic. These gatherings can be made pleasant and profitable to both men and women, young and old.

Some provision should be made at these gatherings for one or two addresses by prominent local people or lecturers from the Department. Unless there is some special attraction, it can hardly be expected that many visitors from a distance will attend the annual. A meeting at which only business matters are considered is not always attractive to the average number. The business of the Institute should always be of interest to the members, but a special address will, as we know, increase the attendance, and add to the pleasure and profit of the meeting.

It will be impossible for the Department to furnish lady lecturers for such occasions, but some of our regular Farmers' Institute workers, as well as members of the Agricultural College staff, are available.

In planning for the annual meeting the district executive should arrange for the discussion of ways and means whereby the work can be extended and made of greater value during the coming year. They should ask that some of the local representatives give reports emphasizing features of the work which have specially appealed to the members of the branch represented.

The Summer Series of Meetings

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for some 700 Women's Institute meetings, to be held from the end of May to early in July. These will be attended by lecturers from the Department of Agriculture.

During this series, social and health problems, community improvement, wholesome literature, as well as subjects bearing more directly upon household management, will be emphasized. Medical doctors, nurses, domestic science graduates, school teachers and the thoroughly practical, successful women without special training, are all represented upon the staff of workers. The variety and practicability of the work undertaken by the Women's Institutes is one of its strong features.

The hearty co-operation on the part of the officers and members in securing a limited amount of local assistance in making definite plans as to the time and place of meeting, in thoroughly advertising the same, is all that is required to make the coming series decidedly successful.

With a few exceptions, only afternoon sessions will be held during this series. This plan is recognized as being more successful than when two sessions are announced.

A partial list of the meetings is given in this issue of the HOME JOURNAL.

Conference of Institute Lecturers

IT is the desire of the Department of Agriculture to give the best instruction to our Institutes, and a conference is being planned for the lecturers who will attend the summer series of meetings. Speakers of national reputation in social, philanthropic and domestic science work will address the lecturers, who will also have ample time to exchange ideas and suggestions gathered from the experience of former years.

The lecturers who appear before Women's Institutes in these days require to be well equipped along the lines for which they are announced. Institute members have been furnished with reports, bulletins and periodicals from time to time which have been the means of self-education to the point where they are becoming quite critical. Our lecturers recognize this, and see the necessity for thorough preparation.

The conference referred to will be held just previous to the time of the summer meetings, and the lecturers will take to the Institutes not only the information gained, but also the enthusiasm which always attends such a conference.

ROAD TO THE MILL, NEAR ROCKWOOD, ONT.

District Representatives

IT is gratifying to note the more general co-operation between the Women's Institutes and district representatives of the Department of Agriculture. It is well for both the representative and the Institute in his district, that the Women's Institutes should be well informed as to the nature of the work undertaken by these men appointed by the Departments of Agriculture and Education to look after the agricultural interests of the county in which each is located. They not only teach agriculture in the local High School, but co-operate with the officers of the organizations concerned in the improvement of agricultural societies, making more effective the work of the Farmers' Institutes, the encouragement of better methods in fruit growing, surveying farms for drainage systems, seed improvement, keeping of herd records, establishment of poultry circles, etc. Literature of interest to farmers and farmers' wives will be found in the office of the district representative, and we trust that the Women's Institutes will make greater use of the office of the district representatives, which we wish our readers to consider as a bureau of information to those who are looking for assistance in matters pertaining to farming and home and community improvement. Many of these men are prepared to give addresses of special interest to the Women's Institutes along nature study lines.

The list of representatives is as follows: W. E. J. Edwards, of Essex; W. H. Porter, of Petrolea; J. E. Smith, of Simcoe; F. C. Hart, of Galt; J. McLaughland, of Collingwood; J. H. Hare, of Whitby; D. A. McKenzie, of Lindsay; E. S. Hopkins, of Norwood; A. P. MacVannel, of Picton; S. Kennedy, of Perth; A. D. Campbell, of Morrisburg; A. D. McIntosh, of Stirling; R. S. Duncan, of Port Hope; W. D. Jackson, of Carp; H. A. Dorrance, of Orangeville; A. S. Smith, of Sault Ste. Marie; C. A. Galbraith, of New Liskeard; F. M. Clement, of Dutton; H. C. Duff, of Markdale; J. C. Steckley, of Newmarket; G. W. Collins, of Fort William.

It is expected that six or eight additional representatives will be appointed during the present season. Announcements will be made in these columns as soon as appointments have been made.

Libraries

ONE of the most satisfactory ways to use the Institute money is to establish a small library in connection with the Institute. This library could very well contain books of special value in household matters, and which are not usually found in the ordinary public library. The traveling libraries which are sent out by the Department of Education have been much appreciated by our Institute, especially in those localities where there is not a public library. There is, however, a peculiar pleasure in having a few books of one's own, and we would commend to the Institutes the expenditure of a portion of their funds for this purpose.

The lists of books given herewith are suggestive. A full list is found in the Handbook. These books may be ordered through the office of the superintendent.

"Food and Its Functions," "Home Economics," "Care and Feeding of Children" (Holt), "School Sanitation and Decoration," "Flowers, and How to Grow Them," "The Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling." $5.30 and express charges.

"Food and Its Functions," "Home Sanitation," "The Hygiene of the Schoolroom," "Dust and Its Dangers," "The Rights of Children," "Home Economics." $5.23 and express charges.

"The Science of Nutrition," "Home Economics," "Laundry Manual," "Vegetable Gardening," "How to Plant Home Gardens," "From the Child's Standpoint," "Home Nursing" (Harrison), "Handbook of Invalid Cookery." $8.25 and express charges.

"Food and Its Functions," "School Hygiene," "Home Sanitation," "The Story of Germ Life," "The Study of Childhood," "Care of Feeding of Children" (Holt), "Husband, Wife and Home," "Home Economics," "The Expert Waitress," "Teaching Truth," "Flowers and How to Grow Them," "The Outlook to Nature," "Economic Function of Women." $10.00 and express charges.

Notes of General Interest

IN two or three districts visited by one of our lady lecturers during the recent winter series, about 300 new members were secured for the Institutes visited. This is an evidence that it pays to advertise the meetings and to "talk up" the Institute.

The Burlington Institute, which has a membership of about one hundred, has in its membership ninety-six subscribers to the HOME JOURNAL. This is suggestive to other Institutes.

One of our secretaries asks for a dialogue which would set forth the objects and benefits of the Institute. This would need to be something original, and we see here an opportunity for some of our enterprising Institute members.

The Warkworth Institute is giving $100 toward the remodeling of the hall in the vicinity. In return, the Institute will have the free use of the hall for all meetings.

The lecturer who visited the Northumberland Institutes during the past winter reports that she found them very flourishing, but ready to accept new ideas and to venture new work. The Institutes in West Northumberland are interesting themselves in the Cobourg Hospital.

The recent meeting of the Alvinston Institute was rather a unique one. Six girls took up the three meals of the day—two taking each meal, one telling what to prepare and the other how to serve it. This is an idea for other Institutes.

The Mount Grove Institute is the first Institute to be organized in Centre Frontenac. It was organized in February last.

County Conventions

IT is not too soon to think of county or district conventions. The holding of such a convention in the early fall has, in almost every instance, been a stimulus to the work, and we would suggest that this be one of the items of business to be discussed at the district annual meeting. In planning the programme for a convention, it is well to arrange that the various sections of the district or county be represented by the best local speakers, and also to have one speaker from a distance. The Department will be prepared to co-operate in furnishing lecturers for these conventions.

Saskatchewan Home-makers' Club

IN Ontario the work of the Women's Institutes is well established. It is interesting to watch the progress being made by the Institutes in the other provinces.

The Saskatchewan organizations—which have taken the name of "Home-makers' Clubs"—have evidently caught the spirit of the West, and have made great strides in the work. The report of the first annual convention, with less than one hundred delegates in attendance, shows considerable enterprise, and we have pleasure in giving space to an address given by Mrs. W. R. Motherwell at that convention. We are sure that this address will be of interest to our Ontario members.

The Department of Agriculture in Saskatchewan is in full sympathy with the work of these clubs, and, among other things, publishes small leaflets and booklets containing suggestions and advice as to the conduct of the work, reports from the clubs and a limited amount of practical information.

The aims, responsibilities and difficul-

ties of the women's societies formed for the betterment of home and community conditions, whether in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, New Brunswick, or our own Province of Ontario, are similar. Some quotations from the literature received from Saskatchewan will be found of value to our Ontario members.

Successful Meetings

"SUCCESSFUL meetings don't just happen," they are caused to come to pass. This does not mean that a great deal of work is done in connection with them, but that plans are laid ahead, not left until shortly before the meeting and then hurried arrangements made. Try, as suggested before, to decide on subjects and speakers for at least three months ahead, and better results will follow. Many Institutes in other parts of Canada which have been at work for a longer time, arrange and print their programmes for twelve months ahead, so even a new Institute should be able to plan for three months ahead.

If we cannot all at once get an ideal programme, we can at least work towards one. In the words of John R. Mott, "May we never be content with small success; may we never lose a vision of our possibilities."

PREPARATION.

Half an hour's work at home, before the meeting, by the secretary, looking over the order of meeting, the minutes and any letter she may have received during the month from the Department, thus being well prepared for her part, prevents things dragging, and maintains the interest of the listeners. The same applies to the president. For success, it is necessary to make as thorough preparation for the eight members who may be present, as would be made if twenty-eight were expected.

There is a difference between smothering a discussion and keeping it to the point, a difference too, between talking a question over with one's right or left hand neighbor, and discussing it in the meeting. If the rest of the programme is to create a helpful atmosphere for the one who is to read a paper or give an address, then the chairman must endeavor, tactfully, to keep a firm grip on the meeting, discouraging both wandering from the point and "visiting."

It adds wonderfully to the attraction of a programme to have either a song, an instrumental piece, a reading or a recitation, more than one if possible.

FOR UNEXPECTED GAPS.

In many of the magazines and papers of to-day helpful articles, from a woman's point of view, appear. Why not keep an eye open for such articles suitable for reading at a meeting of the Institute, should an unexpected gap on the programme occur? Having something of this kind to fall back upon gives a feeling of security to the one responsible for the meeting.

Questions and Answers

A SUGGESTION has been made that for twelve months Institutes adopt this plan: At each meeting have one member (asked a month previously) in her own words, and occupying only three or four minutes, answer the questions, What is an Institute? What can it do? This is one way of getting diffident members to take a small part in the programme. It will mean by the end of a year that every member has a better understanding of what the Institute is, besides being enlightening to newcomers and visitors.

Further, anything which tends to draw one and another into taking a small, but direct, vocal share in the programme is of value.

New Members

WHEN asked the secret of his eloquence, William Jennings Bryan replied, "I mastered my subject, I believed in my cause, I hungered for success." Those are the kind of folks we want on the membership committee; such as have an understanding of the aim and purpose of an Institute, who believe in it, and who "hunger" for success in enrolling new members.

How can an Institute increase its membership? Emphasis cannot too often be laid upon the importance of making the meetings so good that people want to come to them. Good meetings will be talked about, and will increase and will hold the membership. Concerning an altogether different organization, I heard the remark made the other day, "Much good the meeting will do; you won't hear anything worth while there." The way to increase the membership in that particular society is to put more work on the programme. It is not a bit of use having a good, working membership committee, and all the other members alive to their responsibilities in the same matter, unless their efforts are well backed up by the programme committee. To be permanently successful a merchant must have good goods behind advertising.

Then the meetings should be well advertised. Many new members will be added without much effort if we make sure that people know about the meeting and the programme. Have a notice in the local paper before and after the meeting, a notice in the post office, school, general store, in fact, wherever possible, and have it there for at least a week beforehand to give all an opportunity to hear of it.

Let it be known too, who are wanted for members. If the idea gets abroad that the Institute is only for married ladies it will be hard work to coax the young, unmarried girls to come. In the membership we want young and middle-aged, and old, all over fourteen, all who are interested in any way in home or the community life. Each has something to contribute which no one else can so well contribute. Therefore, see that the membership committee too, those who are seeking new members, includes ladies of different ages, interests and spheres, if possible.

Nor should our efforts be confined to securing the prominent people of the district, or those who we think may be able to read good papers, help in carrying on of the meetings, or contribute freely to the funds. In interesting even the youngest and most difficult girls we can't tell how great an asset we are adding to the Institute. I once heard a preacher put it after this fashion, "We may not only be fishers of men, we may be fishers of fishermen." We can't tell who are going to be the Institute's most valuable members, or who most needs the help to be gained from the Institute.

Don't approach those who have not attended any of the meetings with the request that they become members. Not understanding the Institute, they will possibly say "No." Interest them first. Ask them to come with you to the next meeting as a visitor, and give them an opportunity to know something about an Institute; then ask them to join. When they join we want them to have some understanding of what they are joining, and what their membership means.

NEW MEMBERS ARE ADDED BY:

Knowing your field and trying to cover it.

Reminding members to bring their friends to the meetings with them.

Personal solicitation, which wins where all else fails.

Making strangers and visitors feel thoroughly welcome when they come.

Never belittling the work of your Institute, however humble a beginning it may be.

Seeing that those who are members already attend.

Living up to your programme promises.

Adding new features to the programme year by year.

Keeping interest keen through passing on to others the information you come across regarding the progress of the work in your community or elsewhere.

And when you have got new members, include them in the work.

Give Money to Institutes

Burlington, April 2nd, 1912.

To the Editor of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Dear Sir—Announcement has been made in the press recently that the Provincial Department of Agriculture will have some one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, granted by the Dominion Government, available for various lines of agriculture work in Ontario during the current year. I have been wondering whether or not justice would be done in the redistribution of these funds to these societies that are "doing things." The Women's Institutes are well known throughout the whole province, and are holding monthly meetings on their own account, and once or twice a year have lecturers from the Department of Agriculture. At some of the meetings visited by departmental delegates it has been customary in the past to give cooking demonstrations. Very little of real value, however, can be expected from isolated demonstrations, and the Institutes have been looking for some time for some

The Right of Way

In the bowl of the

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR

¶ No confusion occurs between the cream and skim-milk currents.

¶ There is a guarded channel for each, and yet any dilatory fat particles have full opportunity to join the cream current without disturbance in any way. Each has its full right of way from entrance into, until discharged from the machine. That's why the skimming is so perfect.

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ELECTRIC WASHER AND WRINGER

Here is the machine that will do your whole washing, without your lifting a hand.

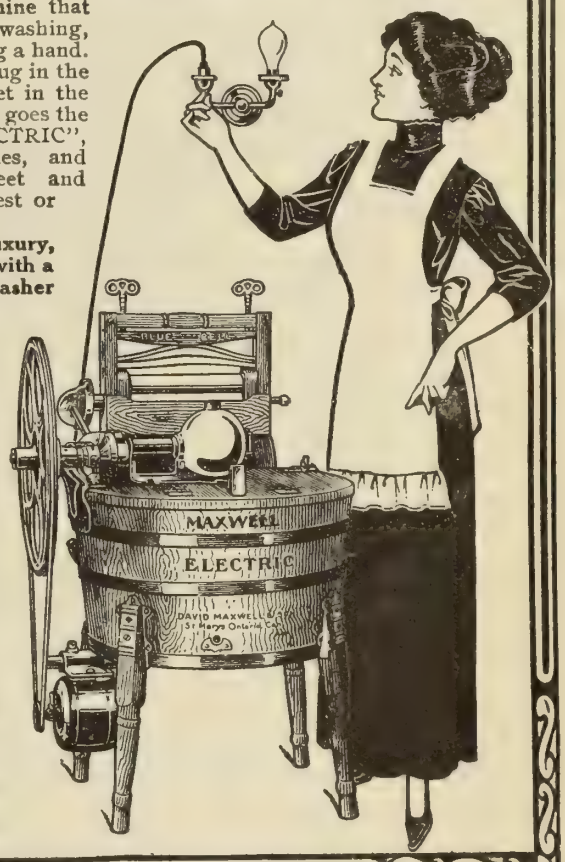
Simply put the plug in the electric light socket in the kitchen—and away goes the "MAXWELL ELECTRIC", washing the clothes, and making them sweet and clean, while you rest or read.

Wash-day is a luxury, in homes equipped with a Maxwell Electric Washer and Wringer.

You will realize how easily this washer works—and how economically it operates—when we mention that it is run by a ⅛ horse power motor, from the ordinary lamp socket. The wringer can also be attached and driven by same power.

As usual, Maxwell is the first in Canada to perfect an Electric Washer and Wringer.

See them at your dealer's—or write us for catalogue, showing the complete line of Electric, Water Motor and Hand Washers.



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ST. MARYS, Ont.
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—use warm water and Baby's Own Soap.

The warm water opens the pores of the skin and the minute particles of pure refined vegetable oils which form the creamy, fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap are absorbed into the skin, keeping it soft, healthy, and preventing cracks and chaps.

A perfect rinsing, then smart rubbing when drying guarantees a fine smooth skin in any weather.

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Best for Baby
Best for You

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Canada's Standard toilet and nursery soap for over 30 years.

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DON'T TRY TO SAVE MONEY BY
buying low grade coffee. An extra half cent or cent a day will buy
Seal Brand
and you will know the exquisite flavor of the finest coffee obtainable.
PACKED IN ONE AND TWO POUND CANS ONLY
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MONTREAL
32

Player-Piano Individuality
The average person is under the impression that all Player-pianos are practically alike, and no matter what make they purchase the results will be the same. This is a mistaken idea, and the artistic instrument which the maker has spent many thousands of dollars in perfecting should not be confused with so-called "Players" which are offered at very low prices.
Special features in the
NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
place it in a distinctive class
and make it the only Player-piano which will produce the effects the trained musician is after.
We will be pleased to give you full particulars about the New Scale Williams Player-piano, and if there is no dealer in your locality, will arrange to supply you direct from the factory.
Ask about our extended payment plan.
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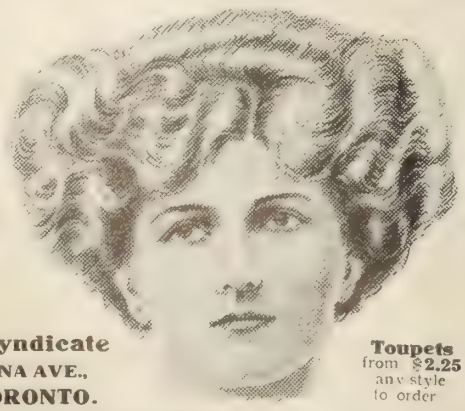
Send Sample of Hair, and also remittance either by Express or Postal order or Registered letter.

All Goods securely and privately packed, and sent Duty & Post paid.



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24 "	$4.25
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Any length to order.

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Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

systematic instruction along demonstration lines. A trial course of this nature was given in Haldimand district during November, December and January. This, as I understand, consisted of a course of some fifteen lectures each, accompanied by a demonstration. So far as I have heard, the Institutes concerned appreciated this work, and the individual members derived much benefit therefrom.

I have been wondering whether or not a reasonable proportion of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand will be devoted to this feature of work. I am confident that the members taking advantage of these lectures will be only too willing to pay a reasonable amount towards the cost of the same. We feel, however, that the Government would be justified in appropriating three or four thousand of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand for this work in Ontario.

We appreciate the co-operation of your journal, and are certain that you will be only too glad to give publicity to the above.

Yours truly,
AN INSTITUTE MEMBER OF LONG STANDING.

The Message of the Asters

By JEAN MURRAY

A photo I am sending you
Of flowers that in my garden grew;
Asters—purple, pink, and white,
So gay they were, some dark, some light.
Their beauty I shall long remember,
Aster, queen-flower of September.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ASTERS

One day they seemed to speak to me,
Whispering softly, earnestly.
I listened, and they seemed to say,
"Just live as we do—day by day;
No thought have we of care or sorrow,
Nor do we ever dread to-morrow.
We're trying to be bright to-day,
To cheer some heart along the way."
That was their message; don't you see
A lesson there for you and me?

My Child's Future

(We are pleased to give herewith a synopsis of the address given by Mrs. M. N. Norman of Toronto, at the last annual convention of Women's Institutes).

I AM to have the privilege of speaking to you on the subject, "My Child's Future." Of course, when I say *my* child, I mean *every* child. The real mother heart is big enough to take in all the children of the world. To seek to save our own children, without seeking to save our world children is an indication of stupidity as well as of a narrow motherhood. The evils which result from the ignorance and defencelessness of the uncared for child, reach their ugly and defiling tentacles into every part of society. No one is safe. Only by making such conditions as will ensure the *right* kind of boyhood and girlhood, manhood and womanhood, can we have a safe, healthy, happy humanity.

To those who consider that the present evils are just and inevitable I have no word to say. But to those who long to see better things, who desire the best things in life for all human beings, who look forward to the time when love will be the ruling factor in life, I earnestly urge a consideration of the fact that the child is the one hope of permanent betterment. This is our one seriously important concern, the making of healthy, wise, educated, refined, honest, kind citizens; everything else should take second place. It is easy to see that having done this, the laws could go away for a perpetual holiday. When we have learned to love our neighbors as ourselves, we will need no law to keep us safe. We can hasten that time by teaching our boys and girls that love, not money, is the most valuable asset, that love, not social position, is what makes men and women worth while; that love, not ambition, should be the motor force of their lives. Of course, when I say "love," I do not mean "in-love"; "in-love" means passion, good and beautiful in its own place, but love means *service*, that which constantly seeks to bring joy into other lives.

In one of Horace Ttaubel's wonderful poems is this line, "The father creed must give place to the child ideal"; which means that men and women must realize that woman's place in life must not be one of servitude to man, nor man's place in life that, merely, of bread-winner, but that together they must unite their forces to guarantee the child its right to be born well and then to be guided and guarded into the right kind of citizenship.

To that end our boys and girls of this, our day, must be taught. They must get such knowledge as will make them recognize it as imperative that *their* children shall be born with good bodies, and shall have such opportunities as will ensure them a chance to live happily.

I remember my father's refusal to let me have a horse until I learned to hitch and unhitch, harness and unharness—deeming that knowledge necessary for my safety. But do many of us ever give a thought to the question of our fitness for the most serious, the most sacred function of life, that of bringing new lives into the world? No; we leave all that to chance. Why, we are even told to-day, in this enlightened age, that it is a debatable question whether our children shall be taught concerning this terribly vital matter. When I hear anyone talk in that way, I always wish I could hold up before them—printed in letters of fire—the facts of which I am aware concerning the conversation, the written things, the actions of many of our children. What I know comprises a very small part of the truth, but it is sufficient, if it were widely known, to make the real mothers drop their bridge clubs, their dinner parties, their brooms and dusters, their looms and needles, and gather the children of the world close to them. They would tell them the truth about life, and they would see to it that they were safe, for they would realize that death is to be preferred to the continued pollution of our race. They would realize that only knowledge and wise protection can save our little ones.

Our girls should be taught to ask themselves such questions as, Have I the kind of body which is worthy to be the temple of the sacred office of motherhood? Have I a disease which it is possible I might transmit to a child, and curse it from the beginning with a weak body? Have I the sort of equipment, mental, moral and physical, which will make me the best kind of mother?

Our boys should be taught the necessity of taking care of their bodies, of keeping their minds clean, of refusing to allow anything debasing to enter their lives, of understanding the vital

importance of being worthy of the serious responsibility of fatherhood.

You say, "We cannot talk to our boys and girls about these things, they don't understand." Those of you who have had little children to deal with know that anywhere from the age of four years they begin to ask you questions. Do you suppose, when you refuse to answer their questions that they cease being curious? It is better for us to tell the children all they can learn wisely, or is it better to let them get their knowledge from the gutter?

We have all kinds of machinery for the punishment and correction of humanity gone wrong: prisons, policemen, juvenile courts, reformatories, refuges, asylums, but little is done to start it right and keep it going right. We need to give the right kind of teaching, we need supervised playgrounds, many public parks, public baths; we must have free medical inspection and attendance of school children, free dental parlors, and the schools used as social centres. Children need companionship, and they *will* have it; we must see to it that they have the right kind in the wisest way. Parents should be the playfellows of their children. They should take part in their games, and should share their lives in every way.

You women, especially, have such a great power. Oh, if you would only use it, bringing your minds, your sympathies, your understanding, to bear upon this greatest and most important of all questions, "The Child and its Future."

May Flowers

GO search the wild-wood everywhere,
Among earth's fairest flowers;
Not one, I think, is half so fair,
As these pink gems of ours.

Although 'neath counterpane of snow,
Earth may serenely sleep,
And woodland song and streamlet flow,
Be hushed in silence deep.

They grow along the birchen slope,
And in the pine-clad vale,
Heedless alike of ice and snow,
Or the fierce northern gale.

And cheerfully among brown leaves,
Although cold breezes blow,
They nestle in the frozen moss,
And bloom amid the snow.

—*Contributed by a Nova Scotia reader.*

Domestic Bookkeeping

By MRS. W. R. MOTHERWELL

From the First Annual Report of the Saskatchewan Home-makers' Club.

DOMESTIC Bookkeeping. Why introduce such an unpopular subject at a gathering of this nature? What has bookkeeping to do with a female department of the home? We thought this convention was to lend itself to considering helps to the women in the homes. We readily understand why such subjects as "Social Life in Country Homes," "The Model Kitchen," "Growing Fruits," "House Plants," "Raising Poultry," etc., should be introduced, but bookkeeping and domestic at that! The inference is that it, too, is one of the legitimate housewifely occupations.

I understand very well the horror with which most women look upon bookkeeping, and this is quite natural when one considers the limited opportunities afforded many women, especially in the rural districts, to study this phase of home life, and to expect them to keep books in the ordinary sense of the term, is quite impracticable. Therefore, it is not my purpose, formidable as the title of this paper may appear, to recommend any particular style of bookkeeping for you to follow, but rather to draw your attention to the advantage of having some plan devised by yourself and understandable to yourself whereby you can tell just how much money you have spent each month so that, should there be an unnecessary leakage anywhere, you are in a position to discover it and apply a remedy.

But again, you become aroused at the mention of the word "money." You feel strongly tempted to ask the question, "Where am I to get the money? My husband takes charge of that. He is the treasurer; he is the one who pays the bills; my part is to buy as savingly as possible. I have no money to handle excepting an occasional five or ten-dollar bill that much coaxing has procured for me, or the cash proceeds I may secure for my butter, eggs and poultry." I know that, too, and that is where one of our real difficulties arises. I think this difficulty is experienced more by the women in the country than those in the city. It is not an unusual thing for the latter to be given an allowance by their husbands on which to finance the household; but to my knowledge not many of the rural women enjoy the advantages of a personal bank account. Our first efforts, then, toward domestic bookkeeping must be applied along the lines of opening the eyes of the "darkened understandings" of our husbands, and persuade them to make us true partners of the firm; giving into our keeping a share of the proceeds and allowing us to meet what is generally termed the "inside" expenses. We are more or less familiar with the masculine answer when approached on this subject. He dons a grieved and injured air and says quite magnanimously, "My dear, all I have is yours, what is your complaint? Am I not feeding you and clothing you as well, or even better than your neighbors? When you need anything, all you have to do is to ask me for it and if I can afford it it is yours. Surely you should be satisfied." The fact remains, we are not satisfied. We try to be, but we are not. There are so many channels to-day open to woman whereby she can make an independent living for herself (and many have tasted the joys of self-support before entering their husband's homes) that it makes it doubly hard to be thus dependent, and when anything is required, instead of going to a purse of her own as formerly, she has to humiliate herself by asking her husband for it and undergo the mortification of being refused if she fails in getting him to appreciate the need as she does. One need not be a suffragette to arrive at the conclusion that there are rights and privileges denied the women in the home that, if enjoyed, would not only make them happier, but their husbands also. It would be a mutual benefit, and I have faith in man's fairness and his respect for individual rights—even those of his wife—to believe that, if the thought has been presented to him in a fair, businesslike way, he will recognize the reasonableness of it and set about providing a way whereby his wife may handle the money of the home that is rightfully and naturally hers. And here I would add that for a man to know that his wife is keeping an intelligent account of her expenditures, and is quite as businesslike about her finances as he is about his, is a strong incentive for him to give her a free hand and scope for her energies.

I find it convenient to do my bookkeeping under four headings—food, clothing, hired help and miscellaneous. I get monthly statements from the merchants, check them off with the bills received, enter all items into a small dated diary and then transfer to my cash book under the above headings. After totaling each separately, I find the aggregate expenditure for the month.

It is very interesting to compare one month's expenses with another, and any given month with the corresponding one for the previous year. By doing so one often makes discoveries that are quite startling. For instance, supposing that for a certain time the farm supplied the meats used on the table, and then for a corresponding period the meats had to be bought, the food accounts for these two periods would immediately show a decided increase. Our attention is arrested, and we at once investigate to discover the cause. We find that it is due to the failure of the farm to produce its own meats, and so with many other things that might be home grown. If we have been carrying out the principle of arousing and maintaining our husband's interest in our bookkeeping, he will not only acknowledge where the leakage came in, but will immediately set about correcting it. The garden, the dairy, the hens, the pork, the beef are tremendous assets to a farmer's table, and often money is paid out for these things that if kept account of and faced in cold figures, a remedy would be provided.

The farmer is situated differently from the salaried man. Generally speaking, he does not have much cash to handle until after his grain is threshed, but after he begins to market his grain why not deposit in the bank to his wife's credit as many hundred dollars as he expects it is going to cost to keep herself and household during the next year. It all amounts to the same thing in the end. He will have to pay out that amount anyway, and if his wife knew how much money was at her disposal for the year she would spend it to better advantage. By keeping a monthly statement of her expenditure,

Continued on page 50

Try the flour that holds the confidence of thousands of home-cooks

THE present huge demand for PURITY FLOUR shows the confidence in which it is held by thousands of home-cooks.

Those who have used PURITY FLOUR have come to believe in it. They look on PURITY as a friend. They feel they can trust it implicitly, because each and every lot of PURITY FLOUR has always been uniform—always up to the high standard of quality that has made it famous.

Wouldn't you, too, like to use a flour you could always rely on? Wouldn't you like to feel certain that your bread, cakes, and pies were going to turn out exactly right? That's just how you'll feel when you become a user of PURITY FLOUR — the confidence-creating flour.

PURITY FLOUR gives high-class results, because it *consists exclusively* of the *high-grade portions* of the best Western hard wheat.

On account of the *extra* strength of PURITY FLOUR please remember, when making pastry, to add *more* shortening than an ordinary flour requires.

PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"

And when making bread add *more* water, and PURITY FLOUR will expand into more loaves than the same weight of ordinary flour can produce, thus making "*more bread and better bread.*"

Make your next flour order spell P-U-R-I-T-Y F-L-O-U-R.
It costs slightly more, but it's worth the difference.
Add PURITY FLOUR to grocery list right now.

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The Portfolio For Our Institute Representatives

You all know the rate to Institute members given in consideration of large club orders sent us. In many of the branches a member of every family subscribes to the Journal.

To make it easier to send orders we are giving to the club raiser in each branch a portfolio fitted with pockets for Journal envelopes, order blanks, etc., and any Institute papers.

The Institute colors are used, the cover and pocket corners are blue, while the lettering is with gold leaf. We hope it may prove useful and attractive.

Any Institute club raiser who has failed to receive this portfolio will please notify us.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

ARNOTT INSTITUTE

The work of the ARNOTT INSTITUTE in treating Stammerers and Stutterers is becoming more and more widely recognized as perhaps the most successful on this continent.

Following our own scientific methods, the Institute treats the CAUSE of stammering—not the habit itself. It teaches the patient **why** he stammered, and once he understands that, it is comparatively easy for him to learn, in from five to eight weeks, how to speak fluently and naturally, without any of the objectionable mannerisms commonly taught. As he knows **why** he is speaking correctly, the cure is permanent.

If you know anyone who stammers or stutters, in kindness to them advise them to consult the ARNOTT INSTITUTE.

BERLIN, ONTARIO, CAN. 7

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Tooth Paste

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ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH POWDER
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Tooth Powder

In this remarkable Powder science has succeeded in combining that most useful of all cleansing agents, that arch-enemy of decay—OXYGEN. Hitherto this most elusive but desirable friend to the teeth, the gums and the mouth has never been fully available. Oxygen, the cleanser, the purifier, is now at your service in Royal Vinolia Tooth Powder—which means that every tiny interstice of the teeth, every nook and corner of the mouth is searched, cleansed and purified as never before.

In boxes of attractive shape, with patent top so that there is no waste in applying the Powder to your brush. Price 25 cents.

Fluid Dentifrice

The exquisite and refreshing flavour of this liquid dentifrice will be the most welcome thing about your daily ablutions, once you commence its use. A perfect tooth and mouth cleanser though it is—its action goes much further, for germs of disease as well as tooth-decay are daily eliminated from the mouth. Children delight in Royal Vinolia Fluid Dentifrice; there is no trouble in teaching them the habit of tooth cleanliness with its use.

Price 25 cents.

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By appointment Soapmakers to H.M. THE KING. 132

TRY A

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Sterling Silver Hat Pin

of attractive design, with a fine stone, given for ONE six-months subscription to CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL at 50c., and to cover postage and packing send an extra 5c.

Take A Scoopful Of Each— Side By Side

Take "St. Lawrence" Granulated in one scoop—and any other sugar in the other.

Look at "St. Lawrence" Sugar — its perfect crystals — its pure, white sparkle— its even grain. Test it point by point, and you will see that

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"Most every dealer sells St. Lawrence Sugar."

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

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Canadian Girls' Club

Many Maids of Many Plans Earning Money

THE Girls' Club is solving many problems for a constantly increasing number of members. There's a very busy housekeeper who doesn't feel that she can spare money from the household funds to get a number of books which she feels that the family should have. Another is outfitting her kitchen with beautiful aluminum ware. The girls who are buying personal things are innumerable.

Fruit and Flower Mission

One of our members is very interested in a fruit and flower mission. During the past year she has earned several hundred dollars from work in the Club, which she has used for bouquets and baskets of fruit to cheer up the invalids. In town, where these are so expensive, you can imagine with what pleasure they were received. Perhaps in some places fruit and flowers would not be such a luxury, but in every town there is work to be done, and the truest charity is that which makes some sacrifices of time or effort.

The College Girls

As one college girl says, "The demand on one's pocket-book is something fearful, little parties, matinees, concerts, pictures, especially if one is away from one's home town." The Girls' Club just suits the college girl, with several months of freedom and lots of time to call on friends. There are hours each day that she can spend on club work, and not interfere with any pleasures or home duties.

> Here are a few orders sent from home. Just a couple of months now and I shall be sending you lots of names. I am going to start as soon as I get home. The short time I was a member of the Club last summer showed me what can be accomplished.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> S. F.

Starting With a Few

Please don't get the idea that you have to make a business of this club work. Many of our members have just a dozen or so subscribers, friends and relatives, many of whom were already subscribers. Others started with a small circle like this, and kept widening and enlarging it whenever they had an opportunity. One member says:

> I did not think I would have time to do any work this year, but my friends have written asking if I would take their renewals, so I thought I might as well. I'll do what I can to increase the list in my spare time.

Specimen Copies

So far as we can supply them, we will send sample copies to lists sent in by members. Of course these are not current copies, but copies that were not sold by news dealers. One of our members has just earned about $70 with this plan in a month. She writes:

> Dear Secretary:—
> I was really surprised to find how easy it was to get subscriptions. Of course the sample copies helped some, because many had never seen the JOURNAL before. Then asking if they had received the samples made a good opening to talk about the JOURNAL. But I am so enthusiastic about it that I think I made every one else feel the same.

The Shirt Waist Set

We are changing the number "13" from an unlucky to a lucky one for new members, and any former members who for some reason haven't sent any orders yet. Just thirteen subscriptions sent within the first month will entitle you to a most attractive enamel bar pin and two collar pins to match. This is a memento of your first orders, and entirely additional to all regular earnings.

> The pins came yesterday; they are very pretty indeed, and my friends are all envious. You must be sending out lots of these. It only took me a few days to get thirteen orders. I hope to send you lots more very soon.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> L. N.

Joining The Club

All we ask is that you want to help make the JOURNAL known to every woman in your neighborhood. No matter how small or large the field, no matter how little time you have to work, we ask only that you do what you can, and we will help you all we can.

Secretary,
Canadian Girls' Club,
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

You Need Both the Knox Packages

Every housewife will find it of the greatest convenience to keep a package of Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine and also a package of Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine always on hand.

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SPARKLING
GELATINE

With the Knox pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine you are always ready to make a dainty Dessert, Cream, Ice or Candy, using freshly cut fruits or nuts for ingredients and flavor—or to use unsweetened for Salads, Sauces or Gravies.

KNOX PURE SPARKLING ACIDULATED GELATINE

is exactly the same as the Plain, with an extra envelope of pure concentrated fruit juice—a great convenience when you are too busy to squeeze lemons. Each package contains tablet in separate envelope r coloring if desired.

With each package you know the ingredients of your dish exactly—which you cannot know with the ready flavored packages. Each makes two full quarts (½ gallon) of jelly, or four times as much as "ready" packages.

— Coffee Bavarian Cream —

½ box KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup clear and strong coffee
Yolks of 4 eggs. 1 cup sugar
1 pint cream 1 pint milk
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

Soften gelatine in coffee 5 minutes; stir milk and cream together, beat with whip churn, drain the whip; add to unwhipped cream enough milk to make one pint in all, scald and cook in it yolks of eggs beaten with sugar. When thickened slightly, add gelatine, strain into pan standing in ice water. When mixture begins to set, add vanilla and fold in cream, then turn into mold.

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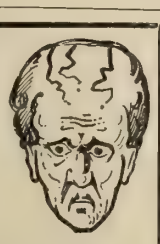
Whenever you feel a headache coming on take



NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 131

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

THE daily bath is an important item for the outdoor girl to consider. Many of us do not care for the shock of the icy plunge advocated by devotees of the cold bath. Unless you are particularly robust you are likely to chill for a good half day from the reaction, but the rinsing water of the bath should be at most barely tepid, and cooler if you can endure it.

A nice perfume for the bath is violet water prepared after the formula of a famous beauty who is just now giving her beauty secrets to an eager feminine world through the columns of a great daily. Here it is:

"Take extract of violet, ten drams; extract of cassia, ten drams; tincture of orris root, twenty drams; tincture of civet, four drams; oil of bitter almonds, twenty drops; oil of rhodium, forty drops; alcohol (95 per cent. pure), one quart; and rosewater, twenty-five drams. Turn the oils into the alcohol and allow them to stand, shaking twice daily for one week, then add the tinctures."

When compounding perfumes for one's own use you must remember that certain odors kill each other, while others develop and mingle together. Neroli, lemon, and verbena will mix harmoniously, as will almond, heliotrope and vanilla; or tuberose, cassia, and bitter almond.

DENTISTRY has reached a perfection in this age which makes us wonder what next can be done to improve or preserve our molars, incisors and other useful or ornamental equipment. Miss Annette Beacon, in giving the girls some good advice, remarks:

Wouldn't you like to take a lesson in the art of taking care of your teeth, Milady? I promise not to be a severe task-mistress. All in favor of taking exquisite care of the teeth say, ay. Not one dissenting voice! Isn't that nice? I do like to see women take a pride in their appearance, and always try to help them make their beauty dreams come true. Since you are all waiting for my lecture on teeth, I mustn't spend another minute gossiping, dearly as I would like to.

Are you the woman who thinks there is nothing to be done for your teeth besides brushing them daily and hurrying, panic-stricken, to a dentist when a toothache starts? Then you are sadly mistaken. There are hosts of things to be done for the teeth, and I intend telling you some of them right now.

Did you know that you cannot have perfect health if your teeth are decayed? This is a fact. All sorts of health troubles come when the teeth are neglected. Once you realize the importance of having sound teeth, you will make it a point to visit your dentist at least once a year.

In case you object to this expense, I would suggest testing your teeth for cavities at home. Any woman can do this work for herself, and in a few minutes' time. How? Let me explain. Teeth that are in good condition have a smooth, polished surface, whereas, the presence of a cavity is indicated by a roughness, which can be immediately detected if a silken thread is drawn between the teeth. Should the thread catch, you can be sure of the existence of a gaping hole. The sensible woman, upon making this unpleasant discovery, immediately pins on a hat and flies to a filler of teeth. She doesn't wait, as that merely gives the cavity time to grow larger.

Don't indulge in gold fillings. The modern dentist fills cavities, but, unless especially requested, not with gold. He works with nature, rebuilding the teeth in such a manner that they are free from ugly and expensive ornamentations.

I wonder how many of my readers have cracked teeth. Probably one-third at least. Did you ever stop to think what was the cause of this beauty catastrophe? No? Then I am sure you would like to know the why and wherefore. The teeth crack when subjected to extremes of temperature. You should never, if you value teeth beauty, follow a cup of hot coffee by a plate of ice cream, or an iced pudding by a hot drink.

Let me implore you not to use your pretty teeth as nut-crackers. This is forcing them to do work for which they were never intended. So many people, men and women both, find it easier to use the teeth to crack a nut or bite through a thread or cord than to hunt up a nut-cracker or a pair of sharp scissors. What is the result of this pernicious habit? Why toothaches, ruined teeth, and a big dentist's bill.

Now let me chat for a moment on the correct way of brushing the teeth. The usual way is to brush across the teeth, but I advocate an up and down stroke. It is very important that the bristles of the brush should pass between the teeth, as in this way particles of food are dislodged. The cross stroke of the brush does not penetrate between the teeth, consequently you see I have good reason for advising the up and down stroke.

Another thing! Next time you brush your teeth, be careful to scrub them on the inside as well as the outside, and while you are scouring away, do not overlook the tops of the back teeth.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Miss E. T.—Would like to know about grey hair and a place where superfluous hair can be successfully removed.

Don't worry about grey hairs; they are not always a sign of advanced years, and hair dyes are not always successful.

The firm whose name you mentioned is spoken of by several as being the most reliable firm in Canada for the removal of superfluous hair. It is worth all the money they charge if the work is done right. Don't go to a cheap place, or use unknown preparations for the removal of hair.

"Christine" asks how to dress her straight black hair, also how to make hair wavy.

Christine does not say how old she is, but I would judge that she is about sixteen.

I suppose you would like to do your hair in the latest style, and my advice to you is, part it in the centre, allowing it to fall just over the tips of your ears, then bring it around to the back, forming a Psyche knot. This is a very pretty style, and very appropriate for young girls. Do not wear ribbons; they are going out of fashion.

To make the hair wavy, you should use wire curlers with elastic, which can be purchased at any hair goods store. They are about four inches long, and the size of the wave can be made large by using a large amount of hair on the curler.

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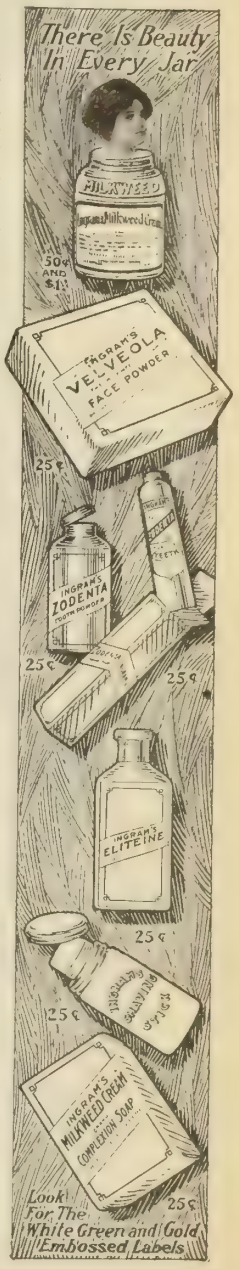

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The Cost of a Crime

Continued from page 13

"Charlton? Yes, of course I know the fellow, never liked him either. But he's at the Cape at present, isn't he? I remember my uncle sent him out to overhaul the Cape business, and my father thought he was mad to do it."

"Well, he was and he wasn't, so far as the business is concerned; he's straight enough. He couldn't afford to be anything else, having been once had by the heels; do you follow me, Mr. Stephen?"

"You mean, of course, that he had a discreditable career before he entered my uncle's place. But nobody need be surprised at that," he added facetiously, and perhaps not in the best taste, considering the terms upon which Turner had left London Wall and been taken into Old Broad Street. "My uncle's taste in employes is—is, well, to put it mildly, not like anybody else's. No offence, Turner, but you know what I mean."

"Perfectly, but I will do Mr. Currie the justice to say he don't make many mistakes. He has a way of getting the best out of his folks, but he's bin had this time, Mr. Stephen, by gad, he has."

"This is interesting, but get on quickly. I suppose you've found out something about Charlton."

"I have that. He came home from the Cape to-day, sir, and the governor and Miss Wrede were at Southampton to meet him, as if he had been a bloomin' prince, or at least a victorious general comin' back from the war."

"A damned good cheek, but don't waste time, Turner. What's this all leading up to? I don't suppose you came up to Hampstead Heath to tell me these facts, with which, of course, I'm perfectly acquainted already."

"No, sir, you're right. You used the right words, sir, a damned good cheek, and he had it, too, bein' a married man with a small family already. Yes, and a jailbird as well, at least, if not a jailbird, he oughter be one, and it warn't through no fault of the perlice he isn't one now."

"This is very serious, indeed, Turner," said Stephen Currie, paling again in his rising excitement. "I hope you have taken pains to verify these wild statements before you bring them here; you understand the seriousness of it?"

"Don't I? If I didn't I shouldn't be here."

"Have you said anything to Mr. Archibald Currie?"

"Not yet, Mr. Stephen; you see, I haven't seen him. They all came up from Southampton together to-day, and Charlton, he came to the office, but the governor and Miss Wrede went straight on to Hyde Park Square. I was in two minds to go to 'im first, but I thought it would be better to consult you first."

"Then you are prepared to stand by this extraordinary thing you have told me? You have the proofs, Turner?"

"Yes, sir, as many as I need, but there's more to come. I came to you, sir, knowin' what we all expected at the office, how you and Miss Wrede were to be married if this—this wrong 'un hadn't come between. I thought you were the man to come to."

"Yes, yes; well, what more is there? I don't see what more there can be, unless you're going to tell me the fellow has committed murder."

"Mr. Stephen, sir," said Turner, "that fellow, as you call him, who has looked at honest men in Old Broad Street as if they was dirt beneath his feet, he's one of the worst villains as has ever gone unhung. And his name's not Charlton at all, but John Reedham."

Stephen Currie fell back with an exclamation of utter incredulity.

"Turner," he cried shrilly, "you must be mad to make such a statement."

"Mad, not a bit ov me. I'm as sane as you at this moment, and a deal quieter. You see, I've bin watching 'im off and on for over a year. I never liked 'im, to tell you the truth, from the first moment he set foot in our office. "I knew he was a wrong un. Settin' hisself up as the hardest worker that ever was born, and ready to give every one of us pints that was honest men afore ever he was born. 'Im and me had jus' one row, and though he got the better of me that time, bein' a snake in the grass that had wormed hisself into the governor's confidence, I made up my mind to lay low and keep dark and get even with 'im. An' by gad, I have."

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

Continued from page 10

warm upon a shivering girl, crouched among the pillows, a girl with honey-colored hair, and a dead white face, a girl with staring, terrified eyes, which widened when they saw him, and flamed suddenly into happiness.

"Christine!"

"Oh, Mark! You have come?"

The doctor, no longer mystified, left them together.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ONE sometimes wonders if what we call environment is really the solid thing we take it for, or if there is something else nearer, more subtle, an invisible environment which we carry with us and from which all else takes the shape and color. If not, how shall one account for the change which took place in Brook Street? And how did it happen that, for one at least, the House of Windows fulfilled its true destiny and became a castle in Spain? One can only state the fact that while, for Mrs. Halloren, Brook Street was still Brook Street, for Mark and Christine it transformed itself into a little by-way out of Paradise.

It was wonderful how the fine weather held that autumn, and how, after the cold, clear nights, the sun rose gloriously persistent.

"Another motor trip to-day?" asked Celia, smiling. "I think you and Mark almost live in a motor, Christine. See, dear, let me pin on your hat. You know you must be careful of that arm for a long time yet."

Christine relinquished the hatpin with a laugh.

"Mind you don't get it too far back," she cautioned. "Just the tip of the nose should show, you know. Mark says he is beginning to take the rest of me for granted. It suits me though, don't you think?"

Celia kissed the blooming face under the tip-tilted hat. "It is perfect," she said, fondly. "You do look sweet in a motor veil, Christine. I used to think that motor veils were such ugly things."

"That was before we went motoring ourselves," said Christine sagely. "It is wonderful how one's point of view can change." She slipped into her long, loose coat with the air of a comfortable kitten. Then, under cover of fixing a stray lock of Celia's hair, she stole a long look into her sister's face.

"Celia," she said, "are you quite sure that you do not want me to stay in to-day. The last day in the old rooms? One's point of view does not change much in regard to them, does it? After all, it will seem like leaving—home! Oh, Celia, do you think we shall ever be quite as happy anywhere else?"

"You little sentimentalist! As if you are not happier at this moment than you have ever been in your life!"

"Oh, yes—of course—but that is—Mark!"

"Well, if it is Mark, it will not matter much where you live, will it, since Mark is moveable? Personally, I have no doubt that you will manage to be quite as comfortable upon Amberly Avenue as you have ever been on Brook Street."

Christine blushed, dimpled, and gave her an extra kiss.

"Yes, I know—isn't it lovely! It is like a dream. And then there is Mr. Tor— father (she said the new name very prettily). Do you know, Celia, there are times when I quite forget about him not seeming to be my father. He feels so natural. I shouldn't wonder if some time I get quite used to him. Do you think so?"

"I shouldn't wonder. There is Mark's horn! Run, dearest!"

The girl hid her face in Celia's shoulder with a little shudder of nervous terror. It was one of the legacies of that last day in the gable room that she could not hear a motor horn without shrinking.

"Why don't you tell Mark that you do not like to hear the horn, Christine?"

"That would be cowardly. I must get over it. I don't deserve the future if I can't conquer the past."

When she had gone, Celia turned slowly and went over to the window where Ada sat in her favorite chair. The two girls said nothing, but sat with clasped hands for a long time.

"Our little girl is happy at last," said Ada dreamily.

"Yes."

"But I can't feel that you are happy, Celia."

"I think I am, dear. What you mean is that I am no longer young."

"You should be young. You will be young when you are happier."

"I am happy."

"But you are fretting about leaving these rooms. I know you are."

The other girl made no reply.

"And yet it has been long years of hard work—slavery, for you."

"It has been my life. You may be right in saying that I feel the wrench of leaving. I can't explain it. My life is buried here, perhaps that is why. Christine, and you, perhaps, may go out to other lives, and I shall have my full share of your happiness. Don't imagine that I am going to be a sour old maid. But my life—so much of it—is buried here. I can't explain it."

"One feels so much that one can't explain," said Ada. "The dear old rooms!" Quick tears rushed to her eyes. "Do you remember how the girls from the store used to come and sit when Christine was a baby, and how they used to beg to be allowed to bathe her? And the garden! No other garden will ever be quite the same. This garden always seemed to belong just to me. No one else seemed to care for it—except Tommy. Do you know what I was just thinking? That never once have I walked in it all these years! At first I thought I would coax the key from Mrs. Halloren, but then I thought I would leave it as it has always been, a kind of dream garden, not like any other garden that ever was!"

"I think you are wise, dear. Is Mr. Torrance coming to-day?"

Ada blushed faintly. "I—I don't know. I think so."

The girls sank into silence again, each so busy with her own thoughts that both started a little at the sound of a knock upon the door—but it was only Mr. Torrance with some roses for Ada.

"All alone?" he asked, laying the fragrant blossoms in her lap.

"Alone? No, Celia is here—at least she was here a moment ago."

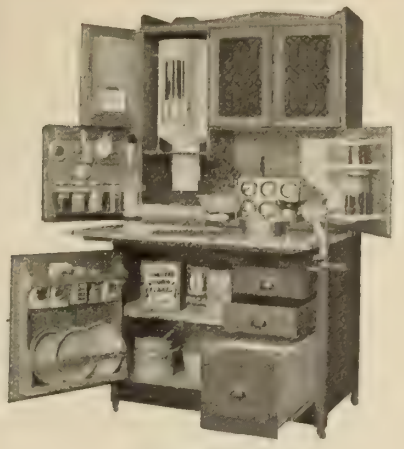
"Then she must have slipped out. May we not slip out too? I passed Mark and Christine. The air is so bracing I know it will do you good."

"It is our last day here—"

"I know, that is why you should go out."

"If Celia will go too."

But Celia, appearing just then from the inner room, was adamant. She had so many little things to do, she said, that she would be busy all afternoon Ada, however, ought really to get some fresh air. She had had a headache, and the drive would do her good. Besides, it would be so pleasant if Ada would bring Mr. Torrance back for tea; Christine was sure to bring Mark, and Tommy was quite likely to drop in, and they could all have tea together. So



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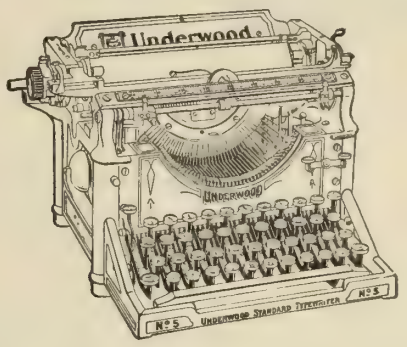

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Ada's hat was pinned on and Ada's motor veil tied securely, and Celia stood at the door and heard her laugh float up—still the clear laugh of a girl, and happy with that wonderful happiness which comes to us all but once.

They passed Tommy upon the landing. Celia could hear the laughing greeting, Ada's soft voice, and Mr. Torrance's deeper one—and then Tommy's step came up the stair—it seemed to Celia's imagination—more slowly and heavily than she had ever heard it mount before.

She waited for him at the door to catch the look upon his face before he had time to cover it with a smile. But Tommy looked as usual. Indeed he appeared rather festive. They went back into the room together.

"I met Ada upon the stair," said Tommy conversationally.

"Yes, she has gone out," said Celia. "Mr. Torrance thought the fresh air might do her good."

"It will—and she is looking so well. I have never seen Ada look like she looks now."

"Neither have I," said Celia.

"Do you think it's relief from money difficulties—the freedom from anxiety?"

"No," said Celia bluntly, "I don't."

"Well, perhaps not. Anyway," with a somewhat obvious effort, "I am glad that she has gone out. I wanted to see you alone, Celia. I want to speak to you. You know that I have often wanted to speak to you, but you would never quite let me. But now you must listen to me. I want to ask you to marry me, Celia. Everything is changing here. You are leaving this home—won't you make a home for me?"

When Celia turned her eyes to him they were very soft and wet.

"Thank you, dear," she said, "but I can't."

"Can't you tell me why, Celia?"

"No, I don't believe that I can. I would rather you did not question me about it, Tommy. One does not argue about things like that. One merely feels."

"That's just it," said Tommy eagerly. "One does feel; it is all feeling, and when one tries to make words of it, it doesn't sound right." He hesitated miserably. "I know that if I could talk to you as I would like you would listen."

Celia shook her head. "I am not a woman who cares for pretty phrases."

"Yes, you are. All women like them. All the same," with a flash of insight, "it is partly your own fault, Celia. You try not to let me say things, you know you do!"

Celia looked at him keenly. Was he pretending, or did he really consider her so hopelessly dense? An erratic impulse of shee frankness seized her.

"Tommy," she said, "I have known for years that you love my sister Ada."

At least he had not been pretending! The shock was patent. He sat there, staring at her, white-faced—the pain of a wounded child in his light blue eyes.

"So now you know!" finished Celia, relentlessly. Now that she had spoken there were other things to say. Things that clamored for utterance. The vengeance of hurt pride, of jealousy, of pain long and bravely hidden; the sum of years. But somehow that look of the hurt child in him stopped her. Instead, she added almost gently, "You can see, can't you, that you have no right to ask me to marry you?"

"Is that what has been the matter all the time?" asked Tommy, very low.

"Yes."

"You think I do not—love you?"

"I know it."

The pain in Tommy's eyes seemed to harden into something bright and cold. His whole appearance seemed indefinably to change. He left his chair and came close to her, seizing her wrist.

"Celia Brown," he said, "if you had only been truthful once—just once—we might have been happy all these years!"

"You can't deny that you love her!"

"I don't deny it. I do love her. My love for her is—I don't know what it is. I can't put it into words. But I am telling you the simple truth when I say that I can love her just as well when she is Mrs. Torrance as I do now when she is Ada Brown. God bless her! She has always been like a saint to me. I think she is part of my religion. One does not expect human love from the object of one's devotions. I doubt," with a little doleful smile, "if one would know what to do with it!"

"I won't take second best," said Celia grimly.

"You would rather have what I have given Ada than what I have given you?"

"I don't know what you have given me."

Before she could stop him he had her in his arms. "This!" he said, "and this! and this!"

Then he let her go and sat down quietly in his former place.

Celia sank into Ada's chair by the window. She was trembling. There was a horrible suffocating pain in her throat. Her lips where he had kissed them were bruised and burning. She felt insulted, angry, unbearably surprised and shaken—and yet—what was the other feeling? A young feeling, a feeling which sent the blood to her cheeks and a light to her eyes? She kept her face turned away.

"I suppose," said Tommy presently, in a subdued voice, "I suppose I have lost any chance that I ever had now. But you drove me to it, Celia. It made me wild to think that you could have misunderstood so badly all these years. I loved you from the first day I saw you in Anger's store. I followed you home. I got to know you. There has never been anyone but you—in that way. Ada is different—so beautiful, so far away! Haven't you felt like that about her yourself? But one does not refuse to be happy on earth because one has looked at a star."

Celia sat up suddenly.

"They will all be in to tea presently," she remarked without looking at him, and with her face still turned away she filled a kettle with water and set it over the gas. Tommy watched her with a growing sense of injury. One never knew of what Celia was thinking. Was she thinking at all? Did she care at all? Was she really as heartless as she seemed? If he could only understand her! Vaguely he knew that understanding now would mean everything, and yet he was so powerless to understand! A kind of rage possessed him that a man might be so near to happiness and miss it! The barrier between them was so real yet so invisible. It was not something which a man might find and tear down with his hands. How careful she was not to look at him! With what precision and daintiness she placed the china upon the table. Tommy had seen her place it so, hundreds of times. A wave of deep regret swept over him that he saw it now for the last time. The old life was ending. Christine and Ada were going to homes of their own. The thought brought blank loneliness.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "This is the last day!"

Celia nodded. "Had you forgotten?"

"Yes—for the moment."

Silence fell again while Celia measured the tea.

"Celia," said Tommy sternly, "now for the last time I ask you to marry me."

"Tommy, for the last time, I refuse."

"You do not love me?"

Celia placed the butter upon the table with a little thump.

"I think," said Tommy patiently, "that when a man asks a woman to marry him, he has a right to know whether she loves him or not."

Celia placed the raspberry jam beside the butter.

"I think," she said, "that when a woman refuses to marry a man he has no rights whatever."

"That is unfair. Why not be frank?

Continued on page 54

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Your taste in style and colors has been carefully consulted. Some store convenient to you will show you these beautiful garments for men, women and children. 62

Pen Angle Knit
WARRANTED HIGH GRADE PENMAN'S CANADA

Penmans Limited
Paris, Canada

The Normal Baby

Continued from page 19

class a baby that is below the average as one condemned by Nature, and surely no parent will do so. Nor will it do to class a baby that is above the average as necessarily having the approval of Nature. Human life has some queer ways of asserting its strengths and disclosing its weaknesses quite regardless of our fallible judgments of what should, or should not, be expected to happen.

The most one can say is that the term 'average baby," as used in this paper, is designed to stimulate critical observation and study of all babies. It is a point of view, a way of looking at human life, a suggestion of what one may seek to know and apply to the problem of a better quality of babies. It is the beginning of a conscious, intelligent parenthood, and of a conscious, intelligent social control of the forces that condition the generation and care of men.

For, in proportion as we learn to estimate, with more or less exactness, the vitality of body and mind in our babies, and the initial promise of their efficiency and happiness in the world, will we set to work to give them the kind of parentage they should have, and the kind of care subsequent to birth that will insure the realization of the best that is in them. As a civilized society we have long since learned that our domestic plants and animals can be improved only by selecting the right kind of stock and subjecting it to the right kind of conditions. We have government experiment stations in every state of the Union where men and women are trained to produce grains, fruits and vegetables, and horses, sheep and cattle, with absolute scientific control of the forces that operate in their production. Thus the quantity and quality of vegetable and animal life are being steadily improved, and the resources of civilization are being thereby enhanced. Is it not strange that we are so slow to learn how human life may be controlled in its beginnings with much the same certainty and results? Is it not strange that we have done so little to improve the parentage of children, and the conditions of environment that insure a better generation of men and women, when we know so much about the process that insures better vegetables and fruits, and horses and cattle?

These criteria of the average baby's physical development may now be summarized in tabular form as follows:

		Male	Female
Average	height in inches, at birth	20.6	20.5
"	weight in pounds "	7.55	7.16
"	girth of chest "	13.4	13.0
"	diameters of chest "	4.3	4.2
"	girth of abdomen "	13.4	13.0
"	length of arms "	8.0	8.0
"	length of legs "	7.6	7.6
"	circumference of head "	13.9	13.5
"	length of head "	4.5	4.4
"	width of head "	3.8	3.8

[Complete statistics of the child's physical development, from birth on to maturity, are not available. Those used in this paper have been gleaned from Robert's Manual of Anthropometry, Holt's Diseases of Infancy and Childhood, Hall's Adolescence and Warner's Study of Children. Most of the measurements of children have been made in the public schools, and cover the ages from five or six, on to sixteen or eighteen. They relate mainly to height, weight and chest girth. A summary of these, in more popular form, may be found in Warner's Study of Children, published by the Macmillan Co.]

Well, it is not a vain hope, nor an unreasonable faith, to believe that the day will come when civilized society will produce men with the same intelligent regard for the laws of nature that we now show in the production of poultry and pet dogs. The day will come when every intelligent community will utilize, in propagating and nurturing its children the same knowledge and skill that men like Luther Burbank now use in the propagation and the nurture of plants. Then will the baby really come to his own, desired and welcomed by men and women, who will not only know why he is in the world, but what should be done with him after he is here.—*Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

The Schooner Girl

Continued from page 7

"How could I know? You see, I'm not a fisher-girl; my parents, none of my kin are fishers."

"I don't believe ye," the pettish man blurted. "Down to Ste. Pierre you towns folks knows as much about our fisher ways almost as we, and you know you do."

"But I'm not from Ste. Pierre,—not native. I lived there just long enough to learn your dialect, to find the way to dress when coming here, the things you like and don't like. I am really a French-Canadian girl, a *habitant* they call us, from a town far back from the St. Lawrence. The only fishing we ever see is the boys catching minnies in the creeks."

The quiet sympathy in the girl's voice was bringing peace to the man.

He changed his position on the rocks and she drew closer. She ran her hand through his tousled brown hair, as she'd seen the fisher girls do to their lovers. Then, toying with a bit of reindeer moss, she went on:—

"To show you how really sorry I am, I'm going to make everything right for you at the village, and the girls'll never laugh at you, and you'll have your chances same as before.

"We'll go down and then I'll tell all of you something which will surprise you, and which I hadn't intended letting you know until long after I'd gone."

The curiosity of the half-tutored was aroused now. The man was eager to hear.

"Come, on, then, and let's get it through with. Then, if you will still think you can get your punt out to meet the dowry from the mail-boat, I'll be off with her, when she comes tomorrow, for my work is practically finished here, and I'll never come into your way again."

Something in her tone reassured Nikolaus, but a sense of sadness at the parting was also there.

Down at the settlement on the beach the fisher folk had looked on Clothilde as just a little superior to themselves, "a town critter" whose word bore more weight than their own, and Nikolaus had secretly counted on the time when he should rule, in all councils, by reason of what his wife advised.

Slowly the two passed down the trail to the sea. Off in the far distance some whales were blowing, but they paid no heed to these. Instead, Clothilde led the way squarely to the shed where the other folk still cleaned the fish. Jane Esberry, who sat nearest the door, raised her one drooping eye and gave her dirty black shirt a toss, as was her habit, when stirring; as she turned to ask how "the bairn was now." Tildy Saliciliba let the cod she was about to decapitate drop back to the tub of fish and laid the flake covered knife in its niche. Sympathy is, indeed, all-prevalent on the Labrador, and everything stops till the suffering are succored.

Even Tucker and Barstow, jolly, much bearded fishermen, who were tusseling with a load of cod they must raise from the sea, let the ropes slip back, while they listened to how she felt.

For answer, the girl called to the five or six other villagers to come closer, she wanted all to hear the story, and when the conch-horn brought these to positions among the salt barrels, she began:

"My friends," she said, with a quiet smile for each, "I'm afraid I have a little confession to make. I intend leaving on the mailboat to-morrow, if we can get out to her, and I don't want my very good friend Nikolaus to be teased about something which we are neither to be blamed for after I'm gone.

"It is true that, as you s'posed, I have lived both at St. Pierre and Miquelon, but this was only long enough to study their people's ways, and then to find out enough of your own to let me come here and work. I had heard so much of the schooner-girls of Labrador that I had long before resolved some time to give their position a trial.

"Away down in the south, where my real home is, both in Canada and in the United States, the people are interested

Continued on page 54

"Uniformity is a big word, Bud."
"I 'spect it's because it means a lot, Rose."

Steady—Regular—*Dependable* Quality, there's the FIVE ROSES idea.

No bad dreams bakeday eves — the morning batch "flat" instead of "up."

So very exasperating, you know, to get *less* loaves this week than last from the *same* quantities.

FIVE ROSES is the sure flour — *reliable*, you see.

No wrinkling worries over bread, or cakes, or pies, or anything.

Bake things always *up to the mark* of your happy expectations.

Disappointment—*never*.

Four times Uniform—Strength, Color, Flavor, too, and Yield.

FIVE ROSES—*trouble-proof* flour.

Use FIVE ROSES *always*. 10

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

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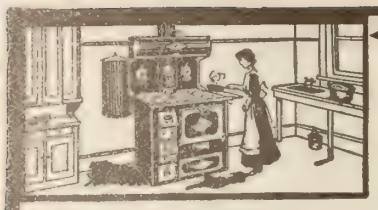

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SAVE OVER $25 WHEN BUYING YOUR RANGE THIS FALL.

$41.00 TO $49.00

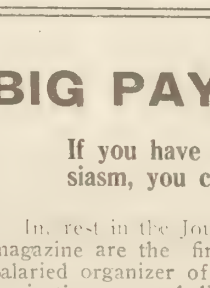
AND WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You Can Buy "DOMINION PRIDE" RANGE At Factory Price

Direct From The Largest Malleable Range Works in Canada

IF you want to save from $25 to $30, and at the same time get the most satisfactory kitchen range made, write for our Catalogue and look into the merits of the "DOMINION PRIDE," at from $41 to $49.

If we sold you identically the same range in the usual way, through a dealer, you would have to pay from $69 to $78 for it. You would be paying two extra profits—to wholesaler and retailer—which would add $25 to $30 to the cost of your range, but absolutely nothing to its value.



"The Evolution of the Cook Stove"

TELLS about cooking from the time the Cave Dwellers dropped hot stones into the pot to boil it. It also tells all about "Dominion Pride" Ranges. Whether you need a Range just now or not you will enjoy reading this book.

Write for Free Copy.

Besides costing much less than other ranges in its class, the "DOMINION PRIDE" is much more satisfactory. It is made of tough, strong, malleable iron and the best blue polished steel—materials which will not warp, crack or break.

The polished steel does not need blacking—simply rub it over with a cloth. With its cold rolled steel plate oven—sectional iron fire-box lining, with air chambers—and double-walled flues lined with asbestos—the "DOMINION PRIDE" is the most economical range you can buy. Actual tests have proved that it saves over 30% of fuel, burning either wood or coal.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

A "DOMINION PRIDE" Range, with high closet shelf and elevated tank or flush reservoir, with zinc sheet to go under range, 8 sections blue polished steel pipe and two elbows, will be delivered to any station in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces for $41, or to any station in the four Western Provinces for $49—$5 to be sent with order and balance to be paid when the Range is delivered at your station. If not convenient to pay cash we will arrange to accept your note.

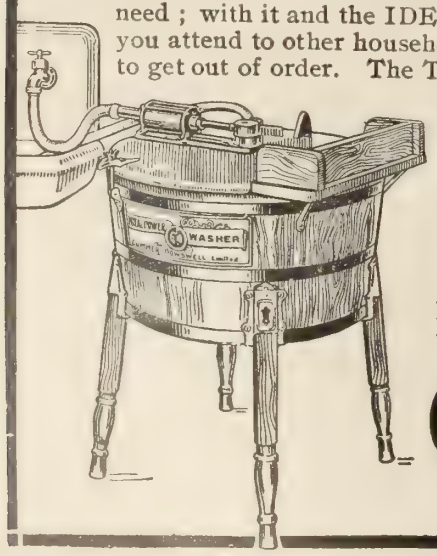
Canada Malleable & Steel Range Mfg. Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

When writing it will be a distinct favor to us if you will mention this paper. 7

'IDEAL' POWER WASHER

How Is Your Washing Done

Do you do your washing with the old style hand machine or worse still the back-breaking wash board? Are you doing this because you think it is cheaper? But is it cheaper? The hand machine does good work, and is infinitely better than the wash-board, but the "IDEAL" Water Power Washer is better still. Do you know that the cost of the IDEAL is little more than the cost of the others. Is not the saving of your strength, your time, your temper and your clothes worth the difference. Ordinary city water pressure is all you need; with it and the IDEAL your washing is being done while you attend to other household duties. There is nothing about it to get out of order. The Tub is strongly bound inside and out with steel hoops, keeps it's shape and will last for years. It has large capacity, opening and permanently fixed water board.



What the IDEAL will not do towards lightening the drudgery of washing clothes, cannot be done.

Write for booklet "Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" — It points the way to happier wash days. C-12

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The high quality and Canadianism of the Journal and the standing of our workers secures the respectful attention of everyone.

We realize that we must pay such representatives well. There is a large commission and a monthly salary. Many are earning $40 to $70 a month in their spare time. Others only find time to earn a few dollars, providing pocket money or buying something they want.

If any young man or lady wishes to earn extra money, write to us for terms to subscription workers.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Domestic Bookkeeping

Continued from page 43

she knows exactly what she has. She also has an opportunity to provide during the light financial months of the year for the heavier ones. If she succeeds in closing the year with a balance on hand, what joy!

Here is another benefit in domestic bookkeeping. Providing, through lack of experience, her husband and herself also have not a correct knowledge of the amount of cash that should be set aside for one year's expenses, at its close, after having done her best, she finds herself with a deficit. Well, her husband will have to meet it, but if she has been keeping him in touch with her accounts each month and has been taking him into her confidence, he will not only be surprised, but will see the reasonableness of supplying her with a more generous bank account, or possibly plan his farm that large quantities of meat, vegetables, dairy products, etc., hitherto purchased, will be supplied at home on the farm, and thus lessen very substantially the cash outlay that would otherwise be required.

Always remember that we are partners in this home firm. While allocating our money to the different branches of the work, and each carrying out the management of our respective departments, there should be frequent and constant counsel throughout the year that each may be in intelligent touch with the affairs of the other, as any business partners would be.

Some think that this kind of business relationship between husband and wife would interfere with the domestic happiness and raise a barrier. No such thing. It breaks down barriers, promotes good fellowship and inspires mutual confidence. Its success, however, depends first on our ability to convert and convince our husbands as to what constitutes true home partnership, and second, on the accuracy, constancy and simplicity by our domestic bookkeeping.

Summer Institute Meetings

WE give below a list of the summer meetings up to and including June 8th. The balance of the series will appear in the June issue of this journal.

For the most part only one lecturer will be sent to each division, although it may be that, in a few instances, a second lecturer will be sent. Full particulars will, of course, be sent to the Institute officers concerned.

We look to the officers and members to do all in their power to make these meetings well known, and to induce those who are not members to attend and become identified with the Institute.

Division 1.—Lecturer, DR. LAURA HAMILTON, Toronto.

WELLAND—			
1. Stamford	aft.	May	27
2. Allanburg	aft.	"	28
3. Quaker Road	aft.	"	29
4. Welland	aft.	"	30
5. Crowland	aft.	"	31
6. Willoughby		June	1
7. Stevensville	aft.	"	3
8. Bowen Road	aft.	"	4
9. Ridgeway		"	5
10. Humberstone	aft.	"	6
MONCK—			
11. Fulton	aft.	"	6
12. Rosedene	aft.	"	8

Division 2.—Lecturer, DR. ANNIE BACKUS, Aylmer.

LINCOLN—			
1. Niagara-on-the-Lake	aft.	May	27
2. Queenston	aft.	"	28
3. Jordan Harbor	aft.	"	29
4. Beamsville	aft.	"	30
5. Grimsby	aft.	"	31
SOUTH WENTWORTH—			
6. Winona	aft.	June	1
7. Tapleytown	aft.	"	3
8. Stoney Creek	aft.	"	4
9. Mt. Hamilton	aft.	"	5
10. Hannon	aft.	"	6
11. Binbrook	aft.	"	7
12. Blackheath	aft.	"	8

Division 3—Lecturer, MRS. W. J. HUNTER Pleasant.

EAST KENT—			
1. Botany	aft.	May	27
2. Thamesville	aft.	"	28
3. Croton	aft.	"	29
4. Wabash	evg.	"	30
5. Kent Bridge	aft.	"	31
WEST KENT—			
6. Eberts	aft.	June	1
7. Irwin	aft.	"	3
8. Valetta	aft.	"	4
9. Quinn		"	5
10. Tilbury		"	6
NORTH ESSEX—			
11. Cumber	aft.	"	7
12. Staples	aft.	"	8

Division 4—Lecturer, MRS. E. B. MCTURK, Lucan

NORTH NORFOLK—			
1. Hartford		May	27
2. Windham Centre		"	28
3. Simcoe	aft.	"	29
4. Courtland		"	30
5. Guysboro	aft.	"	31

All the world loves a dainty woman. When you dress, use Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. It is the velvet Italian Talc, perfumed with the fragrance of Borneo Orchids.

For your handkerchief, use

Ideal ORCHID PERFUME

the queen of perfumes—the most exquisite fragrance ever extracted from flowers. Your druggist should have these "Ideal" specialties or write

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English Handmade LACE

This lace (which is well known as the "Bucks Pillow Lace") is made in the county of Buckinghamshire, Eng. and also the outskirts of Bedford and Northamptonshire, in the agricultural districts, by the wives of the farm hands, and is a great help to their scanty income.

We wish to introduce this beautiful hand craft into Canada as a means of reviving the Bucks Lace Industry. It is made of linen thread in many forms and patterns.

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Collars, Ties and Bows from $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00.
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Stock Collars from 50c., Leaves, 25c.
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From Tuesday, April 9th, Students commencing now are able to complete course without interruption, as school is open all summer. Write for free copy of catalogue.

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EAST ELGIN—
6. Bayham....aft. June 3
7. Luton.... " 4
8. Grovesend.... " 5
9. Aylmer.... " 6
10. Mapleton....aft. " 7
11. Lyons.... " 8

Division 5—Lecturer, Miss B. Gilholm, Bright.

WEST LAMBTON—
1. Lucasville....aft. May 27
2. Osborne....aft. " 28
3. Colinville....aft. " 29
4. Brigden....aft. " 30
5. Wilkesport....aft. " 31
6. Thornyhurst....aft. June 1
7. Port Lambton....aft. " 3
8. Beecher....aft. " 4
9. Rutherford.... " 5
10. Oakdale....aft. " 6

WEST MIDDLESEX—
11. Wardsville....aft. " 7
12. Appin....aft. " 8

Division 6.—Lecturer, Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, Strathroy.

EAST WELLINGTON—
1. Arthur....aft. May 27
2. Damascus....aft. " 28
3. Kenilworth....aft. " 29
4. Mount Forest....aft. " 30
5. Conn.... " 31
6. Cedarville....June 1
7. Colbeck....aft. " 3
8. Grand Valley.... " 4

CENTRE WELLINGTON—
9. Erin....aft. " 5
10. Ospringe.... " 6
11. Conongsby....aft. " 7
12. Hillsburg....aft. " 8

Division 7—Lecturer, Mrs. M. N. Norman, Toronto.

SOUTH WATERLOO—
1. New Dundee....aft. May 27
2. Ayr....aft. " 28
3. Central Dumfries....aft. " 29
4. Branchton....aft. " 30
5. Galt....aft. " 31
6. Preston....aft. June 1
7. Hespeler....aft. " 3
8. St. Jacobs....aft. " 4

NORTH WATERLOO—
9. Winterbourne....aft. " 5
10. Floradale....aft. " 6
11. Hawkesville.... " 7

Division 8.—Lecturer, Mrs. C. H. Burns, Toronto.

SOUTH BRANT—
1. Ohsweken....aft. May 27
2. East Oakland.... " 28
3. Scotland....aft. " 29
4. Mohawk....aft. " 30
5. New Durham....aft. " 31
6. Cathcart....aft. June 1
7. Burford....aft. " 3
8. Whiteman's Creek....aft. " 4
9. Falkland....aft. " 5

SOUTH PERTH—
10. Tavistock....aft. " 6
11. St. Paul's....aft. " 7
12. St. Mary's....aft. " 8

Division 9.—Lecturer, Miss M. Allan, Jarvis.

WEST HURON—
1. Goderich....aft. May 27
2. Holmesville....aft. " 28
3. Londesboro....aft. " 29
4. Blyth....aft. " 30
5. Wingham....evg. " 30
6. St. Augustine....aft. " 31
7. St. Helens....June 3
8. Kintail.... " 4

SOUTH BRUCE—
9. Lucknow....aft. " 5

CENTRE BRUCE—
10. Ripley....aft. " 6
11. Bervie....aft. " 7
12. Armow....aft. " 8

Division 10.—Lecturer, Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby.

NORTH GREY—
1. Meaford....May 27
2. Straithnairn.... " 28
3. Bognor....aft. " 29
4. Chatsworth....eve. " 30
5. Desboro....aft. " 31
6. Keady....eve. June 1
7. Kilsyth.... " 3
8. Annan.... " 4
9. Brookholm....aft. " 5
10. Kemble....aft. " 6
11. Shallow Lake....aft. " 7
12. Clavering.... " 8

Division 11.—Lecturer, Mrs. D. McTavish, Port Elgin.

DUFFERIN—
1. Orangeville....aft. May 27
2. Blount.... " 28
3. Camilla.... " 29
4. Whittingham.... " 30
5 Laurel.... " 31
6. Black's Corners....June 1
7. Bowling Green....aft. " 3
8. Corbetton....eve. " 4
9. Horning's Mills.... " 5
10. Honeywood.... " 6
11. Shelburne.... " 7
12. Violet Hill.... " 8

Division 12.—Lecturer, Mrs. M. L. Woelard, Toronto.

CENTRE SIMCOE—
1. Penetanguishene....aft. May 27
2. Elliott's Corners....aft. " 28
3. Wyebridge.... " 29
4. Wyevale.... " 30
5. Elmvale.... " 31
6. Silver Maple....aft. June 1
7. Crossland.... " 3
8. Phelpston.... " 4
9. New Floss.... " 5
10. Edenvale.... " 6
11. Minesing.... " 7

Division 13—Lecturer, Miss L. Reynolds. Scarboro.

NORTH ONTARIO—
1. Sunderland....aft. May 31
2. Sandford....aft. June 3
3. Goodwood....aft. " 4
4. Altona....aft. " 5
5. Zephyr....aft. " 6
6. Gamebridge....aft. " 7
7. Brechin....aft. " 8

Division 14.—Lecturer, Dr. Jennie Smillie Toronto.

NORTH YORK—
1. Laskay....May 27
2. King....aft. " 28
3. Schomberg.... " 29
4. Kettleby....aft. " 30
5. Vandorf....aft. " 31
6. Aurora....eve. " 31
7. Newmarket....aft. June 1
8. Queensville....aft. " 3
9. Keswick....aft. " 4
10. Mount Albert....aft. " 5

EAST YORK—
11. Richmond Hill....aft. " 6

Division 15—Lecturer, Mrs. H. W. Parsons Forest.

WEST DURHAM—
1. Solina....aft. May 22
2. Bowmanville....aft. " 23
3. Orono....aft. " 29
4. Kendall....aft. " 30
5. Newtonville....aft. " 31
6. Port Hope....aft. June 1
7. Canton.... " 3

EAST DURHAM—
8. Charlecote....aft. " 4
9. Garden Hill....aft. " 5
10. Elizabethville....eve. " 5
11. Bewdley.... " 6
12. Bailieboro....aft. " 7
13. Millbrook....eve " 7

Division 16.—Lecturer, Miss E. Robson, Ilderton

EAST PETERBORO—
1. Norwood....aft. May 27
2. Warsaw.... " 28

WEST PETERBORO—
3. Lakefield....aft. " 29

NORTH PETERBORO—
4. Mt. Julian.... " 30

EAST VICTORIA—
5. Omemee....June 1

WEST VICTORIA—
6. Lindsay....aft. " 3
7. Little Britain....aft. " 4
8. Oakwood....aft. " 5
9. Conya....aft. " 6
10. Manilla....aft. " 7

Division 17.—Lecturer, Miss B. Millar, Guelph.

FRONTENAC—
1. Inverary....eve. May 27
2. Westbrooke....aft. " 28

AMHERST ISLAND—
3. Stella....aft. " 29

LENNOX—
4. Conway....aft. " 30
5. Adolphustown....aft. " 31

PRINCE EDWARD—
6. Picton....aft. June 1
7. Milford....aft. " 3
8. Cherry Valley....aft. " 4
9. West Lake....aft. " 5
10. Wellington....aft. " 6
11. Bloomfield....aft. " 7
12. Gilbert's Mills....aft " 8

Division 18.—Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.

SOUTH LEEDS—
1. Lansdowne....aft. May 27
2. Seeley's Bay....aft. " 28
3. Elgin....aft. " 29
4. Westport.... " 30
5. Newboro.... " 31

BROCKVILLE—
6. Athens....June 1
7. Delta.... " 3

SOUTH GRENVILLE—
8. Algonquin.... " 4
9. Maynard....aft. " 5
10. Spencerville....aft. " 6
11. Shanley.... " 7

NORTH LEEDS AND GRENVILLE—
12. Merrickville....aft. " 8

Division 19.—Lecturer, Mrs. L. Rose Stephens, Huntingdon, Que.

DUNDAS—
1. Iroquois....aft. June 3
2. Morrisburg....aft. " 4
3. Williamsburg....aft. " 5
4. Winchester Springs....aft. " 6
5. Chesterville....aft. " 7
6. Morewood....eve. " 8

To Make Good Bread

requires good yeast, and to have good yeast you should insist upon your grocer giving you White Swan Yeast Cakes. A 5c. package contains 6 cakes. Free sample sent on request. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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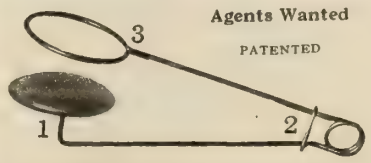

With this simple device a woman can save time and darn the holes much better and easier than by the old fashioned way.

HOW IT IS USED—Place cap (No 1) in stocking under the part to be mended, slide link (No. 2) up, which clamps ring (No. 3) to stocking and holds it in place while being mended.

Can be used to darn anything from a stocking to a dress; does not stretch the hole, but holds the stocking or goods securely.

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Bissell's patented features insure light running, no dust, no noise, no effort, besides preservation of carpets and rugs. The item of economy alone should appeal to every housewife, as one **Bissell** will last longer than 50 corn brooms. For sale by all the best trade: prices $3.00 to $4.75. Write for booklet "Easy Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

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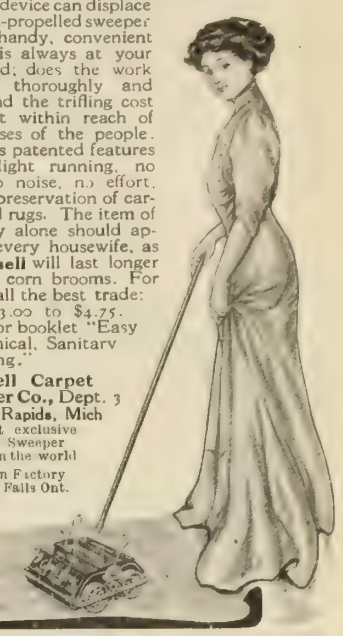

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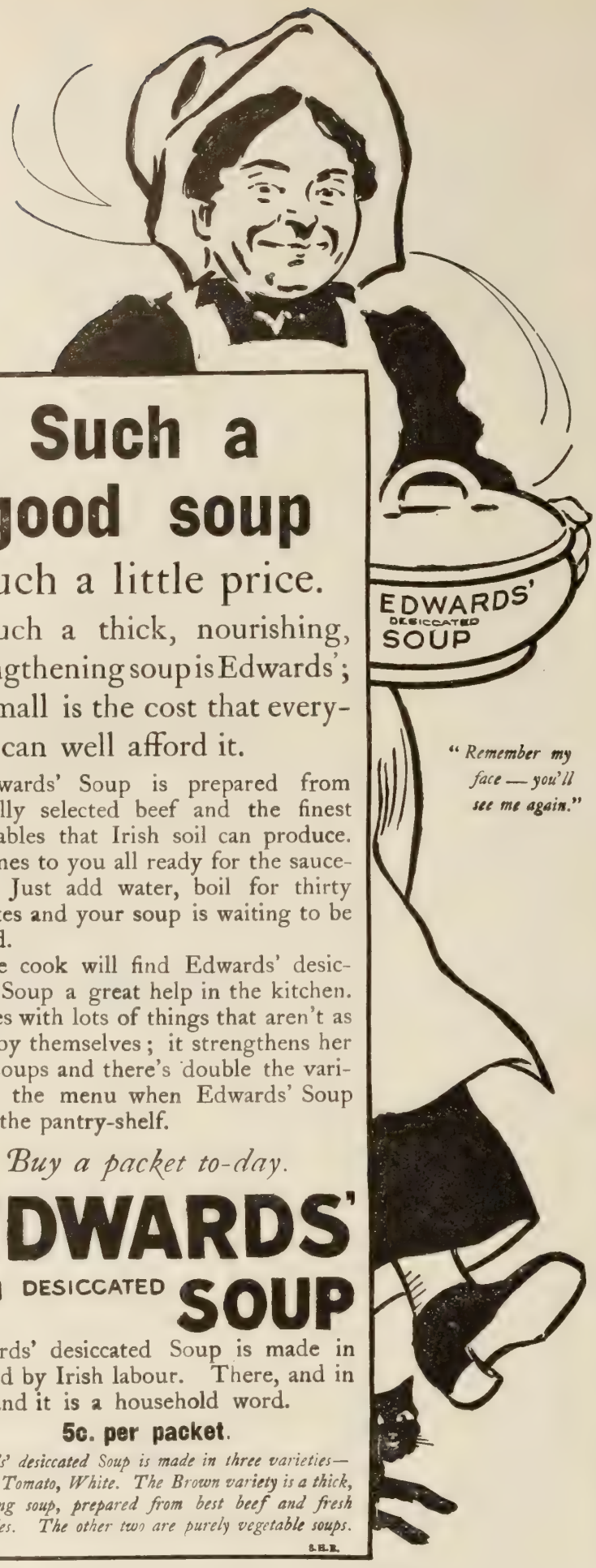

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Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. Just add water, boil for thirty minutes and your soup is waiting to be served.

The cook will find Edwards' desiccated Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

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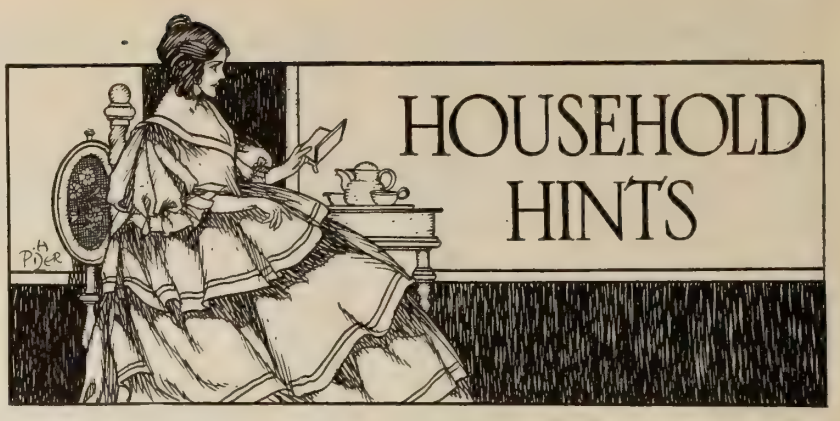


HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Pure Food Campaign

AS a safeguard buy nothing in the baking powder line unless all the ingredients are printed on the label. The manufacturers of the brands of baking powder in which large quantities of alum are used, are afraid to print the ingredients on the label, as no person would buy it at any price. Magic Baking Powder is pure and guaranteed not to contain alum.

Fruits as Medicines

APPLES are a wholesome vegetable aliment and in many cases, medicinal, particularly to those of weak chests. The Australians say, "He who eats apples before going to bed, robs the doctor of his daily bread." But in general they agree best when eaten either roasted or stewed or baked. The more aromatic kinds of apples are the best for eating raw.

Pears resemble much in their effects the sweet kind of apples, but have more of a laxative quality and a tendency to cause flatulency.

Cherries are in general a wholesome fruit and are beneficial in many diseases.

Plums are nourishing and have besides an attenuating as well as a laxative quality. If eaten fresh and before they are ripe, especially in large quantities, they are most dangerous. They occasion colics and other complaints.

Peaches are not very nourishing, but they abound in juice and are very serviceable in bilious complaints.

Apricots are more pulpy than peaches, but are apt to ferment and produce acidities in weak constitutions.

Gooseberries and currants, when ripe, have similar qualities to cherries, and are cooling.

Strawberries are an agreeable, cooling aliment, and are considered good, not only for the teeth, but for many disorders of the stomach.

Cucumbers are also cooling and agreeable to the palate in hot weather, but to prevent them from proving hurtful, the juice should be squeezed out after they are sliced by sprinkling over salt; then oil, pepper, salt and vinegar added.

How Other Women Manage

IN moving the piano around, the wall paper was badly scratched, and I was in a quandary as to how to mend it without having the patch noticeable. First, I cut a square and then a round piece and pasted each on. But the joining showed up strongly. In despair I tore a small piece and stuck it on. Imagine my surprise when the edges blended so that no break was visible. I then found that cutting the paper had left a hard, thick edge, while in tearing it the edge was very fine and was one-fourth only as thick as the body of the paper. Besides, the line was not straight and sharp, so it blended with the pattern, and would not attract the eye. The same effect can be made with care if tearing is not successful by scraping the under side of the paper at the edges, so as to make the final edge very, very thin. Have the edge of the paper to follow, if possible, the pattern, so that the piecing will be less noticeable than a straight line which joins the old paper abruptly.

Very useful I find my small brush for brushing out the folds of trimming and ribbon loops on my hats. This little accessory is of my own manufacture, and I want to tell you how I made it. A stiff bristle shaving brush gave me the idea. For fifteen cents I bought one. A piece of brown velvet covered the metal part that holds the bristles and contrasts well with the brown handle and the cream-white of the bristles. The band must be very tightly put on, otherwise it will look clumsy. I used brown silk to sew the joining and the seam is scarcely discernible. One of these bonnet brushes, decorated with loops of dainty ribbon, would make an attractive holiday gift.

Many a dress has been regarded as ruined when streaked with a stain of axle grease, paint or tar. But it is not spoiled, and may be renovated with little trouble. First apply lard to the stain and then rub with any good white laundry soap, and finally wash. The lard and stain will disappear.

Did you know that putting a little blue into the rinsing water prevents black hose from fading? Well, it does. Just try doing so and hang the stockings in the shade to dry. They will keep their color until worn out. This discovery has been a boon to me, as I have often been obliged to discard the children's hose on account of their faded appearance.

To several of my friends who have embroidered articles I have given little blankets on which to iron the embroidery design. These I have made of several thicknesses of white outing flannel about one yard square, and bound with dainty colored ribbon. They will certainly be useful and can be made as ornamental as one desires.

If the housekeeper is in an especial hurry to heat or cook quickly, before putting the stew-pan on the fire, rub some laundry soap over the bottom several times. When the pan is washed the black comes off like magic.

Concerning Rhubarb

LIKE many plants whose flowers, fruit, leaves or roots are tinged with red, rhubarb was anciently dedicated to Mars, and consequently was supposed to have many virtues in the way of healing wounds and reducing inflammation. It was said to cleanse and cool the blood in the springtime, and to be good for various liver ailments. The Irish peasants still consider rhubarb very useful for this purpose, and though as a rule they care little for cooked fruit or sweet dishes of any description "stewed roobub" is an exception! The delicate pinky tint of the young stalks is supposed to show that it is good for the complexion—what "colleen" would not like to have just such a rosy tinge in her cheeks! It is also rightly supposed to be very good for children.

Formerly the plant was said not only to be excellent for the skin and digestion, but was credited with the power of curing headaches, melancholy, gout, sciatica and cramp. Ague, jaundice, and sundry fevers, too, were supposed to be cured by it. The root was steeped in red or white wine, or whey—a cooling drink much esteemed by our forefathers, and quite neglected now. Boiled down with wine and honey, it was thought good for sore eyes, and was also used to remove the blue marks caused by bruises.

Eggs by Weight

EGGS should be given by weight, not by count, as they vary in size. The old-fashioned sponge cake—ten eggs, their weight in powdered sugar, and half their weight in flour—is a perfect recipe. A rule of this kind always produces good results; and see how easily it can be divided. One can use any number of eggs; simply weigh them, use an equal weight of sugar, and half the weight of flour.

In making sponge cake the best results are obtained by beating the yolks, sugar and rind and juice of half a lemon for ten minutes. Fold in the whites and then mix in carefully the sifted flour. A wire egg-beater is the best for all the mixing, as well as the beating. Sponge cake requires a hot oven. If you bake the batter in gem or layer pans ten minutes is sufficient time; a "loaf" will require a full half hour.

CULINARY CONCEITS

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

Two level tablespoons granulated gelatine, 1 can grated pineapple, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 cups whipping cream.

One cup of whipping cream means to measure before whipping. One cup whipped cream means measured after whipping.

To make the Bavarian cream soak the gelatine in the cold water. Heat the pineapple to boiling point. Add sugar, lemon juice and soaked gelatine. Stir well to dissolve sugar and mix ingredients. Set in ice water to chill. When it is thoroughly cold and begins to thicken fold in the whipped cream, a little at a time and set aside a few minutes. When all the cream has been folded in pour into a mold. Square bread tin is good. Set in a cool place. This dessert can be made twenty-four hours before it is used. This simplifies the work of the last day and enables the housekeeper to do all the cooking for this entertainment.

Four recipes of this cream will be needed to serve a company of fifty. It may be served the same as brick ice cream.

RHUBARB AND MARSHMALLOW JELLY

Peel and cut into small bits enough fresh rhubarb to make two quarts. Put this into a porcelain-lined saucepan with a scant cup of cold water, cover closely, and set where the contents of the pan will simmer slowly. When the rhubarb is very tender, strain the liquid, a little at a time, through a cheescloth bag, pressing the fiber of the plant hard to extract all the juice. Measure the liquid, and for each pint of this allow a pound of granulated sugar. Return the liquid to the fire and heat the sugar in the oven, stirring often to prevent scorching. When the juice has boiled for ten minutes, add a little lemon juice, and cook for ten minutes longer before pouring in slowly the heated sugar. As soon as this is dissolved add a dozen minced marshmallows for each pint of jelly, stir in quickly, pour the jelly into glasses, and set aside to get cool and firm.

TUTTI-FRUTTI PRESERVES

Prepare the various fruits as they ripen, and use others that are always in market—such as pineapples and oranges—to suit the taste. Shred pineapple into small strips, and separate oranges into lobes. Put the fruit in layers in large jars, and sprinkle each layer with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the jar is filled, pour in slowly white whisky or brandy, letting it percolate to the bottom of the jar, and cover every bit of fruit. Fill until almost overflowing; then fit on the airtight top of the jar, and set in the cellar. Do not open in less than six weeks or two months.

CHERRY SALAD

Buy the large white cherries which are put up in tin cans. Remove the pits and slip into each cherry a small round nut or a piece of pecan or other nut. Pack in a dish. Cover with juice and let stand in a cool place until ready to serve. These may be prepared the day before.

Twelve eggs, 1 cup vinegar or lemon juice, 2 cups sugar, ¼ cup butter.

Beat the eggs and sugar well together, then add vinegar or lemon juice and butter. Beat again. Cook in a double boiler and stir constantly. When thick and yellow put away to cool. When ready to serve dilute to the desired consistency with the cherry juice. Serve six or eight cherries on a leaf of lettuce and cover with the salad dressing.

STEWED RHUBARB

Lay the stalks in cold water for an hour, then cut into inch lengths. Put these into a granite saucepan, strewing each layer thickly with granulated sugar. Cover with water, and simmer slowly until very tender. Add the juice of a half-lemon, and take from the fire. Serve cold with plain cake.

RHUBARB BROWN BETTY

Butter a pudding dish, and put in the bottom of it a layer of stewed, slightly sweetened, rhubarb. Sprinkle with granulated sugar, and cover with a layer of fine, dry bread crumbs, and dot these thickly with bits of butter. Add more rhubarb, then more crumbs, and proceed in this way until the dish is full. Have the top layer of buttered crumbs. Bake for twenty minutes, and serve hot with a hard sauce, flavored with lemon.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

One pint of milk, let come to a boil, put in a piece of butter the size of an egg, let cool until lukewarm; then add half a cupful of sugar, a little salt, and a cupful of yeast and flour enough to make thick sponge. Let rise until light, then knead it down and let rise again until light. Then roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter, rub butter over top, and lap over. Let rise until light and bake in a quick oven.

SAVOY CAKES

Beat together for twenty minutes the yolks of six eggs and one-half of a pound of powdered sugar. When light and thick add one-half a pound of sifted pastry flour, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and four ounces of corn starch. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, and carefully cut them. Bake in a quick oven in finger molds that have been buttered, then dusted with flour and sugar.

NUT CHOCOLATE CAKE

Two-thirds cup butter, 2 cups sugar, yolks of 4 eggs, 1 cup hot mashed potato, whites of 4 eggs, beaten dry; 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1¾ squares chocolate melted, ½ cup sweet milk, 2 cups pastry flour or 1 2-3 cups bread flour, 3½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 cup nut meats.

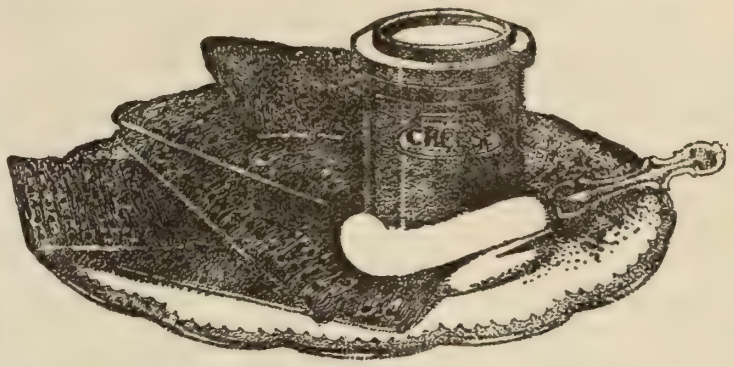
Cream the butter and beat in the sugar. Add the potato and melted chocolate and finish as usual. This makes a large cake. Cover with the marshmallow icing.

LEMON CUP CAKE

One-half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, grated rind and juice of half a lemon, 4 eggs, 1¼ cups pastry flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the lemon juice and grated rind and the yolks of the eggs. Sift together the salt, flour and soda. Add this mixture to the other and when thoroughly mixed fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in small tins.

The Toppy, Tasty Toast



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TRISCUIT

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It is the whole wheat, steam-cooked shredded, compressed into a wafer, and baked—the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk. Many people prefer it to ordinary bread toast. Heated in the oven to restore its crispness it is delicious for luncheon, or for any meal, with butter, potted cheese or marmalades.

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Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants" and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

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The Schooner Girl

Continued from page 49

very deeply in what people of other places do. They like to know, for example also where their fish come from, and then all about the people of the far away places who take these for them. They want to know about the icebergs and the seals and the whales and the other things which you have here; but in particular, they want to know about yourselves, the people, and how you live and you work and you play.

"This world is such a big, big place that we can't all of us go everywhere to see for ourselves, and, besides, it's often such awfully hard work, seeing things, that most people prefer to stay home and learn through their books. The cold off the bergs, for instance, which you don't mind at all, because you're used to it, has made me shiver and suffer more often than once, and if people were planning to come, just for pleasure, one taste of it would soon send them home.

"Somebody, though, must come here and see—to tell them about it, and if this somebody, when she came, told you she was here just to look on, you'd all of you feel like people who know they're being watched and you'd be on company manners and not natural. You'd not be the real jolly fisher folk that I know you, and the person, when she left, would have the wrong idea, about what she wished to tell.

"Now as your work is to give people fish for their tables, so mine is to give them things for their books. You try to give them the best fish always. I try to teach them things as correctly as I can. To this end I came among you to be one of you, to work with you, dress like you, eat, drink, sleep with you, and meantime to learn all about your ways.

"I like all of you equally, and I made no choice as to friends. Nikolaus, however, has been especially kind to me, but I did not understand; I thought this was simply due to the fact that he, in especial, had taken a liking to me a bit stronger, perhaps, than the rest.

"I did not know that he was 'sparking' me.— had no idea, because you see, down in my part of the world it is all done very differently, and a man would hardly start courting the first day he saw a girl of his taste." (Her conscience, for the moment recalled cases of "love at first sight," but she stifled if for the time). "Not dreaming of his intention, I had no reason to discourage his kindness, and only to-day did I learn what he had in mind.

"That, I am sorry to say, at the outset, is impossible, for more reasons than one."

The faces around her, filled with astonishment as they were, looked askance.

It was plainly evident that they wondered why, even had she been mistaken at the outset, she would not accept the man, now that she knew, and that he'd promised she need not work as did they.

Little by little, in the embarrassing silence following her renunciation, murmurs began to come, voicing the question. So, again, she opened the subject:

"With one in my line of work, who must go hither and thither, freed from any and all ties, I repeat, marriage to a fisherman is out of the question."

A happy thought, borne of the women's hands, scarred by hard labor, had struck her; these folk knew nothing of laws of non-support by a husband, among them a wife worked along with and fully as hard as did he.

"We have all of us, friends, our livings to make in this world, and I make mine with the pen and note book. I am not, will never be strong enough for this work which you do, and would be only a burden to a fisherman to support. The hauling of fish, standing on my feet all day cleaning, the cold, the fog, this sort of thing would kill me. I came for one summer of it, to see what it was like, but I find I can't even live through this, and I would not *impose myself on a husband to keep without helping.*"

At least she wouldn't up here, she calmed conscience.

"I am leaving, therefore, on the mail boat."

She halted for a moment to step to the little trunk beneath her cot in the next chamber. Opening this, she carried a long hemp sack to the curing rooms and from it began counting out coins; actual gold pieces, rare things indeed, on the cold Labrador, where an entire family, working all the summer, may clear twenty, at best thirty dollars.

She took five of these, and making a place among the dripping cod-fish, she stacked them neatly on the table.

"You have your customs, and we have ours," she said quietly, "and one of those which we have, which I like best, is that of leaving a souvenir behind on quitting a place, after a visit. There doesn't happen to be any thing around that I could buy for this purpose, so instead, here are five five-dollar gold pieces, which I will leave in your care, to be used to buy a wedding gift for the lucky girl who will some day become Mrs. Nikolaus Weddle."

Clothilde slipped out into the open for a breath of fresh air for her headache, she put it, leaving the astonished fisher-folk to themselves. She strolled the beach two or three times, as far as the incoming tide permitted, then slipped back to the house. Through the open door she could see Katinka and Nordesta and the three other single girls besieging Nikolaus with their condolences, and assuring him they liked him quite as much as before. What did it matter if he had been deserted by a miserable town girl from down Canady-way, who was to leave on the morrow? They were still here, they were his friends.

Even as the Canadian girl listened, the sun broke through another fog and its first long beam reached the edge of the gold pieces on the table, giving them additional gilding. The three girls' eyes focussed on the gold, each already accounting it her own.

Nikolaus started out to make his punt ready for the journey to the end of the tickle.

The married folk crowded round Clothilde to begin their tedious farewells which would last till next day. Only the maidens stayed inside a long time eyeing the gold pieces, each of them speculating what she would do first if she won them.

And then, girls being girls, the world about, they went off in pursuit of the *man.*

House of Windows

Continued from page 48

It is just as easy for you to tell me that you do not love me as to keep silent."

"It would be, if it were true—no, Tommy! Please stay where you are. If you want frankness I'll give it to you. I think I do love you. I think I loved you long ago. Not just at first, but when I knew you better. But all my love has been spoiled and embittered. I saw your love for Ada. I knew it was a kind of worship, but I thought it was more than that (or less, whichever you like). I did not see how you could love me too. And I do not see it now. I do not want a divided love. I am jealous—not of Ada, but of love. And if I will not marry you now, it is not because I do not long for love, but because I long for it so terribly that I can't risk not having—all."

She left the table and came across the room to where he sat. It was growing dusk, but he could see her plainly, could see the flush on her cheek and the light in her eyes.

"Do you understand—now?" she said.

A great wave of illumination swept over Tommy. Miraculously he did understand. The problem of Celia which he had feared might baffle him forever seemed suddenly all made plain. It was not that she had given little, but that she could give so much!

And to give it she required a like surrender; no divided allegiance would do; all the years of his waiting were as nothing to her; her own lost youth was nothing. She stood there before him, a woman with all her best to give; demanding the utmost as her due! And as he saw all this, a new feeling stirred in him, a resolve, an unutterable longing! A longing which deepened into hope—into certainty! He stood up and looked into her eyes.

"Dear," he said, and then, "I shall win you yet."

But this time he lifted only her hand to his lips and kissed the fingers gently.

Celia went swiftly into the next room. When she came back she looked as usual.

"And so, just to change the subject," she said, "what are they going to do to the man Wilson now that they have caught him?"

"Penal servitude, I suppose," he answered cheerfully.

"And the old woman?"

"Asylum. She's as mad as a March hare! Since that afternoon when Johnson and Cunningham found her sitting in the ditch by the wood, she has not had a lucid interval, never will have, now. She is harmless. Goes about asking everyone if they have seen her daughter Alice. Mr. Torrance will see that she has the best of care for the rest of her life. The doctors think that she was already irresponsible sixteen years ago when she stole Christine."

"Poor creature! One can't hate a mad woman. When one has suffered so that reason rebels, it is time for the rest of us to be merciful."

"You feel like that now, when Christine is safe and happy, but you didn't feel quite that way a month ago."

"No, I did not. That is just a little way life has! Tommy, please don't sit there and stare. It is time to cut the bread."

She smiled at him so gaily that Tommy forgot how serious he was, and smiled too.

"You make such nice thin slices, you know," said Celia, handing him the knife.

Tommy smiled again with the modesty of conscious worth.

"You have not read me your latest poem, either," said Celia.

"Perhaps we shall have time for it before the others come back."

Tommy laid down the bread knife.

"It might be better," he agreed. "Mark has absolutely no appreciation of poetry, and sometimes I doubt if Mr. Torrance really enjoys it. Of course I know that I am not a great poet. But I really rather like this last. It was Ada's garden that gave me the idea. May I read it now? We can cut the bread after they come. Here it is—

"'I gazed into a garden, once, between
the iron bars;
The roses all were red and tall,
The lilies pale, like stars.
Trembling, I passed the garden gate—
to find, ah me, ah me!
The glamor fled, the flowers dead,
What time I turned the key.'"

Celia took so long to comment upon this that Tommy observed her anxiously.

"You don't like it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I like it—as poetry. I was just wondering if it were true."

The poet's face cleared. "If it's good poetry, it doesn't matter whether it's true or not," he said cheerfully.

Celia laughed and pointed to the uncut bread.

The clear toot-toot of a motor horn, followed quickly by a honk-honk of deeper tone caused the poet to drop his verses and seize the bread knife.

"Here they come," said Celia, and as she heard their laughter upon the stair a tender light came into her blue eyes. But she said no appropriate or touching word; she looked as much like a sphinx as ever, as she poured the water upon the tea and opened the door so that no one might trip upon the third step from the top.

THE END.

The Unforeseen

Continued from page 28

at your hands. I thought you were my friend and my daughter's lover."

"I'm her mother's lover, and I hope her friend," he answered eagerly. "Just look in the mirror behind you, my—my dear, and dare to call yourself old."

And the next moment his arms were around her, and she had forgotten all the loneliness of her intervening years in the solid and glowing happiness which suddenly welled in her heart.

"I'm ashamed, I ought to be ashamed—the mother of a grown-up girl! And aren't you afraid of what they will say? They will speak of me as the designing widow. Are you brave enough to stand that?"

Calderon's answer was not verbal. The happiness and peace of his heart made him oblivious of outward things. He felt that he had built his house on a sure foundation, and that this dear woman would make for him a perfect home. As for Kate, they did not think very much about her just at that moment, and Mrs. Eardley begged for a little respite. She wished to tell her daughter in her own time and way. She chose them late that night after they had gone to bed. She came into Kate's room in a white dressing-gown, with her still beautiful and luxuriant hair unbound and lying loose on her shoulders.

"Mummy, you look a positive angel, and your eyes are shining like everything!" said the girl enthusiastically.

"I felt I couldn't go to sleep with it on my mind, darling. I've been trying to tell you, but I couldn't. Can't you guess what has happened?"

Kate paused in the process of brushing out her own hair, and looked at her mother with a sudden, strange, arrested expression on her face.

"I can't guess anything. What is it?"

"Mr. Calderon has spoken to me this afternoon. He—he has asked me to be his wife, Kate, and oh, I hope you won't mind, for I think I love him, and I would like to make him happy."

"Yes, oh yes, certainly—why not?" asked Kate, and quite suddenly, without a word of warning, let her hair fall over her face like a veil.

"Tell me all about it, mother, and do you mind if I go on brushing my hair? How did it happen? I'm simply dying to hear."

Kate managed to be matter-of-fact, and Mrs. Eardley talked on, relieved to have got the ordeal over so easily.

When Kate threw back her hair at last her face was perfectly composed and her voice quite steady.

"How perfectly delightful! You will go and live at that lovely Moat House and have everything you want in this world. And oh, mummy, you do deserve it, and I hope you will be happy for years and years and years, and let me come and stay with you when I get tired of Uncle Harry. Of course I'll go there now, and everything will be settled just like a story book."

There was a sort of feverish eagerness in her speech, which, had her mother been less absorbed with her own feelings, she must have noticed.

They talked long together, and finally parted with a very tender good-night. When her mother's footsteps died across the corridor, Kate turned the key in the lock, and then stood staring into space with her hands clenched and a very bitter expression on her face.

"Fool! fool! you thought it was you, and gave your heart away! But oh, she must never know, she must never know!"

And she never did.

The Reason

JUST before the recent departure of William Dean Howells for Spain a popular novelist called. He told about his phenomenal sales. Then—fishing for compliments—he sighed and said: "I grow richer and richer, but, all the same, I think my work is falling off. My new work is not so good as my old." "Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Howells. "You write just as well as you ever did, my boy. Your taste is improving, that is all."

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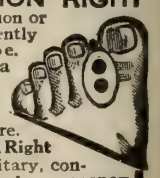

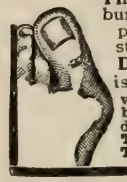

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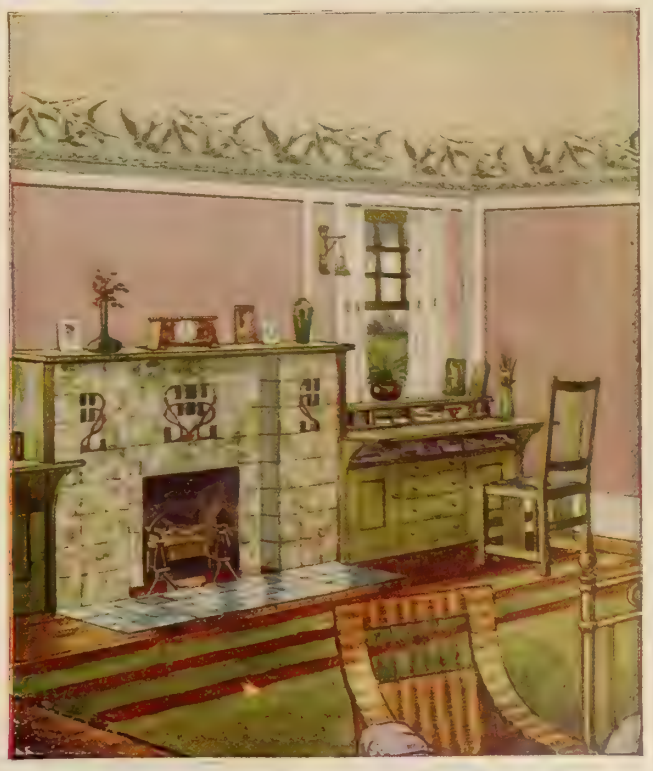

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JUNE
1912

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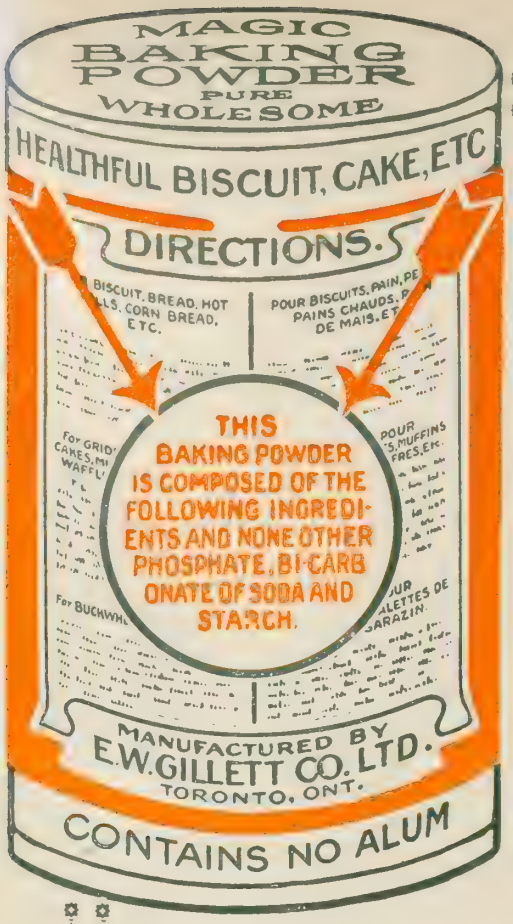

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EDITORIAL CHAT

Do you know the feeling of pride with which a mother looks upon a daughter developing into full vigorous girlhood? Well, if you do, you know just how we feel when we see this magazine pushing into the front rank of women's magazines in America.

Our readers have made possible the wonderful improvements made during the last year, and in return we promise to do everything in our power to make it still more worthy of their favor in the future.

In the matter of covers we are spending more money to secure good covers than the usual magazine spends for its entire contents. We know that our readers appreciate our using good covers and that they are pleased to see the advances we have made in this direction.

Our readers must agree with us that the June number marks another step in our progress. There is a new serial, two splendid complete stories, the concluding chapters of another serial, ten pages of fashions, enough recipes to keep our readers cooking and eating for a month, music, and a host of other good things.

No part of magazine publishing is worthy of more consideration than the selection of a serial story, and it was only after weeks of consideration and the reading of many of the best stories that we selected "The Third Man" for our next serial story. The author, Silas K. Hocking, is a writer whose fiction is well known where good books are read. "The Third Man" is not a story of "drawings rooms" and "pink teas," but rather a story of the real every-day kind of a young man, who, while not sure he loved the girl, still he did not want her to marry a man whom he thought was unworthy of her.

To learn just how the difficulty was overcome you had better read the first instalment on our recommendation; after that we are sure you will be just as anxious as we were to find out just which of the three men the heroine will marry.

No person has ever told us just why so many marriages are performed in June, but the custom appears to be a popular one, and for that reason we have prepared some interesting articles, giving advice to the bride-to-be about floral decorations, customs at the weddings, furnishing the bride's home, and many other things she should know about preparing for the happy event.

Our short stories this month are somewhat above our standard, and what is better, they are from the pen of two of our brightest Canadian contributors. We want the magazine to be thoroughly Canadian, and will always give Canadian authors the preference.

Lois Rayburn's wedding is a well-told story of a beautiful girl's devotion to her fiance. Even though he had apparently become an invalid for life, Lois insisted upon keeping her promise. Read the story, you will like it.

There are moments in the lives of most married couples in which it would only require a few words to start a wordy war between husband and wife. The air seems to be charged with electricity. Well, it was on just one of these occasions that "Joe" unknowingly brought home to his wife a box of beauty roses that was intended for another person. It was a strange mix-up, and it cost "Joe" just twenty dollars to keep his wife from suspecting the truth. It is an excellent story, and well worth reading.

Luncheons, menus and culinary conceits are in the issue in abundance. Luncheons for June, menus enough for every day for two weeks will help the busy housewife decide the vexed question of what she will prepare for the family. Then there is a splendid number of timely recipes that are well worthy trying and keeping for reference.

Our readers have asked us for some time to give them more fashions. We hesitated to do so owing to the limited amount of space available in which to place the good things we prepare for our readers each issue. The demand for more fashions has become so general that we have given ten pages to fashions and kindred matters in this number. It is only another indication of how anxious we are to at all times give our readers what they ask for.

Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer for Toronto, has written a splendid article on the extermination of flies. Every one of our readers should read this article, and enlist in the army of women who will "swat" every fly they see this summer. Nothing that can be done around the home is more necessary from a sanitary standpoint than the extermination of the flies.

The change made in our Journal Juniors Department will be appreciated by our younger readers. Most of them like puzzles, and when they know that they will be given a prize for the solution of the puzzles they will be more than anxious to send us the answers and endeavour to secure a valuable prize.

Another new serial will be started in our July issue.

SPECIAL NOTICE—We have moved our offices from 61 John Street, to larger offices at 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Our readers should use this new address when writing us.

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H. PIZER

The Woman's Club

THERE was a time when the club woman was held up to ridicule and contempt, as a person who neglected important duties for the sake of a vain display. We recall the story of the man who was a "jiner," who belonged to every society under the sun and was a stranger to his own fireside. No doubt there are some women who follow a similar course and join so many societies for uplift and improvement that they forget the duties which lie the nearest. However, there is a happy medium in the matter of club devotion, and the woman who is too ardent in attendance at club meetings is not often encountered in Canadian towns and cities.

On the other hand, it is well to consider what a benefit the club or the society has been to the woman whose nerves were breaking under the strain of monotony. "A change is as good as a rest" has passed into a truism. The eye and brain that are weary of one scene may brighten and become invigorated when given a fresh subject for contemplation. A man who has business cares has also, in connection with his life down town, a dozen trifling diversions which broaden his outlook and make the daily round less monotonous than the routine of domestic affairs. Every healthy woman takes an actual pleasure in ordering well the ways of her household, but there is a danger in too close application to recurring small duties. To go to a club meeting and hear of some other world than ours, to attend an Institute gathering and discover how other women do things will make the next day's work more interesting and keep one from finding the world a dull place.

The June Bride

WHEN the month of roses comes at last, one's thoughts turn to the girl graduates who will step out proudly with nice, fresh diplomas, and to the bride who will set forth with a marriage certificate in safe keeping. The most cynical of social philosophers unbends, as he regards the June bride in her "white ninon over satin" and utters best wishes for her happiness. It must be admitted that women are supremely interested in the weddings which come in June, and that the masculine guests have an anxious rather than a pleased expression.

The June bridegroom is, indeed, a comparatively insignificant being, whose nervousness, instead of being regarded with sympathy, is contemplated with furtive amusement. Yet, who would grudge the bride her importance and satin splendor? A man may become an alderman, the mayor of a city, a member of Parliament, or a railroad magnate, but a woman's wedding day is the great occasion of her life, when, for the space of a brief ceremony, she is the centre of a happy group. Ours is a country of many prosperous homes, where "problems" do not press too heavily, and may it long continue so!

Plant a Tree

AS a custom, Arbor Day has an excellent effect on any community. Nature has been so good to Canada in the matter of forest resources that we have been prodigals indeed, taking little care of our heritage, and have only lately aroused to consider the need for conservation. The forest fires, which have so frequently ravaged large sections of our country, are a proof of carelessness in protective measures and are hardly a credit to our civilization.

To appreciate the beauty and comfort of shade trees, one must live for a while where there is a dreary absence of their umbrageous charm. When, day after day passes, without a glimpse of a grove or forest, with only miserable stunted shrubs to break the plain, then we would give many dollars for a few spreading maples or a stately elm. The love of trees and flowers cannot be instilled too early, for the civilizing influence they exert adds greatly to life's abiding pleasure. As Lucy Larcom tells us:

"He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free,
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heaven's sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?"

The Girl on the Farm

WE wonder when our farmers will open their eyes to the injustice which they have so often shown to their daughters. Again and again we read paragraphs deploring the fact that so many girls are forsaking the farm for work in the city. What is the reason? In the majority of cases, we believe that it lies, not in youthful unrest, not in a longing for city amusements, but in a protest against the fraternal policy which denies a proper allowance to the daughters of the household. It is all very well to say that our great grandmothers did a great deal more work than their descendants of to-day and that the farmer's daughter of several generations ago was thankful for a roof over her head and the simplest of gowns. Our great grandfathers, also, worked much harder than the modern farmer, who would not dream of using the antiquated implements of sixty years ago.

The son on the farm is usually treated with much more consideration than the daughter, in the matter of money. The old distrust of woman's business capacity dies hard. The way to remove feminine ignorance is not to refuse to give woman an opportunity to learn the ways of the business world. If a father would take his daughter into his confidence in business matters and encourage her to have her own bank account, with a view to investment, there would be fewer mistakes made by mature women in the management of their affairs. A certain widow who has been most successful in looking after her own business remarked to her lawyer: "I owe a great deal to my father, who talked to me in my girlhood about his farm and his investments, giving me advice which I have never forgotten. He believed that every woman should know something of business affairs and be encouraged to have her own account."

It has often been said that we cannot learn by the advice of others, that it is necessary to make mistakes of one's own before wisdom is practically attained. This is only partly true. We may not hope to escape blunders and their consequence, but many disasters have been averted by the remembrance of wise counsel. If the farmer wishes to keep his daughter at home—and it is an infinitely better place for her than a city office—let him treat her as an industrial equal, show that he values her work and give her the benefit of his own hard-won experience.

LOIS RAYBURN'S WEDDING

A Beautiful Girl Proposes to and Marries a Helpless Man

By LOLA MARTIN BURGOYNE

A GIRL lay face downward on the bed crying as if her heart would break. Great sobs shook her slender form. Jim, an invalid for life! The thought brought fresh tears, and she sobbed until exhausted. Jim, the brightest of them all, the leader of all the sports, so big, so strong, and now, never to walk again! He had saved the child, though, and there was a little warm glow in her heart as she remembered that. The little mite had rushed out without warning, in front of Jim's big car. It was the child or the ditch, and, without a second's hesitation, Jim had turned into the ditch. His car turned turtle and he was pinned beneath it. They had carried him tenderly home to the big house on the hill, and for weeks he had hovered between life and death. Then came the turn for the better, and his splendid strength and clean life turned the scale, and he gradually crept back to life. Then had come this awful thing. Never to dance or skate or even to walk again! With a little moan she covered her face.

If only she had the right to go to him. Down in her heart she knew he cared. Many little half-forgotten things came to her, and that night skating on the pond—what had he been going to say to her, when Ruth came flying over and spoilt it all? If he had only told her and she could go to him now. She had not known herself that she cared so, till the news came of the accident and had shown her the truth, and now—

"Lois, Lois," called Ruth, hammering on her door. "What on earth have you locked your door for? Mother wants you to come down and see the Locketts."

"Oh, Ruth, please, I can't go and talk to them. Tell mother my head aches, and I am going out to try and walk it off. Get me out of it, that's a darling," Lois said.

"All right, I shall do my best. Wish I was old enough to do as I liked," said Ruth.

Lois sighed. "Do as she liked." Much Ruth knew about it!

"Mercy, what a sight I am," she cried, as she walked towards the mirror. "Crying certainly doesn't improve one's beauty."

She washed her aching eyes in cold water and brushed out the masses of brown hair. Jim thought she had nice hair, for he had exclaimed at its length that night of the fancy dress dance at Howes', when she had gone as Marguerite. She slipped into a brown velvet suit and pinned on a little brown fur toque with its single yellow rose. "Nut Brown Mayde," he had called her. She went out the side door, successfully eluding her mother and the tiresome Locketts, and was soon walking rapidly down the street. The air was cold and crisp, and the wind blew the wisps of hair that escaped from under her hat, and her cheeks were soon glowing.

"Oh, Doctor," she called, as she saw a tall man coming out of a house just ahead of her. His face lit up as he turned and saw her.

"Well, Lois, what a picture you are," he said, as he clasped her hand warmly. "It is well for us poor doctors that everyone is not as healthy as you are. Where are you off to this cold day?"

"Just for a walk to try and drive the blues away." Then, hurriedly and with flushing cheeks, "Doctor Merton, how is Jim?"

His kindly face clouded, and he looked at her face keenly.

"He is doing as well as can be expected, but he seems to have lost his grip since he found out that he would not be able to walk again. God bless my soul—when I think of him finding out now, when I did not mean him to know for a long time—perhaps never. Oh, God bless my soul," and the old doctor stamped up and down, blowing his nose violently.

"If we could only make him see there was lots to live for yet," he continued more calmly, "he would be all right, but he has given up hope."

Suddenly she raised her eyes and looked straight at him.

"Doctor, may I see him? Perhaps (her breath came quickly), perhaps I might cheer him up."

"He hasn't seen anyone yet, although he is in the library now. Yes, little girl, go ahead and try. I'll be around later and see how it works." With another shake of her hand he was off, and she turned, trying not to tremble at the thought of her visit. Why should she be afraid—of Jim, too? She had often been to the big rambling house when his mother was living, and she smiled at the remembrance of the good times that they had had in it. It somehow looked very forbidding as she walked up the drive. Poor Jim, all alone in that big house, and suffering too.

She quickened her pace at the thought, and ran lightly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Well, Sarah, how are you to-day?" she said, as the old woman with her stiffly starched apron opened the door. "Can I see Mr. Jim?"

"I'm very well, thank you, Miss Lois, I am afraid Mr. Jim won't see anyone to-day, Miss."

"Doctor Merton said I might see him. I'll go right in, Sarah, and then he can't refuse."

"Perhaps you can cheer him up a little, Miss Lois. He finds it very hard to be tied to a lounge all day, poor lamb."

"He is in the library, isn't he? Never mind coming up, I know the way," and Lois went up the broad stairs.

She stood for a second at the closed door and then knocked lightly and walked in.

A voice from the lounge near the fire cried impatiently, "Sarah, didn't I tell you I didn't want you again? Can't you women let me alone for ten minutes?"

"Oh, very well," said Lois coolly. "If you are so fond of solitude I won't intrude." But, instead of leaving, she walked into the room and stood smiling at him.

At the sound of her voice he turned his head swiftly. His whole face lit up, and he held out both hands impulsively. "Lois, oh, Lois," he cried, his eyes shining.

She dropped her big muff on a convenient chair and put her hands in his. For a long moment they looked deep into one another's eyes, and Lois gave a sigh of deep content. She had found out what she had come up for.

"Well," she said, with a tremulous little laugh, "must I go or may I stay and talk with you?"

"Indeed, you may stay. Oh, but it's good to see you again, and how—how lovely you look," he said as she stood up to remove her wraps.

A picture she certainly was as she stood in the dim old room with the afternoon sun shining on her wavy brown hair.

She threw her furs and long coat over a chair and raised her hands to her hat.

"May I take my hat off too and be comfy?" she asked. "It's so warm."

He just smiled at her without speaking, almost afraid that she was a figment of fancy that would fade and leave him alone.

She drew up a footstool to his couch and began telling him all sorts of odds and ends that she thought would interest him. Once Sarah, passing in the hall, heard him laugh and hurried to tell Thomas, Mr. Jim's man.

"Bless her heart, she'll cheer him up, little sunbeam that she is."

But "Little Sunbeam" was not having such a good time of it. She had mentioned Ralph Burns several times in her little items of news, and gloom had instantly settled on Jim's face. He answered her shortly, staring moodily into the fire. Her heart ached at the change in him, and conversation lagged in spite of her efforts.

Suddenly she caught her breath and plunged boldly.

"Jim," she said, "will you tell me what you were going to say when we were skating on the pond that night, when Ruth interrupted us?"

She heard him draw his breath quickly, and for a long moment there was silence.

"No, Lois, I can't tell you," he said at last.

"Why not?" she asked softly, "I—I would like to know."

She was busily tying knots in the fringe of his rug, but saw him clench his hands—oh, how thin and white they are now.

Again there was silence and his voice was very low as he answered.

"Things have changed since then, and I have no right to tell you now what I was going to say that night."

Her head was bent low as she asked in an even voice, "Will you marry me, Jim?"

"Lois, for God's sake!" he cried.

"Will you?" she repeated.

"No!"

A little sob broke from her. "Oh," she whispered, "I—oh, I thought you cared." She covered her burning face with her hands.

"Cared! God, I love you! Lois, Lois, you know I can't marry you. Marry you! You beautiful thing! Don't you know I'll never be able to walk again—never—never. And I may live to be an old man. It's worse than death to give you up."

With a quick movement she bent down beside him. She put her hands in his, but his fingers did not close over hers.

"I love you, Jim; what else matters in all the world? Why can't we live our lives together? I can't live without you. I knew these last weeks"—her head drooped.

"Lois, for heaven's sake, go. You make me forget everything except that—I love you—Oh, my darling."

She deliberately put her arms around his neck and he crushed her to him.

"Well, Jim, old boy—oh, God bless my soul!" and the old doctor stood speechless.

Lois sprang up all flushed and laughing, but with dewy eyes.

"I've cheered him up beautifully, Doctor, but I have had an awful time doing it. I'll never, never propose to a man again. It's dreadfully hard work."

The doctor sank into a chair. "Well, of all things," he gasped. "By George, you're a lucky fellow," he said, turning to Jim. "He certainly does look better, Lois."

"Doctor, try to put some sense into her head," said Jim, but Lois put her fingers gently over his mouth.

"Now, Jim, be quiet," she said, "you know perfectly well you can't live without me, and I wouldn't live without you, so what are you going to do about it? No, Doctor, Jim doesn't know it yet, but we are going to be married to-morrow. Can't you get us a special license or whatever is necessary, and, please, not a word to anyone."

For a long time they talked, Lois finally getting her way. The doctor promised to arrange everything, and took her home in his motor, leaving Jim to his dreams.

Lois needed all her courage to face the family with her news, and there was a stormy scene when she told them, but she finally won them over. Perhaps the fact that Jim Foster was one of the richest men in the town had something to do with it.

"Oh but it is good to see you again."

It was a strange party that assembled in the Foster library the next afternoon. Lois, in her plain white dress, by Jim's couch; Mr. and Mrs. Rayburn, and Ruth, Stewart Hamilton, Jim's chum; Dr. Guthrie, the clergyman; Doctor Merton, and Sarah in the background.

Lois' voice was as clear as a bell as they went through the service, but Jim's broke utterly as he tried to say the solemn vows. With a beautiful gesture Lois knelt down beside him, and the service continued as she knelt there, with her hand in his.

When it was over Doctor Merton hurried them out, so Jim would not be fatigued.

Lois knelt by Jim's couch with her head on his shoulder. There was a great peace in her heart.

"Lois, my darling," Jim whispered, "God grant that you may never repent it, my Life, my Love"—but here a knock sounded at the door, and in hustled Dr. Merton.

"Excuse me for a moment, children, but I have brought you a wedding present." He held an open letter in his hand. "A wedding isn't half a wedding without a present. I've got one I think you'll like. When Jim was first injured I wrote to a specialist in Vienna and I have just got a reply, which says Jim can be cured."

FURNISHING THE BRIDE'S HOUSE

Photographs by courtesy of Eden Smith & Sons

A HANDSOME DINING-ROOM, FURNISHED IN CHIPPENDALE STYLE

THE point upon which we must all agree is that the bride should have a home of her own. Living with parents is not advisable in most instances.

Buying furnishings for the new home is a source of much pleasure with the bride, especially if she has an unlimited purse. Most brides, however, have to count the dollars and make them go as far as they can. It is always advisable in buying furnishings to make each room harmonize.

The days of the old-fashioned parlor are past, and in place of seeing a jumble of rockers and mahogany, silk-covered furniture, we now see the room furnished with mission furniture and the walls and curtains to match.

Living rooms, as they are called, can be used much more freely, and one feels more at home when there is the "comfy" look about the room.

In the dining-room, oak or mahogany furniture is the most popular, and at the same time serviceable kind to buy.

The illustrations of dining-rooms shown on this page give one a splendid idea of styles and arrangements. There is every appearance of good taste; there is also harmony in the furnishings, and the furniture, while costing more than the ordinary kind, gives satisfaction.

As a rule, furniture is bought to last from ten to twenty years, and there is every reason, when buying, to buy only furniture that you will not desire to give away in a few years, owing to its cheap appearance.

Styles in furniture frequently change, but not as often as in women's clothes. Designs that were popular centuries ago are in demand to-day. Perhaps the most-asked-for design in dining-room furniture is the Chippendale, as shown in the illustration in center of page. Other designs asked for are the Jacobean or early French, old English, and the Colonial. Furniture of these styles, made by a reputable dealer, will last a lifetime and will have the appearance of quality about it.

Manufacturers of cheap furniture are becoming so expert in making imitation pieces that a purchaser must make a close examination before buying. Elm can be stained to look like oak, and in many instances pine wood is used and painted and grained to look very much like oak. Birch can be stained to look like mahogany, and so well is the finishing done that only upon close examination can the nature of the wood be discovered.

The best finish for furniture is the dull or satin finish. It is the kind that does not readily show finger marks. The gloss finish looks very nice when the furniture is new, but it is more easily marked, and shows wear much sooner than the satin finish.

A commendable feature that has recently been given attention by furniture manufacturers is the building of articles from four to twelve inches above the floor. This will be appreciated by the clean housewife, as it permits the keeping of floors below the furniture clean and sanitary.

There is a wide range of furniture that can be considered in good taste in bedrooms. Some prefer brass beds, with the balance of the pieces golden oak; others all white enamel, and others all oak, while many prefer mahogany. The same can be said of bedroom furniture as in other parts of the house, the best is the cheapest.

Next to the furniture the most important item to consider in making a home cosy and attractive is the pictures, hangings and rugs: they must harmonize.

In hanging the pictures, before you place the pictures on the walls you measure up the spaces, study the furnishings, and place them where they are to remain in each room. Always try to bear in mind from what angles the light comes in each room, so that each picture shall be placed to the best advantage. Do not try to crowd the walls of a room. Consider each space carefully and the room as a whole, for when they are all up in each room there must be general harmony of color as well as of outline to each wall. Never hang pictures in rows or on a straight line. Vary the monotony of the walls all you can by using oval pictures and circular frames. Indeed, the effect of the best set of pictures can easily be spoiled by improper hanging.

It takes a good deal of artistic taste to make the pictures of a room give the finishing touches to its decorations as they really should. A crowded hall is always ineffective and most inartistic. Each picture worth hanging deserves sufficient space about it to make it show to the best advantage. If you want to be considered a success as an artistic wall decorator, see well to it that your pictures and frames harmonize with the room where they are placed. This is the most important item in the work. The subjects must also be correct in the kind of room in which they are hung, and if you are decorating in a "period" house both subject and frame must correspond to all the rest of the furnishings, and be of the same "period."

Pictures should be the correct finish to a correct home, for they, more than all else, indicate the culture, education, and refinement of its inmates.

A SPACIOUS DINING-ROOM, WITH CHINA CABINET ON LEFT

In hanging pictures dispense entirely with wire or chains and fasten them flat against the wall, so that they will appear to be part of the wall decoration, and not tilted out, spoiling the line of the wall. Study the lighting of each picture, and if there is a distinct play of light and shade, hang it so that the light from the window will fall upon it from the direction in which the artist represented it as coming. A picture, as a rule, should hang on about a level with the eye, but if a picture of doubtful merit is hung slightly above the line of vision it will tend to minimize its defects.

In most homes the fireplace may be arranged without much expense, even if at present there may be the undesirable gas grate with its repulsive odor. The gas piping may be taken out and a pair of grate dogs substituted. In harmony must be the tiling or woodwork, and if at all possible we must work in a little book case in which may be kept our favorite poets and authors, from which to have always at hand those volumes which most nearly express our own feelings, or, to which we usually turn for some message fitting our immediate mood.

But the heart of the home, what of it? Well, to the writer, it is that cozy open fireplace, in the comfortably furnished, living or lounge room. During the long winter evenings how inviting is the crackle of the pine knot, and the leaping up in fantastic forms of the lurid glare, and the warmth shed out from its midst. Around such we are content to sit and dream alone, or with the one we have chosen, to weave around it, into one fabric the story of the past, the ambitions of the present, and the hopes of the future. Around it will entwine the happiest moments of story-telling, of confidences and family ties.

Search high, search low, in the parlor or in the kitchen, nowhere else will you find in any sense "the heart of the home."

A BRIGHT, COSY LIVING-ROOM, WITH PICTURES ARTISTICALLY ARRANGED

DINING-ROOM, WITH CONSERVATORY IN THE REAR

HE SETTLED WITH JOE

How a Box of Beauty Roses Made Farmer Dave Twenty Dollars Short in His Quarterly Payment

By MISS MABEL BURKHOLDER

IT was not until Farmer Dave was coming from the barn to the house, the team unhitched, the bags of feed safely stored in the granary, the groceries sent ahead to the house by the eager children who always ran to meet him on his return from town, that he remembered how cross and ill-tempered he had left Maggie at noon. Perhaps it was the very infrequency of the situation which disturbed him, for, usually, Maggie was the most patient and loving of wives, easily deferring to his opinion in all matters that seemed of importance in their quiet, uneventful lives. But deep water, when thoroughly stirred by a storm, takes the longer to settle, and Maggie would not easily forget that he had refused her request so emphatically expressed.

It was about money, of course. Women were always so foolish about money. If they could get all the little trifles they seemed to set their hearts on, what would become of the big things demanding payments at stated intervals of the year? Why couldn't they see that when a man was niggering along trying to pay the debt off his house and land, his one thought was for the wife and children? And why would they insist that a man found pleasure in handling money, when all he did was to pass it over the counter of the grocery store for the bare necessities of life?

By the time Farmer Dave had reached this point in his reflections he had arrived at the wood-shed door. A basin of water stood on a bench and a towel hung over it. Here the men were in the habit of washing off the worst stains of toil, and absent-mindedly Dave reached up to the shelf above for the soap. The action brought his face into close proximity with the little window which opened into the kitchen.

Supper was on the table and the three children played peacefully in front of the fire. The kettle poured forth a cloud of white steam, and the lamp on the mantle was trimmed and burning brightly. It was a perfect scene of domestic content.

But where was Maggie? Farmer Dave's eyes searched the room rather apprehensively until he discovered that his wife was standing apart from the rest, smoothing her hair before the mirror. What in the mischief was she doing anyway? By all the shades of the departed, she was twining a rose in her hair. A rose in November. Where in the world did it come from?

His eyes traveled lower and discovered that there was a whole box of them lying on the table beneath her hand. No stunted and half grown specimens were they. They were great gorgeous American Beauties, which filled the whole corner of the room with color as she lifted them up into her arms with passionate tenderness. Then, like one afraid of being caught in a foolish action, she gave them a quick kiss and crushed them into the box again.

Farmer Dave stood like a man transfixed. It struck him with terrific force that Maggie was still a very pretty woman, that while he was going his slow, plodding way, other people had their eyes open to her charms. The warm flush on her round cheek, the sparkle of her soft brown eyes certainly indicated a lively interest in the sender of the flowers, whoever he might be. Ah, watch how the roses would take their departure for some unused storeroom or cupboard, when the rightful lord and master of the domain announced his presence. With a cold perspiration starting from his brow, he opened the door and walked in.

But strange to say, Maggie gave no self-conscious start, nor did she try to hurry the flowers out of sight. The beautiful glow of her cheek deepened as he approached her, and she coquettishly turned her head to display to best advantage the bud in her hair.

"You're looking rather gay to-night," said Dave.

"Just see what night it is!" she laughed happily.

Then Dave, with another jolt, woke up to the fact that it was her birthday. He should have brought her some little gift. But the date had not entered his head since last year, when he had also forgot to get her anything. One thing was plain, however. While he was forgetting somebody else had been remembering. An unaccountable wave of resentment made him as sore-headed as a bear.

The sore-headedness must have communicated itself to Maggie by that delicate sixth sense of which many women are possessed. As soon as she perceived that something was not right she contritely drew near his side.

"Maybe I shouldn't have opened the box," she whispered. "But I knew it was flowers—and I was so curious."

"It didn't matter," he said huskily.

And then, to his utter surprise, she threw her head down on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"I was so nervous and cross the whole afternoon," she sobbed. "Nothing went right after dinner, and—forgive me, dear—it seemed to me you did not care. Then, to think you had me in mind all the time, and brought me those beautiful roses for my birthday. I kept saying all day that you would never think of it, that you were only interested in large things like houses and land, that I ought not to have been such a child as to expect anything. But I was just hungry for something that wasn't a necessity in the house, something that was frivolous, and sweet, and girlish; then when your flowers came—forgive me, Dave—I had to cry, I was so happy."

Farmer Dave's mind was doing some lightning calculation, until, finally, out of all the details of the day's busines was evolved a sentence which seemed to throw a little light on the subject.

The sentence was this: "Dave, I'm throwing a parcel into your rig—I'll get it when you reach home."

The sentence had been spoken by young Joe Harkness, his nephew, from a distant part of the country, who had hired with him during the busy summer season and who would finish the remainder of the fall ploughing before he went back home. Joe had also been in town during the day, but was going to walk out later. Wednesday afternoon was Joe's day off. They seldom counted on seeing him home for supper. They had their private opinion that he got that meal over at the home of the black-eyed Jennie Brown, to whom he had been paying attention all summer.

"Maybe I shouldn't have opened it," she said.

Then another of Joe's sentences came back to Farmer Dave with startling distinctness. It was a gloomy confidence, uttered while his nephew was at work with him in the field.

"I tell you Jennie Brown is no easy girl to hold. She's as stubborn as a balky colt. I don't know this very minute whether she'll turn me down the next time I go to see her or not."

Two and two are four the world over. Joe had bought the roses as a peace offering for the shrine of his irate goddess. And the box which now lay on the table was, without any doubt, the parcel he had thrown into Dave's rig before it left town.

A wave of helplessness swept over Farmer Dave. Joe would be in any minute demanding the box which Maggie persisted in hugging to her heart. If he attempted to confess, one would make him out a liar and the other would make him out a thief. It was a difficult situation, but the state of affairs in his home at that moment was a blissful that he felt like making a desperate effort to retain it at all hazards.

While he pondered his precarious position, Maggie bade him sit up to the table. She had taken an old-fashioned jug down from the mantle, filled it with the roses, and placed it as a centrepiece on their humble board. The effect was gorgeous. The children squealed, with delight, and the roses on Maggie's cheeks were as lovely as any in the vase.

Farmer Dave might have been sitting on pins for all the comfort he got out of that meal. When the caught the sound of Joe returning from town. He rose from the table and started to the door with a savage look on his face, as if he expected to encounter a burglar in the hall. But Joe, who had come in the front way, passed on upstairs. He would dress for the evening first.

"It's only Joe," laughed Maggie.

"So it is," said Dave, subsiding into his chair.

"I suppose," said Maggie, as she buried her nose in the fragrant rose petals for the hundredth time, "I suppose there is no use asking you where you got these beauties, or how much you paid for them."

"No use," Dave responded nervously.

From the room above came the sound of a dropping shoe. Dave fancied he could see his nephew cramming his feet into his Sunday-best.

"It would seem that Joe hadn't a minute to spare," he observed, squirming on his chair.

"I think Jennie is pretty exacting with him," smiled his wife.

Farmer Dave was constrained to get up and walk around the room. He felt like opening the window to get a long breath. Young Tootsie was playing with the box the flowers had come in. She had arranged the tissue-paper within to her liking, and then had closed down the lid and tied the ribbon across in a fair imitation of the original bow. "Here's a box of flowers for oo," she lisped, toddling to her father.

Joe was descending the stairs in mad haste, striking a match to see if his treasured box had been left on the hall stand. Dave was seized with a sudden inspiration.

"Take the box to Joe, dear," he whispered, as Maggie went to the kettle for a cup of hot water.

The child obeyed, trotting out into the hall and leaving the door dangerously wide open. Hastening to close it, Dave was in time for the last half of the harangue in process without.

"See here! That's mighty careless of you, Dave. The kid might have got it untied!"

"So she might," confessed Dave, as if he had just thought of it.

As he turned back into the room he looked straight into the eyes of his wife. She was not wise.

"I can't understand," said Maggie, meeting her husband in the kitchen the next morning, "why Joe did not come back last night. His bed has not been occupied."

"Truth to tell," confessed Farmer Dave, "I had a little difference with Joe when he came in last night."

"What, you? Did you sit up then till his return?"

"I did. He was not late."

"Did you sit up with the express intention of having a difference with him?" asked his wife wonderingly.

"I sat up with the intention of settling a difference with him. But there was no settlement in him. He was in a desperate humor."

"Jennie had turned him down in all probability."

"So it came out."

"Well, I hope he didn't blame you for that!" exclaimed Maggie, indignantly.

"I believe, in the course of his remarks he even went so far," muttered Dave.

"How absurd!"

"I offered to pay him three times the price of the—of the—that is he demanded a month's wages in advance, and rather than have a quarrel between our families. I gave it to him."

French Fabrics

FABRIC favorites are clearly indicated. Taffetas, taffetas, and still more taffetas, is the cry on every hand—plain, changeable and chameleon taffetas, taffetas broche, splendid faille taffetas—never before was there such a taffeta season. Tussores and crepe shantungs are as yet touched more cautiously. A covert cloth is again being used; both Bechoff-David and Drecoll are showing smart models for automobile coats in this material made severely plain, with collar, cuffs and buttons of the material. In a pretty unlined suit of white crepon shown by Drecoll, the collar, cuffs and buttons were of glace kid in a dull shade of red.

Crystal buttons are here to stay. Premet obtains a very rich pompadour effect by applying upon plain taffeta large medallions, square or diamond shaped, beaded or embroidered in heavy silk upon net.

Quantities of pearls, in bands of beadings or long ropes, are being used as trimming; several Drecoll evening gowns show three-quarter tunics of net, entirely covered with long loops made from chains of large, colored pearl beads; the effect is barbarically oriental.

THE THIRD MAN

By Silas K. Hocking

CHAPTER I.

A Strange Proposal

'SUPPOSE we both propose to her?"

"What folly, Geoff!"

"Of course, neither of us has the ghost of a chance."

"Do you want her—that is, are you in love with her?"

"Well, not exactly—only—"

"Then why trifle with so serious a matter? Would you like a practical joke played on your own sister?" And Bart Gordon's face flushed a little angrily.

"You misunderstand me, old man," the other answered quickly. "It's that cur Wiggs of whom I am thinking. I'd like to head him off by hook or by crook."

"I confess I fail to understand even now," Goddon replied after a pause.

"Then answer me this. Would you like to see Eve Marsden married to David Wiggs?"

"No, I wouldn't." And Gordon's face flushed again. "I'd rather see her buried."

"Exactly. So would I. But he'll marry her, as safe as houses, unless he's headed off."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, any number of things. In the first place, he wants her. In the second place, the old man likes him; and, in the third place, she may think he's her only chance."

"I don't know why she should think that."

"Put yourself in her place, man. Think of her secluded life. It is by the merest accident that we have been admitted into the circle of her acquaintances. Then Wiggs comes along. Almost the first eligible man she has ever known intimately. He has money, and cheek, and a smooth tongue. If she thinks he's the only chance she's likely to get—why, she'll accept him."

"I don't see that that necessarily follows," Gordon answered, growing red again.

"Well, not necessarily, perhaps, but likely." And Geoff Lincoln walked to the window and looked down into the street. Gordon watched him with a puckered forehead and a troubled light in his eyes. His dislike of David Wiggs was as strong as Lincoln's, his admiration of Eve Marsden as great—perhaps greater—and the suggestion that she and David might make a match of it was peculiarly distasteful to him. But the proposal of his friend, Geoff Lincoln, was really too absurd to be treated seriously.

He waited for Geoff to speak again. The subject had a peculiar—even painful—fascination for him. Geoff, however, appeared to be absorbed in something that was taking place in the street.

"Do you really think that bounder has a chance?" Gordon questioned at length.

Geoff gave a little start, then turned slowly round and faced his friend. "If I did not think he had a chance I should not have alluded to the matter," he said quietly.

"Which means that Eve likes him?" the other questioned, after a pause.

"After a fashion, perhaps. That she loves him I don't believe; but he is pertinacious, as you know—"

"But Eve Marsden would never marry a man unless she loved him."

Geoff laughed uneasily. "Don't be too ready to stake your existence on that assumption," he said. "Girls will do the most unaccountable things. Take the case of my cousin Ethel."

"Oh, that was an extreme case. Besides, Eve is not an ordinary girl, she has refinement, imagination—ideals. Do you remember what she said to us one evening when we were discussing Wordsworth?"

"Wiggs is as able to discuss Wordsworth with her as you or I. Besides, he has come in for heaps of money. Don't forget that. He may be a rank outsider from your point of view, but girls don't see men with men's eyes. He has an oily tongue and an insinuating manner, and a girl like Eve, who has been kept in a kind of walled garden all her life, may be easily imposed upon, particularly if the old man speaks a good word for him."

Gordon turned and walked back to his chair and began to fill his pipe. "Somebody ought to tell her," he muttered at length.

"But who's to do it? Besides, the way to make a girl determined to marry a man is to warn her against him. The more you blackguard him the more she'll admire him."

Gordon struck a match angrily on the underside of the mantelpiece and began pulling vigorously at his pipe.

"Of course, it is no business of ours," Lincoln went on. "Neither you nor I can marry her, though if we were in a position we might do worse; but that is nothing to the point. What is to the point is, we both admire Eve Marsden. We'd both be awfully sorry to see her spoil her life, as she'd be certain to do if she married Wiggs, and we'd both do anything in reason to stop his little game."

"I'd like to wring his neck," Gordon muttered savagely.

"My proposal is less primitive," Lincoln answered with a laugh. "Wringing necks has gone out of fashion."

"So has practical joking, for that matter—at least, with educated people."

"Then suggest something better, my wise and sedate friend. I have made what I consider a practical proposal. It has the merit of simplicity. If it does no good I don't see that it can do much harm."

"But what possible good could come of it; tell me that."

"I'm not sure that any good would come of it, but then, one never knows. It might give Eve a little bit better opinion of herself. Open her eyes to the fact that she is really attractive to the other sex. At present she has not the remotest idea how charming she is. Indeed, I believe she thinks herself—thanks to her training—a sort of ugly duckling, a girl that nobody would be likely to notice, much less admire. Hence her special danger. The fear is she will regard Wiggs as a kind of special providence and come to the conclusion that if she rejects him she will never have another chance."

"There would be no great calamity in that."

"From your point of view, perhaps. But in these days girls are expected to marry. It is the only profession open to a great many of them. I don't suppose the old man has been able to make much provision for her future. Hence, naturally, marriage will appeal to her on other than sentimental grounds."

Gordon, however, did not appear quite satisfied. He pulled at his pipe with savage energy and frowned at the fire. He was as eager as Lincoln was to spike David Wigg's guns and save Eve Marsden from the calamity of marrying a man who was not worthy to tie her shoes. But—

"You had better think the matter over," Lincoln said after a pause, and he turned away from the window and dropped into an easy chair with a book.

Geoffrey Lincoln and Bart Gordon shared rooms. Nearly three years previously they had come up to Oxford with scholarships—the one to Merton and the other to New. They became acquainted during the first term at a Union debate, since when they had been almost inseparable. They were now working for "Greats" which they expected to take during the next month. Beyond that there might be much, or—the other thing.

Gordon intended to have a shot for a fellowship, but was not at all hopeful of success. Lincoln, who had entered at the Middle Temple, would go down to read law with the expectation, a little later, of getting called to the Bar.

They were both young—neither much over twenty-one—both poor, both ambitious, and if neither of them was actually brilliant, Lincoln, at any rate, had more than average ability.

The previous year they had become acquainted with Eve Marsden, the only child of a retired don, who lived in a neat villa on the outskirts of the city. Eve had spent most of her life in a convent school in Brussels. She was an exceedingly pretty girl, shy as a linnet, and with no more knowledge of the world than of the geography of the planet Mars.

Her father had been known in his more active days as old Dr. Dry-as-dust. He had lectured on Roman law for so many years that he almost forgot that he was living in the beginning of the twentieth century.

When, at the age of eighteen, Eve returned from school he was at a loss to know what to do with her, or how to treat her. That she was pretty he could not deny, and that seemed to make his task all the greater. That she was innocent and trusting formed a peril to be guarded against; that he would ultimately have to get her married was a duty that he could not possibly ignore. If he had ever been touched by sentiment or romance, it was so long ago that he had lost all recollection of it.

Since her return, now nearly three years ago, he had guarded her with jealous care. What else could he do? He had a vague notion that girls were helpless things and quite incapable of looking after themselves. If they were kept strictly within well-defined limits they need not give much trouble, but if they once got out of hand there was no knowing what would happen.

At the time our story opens he felt that he was nearing the end of his responsibility. For several months he had been passing through a rather anxious time. Three young men had gained admission to the privacy of Rose Villa, and he was not without misgiving that there were others who, so to speak, were looking over the wall. He had horrible visions of what might happen if Eve got really out of hand.

It had been no part of his programme that young men should be allowed to come to his house, more or less indiscriminately. It was the one thing he had tried to guard against. He had a vision of one suitable young man who should come by his invitation and to whom in due course he would surrender Eve.

Fortunately, in the present instance, two of the young men did not count; they were only youths with their way yet to make in the world, and to whom matrimony, if it entered their thoughts, was in the far distant future.

David Wiggs was of a somewhat different order. He was older than the other two by several years, and was, moveover, master of a very considerable income. He had impressed the professor by his self-confidence, his knowledge of the world, and his general air of robustness. Geoff Lincoln and Bart Gordon were youths, David Wiggs was grown up. John Marsden was so little a man of the world himself that he failed to distinguish between self-reliance and vulgar swagger. The breezy assurance of David acted on him like a tonic.

When he discovered that Eve was the chief attraction he was quite pleased. From his point of view nothing could be better. He encouraged him to come to the house as often as he liked. He was quite certain he would make Eve an excellent husband, and when she was safely married his responsibility would be at an end.

David had no difficulty in getting the old man's consent.

"Have you spoken to her?" he questioned as an afterthought.

"Not yet. I thought it was the proper thing to get your permission first."

"Yes, yes. That shows a correct temper of mind. You may tell Eve it is all right; so we may consider the matter settled."

"You think she will consent?"

"Consent?" And the professor raised his bushy eyebrows in surprise. "Why, of course. You can tell her we have settled the matter between us."

David left the old man to his books and went off in search of Eve. In spite of the assurance he had received, he was by no means certain of the reception he would get. Eve had always been friendly and pleasant and hospitable, but he was very doubtful if she had ever thought of him in the light of a lover. He had given her quite a number of hints, but bright and clever as she was generally, she seemed a little obtuse in some things. Had she lived more in the world she would have discovered his intentions weeks ago, but her secluded life had rendered her quite unsuspicious of ulterior motives.

He found her in the drawing-room busy with some needlework. She rose at once and extended her hand to him. She looked very sweet and winsome in her simple summer gown, and her greeting lacked nothing in cordiality.

"It's all right," he reflected. "I've nothing to do but go ahead and win."

CHAPTER II.

The Test.

BART and Geoff decided before taking any definite action to pay another visit to Rose Villa. Geoff might be wrong in his diagnosis. Bart could not bring himself to believe that a girl of Eve's sweetness and refinement would accept a bounder of the type of David Wiggs. They discussed the matter again as they made their way through the park in the direction of Dr. Marsden's residence. Geoff had received a shock from which he had not quite recovered, when his pretty cousin Ethel married an old rake of sixty-five for a title and a house in Park Lane. If Ethel thought so little of herself in comparison with position, what reason had he for assuming that Eve would cherish a loftier conception of the dignity of her sex? Geoff talked like a man of forty who had had a wide and disappointing experience.

"I tell you what, Bart," he said as they strolled slowly along under the trees. "Girls don't look at things as we do. We idealize them. I don't know why we should, but we do; but girls never idealize themselves. They look upon marriage as—well—as a profession, shall I say. I don't say they all do, but a good many of them do. They want to get settled, to have a house of their own; and the most eligible man—that is the man who has the most money and the best prospects—has the best chance."

"I don't believe it," Bart burst out at length. "Eve can't be that sort of a girl."

"David may be all right from her point of view," Geoff urged. "Of course, he's ugly, and—and—he isn't a gentleman; but then, what experience has she had?"

□

"Trust a girl's instincts. I tell you, I don't believe Wiggs has any more chance than we would have."

"I wish I could think so," Geoff answered. And then they walked on again in silence.

They were told on reaching Rose Villa that Miss Marsden was engaged, but that the professor was in his study. And the maid led the way upstairs to his room.

Bart fancied he heard voices—low but urgent—as he passed the drawing-room door, and a vague feeling of fear and unrest took possession of him.

The old man received them very kindly, as was his habit, talked about the weather, the chances of the various boats during Eights Week, the approach of "schools," the more recent debates at the Union. He apologized for the absence of Eve. She was engaged and might not be at liberty for some time.

He did not invite them to stay to tea, and they were both quick to notice that he appeared restless and more or less on the *qui vive*.

Bart was just turning away from the window to say good-bye to the professor, when he heard the front door bang. Instinctively he stood still for a moment longer, and he saw David Wiggs walk slowly down the garden path and pass into the street. There was nothing in his gait to indicate either depression or exultation.

The professor walked down the stairs with them and opened the front door. They talked loudly in the hope of attracting Eve's attention, but she did not come into the hall. At the garden gate Bart turned, hoping that he might see her face at the window, but she kept resolutely out of sight.

For a considerable distance they walked in silence, then Geoff remarked casually: "We did not gain much by our visit this afternoon."

"I'm not so sure," was the somewhat sullen answer.

Geoff glanced round with a look of surprise, but did not venture any remark.

"Do you know," Bart said at length, "that Wiggs was with Eve all the time?"

"How do you know that?"

"I saw him leave the house."

Geoff gave a low whistle, but did not make any further reply.

"Did you notice," Bart ventured after another long pause, "how restless and absent-minded the professor seemed?"

"I had a feeling that we were not particularly welcome."

"He knew, of course, that Wiggs was with Eve. I hope, Geoff, that you have not been right all along. I confess I am beginning to have my fears—"

"That she will accept him?"

"She may. Good heavens! it will be a burning shame if she does."

"I've told you all along that unless Wiggs is headed off, he'll marry her as safe as houses."

It was on the following morning that Bart broached the subject again. He felt that if he did not, Geoff would not. Geoff had delivered his ultimatum, as it were, and would now let the matter rest. Bart was pouring out tea. They took it in turns to preside at the breakfast table.

"Have you thought anything more about the suggestion you made the other day, Geoff?" he questioned, without taking his eyes off the teapot.

"To what suggestion do you refer?" Geoff questioned after he had emptied his mouth of toast.

"Really, old man, I did not know you were so prolific in ideas," Bart laughed.

"You don't know me, my friend; ideas and suggestions flow from me without effort and without end."

□

"Do be serious, Geoff, for a moment. I admit I scouted your suggestion the other day, but, really and truly, I can't think of anything better."

"I quite believe you, old man."

"The point is, are you still prepared to carry it out? After our experience yesterday I scent serious danger. Mind you, I don't believe Eve cares for him an ounce; but what excuse has she for rejecting him? I mean, what excuse has she that would weigh with her father?"

"But suppose you should propose to her and she should accept you?"

"That is a proposition that won't hold water for a moment, as you know?"

"I mean if she were willing to wait."

"It's no use discussing that. Our business is to side-track Wiggs, if possible. Are you still willing to carry out your own suggestion?"

"Quite willing. Mind you, I'm not very hopeful of results, particularly after yesterday's visit to Rose Villa. But I agree with you—we ought to do our best. We shall blame ourselves afterwards if we don't."

"Then we are agreed at last. Now let us discuss details. My own feeling is, there is no time to be lost. Will you propose first, or shall I?"

"Suppose we toss for it?"

"Agreed." And a penny was spun in the air without loss of time.

The lot fell to Geoff, and he pocketed the penny in silence.

"Will you call round this afternoon?" Bart questioned after a long pause.

"I don't know. Perhaps I will. The sooner it's over the better," and Geoff's brow contracted and his face became unusually grave. Now that he had come really face to face with his own proposition he saw difficulties and possible complications that had not occurred to him before. To propose marriage when he really did not want to marry her—well, to say the least of it, it was a case of doing evil that good might come.

He was exceedingly restless and ill at ease all the morning, and the lectures on English and Roman law to which he listened left but the vaguest impression on his mind. It was his own proposition, and yet now, when it came to the point, he did not quite like it, and the chances of heading off David Wiggs seemed more and more remote.

He felt painfully nervous as he made his way in the direction of Rose Villa. There was an air of unreality over the whole business. He kept wondering how he should begin; how he should introduce the subject; what excuses he should make; what form of words he should use.

He found Eve in the drawing-room alone, engaged in decorating a table-cover with various colored silks. She rose at once to receive him, dropping her needle as she did so. Her greeting was exceptionally friendly, though her smile lacked the brightness he was accustomed to. He spent several minutes in searching for the needle, and when he had found it he insisted on threading it for her; then he dropped into a chair not a yard away and commenced talking about the tennis match of the previous afternoon.

She did not seem particularly interested, he thought. Some of her answers were not very relevant, and now and then, when she glanced at him, her eyes had a distant look. Also, she was paler than usual, and he thought once or twice that her lips trembled a little.

□

He could not help feeling that she was in trouble of some kind, and his heart went out to her in a great sympathy. She had never looked more winning, more dainty, more absolutely sweet and wholesome. He drew his chair a little closer and dropped his voice to a lower tone.

Bart waited for Geoff's return with impatience. It would be his turn to go on the morrow or the day following that, unless Geoff should discover in his interview that she was already pledged to David Wiggs. It was this latter possibility that troubled him most. David had most of the winning cards. He had not to wait to make a position—his position was already made; he could provide Eve with a good home to-morrow—that is, if a good home meant a large house, plenty of servants and unlimited cash. Bart resented his own poverty, almost resented his youth, and chafed under the hard fate that doomed him to long years of toil before he would be in a position to maintain a wife.

Geoff Lincoln, it was true, was no better off than he, but then Geoff regarded Eve with different feelings. He did not know that, of course; nobody know, and he intended to keep the secret to the end, or until such time—

His face brightened as hope pictured a possible day when this sweet dream of his youth should be realized.

There was a step on the stair at length, the door was pushed open and Geoff, flushed and excited, came into the room. Bart glanced at him with a look of apprehension.

"I've done it," Geoff said, flinging his gloves into a corner of the sofa.

"Yes?"

"Sit down, old man ,and I'll tell you all about it."

CHAPTER III.

Twisted Loves

GEOFF took a cigarette from his case and struck a match. "It's a queer world, this, Bart," he said with a hard laugh.

"Why queer?"

"Because it's nearly always the unexpected that happens."

"Then you were too late?"

"No, I was just in time."

"I don't quite understand!"

"I don't quite understand myself. It will take me some time to sort things out. Anyhow, she's accepted me. Behold in me an engaged man."

"What nonsense, Geoff!" And Bart felt all the blood leaving his face.

"It's the sober truth, anyhow. Unless I'm dreaming—unless we both are. I proposed to Eve Marsden an hour ago, and she accepted me."

"Accepted you?" And Bart walked across to the window and looked down into the street. Was it possible? Perhaps they were both dreaming, after all. He turned on his heel suddenly and faced his friend. Geoff had dropped into an easy chair and was blowing smoke-rings into the air.

"I can hardly realise it yet," he said without turning his head, and speaking in low, passionless tones. "It all came about so suddenly. She is pretty, though, Bart, awfully pretty. I did not know that she cared for me a bit. I don't think fellows ever properly understand girls; but, really, old man, she is one in a thousand, she is indeed. You can't imagine how sweet she is, how shy, how trusting. I'm going to try to make myself worthy of her. I felt a brute for a moment or two. You see, I was not quite prepared for her confidence. But it is all right now, I feel sure it is. A girl like that could make a statue love her."

Bart dropped slowly into an easy chair and rested his chin in the hollow of his hand. The room seemed to be spinning like a merry-go-round at a fair. Geoff's voice sounded indistinct and far away; his brain refused to grasp the reality of things; a numbness had crept over him from head to foot.

"Then Wiggs had not proposed to her?" he found himself asking at length, though he hardly recognized his own voice.

□

"Well, he had, in a sense, but she had put him off. She's in a rather tight place, poor girl. The professor is quite gone on Wiggs. I understand there was something of a scene yesterday after we left. She seemed awfully grateful to-day for a way out of it."

"But you can't marry her," Bart jerked out abruptly.

"She doesn't want to marry—at least, for years to come. She's awfully sensible, is Eve. Pretty girls as a rule have not much brains, but she is an exception. You've no idea how clever she is."

"Then you think she would not have accepted Wiggs even if you had not come along?"

"Oh, no, I don't say that. You see, the professor assured her that she would never have another chance, and I fancy she was inclined to agree with him. My coming along was a great surprise to her."

"Do you think she would have accepted me if I had gone first?"

"Of course I don't Accepted you! Come, come, Bart! Girls of the type of Eve only love one man at a time."

"But she might have married Wiggs."

"But she would never have loved him; she assured me that with her own lips. Wasn't it lucky that the man she did care for just came along in the nick of time?"

Bart did not reply for several seconds. He was slowly getting back to his normal self, and things were beginning to appear in their true perspective.

He was not convinced that Eve loved Geoff. She liked him, no doubt, as he liked her. He was infinitely to be preferred to David Wiggs. He could understand that she might hail his proposal as a happy deliverance, he was ready to believe that she was quite satisfied with her choice; but—

In the present instance it was a very big "but" from Bart's point of view. No arrangement could possibly be satisfactory that left him out of the reckoning. Had he been certain that Geoff loved Eve with all his heart, and that she loved him equally well in return, he would still have regarded the arrangement with gloomy apprehension. But since he could not bring himself to believe either proposition, he saw nothing but unhappiness for all concerned.

He tried his best not to betray his feelings. He almost hated Geoff for the moment.

(Continued on page 42)

THE COST OF A CRIME

The Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

"BUT Turner, it's impossible. My uncle knew Reedham quite well. He could not have been taken in like that."

"But you've seen this Charlton yourself, Mr. Stephen," said Turner shrewdly. "More than once haven't you, and you did not recognize him?"

"You're right, but I can't believe it. I tell you it's impossible, why it was an awful thing to do."

"It was, but he'll stick at nothing, makin' love even to Miss Wrede an' his own wife livin', an' his very boy in the office beside him."

Stephen Currie stared helplessly.

"Of course, the lad Reedham was in the office, didn't he recognize him then?"

"No, he didn't, but Charlton he was always messin' round 'im. It was that that made me suspect fust. You see it warn't natural for a bounder like that to take such an interest in a boy from nowhere, so to speak, one that couldn't give him a leg up in his own ambitious schemes."

"And Turner, Mrs. Reedham married again. She's Mrs. George Lidgate now, don't you know that, and Charlton must know it."

"He may know it by now, he didn't afore he went away. But then I warn't sure quite. One day jes before he went to the Cape I went into his room sudden with a cable for him to look at, and he was sitting there with his goggles off, and I saw his eyes. Remember Reedham's eyes? They weren't like nobody else's; they seemed to look right through you. It gave me a start, and from that minute I was nearly sure, but to-day, when I saw him speak to the boy, I knew. What's got to be done, Mr. Stephen?"

"Well, in the first place my uncle will have to be told."

"And then the perlice, Mr. Stephen," said Turner anxiously. "Scotland Yard, ain't that our first duty?"

"Not just yet, Turner, we must go cautiously, because I don't grasp the truth just yet. We must be absolutely certain. My uncle is at Hyde Park Square, you say?"

"Yes, sir, they will come up from Southampton together."

"Well, if you wait just a moment I'll go back to town with you."

He stepped out of the room, and stood a moment irresolute in the hall. It was not half-past eight. Reflecting that it would take him at least three-quarters of an hour to get to Hyde Park Square, he decided to slip out without saying anything to the rest of the family.

To throw such a bomb in their midst and afterwards listen to the babel of horrified discussion, would be to waste the entire evening. Besides, before saying a word to a living creature he must make sure of the truth of this extraordinary, almost incredible story.

He believed it to be true. He could not see what benefit a man like Turner could achieve by concocting it. Besides he had not sufficient imagination. He rang a bell in the hall, and as he took down his overcoat the parlourmaid appeared looking somewhat surprised.

"Just help me on, Jane, and tell them I have been called out unexpectedly. Wait till I have been gone a few minutes. It's important business, tell my father I'll explain it when I come back."

"Yes, sir."

She pulled up the velvet collar of his coat, brushed a few specks from his shoulders, and gave him his gloves and hat. She observed the pallor of his face, and wondered whether he had got into any private scrape. She had not particularly liked the look of the individual she had admitted to the breakfast-room, his oily familiarity had incensed her greatly. Jane was one of the props of Fair Lawn, an excellent servant, priding herself on her long years of unimpeachable character.

She withdrew before the two passed out, which they did rather quietly, closing the inner door without a sound.

"I brought a 'ansom, sir," said Turner, as they turned into the dark shrubbery. "I guessed it would be Hyde Park Square, and told him to wait."

"That was wise, Turner, it will save time. I can drive you so far on your way, unless you'll come to Hyde Park Square too, and substantiate your story, I really think you ought."

"No, sir, not to-night, thank you. I've done enough. To-morrow if there's any dispute or trouble you may call on me, but now I must be getting 'ome to my wife and kids."

"Where do you live then?"

"Kennington, sir. If we go down 'aversack 'ill I can get a Elephant omnibus, that'll do me near enough."

The hansom was waiting outside the front gate under the light of the lamp which spanned it. Stephen gave his directions to the man, and they both got in. They spoke little as they drove rapidly down the hill, but Stephen Currie was in a fever of excitement.

At the junction of Euston Road and Hampstead Road Turner got out and sought the 'bus to convey him to the Elephant and Castle. Stephen continued his way alone. His hands were clenched, he bit his lips to keep down the rising excitement. His rage against Reedham was the noblest, manliest passion that had ever made ferment in his soul. It was this that had come between Katherine Wrede and himself, this double-dyed scoundrel, who not content with desolating his own home, had tried to wreck an innocent life—surely no punishment could be too great for such an one.

By the time he reached Hyde Park Square, just after nine, he had worked himself up into a perfect tempest of indignation.

"Mr. Currie is at home, sir, yes," said the butler. "A gentleman had just gone into the boudoir, Mr. Charlton, perhaps you know him. He was expected to dinner, but he did not come."

"Yes, I know him," said Stephen thickly. "Put me into the library and ask my uncle to come to me at once. Tell him, if you like, that it is a matter of life and death."

Stephen was perfectly familiar with the house, he went to the library himself and the butler proceeded to the boudoir to deliver his message.

Mr. Currie did not delay, he followed the butler immediately out of the room, leaving Charlton and Katherine alone together.

"What has happened, Stephen?" he said good-humoredly, seeing his nephew standing by the table with his overcoat on, as if in a hurry. "Have you been ordered South, or what, and is this good-bye?"

"No, Uncle Archie, it is nothing of that sort. Come in and shut the door. A terrible thing has happened."

"Where? Not at Fair Lawn, I hope? I saw your father to-day. He said all were well."

"No, no, we're all right, Uncle Archie. It's something else—a horrible thing. The man Charlton you've had so long, in whom you've placed such implicit confidence, who—damn him—has put me out with Katherine——"

"Softly, softly, Stephen; I don't allow that kind of language in my house. What have you to say against Charlton? Remember that moderation brings conviction."

"But, Uncle Archie, I can't be moderate about such an awful thing," stammered Stephen. Do you know what has happened? —who he is? He isn't Charlton at all. He's John Reedham."

The old man stared at him stupidly, his ruddy face beginning to look a little grey in the soft light.

"Yes, I tell you it's true. Turner has found it out. He came to me to-night. He says there's no doubt at all about it. Isn't there anything about the man that convinces you? You've seen him often. Did you ever suspect?"

Still Archibald Currie did not speak. A weight seemed to settle upon his soul. Incredible as the suggestion might seem, some inward intuition pointed to it as true.

"I can't take it in," he murmured at last, and feebly like a man who has been suddenly stricken. For he had just welcomed the man of whom he had spoken to his inmost home. He had felt his own heart warm to him, he had seen the light in Katherine's eyes. If this were true——. But surely, he told himself, God would never permit it to happen.

"Well, I don't wonder. I couldn't at first. It was only after Turner began to explain it a little, to fill in the details, that it took shape as a likely thing in my mind. It was through two things he betrayed himself—his attention to the boy Leslie, and one day Turner saw him without his glasses, then he knew. And all the time he had been lodging with a woman at Camden Town who used to be a servant in his house at Norwood. Turner has been to the house and interviewed her, and she has known it all along. Of course, she has been in his pay."

Archibald Currie straightened his bent shoulders suddenly, and turned towards the door. His face had now become very white, and there were depths of anguish in his eyes which betokened the severity of the blow.

"Charlton is in the house now," he said steadily. "We will go in and clear this awful thing up once and for all. Come."

For the shadow of a moment only Stephen drew back. For the ordeal they were about to face was one from which even the least sensitive might shrink. Archibald Currie—courteous, but obviously impatient—began to lead the way. They crossed the hall, went under the little archway, and he opened the boudoir door.

It was a pretty picture within. Katherine was fond of golden hues, of amber and saffron intermingled; the room was a perfect harmony of colour and tone, and she, in her sweeping robe of softest brown velvet, harmonized with it. She was sitting on the couch, Charlton in front of her, talking eagerly. The light on her face came from within. She turned with evident reluctance to the door, and distinctly frowned at sight of Stephen Currie following her uncle. But she rose, and Charlton rose with her, both turning simultaneously to the door.

Archibald Currie stepped forward. His tall, spare figure seemed to have taken on a new and pathetic dignity. His white face terrified Katherine.

Charlton, seeing the menace in Stephen Currie's eyes, knew that his hour had come.

"Charlton," said Archibald Currie in a low voice, which, however, was calm and judicial, "my nephew has come here to-night to bring a terrible and almost incredible charge. He says that your name is not Charlton, that you are John Reedham. What have you to say?"

The silence was so intense that the sound of their breathing seemed to fill the room. Charlton put his hand up, nor did it tremble, and took the blue glasses from his face.

"Yes," he said, in a low, clear voice, perfectly heard in every corner of the room, "I am John Reedham."

CHAPTER XII

PAID IN FULL

KATHERINE gave a little cry.

Archibald Currie turned to her with an infinity of tenderness, and touched her arm.

"Go upstairs, my dear. I will come to you in a few moments. Go now."

He guided her to the door where she stopped and threw up her head. There were no tears in her eyes, but her expression Archibald Currie carried with him to the day of his death. It was the one barrier in the way of his complete forgiveness of John Reedham.

"Be merciful," she whispered.

He put her outside the door, gently closed it, and walked back.

Reedham stood silently there, not a muscle of his face moving, looking with unseeing eyes upon Stephen Currie's flushed, indignant face.

They waited, both for the directing hand.

It came in a moment, making itself felt with no sort of indecision, He was ever the man for a crisis, this glorious old Scotchman, with the iron and wine of kings' blood in his veins.

While other men hesitated over the wisdom of this course or that, he determined, and it was done.

"I wish to speak to you privately, Stephen, no, not a word here. Go to the library. I will come to you there."

Stephen went at once. It was a moment for obedience, and the tone of his uncle's voice, the expression of his face, admitted of no demur. He was a compelling force, rather than an imperious one, however, moral suasion acting instantaneously on the mind it sought to influence.

"You will wait here," the old man said then, turning to Reedham, "I have your word that you will wait here till I come back to deal with you? I promise you it will not be long."

"I will wait," said Reedham quietly, and the next moment he was alone.

Archibald Currie stood for a moment in the middle of the hall, ere he went to his nephew, and in that wonderful moment he reviewed the whole ground and saw the way clear. But a colossal task was before him, the most colossal, perhaps, that he had ever essayed, to shut the mouths and seal the lips of other men.

Stephen was waiting impatiently by the table and sprang forward with eager words on his lips.

"Quiet, a moment, boy, it is I who will speak first."

Again Stephen was hushed, and stood waiting for what should come.

"You and I have not been so very intimate, Stephen," began the old man; "we have never understood one another fully. Our outlook upon things has been different all along the line."

"I suppose it has, Uncle Archie, though I don't know what that has to do with the case."

"It has everything to do with it, for I am going to try and find a platform upon which we can meet. I am going to ask you to co-operate with me to save a man's soul. I wonder whether I shall succeed?"

"You mean you are going to wait, to let Reedham off scot free!" was the harsh reply. "By God no, I can't do that; sorry not to oblige, but just think of what he has done. Why, the mere embezzlement was nothing to this! Think of all the lives he has ruined!"

"It is because I do think of them I want to act for the best now," said the old man patiently, and in no way resenting his nephew's attitude, which was not only natural, but by the circumstances entirely justified.

"Listen, Stephen, you speak truly enough when you say ruined lives, but if the whole story is exposed now, there will be outer darkness indeed. Take Reedham's wife, for instance. She is very happy with Lidgate; happier, perhaps, than she deserves to be, for her taste in marrying, but we must not judge any woman. Take Lidgate, who up till now has had no happiness in life, what sense would there be in throwing this bomb into their home?"

"But it's immoral!" pursued Stephen. "She isn't his wife, and no amount of charitable humbug will make her so."

"Your words are within the strict province of truth but I hold to what I say. She is not strong, your father tells me she is to have a child in a few months. Picture to yourself, Stephen, what will be the result if you persist in your intention of proclaiming this wretched story on the housetops."

Stephen remained silent, and the lines of his mouth relaxed. He was not a hard man by nature, though circumstances and training had given him the outward semblance of one. And there was something here, some influence emanating from his uncle, which somehow altered as in a flash, his whole philosophy.

"He made love to Katherine," he said sullenly. "That surely in your eyes would be the unforgivable sin?"

"He has never made love to Katherine. He has held himself so aloof from us, accepted so few of our offers of intimacy, that I have resented it. At least, we must be just, Stephen."

"What would you do with him, then? It doesn't seem right, but I'd like to hear what you're going to do. By-the-bye," he added suddenly, "do you really believe you'll find him there when you go back? By this time he is probably out in the Edgware Road."

Archibald Currie faintly smiled.

"He is there," was all he said.

"Stephen," he added after a moment. "I think you are going to help me in this. Remember that any fool can send a man down. It takes a better man than himself to lift him up. If you can promise to hold your tongue, Reedham shall go out to London, out of our lives, and the place shall know him no more. Will you promise?"

"I could keep quiet, but there's Turner, the man who ferreted things out."

"I can silence him, I think," replied Archibald Currie.

"But what will you do with Reedham? How shall we be certain that he won't turn up again in a new role?"

"He will go to the war, Stephen, he has spoken of it already."

There was a moment's silence, great issues hung in the balance. There was a brief struggle between personal resentment and something nobler in Stephen Currie's mind.

"All right, Uncle Archie. I don't know what you're driving at, or whether I'm doing right, but I'll do what you ask. I'll keep my mouth shut, it's only ten days anyhow, the C.I.V.'s embark on Thursday week."

"Thank you, my boy."

Archibald Currie came nearer, and looked for a moment with a strange kindliness into his nephew's face.

"I'm a lonely man, Stephen. Many have wondered why I have never married. But for my own folly I might have had a son like you to comfort my old age. The solitary life is the price I have paid for—for the time when I have went down into the pit and another man lifted me up."

Stephen Currie stared in bewilderment, scarcely crediting what he heard.

"Uncle Archie, it can't be true! Why you, you have always been the model we've been taught to regard and copy from afar."

"I speak the truth, lad. All the eccentricities which have puzzled and vexed my relatives and others, have been my reasonable atonement. The men who could have sent me down refrained. It was Abraham Willett, and he lived to see his mercy justified."

Stephen continued to stare, and a little rush of affection warmed his heart and went out to his uncle.

"I'm glad you told me this, Uncle Archie. I—I won't forget it, and it has helped me to understand."

Their hands met and the compact was sealed. With what different feelings did Stephen Currie leave Hyde Park Square! He returned to Hampstead a better, because a more merciful man, and he never breathed to his home circle or to others what had passed in his uncle's library that night.

Archibald Currie saw his nephew off, and then went back to the boudoir, this time with a heavier, more reluctant step.

He even paused more than once, and the lines on his face deepened, until they seemed to have been ploughed by some invisible force.

But his mind was clear, his decision quite unshaken he knew what he would do with John Reedham, but, he was wounded in his dearest part.

Reedham was sitting down in a curious attitude, with his hands crossed on his knees, his now uncurtained eyes staring into space. He drew a sharp breath and stood up, when the door opened, as a man would stand to receive the sentence he expects, but scarcely dreads.

The old man closed the door and came forward.

"I am ready," he said slowly, "to bear what you have to say."

The life had gone from the tones which had so often breathed hope and encouragement to Reedham's ears, and the coldness of the features seemed to say there was no hope.

"I have nothing to say. I am guilty, sentence me, Believe me I am ready to take that sentence, which has been too long delayed."

The old man raised his hand with a slight impatience.

"The motive might be explained in detail. It is impossible to believe that a man like you should have entered upon his life deliberately, without taking the smallest trouble to review possible consequences. What was the idea?"

"I was down. I wanted to get up. I vowed that I should get up by my own efforts. You gave me my chance—that is all."

"Yes, yes, that part I understand, but your wife? Had you told her all might have been well. Man, did you never pause to think what would inevitably happen to an unprotected woman? Either she comes to grief wrongly, by being exposed to temptation in circumstances which make it difficult for her to withstand it, or—or the other man is given his chance. It is inconceivable that you should have lived as you have done for the past years without informing yourself of your wife's welfare, of finding some means to reassure her. Nothing can ever explain that away, Reedham, in my opinion it is the heaviest part of your guilt."

Reedham bowed his head. It was just censure. He had not a word to say.

"Then the boy?"

"The boy knows, Mr. Currie, I revealed myself to him to-day when he told me that his mother had married again."

"I see. Do you realize, I wonder, what has happened even now? The woman who was your poor wife, and who is now a happy one, for Lidgate is an honorable man, and he has loved her for a long time. She is to have a child in a few months' time. This I fear will kill her."

Reedham's face became as that of the dead.

"Need she know?" he asked in a hollow voice. "Let me go for her sake. I promise that before the morning light I shall have passed from the world of men and gone to take my just punishment at the hands of the great Judge."

Archibald Currie rebuked him with one scathing word.

"There is another way out. I offer it to you, not for your own sake, but for the sake of those to whose suffering you did not give sufficient heed. Listen, this is Thursday, on Saturday another boat goes to the Cape. You will go by it." Reedham tried to answer him but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

"What you do there matters little to me. The best course would, probably, be to offer yourself for service at the war. Meantime the secret will be kept. The whole object of our lives, of those I mean who are in possession of the facts, will be to keep them from your wife."

"But the boy!" gasped Reedham. "He will never be able to keep it; and, further, he will not leave me. He only left me to-night when I promised that some way would be considered whereby we could be together. To-night he has altered my whole outlook, and left only the desire to get away with him where none could come between us."

"Selfish even in this," murmured the old man; and even as he spoke and saw Reedham wince, a sense of his own injustice struck him. "His mother could not spare him. It could never be explained to her satisfaction."

"She could spare him, I think," said Reedham sadly and humbly. "So far as I can gather from Leslie, she has put him outside. Perhaps we need not wonder at it. He is like me, they say; and, anyhow, he is a too painful reminder of the past."

"It is incredible. Do you see what havoc has been wrought even in natural affections by your conduct? Do you realize, I wonder, the extent and magnitude of it?"

Reedham bowed his head.

"I think I do. I can't speak, but I see it. My God, if I did not I should not be where I am at this present moment?"

Archibald Currie took a turn across the room. Reedham's words concerning the boy added a new complication. Once more his active brain had to include that fact in his sweep of the horizon of affairs.

"You say positively he will not leave you?"

"To-night when he opened his heart to me," said the man—and the misery of his soul, the rent passion of his heart, betrayed themselves in the harsh vibration of his voice—"he begged me to take him away to another country, or at least to let him live with me where I am now. I pointed out to him how impossible it was. He would hardly leave me. He walked to this very door with me, and, but for my promise to you, I could not have left him even then."

"Would he go home, do you think?" asked the old man sharply.

"He promised that he would."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and the butler appeared, with seeming reluctance.

"Someone for Mr. Charlton, sir—a young lad. He is waiting outside."

"Show him in," said his master curtly; and Reedham stood up more like a man than he had been at any time during that painful interview.

A moment more and Leslie appeared. The lad's face was white and drawn; under his eyes lurked great shadows. He was visibly laboring under intense excitement.

"Excuse me, father," he said tremblingly. "And please, sir, don't be angry," he added to Mr. Currie; "but I couldn't stop away. I went home. My mother had gone to the theatre, and I left a message that I would not be home to-night. I thought I would walk home with you, father, and stay there. I—I can't go home—to the other home—never any more."

He walked to his father's side and stood there, and his hand slipped into his. The old man's face softened, the hardness died out of his heart. He cleared his throat.

"You, at least, bear no malice, my boy. Yes, I know all," he said kindly. "You are willing, I see, to stand by your father, even after all he has done."

"I will never leave him, sir," said the boy quietly. "He belongs to me, and I to him. We will stay together now for always."

"Great is your faith!" said the old man, with a faint sigh. "See that you become worthy of it, Reedham. Now go. To-morrow I shall see you both, by which time I shall have formed a plan. Probably I shall find some occupation for you at the Cape, though not, of course, the former responsible post. In the meantime I will see your mother, my lad, and try and explain it to her so that her suspicions are not aroused. Now go."

He held out his hand to the boy, but he did not offer it to Reedham.

As they passed out, however, he called him back.

"It is love that has saved the sinner ever since the Lord Jesus Christ died," he said. "Take this lesson to your heart, Reedham, for the boy's sake, live henceforth the upright life before God and man."

This time the hand was offered but Reedham shook his head.

"Not yet," he said, in a low voice. "Some day, please God, but not yet, I cannot thank you. There are no words graven for the purpose."

He passed out, the boy clinging to him, and the door was shut.

The strain lifted, the old man permitted his feelings for a moment to have vent. He wept even as he prayed.

With the second closing of the door there was a swish of silk on the stair, and Katherine Wrede came in.

"Uncle Archie," she said in a low voice, "what have you done? It is no use to send me away or to tell me I must not ask questions. It will be best to tell me everything. Indeed, it is the only way."

He saw that it was, and in a few words he put her in the possession of the full facts and of the terms on which Reedham had left the house.

She listened quietly, and then, without comment rose and kissed him.

"I thank God for you, Uncle Archie. I thank God. But the story is not ended yet."

On Saturday afternoon from Southampton Dock sailed John Reedham and his boy. There were none to bid them God-speed, or to speak a word of farewell, but they needed none. They were sufficient one to the other. And in Reedham's heart there was a peace that had not lain there since the blight had fallen on his life. But he was impatient to be gone. Every moment now increased the fear lest any chance word might betray the secret to Leslie's mother. She had been entirely reassured by Archibald Currie, who had brought to bear upon the matter all the tact and diplomacy for which he was known.

When the boat began to glide out from its landing stage Reedham went below, his feelings were too much for him, he would be alone to unburden them. In the stateroom he found a letter.

Within there were only these words:

To wish you God-speed and hope, from your friend,

KATHERINE WREDE.

Reedham pressed the letter to his lips, then very carefully hid it in his breast. It would never leave him, he vowed, so long as life lasted.

So passed John Reedham once more from the world of men. Those who had known him kept the secret well, until the time came when there was not such pressing need for silence.

In the month of November Lidgate's wife died in childbed. After one brief year of happiness, he had to return to the soiltary life.

Archibald Currie and Katherine were at Clere Minster when the brief intimation appeared in the *Telegraph*. Katherine saw it first and passed it over in silence for her guardian to read.

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, and that was all.

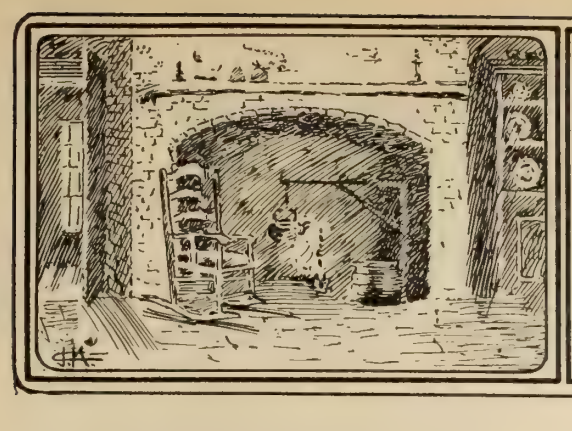
So, step by step, the drama was unfolded. A year later, Archibald Currie also entered upon his glorious rest, leaving the world incomparably poorer for his passing. Contrary to all expectations, his fortune was discovered to be comparatively small, accounted for, of course, by the fact that he had disbursed it so lavishly in his life. What was left, with the exception of Clere Minster, went absolutely to charity. Clere was left to Katherine to do with as she willed. Except for the old house, of no great value, she was as penniless as when she first came, a subdued and hopeless girl, from the dreary pension at Bruges.

She was not without friends, however, and received more than one offer of a home.

But Katherine, after converting Clere Minster into a Home of Rest for certain derelicts who had struggled on the drearier shores of life, left England.

She went to those who needed her most.

THE END



AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"A grey eye is still and sly,
A roguish is the brown;
But in the black eye's sparkling spell
Mystery and mischief dwell."
The eye of blue is ever true;

JUST IN PASSING

SITTING behind me in the observation cabin of the boat *Princess Royal,* between Vancouver and Victoria, were two women talking. I could not help hearing the conversation, which was a friendly one, dealing with their traveling experiences, the leaving of their homes, and many little details of family life. One exclaimed, "How I love to study faces, don't you?" "Yes," the other replied, "I do; faces always attract me. There seems so much written in some countenances. Don't you think so?"

"A little extract I had once read came into my mind—"Every time we look into a face, we are gazing through a window. The external face, the form, the color, the contour, is simply the glass, and through that we see the individual. If we can see peace enthroned, with joy and content, intellect and kindly love, then are we prepared to pass our judgment as to the beauty of the face." And so it would seem that in the expression the beauty consists, rather than the form or coloring. People do not agree as to what constitutes beauty in consequence of the varied types. There are so many really beautiful faces in the world, perfect of form and contour, aristocratic, self-possessed and intellectual. There is the piquant, saucy-faced beauty, with irregular features, yet pretty and bewitching. We have the pale face, the rich in coloring, the perfect complexion, the different colors of eyes, shading of hair, form of mouth, shape of nose; and from these details physiognomists delineate the character of the individual.

The most perfectly formed face can be spoiled by the expression. The most exquisite mouth can be disfigured by a sarcastic smile, or a scornful curl of the lip, and "whether the eye be black or blue," if it looks coldly and proudly from beneath long sweeping lashes it does not draw admiration. Faces attract and repel only as the spirit through the outward expression is revealed. The plainest face can radiate a kindly interest, a cheerful optimism, an intelligent brain; the faded eye can look out peacefully on all mankind, the unshapely mouth may show nought of discontent, or sneer. Thus far I can discriminate, study and admire, but have no faith in my own judgment further, and do not fully endorse that verse I quoted, because there are blue eyes that are not true, and grey eyes that are noble, and brown eyes that are sad; but, say, black eyes *are* mysterious, like great unfathomable wells, inscrutable and full of mystery.

~

I HAVE a fault of procrastinating in some matters, but, really, I never noticed that I had until after I took a certain trip some years ago, and we all bunched together in the Pullman—there were just eight of us—and in the twilight amused ourselves in various ways, one man undertaking to tell our peculiar qualities of character by our features. "You are apt to postpone anything, and it often needs some impetus to force you to perform certain work." He was stopped right there and told he was wrong, and I believed he was, but I kept track of myself somewhat after that, and he was right. I do put off things that I do not like doing—mending for example. It piles up, and up, and, oh, the effort to start at that pile and work to the bottom! It will never get ahead of me again, I vow, but it does.

Then there is the cleaning of the silver. Those two jobs are my bugbears in housekeeping. I leave it until some unexpected company is announced, and in the preparation for their arrival, in desperation, attack the tarnished silverware, and when it reflects credit on my efforts, and shines and sparkles, I am certain it will never be left so long again. But it is.

Now, if it is true that our countenances reveal so much of our character, and if every one had the gift of reading them, what an interesting time we would have! How anyone can correctly read a face, head or hand, is something beyond me, and is a science of which I profess utter ignorance. Do not ask me if I believe in it, for some readings strike the truth so hard, some revelations so amaze me, that I am unable to answer. There seems something very mysterious about it all, a complete stranger being able to unclothe your faults and reveal your thoughts, explain your past and foretell your future.

And how we all love to dip into the obscure, to have unfolded the closed book, and peep with inquisitive eyes into the years ahead! How can they do it, we inquire, when a person looks at our palm, and describes our home, and our children, tells about our finances, our friends, enemies, travels, health, abilities, and what not? There are many forces in this old world we do not understand, and among them is this occult science of clairvoyancy, mental telepathy, mind-reading, what you will; but as for me I am on the outside.

~

MEETING old acquaintances, and discussing old times, inquiries about old friends, usually begin with, "Oh, yes; John Brown, is *he* there still? How is he getting along?" This "getting along" meaning usually his financial progress, but bringing in its wake many details of home and family life, their prospects, their marriages, births and deaths. And how interesting it is to see the eagerness with which people listen to old friends and neighbors, inquiring individually for each member of a family, and how they are succeeding in life. Are they still satisfied with the old conditions, or launched out and away from the associations of their early life? Have they made a name for themselves? Has life been a success?

Listening to these conversations found me sifting through my brain for a definition of what a successful life means. To accumulate money, and live on a grand scale, travel around and make a big display, does that denote success? Doesn't it count that a man toiling humbly and faithfully, living an earnest, honest life, bringing up his family to regard truth and right as their highest ideals, and yet remaining what we call a poor man; doesn't that count for a success, or must we call such a life a failure? Ask the children of a man who has gone quietly on year after year, giving them an education, preparing them for useful lives, setting an example of industry and cheerfulness, inspiring their minds with lofty thought, yet failing to pile up riches, if their father was a failure. Methinks I see the indignation flash as they tell you he was the grandest man in all the world. A success? None more so.

Years hence, ask the children of a woman whom I visited in the West, if their mother was a success. She said this to me: "There is one thing I try to impress upon my children, *not to do mean things.* I have done a few things that I deeply regret. They were not *bad,* but what one would call *small,* and somehow they stick, and every little while they crop up in my mind, and make me wish I could forget them. So I instil it into my children that it does not pay to act meanly, for the future years will bring retribution. We haven't much money, but we can be rich in ourselves, and we do have a good time, for I missed so much in my childhood that I am determined my children shall enjoy, and one is plenty of good advice," she laughingly added. Who of us but can recall some mean thing we have said or done? On the spur of the moment, under great provocation, the word or act has been committed, and remorse drives it home occasionally "lest we forget—lest we forget!"

~

WE attended a large church in Seattle. My friend whispered, "I am so sorry our own minister is away to-day. He is a grand orator. Some special service in Victoria has secured him for the occasion." The choir was splendid. As we settled down for the sermon, all hats were removed. There was no request made, it was the adopted ruling of the church. They were simply held in the lap, and as quietly replaced when the sermon was ended. It was so sensible that other churches might well pattern after—no noise, no fuss, a matter-of-fact proceeding, that attracted no attention, and gave unbounded satisfaction to those sitting behind wearers of large hats.

The minister was a stranger, an old man, and hence the disappointed remark. Talk of power, rhetoric, and eloquence—I could not resist it—my program furnished the paper, my friend the pencil, and I took notes, some of which I want to tell you about, and leave you to draw some conclusions. The text was, "Some cried one thing, and some another." He applied these words to the physical, mental, and spiritual necessities of our lives, to conditions educational, social and political. Some claim that vegetable growth is what makes a person strong, and prove it by the horse, because its food is of the vegetable variety. Then others try to show by the daring and courage and strength of the lion that animal food is what creates such power and vigor.

Some people have been taught as religiously as their prayers, "Early to bed, and early to rise." Others claim that to rise early, before the sun has risen to dispel the noxious miasmi of the night vapors, is to invite asthma and other diseases. There are people who cry out against denominational religion being taught in colleges, saying that students should be allowed full scope to form their own religious beliefs, unbiased and unprejudiced. Others believe in molding young people's minds in religious matters as an important part of their education. Some say that the study of ancient languages, Greek and Latin, is a waste of time, and advise that students devote their energies to more practical knowledge; others advise just the reverse. There is one set of people who say, "Education makes the man," and another who say, "The man makes himself," that the most influential men are those who have never been inside of colleges. There is a diversity of opinion on all reform, on matters of prohibition, franchise, protective policy, free trade, and financial basis.

Then he wound up his remarks by a masterpiece of eloquence calling upon his hearers to notice the lethargy of a people who have come to a time when they wonder at nothing. "Even the birth of a nation in a day does not excite us. It is high time we awakened from our mental and spiritual slumber. We have to reach conclusions on questions of education, of constitution and government by our own intelligence. We must use the pickaxe of our own intellect to dig out of our brains, and the dynamite of our soul's convictions to search out of our own experience, the fundamental principle of things. We are independent agents, we must assert our own individuality in our investigations. Do not belong to the know-nothing party, who cannot exercise their reasoning faculties, and who do not prove by their conduct or speech that they are free agents, or even responsible beings." This is the sermon in a nutshell—draw your own inferences.

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THE loss of the *Titanic* will, by the time this is published, be, to the majority of people, a subject which will have passed into history; but, as I write my page, the world is passing through a nightmare of agony and suspense unequalled by any catastrophe it has known in the form of a marine disaster. From the first intimation of the terrible calamity until the last harrowing tale from the survivors had been heard, the people of two continents, at least, lived at a tension so great as to be indescribable. There were four forms of suffering—those at sea, who lived through the horrors of that shipwreck, and who, without protection, felt the physical discomforts of cold and exposure on the open sea, and watched that queen of the ocean dive to her death, carrying their nearest and dearest down to a grave in the icy waters—a grave two miles deep.

There were the anxious relatives and personal friends of those who set sail on that ill-fated steamer, whose minds, torn by hope and anxiety, could not grope with the awfulness of the peril of their loved ones. Then the great sympathetic heart of those outside the two realms—the public at large, who watched, and read, and listened, and were awe-stricken at the appalling loss of life; and whose hearts were swept with waves of pity, grief, and sympathy.

Of the sixteen hundred souls who perished we draw a curtain over their suffering, and only dwell on their bravery and self-sacrifice. There are heroes buried with the *Titanic* whose names will live only in the memory of those who mourn their untimely death. There were men of unlimited usefulness, wide influence, gifted, talented, wealthy, who went down side by side with the ignorant, obscure, and unknown. Rank and money profited nothing, gained no advantage; only this was counted, that weakness held first place, and was supported by strength. Gallant, chivalrous manhood stood the test, and all ages will honor and reverence the fearless men who stood back and placed helpless women and children in the lifeboats, and faced their doom, bravely and unflinchingly.

The financial loss, enormous though it be, is as nothing compared to the loss of human life. The millions of dollars expended in perfecting what was supposed to be an unsinkable ship, the personal belongings of many wealthy and notable people on board, the treasures picked up in travel in foreign lands, the valuable papers and manuscripts of world-famed authors and journalists, representing years of study and research, the thousands of letters that will never reach their destination, the entire belongings of emigrants, and the luxurious palace itself; all went to the bottom.

What was the cause of that dreadful accident to the ship? Where shall the blame be attached? "Some cry one thing, and some another." Not all the inquiring committees, nor the conjectures, nor the censure, personal and general, that can be heaped on individuals or companies can alter the fact, nor place the fault; but it can evolve a better order of control, and sufficient lifeboats to save passengers and crew, and less desire for speedy transit. It has been a severe experience, but lessons never to be forgotten should be the outcome of this national tragedy.

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With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Prizes will be given to the first girl and to the first boy reader of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL sending in the correct answers to all of the puzzles in the Journal Juniors' Department in this issue.

THE Journal Junior readers, I am sure, will be pleased to have an opportunity of solving puzzles. I feel that they are just as bright and will solve these puzzles just as easy as any other class of girls and boys I know of.

We purpose offering puzzles in every issue and will publish the correct answers in the following number.

COUSIN CLOVER.

The Puzzle of the Spite Fence

FOUR men together bought an octagon-shaped piece of property. Each of them built a house, a garage, a chicken-coop and planted a tree. The accompanying diagram shows the exact shape of property, and the location of the houses, garages, chicken-coops, and trees.

In course of time differences of opinion arose, friendship ceased, and thereafter each household had its own entrance to the property. Matters grew worse instead of better, and, finally, the spite fence appeared. To build the fence the property had to be divided into four pieces of exactly similar size and shape, and each piece was to contain one house, one garage, one chicken-coop, one tree, and have one gateway. Can you show on the accompanying diagram how the property was divided? Look for solution in July Number.

How Did He Change the Bill?

A YOUNG lady walked into a drug store and ordered a drink of soda water, the price of which was five cents. In payment she tendered a one dollar bill.

"Sorry," said the clerk at the soda fountain as he glanced at the contents of the cash drawer, "I can't make change for one dollar, but if you have a five dollar bill I can give you $4.95 cents change."

She handed him the five-dollar bill and received $4.95 in change, although the drug clerk had not been able to make change for a one dollar bill.

Can you explain why? If you can't, look for the solution in July Number.

(Continued on page 41)

A JUNE LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEND

WITH the approach of the summer season, the matter of entertaining is greatly simplified. The profusion of flowers then readily procurable solves the difficulty of decorations, and the variety in kind and coloring leaves nothing to be desired in the way of proper material for devising artistic effects. Then, too, the mildness of climate offers an opportunity for open-air socials, with the result that the hostess is afforded a broader scope in which to plan attractive affairs than at any other season of the year.

The month of roses is particularly lavish in floral display, and the many events with which it is crowded—weddings, commencements, etc.—affords abundant opportunity for the ingenuity of the hostess to manifest itself.

Roses are first and foremost associated with June affairs, yet there are several other flowers that as readily lend themselves to effective adornment. The simple bachelor's-buttons may be mentioned in this class, and when combined with proper greenery serve as an admirable central feature.

One scheme sets forth the value of this pretty flower very well. Here it is shown massed with its own foliage in a bark jardiniere, its light and dark blue tints blending harmoniously with the dull brown of the bark finish. A mat of galox leaves, repeating the coloring of the jardiniere in a slightly darker tone can serve as a foundation, and ropes of these same lovely leaves stretch from the mat to the table corners. Small crystal holders, equipped with blue tapers, can dot the outline of the main feature at intervals, completing the color theme of blue and brown. The place cards may be simple, white cards, attached by inch wide blue ribbons to the lower part of the jardiniere.

The table complete is simple yet most attractive. The decorations permit of abundant room for the placing of food, yet give no hint of scantiness. The coloring of the bachelor's-buttons, which, as the main feature, dominate the decorations, is repeated wherever possible, and as a foil for their soft blue tones, dull shades of brown with a glint of golden, is introduced with excellent effect.

Whether such a luncheon table is arranged indoors or upon the porch, the decorations of room or verandah should be of like nature. Nothing will harmonize so well with this bachelor's-button theme as more bachelor's-buttons, and in consequence they should be given the preference. Greenery, such as ferns, may be grouped with the blossoms in low bowls or rustic baskets, arranged about the room, and the result will be far more pleasing than if other flowers were used to adorn the room proper, even though they should be entirely harmonious in tone.

LADY FINGER SANDWICHES

PEAS WITH LAMB CIRCLES

CREAMED SHRIMPS

The table decorations completed, the next consideration is the menu. As a help towards its solution, the following is offered in the light of a suggestion.

Egg Canapes
Cream of Asparagus Soup
Radishes Croutons Nuts
Creamed Shrimps Lamb Circles
Fruit Salad Peach Pudding
Lady Finger Sandwiches Coffee

EGG CANAPES—Mash the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs with a little butter, to form a paste. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread on rounds of crisp toast, and garnish each with a slice of stuffed olive and a spoonful of hard-boiled egg white, chopped fine.

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP—Boil two bunches of asparagus until tender, then rub through a coarse sieve and season. With one teaspoonful of flour mix one teaspoonful of butter, and stir into one pint of hot milk. Add the asparagus and boil for ten minutes. Cook the tips separately, and add to the soup just before serving. Serve hot, and drop a tablespoonful of whipped cream into each plate.

CREAMED SHRIMPS—Remove shrimps from can several hours before using. Break each one into two or three pieces and put in cool place. Put into kettle 1 cup strained tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon butter, and ¼ teaspoon curry powder. When this boils add 1 tablespoon flour rubbed smooth in a little water. Stir constantly until sauce is thick; season with salt and pepper, add shrimps and cook two minutes longer. Serve in patty shells, garnish with whole shrimps and green.

LAMB CIRCLES — One large pint chopped lamb, 1 scant pint of fine bread crumbs, 1½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, milk to moisten the whole. Add seasoning to bread; when well mixed add to meat; add beaten eggs, and lastly the milk. Form in circles, roll in flour and bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

FRUIT SALAD — To make this salad, remove the pulp from three blood oranges and tear it in small pieces with a fork, discarding all the tough membrane. Seed and cut in bits a cupful of white grapes. Mix the orange and grape pulp together, draining off the superfluous juice. Blanc and shred half a pound of almonds, mix with the fruit pulp, and pour over all the following dressing: Beat to a froth one egg, and add half a cup of strained honey and three tablespoons of maraschino Beat thoroughly together before turning over salad.

PEACH PUDDING: Make a plain blanc mange, using one quart of milk, and also a peach jelly flavored with fruit syrup and colored pink with a few drops of cochineal or color paste. Wet a plain mold and pour in the blanc mange and gelatine in alternate layers, allowing one to harden before the next is added. Just before serving time, unmold and garnish with slices of fresh or preserved peaches and Maraschino cherries. Serve with plain cream and sugar.

LADY FINGER SANDWICHES—Split the lady fingers, spread a layer of strawberry jam between them, and tie each sandwich with narrow ribbon.

PEACHES IN LEMON JELLY—For a quart mold make a quart of lemon jelly. (Always prepare enough jelly to fill the mold without considering the article to be molded.) Have the peaches chilled, as it shortens the process greatly; cut them in halves and take out the stones; peel and rub over the outside with the cut side of a lemon, to keep them from discoloring; put a blanched almond in the place of the stone, dip the other half of the peach in liquid jelly, and press the halves together; let stand on the ice until firmly joined. Do not prepare all the peaches at once; when one is in place prepare another. Let a very thin layer of jelly form in the bottom of the mold; dip a peach in liquid jelly and place it on the firm jelly and against the side of the mold; put a teaspoonful of jelly around it. Arrange also two or three thin slices of citron or angelica cut in the shape of peach leaves against the side of the mold, to which they will adhere, if the mold has been properly chilled and the leaves dipped in jelly. Add peaches, leaves and jelly as are required to fill the mold. Serve with whipped cream.

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By JESSIE E. RORKE

Period Furniture

THE tendency in modern cabinet making to turn to the designs of the early periods and produce furniture that is either a copy of these models or has been made with the same lines and style of ornament as a base of its design makes it of interest to glance back over the different periods and notice their distinctive designs and the different influences which affected them. We find the various English and French and the colonial periods all represented in the furniture of to-day, and each with strongly marked characteristics which may be distinguished at a glance if one is familiar with the historical development of interior decoration.

In England but little advance had been made in the decoration of the home and its furnishings before the Tudor period. Whatever beauty was to be found in the furnishings of an earlier time was attained almost entirely by their simplicity of form and appropriateness for their purpose, and any ornamentation partook of the same characteristics—as the long bolts and hinges of the Gothic. But the effect of the Renaissance, which was influencing every form of art on the continent, could not fail to be felt in England as well, and during the reigns of the early Tudors ornament became more important, and inlaid work and carving began to appear. This tendency greatly increased during the reign of Henry VII. The splendor and magnificence of the Field of the Cloth of Gold fired the whole English court with a desire to emulate their French hosts, and much that they had seen abroad was introduced into England on their return. These borrowed styles, which show a mingling of Italian, French and Flemish influence, became decidedly more English under Elizabeth, the terms Early Renaissance and Elizabethan being practically synonomous.

Original furniture of the Elizabethan period is almost priceless, but good reproductions are fairly plentiful. Furniture of this period is best suited to large spacious rooms and simple and dignified surroundings. Only massive types could be appropriate in houses where the living room was a great hall forming the central room of the house, and in many cases rising straight to the roof without any intervening story. One end of this room led to the kitchen and servants' quarters, while from the other the grand staircase was reached. This led to the great chamber which was used as a reception room and was the forerunner of our modern drawing-room. As might be expected, we find the furniture designed for such rooms as these always simple and strong in design, though sometimes most elaborately ornamented. The staircase of the time offers a good example of this: in the form it was little more than a step-ladder, but in some cases it would be almost covered with a rare carving. Wood-panelling was the favorite method of wall decoration; sometimes the whole wall was treated in this way—or the panelling might reach only a portion of the distance up, the remainder being decorated with costly tapestries.

The panelled wall is also characteristic of the Jocobean period, but is distinguished by the "rising" panel which replaced the sunken panel of the Elizabethan. Tapestries were still used and the deeply set windows with their small diamond panes had many cushions. The spiral leg found in cupboards, chairs, and chests of drawers is one of the distinctive features of Jacobean furniture. In the finest types the spirals were hand-carved. Elevated cupboards on high supports were also typical. With the introduction of walnut during this period veneer and inlay began to supersede carving. The use of cane, too, became popular at this time.

With the closing of the Jacobean period and the coming of William of Orange, the best ideas of the craftsmen of Holland were brought into England but it was not until Queen Anne's reign that the Dutch and English designs became amalgamated, and it is from her that the period takes its name. The effect of this Dutch influence was to produce greater simplicity of ornament with beauty of workmanship and dssign. Many of the types of this period are well suited to the small and unpretentious home. All parts of the furniture were made lighter and more graceful. Chairs began to be shaped to fit the human figure instead of being rectangular, and the easy chair appeared for the first time. The typical Queen Anne chair has round shoulders, long unshaped back, and a seat that is wider at the front than at the back. The cabriole leg succeeded the spiral and is one of the pronounced features of the period. Marquetry became the most popular form of ornament.

During the latter part of this period religious persecution in France drove hundreds of skilled workmen to the neighboring countries, and the influence of French designs began to be felt. This influence continued throughout the eighteenth century, and while the excesses of the French period were avoided, its effect was to bring new charm and grace to the English designs.

Much of the French furniture is very beautiful, but much, too, is exactly the reverse. Its complicated rococo and bewildering variety of curves required the handling of a master, and, in other hands, gave opportunity for concealing poor construction and quality

CHIPPENDALE DESIGN

of material beneath masses of ornament that in itself became far from artistic. The same may be said of modern reproductions. Only a well-filled purse should be brought to this selection, as the elaborate carving and the lavish use of gilt and bronze in this style of furniture makes a cheap imitation with any good qualities whatever an impossibility. One must remember, too, that this furniture was designed for costly and elegant surroundings, and only rich rugs and tapestries with extremely decorative effects seem to be in keeping.

The period of Louis XIII corresponds with the Jacobean period in England, and has many of the same characteristics. The walls were hung with tapestries, the ceilings were heavily beamed, and the fireplaces and furniture were massive and richly carved. The upholstery and draperies were of the richest materials, and the use of much gold embroideries and gold fringe brightened the dull interiors.

The period of Louis XIV is characterized by striking effects with generous but not too lavish decoration. A combination of both straight and curved lines gave a feeling of grace and strength, which was very desirable. Carving and gilding became very popular at this time, and the dull tapestries of the former period were succeeded by gay colors and panels of gilt and white marble. The latter designs of this period are well suited to a formal, stately drawing room.

The rococo or shell ornament, which had begun to appear in the latter part of Louis XIV's reign, is the chief characteristic of the following period. Colors became light and brilliant, straight lines were entirely lost, and everything was lacquered, painted or gilded. The general style of the furniture was dainty, graceful and pleasing, but there was no reserve, no restraint,

and in spite of the marvellous workmanship and delicate handling of the minutest detail, one wearies of the surfeit of ornament and longs for a plain surface somewhere. The original pieces of the best craftsmen of this period are worth many thousands, but are barely found, except in museums.

The period of Louis XVI shows a return to straight lines and greater simplicity of decoration. Ornament for the sake of ornament alone is entirely lacking, but the greatest care is given to perfection of detail and the laws of proportion, which had almost been lost in the former reign, were never violated. Fluted columns were a distinguishing feature of this period. They apeared in the legs of chairs and tables, and in the form of pilasters in the cabinets.

The Empire period, which followed this closely, had a marked effect on the colonial style of a later day. The gilt furniture of the former periods was entirely discarded, and most of the pieces were made of solid mahogany with decorations of gilt and bronze. The motives for decoration were borrowed from the Greek and Roman. The Empire designs inclined to be clumsy and heavy, in strong contrast to the slender, graceful shapes of former periods.

The influence of French designs on English decoration is perhaps most markedly shown in the work of Chippendale, whose book on cabinet--making was published about the middle of the eighteenth century. Many of the characteristics of the Louis XIV and Louis XV furniture appear in his work, which was seldom entirely original, but was cleverly adapted from the work of other craftsmen,—so clleverly, indeed, that under his handling it grows to be his own, the Dutch, French, and Chinese all lending him material for his designs. Unlike the preceding periods, the names of a few men now stand out prominently as the originators of a new style, all tending in the same direction, yet diversified by the individual genius of each designer. Chippendale was the first of these and he was followed by the Adam Brothers, Hepplewhite and Sheraton. The original work of these men brings extremely high prices, but modern reproductions, when found in good wood and showing honest workmanship, are quite as beautiful, though lacking the charm of antiquity. The most of these designs are suitable to the ordinary home, and no later style has shown greater merit, or so well combined graceful, well-proportioned lines and beauty and dignity of ornament. Characteristic of Chippendale's work are the acanthus, rococo and ribbon designs, borrowed from the French, and, later, Chinese fretwork with dragons, monkeys and pagoda tops, his ornament usually taking the form of carving. The bow line of the back of his chairs is one of the sure ways of detecting

COLONIAL DESIGN

his models, and in his early work we find the bandy-leg with ball and claw-foot, which may be distinguished from the same style of the Queen Anne period by its carved acanthus or shell. He loved bright colors and his walls and ceilings were done in studio with gilded or colored panelled effects in French rococo, or covered with papers in gay French or Chinese patterns.

The Adam Brothers looked upon Chippendale's fantastic designs with disfavor. Their work shows a fine reserve in the use of ornament, the delicate carvin or inlay of satinwood being offset with a large proportion of plain surface. Their style is adopted from the pure classic of the Greek and Italian with a succession of French influence, and is characterized by a use of straight rather than curving lines.

Hepplewhite's chairs, tables and sideboards show the principal types of his work. His chairs with their shield-shaped, oval or heart shaped racks were extremely graceful in construction, but sometimes lacked strength; the legs were slender, square and tapering and frequently decorated with an inlay of the bell flower. His sideboards have either straight or curving fronts, slender tapering legs with spade feet, and frequently the bell-flower inlay. Damask and leather he used most frequently for upholstery, and these were invariably fastened on with brass-headed nails arranged in designs. The influence of the Adam Brothers is shown in his work, his ornamentation being usually of classic design and showing extreme simplicity.

Sheraton is consldered to have given us some of the most beautiful furniture designs in existence. He published five

ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

books on cabinet making, illustrated with his models, and these were widely copied throughout the country, so even in the antique furniture it requires an expert to detect a real Sheraton; but it is only the few that are interested in these costly pieces of furniture, and the really important fact is that his designs were preserved and are still being reproduced with much of their original grace and charm. Simplicity and utility were the keynotes of Sheraton's style, which in many respects resembled Hepplewhite's. His chairs were characterized by square rather than round back and horizontal bar across the back near the seat which gave greater strength. The Sheraton sideboards have a convex corner, while Heplewhite's were always concave. Sheraton decorated with both carving and inlay, and was fond of light delicate colors. White or gold chairs, with dainty satin upholstery, were among his favorites in drawing-room designs.

Colonial furniture, as its name suggests, is an adaptation of the varying English and French styles to the needs of a new country. Dignity, simplicity, breadth and utter lack of ornament are its chief characteristics. The influence of the eighteenth century designers and of the Empire period is strongly felt but simplified to suit the spacious rooms of country houses where wealth did not abound, but all the refined tastes of an older country were brought to aid in building up beautiful homes in the new. Colonial furniture has much to recommend it for present use, particularly for country homes where the rooms are large and airy, where every window has its attractive view, and flowers are to be had in abundance. Here little is needed in the way of ornament, and simple beautiful lines will give the best effect.

Around the House

Sometimes one desires to change the air of a room in, as it were, double quick time. Then the plan is to open the window wide, and to open the door and to swing it backwards and forwards very quickly, making it serve as a sort of fan.

To cure earache, warm a little salad oil to milk heat and drop it from a spoon into the ear. Another remedy is to roast an onion in the coals and take out the centre, put the fire point of this into the ear and let it remain several hours.

To prolong the life of window cords they should be dusted and rubbed with a well-greased rag. The snapping of cords is caused by friction, and they are further weakened by sun and weather. The greasing makes them pliable and prolongs their usefulness.

Should the knob come off the lid of a pan or kettle, a screw should be slipped through the hole with the head to the inside of the lid, and a cork screwed on to the protruding end. This will make a knob that will not get hot, and that can be easily removed when dirty.

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SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby 64

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Appetizing Dishes from Left-Overs

By GRACE RENAUD

IN these days of pure food laws, when canned goods are above suspicion—cleaner oftentimes than fresh meat or vegetables—there is no excuse for not having a well-equipped emergency shelf in one's pantry. That, however, should be a last resort, as the good housekeeper's refrigerator should always contain left-overs, which may with little trouble be converted into appetizing dishes.

To find left-overs in one's pantry and refrigerator should be, not a matter of chance, but a regular, daily occurrence, which is easily brought about by systematically preparing a little more of each dish than is required for one meal. There are few foods that cannot be kept over from one day to another if properly cared for.

In making up dishes from left-overs a little pastry is a great addition. This in itself may be a left-over from baking day. The best way to keep pastry is to roll it into a ball, cover it well with lard, and put it on ice. This method prevents a crust forming on it. Pastry treated in this manner has the advantage of being thoroughly chilled, a condition that is invaluable if one would secure the best results.

The first use of left-over pastry that I would mention is to make of it the old-fashioned jelly tarts which most of our grandmothers used to make on baking days. Two discs were cut from the dough, and pricked carefully with a fork, and from the rest, with infinite care and patience, three small discs were cut with a thimble. Then the tarts were baked a delicate brown and allowed to cool. When it was time to serve them a teaspoonful of jelly, jam or conserve was placed on the bottom of the disc, and the top carefully laid on to prevent the jelly from oozing out at the sides.

If the pastry has been sufficiently rolled, dotted with lard, dredged lightly with flour, folded and rolled again, and this process has been repeated four or five times, it will puff nicely when baked, and this same scheme of cutting will answer in an emergency for the more elaborate patty shells. One's judgment must determine the size, but those cut with pound baking-powder cans for the bottom, with a disc cut from the top with a half-pound can, are a convenient size. If the edges are brushed with egg they can be laid one on top of the other before being put into the oven and will bake in one piece. But this requires extra time and calls for the wholly unnecessary use of an egg, which might be put to a better use in another way. If handled carefully, the crusts baked separately will hold together very well after having been filled. These may be filled with any combinations of meats, vegetables, or fruits that can be conveniently prepared. Here are a few that have proved satisfactory:

Uses of Left-over Pastry.

Take bits of left-over steak or roast, mince, heat in gravy, season and fill tarts, allowing gravy to run over crust.

Remnants of chicken fricassee may be cut into small pieces and treated as just described. If there is rice and gravy and no chicken left, use in the same way. This, with a baked sweet potato, makes a tasty and attractive dish.

Mince some corned beef or ham and spread a thick layer on bottom crust. Place top on and fill with creamed peas, asparagus, or mushrooms.

Scramble some eggs, allowing two tablespoonfuls of milk to each egg. Add one-half cup of grated cheese, a seasoning of salt and a dash of red pepper. Cook slowly until the eggs are light and creamy, stirring constantly. Fill shells, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

As an accompaniment to a salad, try these cheese pasties: Take a piece of dough of whatever size you wish. Roll out, dot with lard, dredge lightly with flour and sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Repeat the process five times. Cut into squares, cut the squares in two diagonally, and bake. Crisp in the oven before serving. Another novelty, which may accompany a salad or may be served with stalks of celery stuffed with pimento cheese as an entree, is made as follows:

Prepare crust as for tarts. Cut in squares. Put an oyster and a piece of crisp bacon in the center of each. Season with a speck of butter and a dash of white pepper. Fold over, secure the edges by pressing with a broad-tined fork and bake. Serve hot.

Besides the tarts above mentioned we will not forget the apple or peach dumplings, which are such a toothsome finish to a very light dinner. Sweets which will be just the bit one wants after a hearty dinner may be made as follows:

Roll into the crust finely chopped raisins and nuts, cut in fancy shapes, and bake.

Sprinkle the dough with currant, cut out in diamonds, shake some red sugar over the top, and bake.

Add some spices and sugar to the crust, cut in small rounds, and bake. We call these "pennies." Any kind of preserves, jam, mincemeat, or apple-sauce may be converted in a few minutes into a "pocketbook" tart, made by laying preserves in the center of the paste, folding over and securely pressing the edges.

Left-over Meat, Fish, or Vegetables

The sandwich can be made the most substantial part of a luncheon, or may be served as a successful entree. One's ingenuity can readily make combinations that will attract both the eye and palate, at the same time utilizing many remnants of food-stuff that would otherwise be wasted. The following combinations, served in the form of sandwiches, have proved acceptable enough to be repeated, and demonstrate economy both of time and food:

Knead into left-over mashed potato as much flour as it will hold. Mold into a flat, round cake, cut into four triangular pieces, roll in flour and brown on both sides, using as little fat as possible. When sufficiently browned cut in two, lengthwise; butter, fill with slices of crisped bacon and bits of cress and serve. These may also be filled with minced meat to which has been added a little gravy, and more gravy may be poured over them.

A particularly nice way of using up remnants of chicken or veal is to roll pastry and cut into rounds or diamonds. Spread on each piece the hot minced chicken or veal, put two together, pour gravy over and serve.

Peas, asparagus, or a combination of these vegetables, may be mixed with white sauce and put between slices of thin buttered toast. Add the yolk of an egg to the remaining sauce and pour over the sandwich. Serve very hot.

Fried oysters which have been left over may be minced and have added to them an equal quantity of chopped celery. This should be mixed with mayonnaise and served on a leaf of lettuce between slices of hot, buttered toast. A bit of bacon or ham laid on top gives an additional relish.

Left-over ham and eggs may be chopped together and served between slices of French toast which has had the crust removed. Cut the toast rather thick and fry quickly so that it will be moist and not greasy.

Left-over bits of bacon may be reheated in the oven and served between slices of toast garnished with watercress.

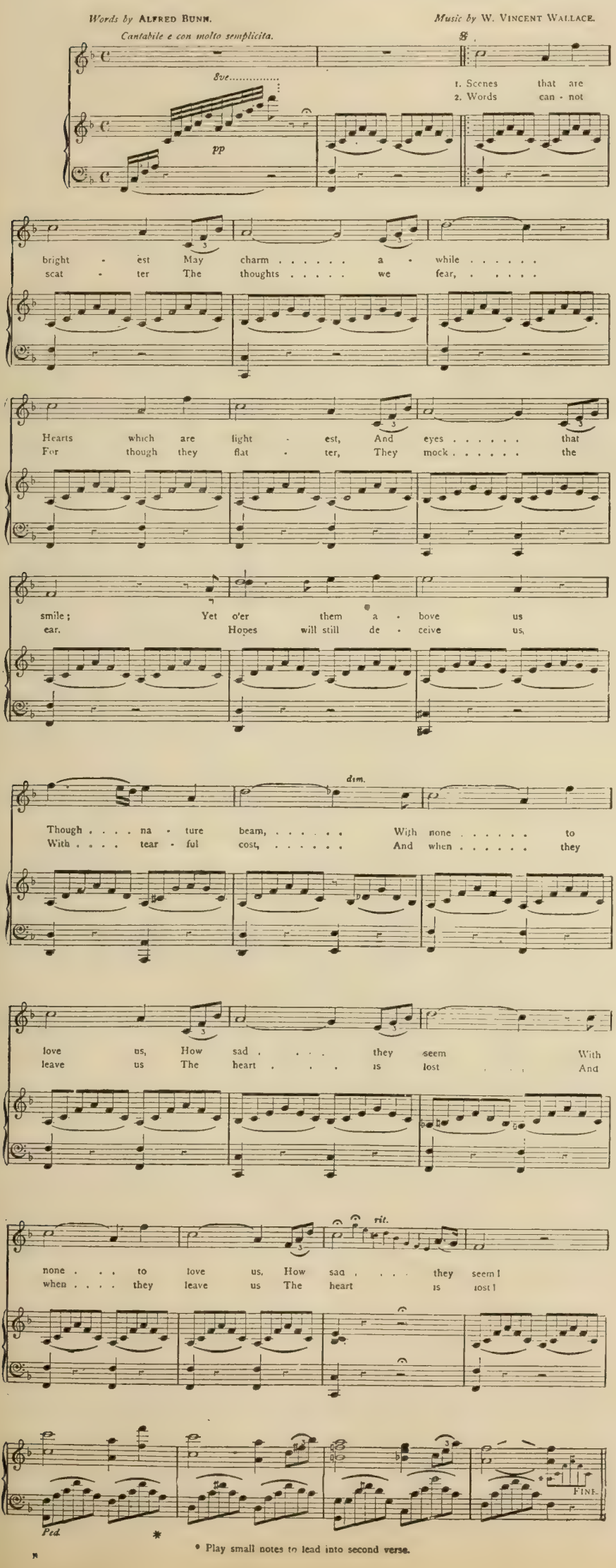
Where good slices of roast beef are not available for hot roast-beef sandwiches, chop finely the more inferior part, put between slices of bread, pour hot gravy over and serve.

Pieces of cold fish may be heated in white sauce or mixed with mayonnaise and spread between buttered toast. Put grated cheese on the top, set in the oven until the cheese melts, and serve at once. Bits of cold vegetables, such as peas, beans, asparagus, or carrots, may be treated in the same way.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Frosted coffee is delightfully invigorating after a long walk on a warm day. To prepare it make a strong, clear, drip coffee; sweeten to taste and chill thoroughly. Just before serving drop on each glassful a heaping teaspoonful of whipped cream which has been faintly sweetened and slightly flavored with vanilla.

Music and Matters Musical

A Splendid Old-Time Song

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST

Words by ALFRED BUNN.
Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE.
Cantabile e con molto semplicita.
8va
pp
1. Scenes that are
2. Words can - not
bright - est May charm . . . . . a - while . . . . . .
scat - ter The thoughts . . . . . we fear, ...
Hearts which are light - est, And eyes . . . . . that
For though they flat - ter, They mock . . . . . the
smile; Yet o'er them a - bove us
ear. Hopes will still de - ceive us,
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Though . . . . na - ture beam, ... With none . . . . . to
With . . . . tear - ful cost, ... And when . . . . . they
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leave us The heart . . . is lost And
rit.
none . . . to love us, How sad . . . . they seem I
when . . . . they leave us The heart . . . is lost I
Ped.
FINE.

* Play small notes to lead into second verse.

Editor's Note

WE know that there are many among our readers, musically inclined, who would be filling positions as church organists or as concert accompanists, had they felt sure that the following life story was a possibility. It was only after much persuasion that the writer consented to allow us to publish it, and our strongest reason was that we felt many others would be encouraged thereby to equal or surpass this record. If at any time any of our readers are perplexed in their study of music, we want you to give us an opportunity to assist you. Address your enquiries to the Musical Editor.

Making an Organist

WHEN as a youngster of three or four years of age, I almost worried my mother to death with questions and pleadings for her help in my babyish attempts to play and sing the old familiar hymns. I can just picture myself standing up on the old chair, beside mother at her baking, and with the hymn book open anywhere but the right place, demanding her attention to my song.

This must have been extremely funny, on the old farm, and as I look back and see the picture I almost laugh out loud. They put up with me at home for three years, or perhaps a little longer, and finally decided that the training of such a determined child must be placed in the hands of a teacher. Now, as we were fifteen miles from town, you may imagine the delightful drives I had, sometimes through rain or heavy snowstorm, but very often having the benefit of God's rich sunshine and pure air. It was not infrequent that the roads were so bad, that I had to make part of my journey by train. However, a thirty-mile drive for a child's music lesson became a very heavy tax on those who had to accompany me, and it was soon arranged that I would become one on the circuit of a traveling teacher. I can well remember that during this period, on one occasion, while accompanying myself on the little organ, at an annual tea meeting in the old frame church, I stopped in the middle of a word to cough. Can you imagine what the audience did? Can you imagine, too, what was said to me when I got home.

These lessons lasted but a couple of years, and, owing to different circumstances, I was compelled to make the best of what tuition I had received, and advance myself to the best of my ability.

It must have been in my early teens when we bid good-bye to the old farm, with its row of tall poplars and spreading willows, and to the old collie, to which I was more fondly attached than to the farm itself. After what seemed to me an exceedingly long ride on the train, we arrived at the big city, which has since then been my home.

We had been in the city some years, finishing my public school work, before I had the opportunity of renewing my tuition, although during this time many friends coming to our home seemed to keep me well supplied with music, and one dear old friend suggested that as I was still at school, I should try for a scholarship, given by one of the large colleges. Without much hope of winning, and with many fears and tremblings, I went into the presence of the great professor. It was indeed a happy surprise for me to learn that I was really the winner, and I had now before me a long-hoped-for opportunity of studying under a first-class teacher. There was one serious handicap to my making rapid advance, for, shortly after winning the scholarship, I left school and went to business, and all my lessons and practice had to be during the evening, which found me in rather poor trim to make good headway, but I was enabled to complete my junior examination in piano and theory with first class honors.

This practically completed all my tuition for the time being, and my only help came through accepting an opportunity to help in church work, to which I must give no small amount of credit. It is certainly one of the best helps that any student of music could wish for, that is in trying to fill the position of pianist in some of the large church organizations. Singing in the choir cannot possibly injure the student's work, nor will the playing of hymns for a small congregation have any bad effect. But the very opposite is true. It will strengthen one's confidence in oneself, and give a certain stability of work.

As an outcome of my work at the piano in the Sunday School and our young people's society, our choirmaster made bold to risk his organ in my care during the vacation of our organist. Fear seemed a frequent visitor with me, but it was downed on that memorable first Sabbath morning by a little touch of pride. I was somewhat afraid on this occasion, because I had never had a lesson—was I too daring? This relief work during vacations occurred twice, when, to my surprise, an invitation came to me to accept the position of organist in another small church. This position and a small class of piano pupils kept me busy for a few years.

During this period it was my privilege to study the organ for a couple of terms only, with a thoroughly competent teacher; also to again substitute for holidays, but this time on a much larger organ.

There are times of discouragement in nearly every life, and my discouragement was in the length of time which passed without my having an opportunity to give up my small organ for a larger one, and more than once I determined to give up the work. The opportunity came at last, however, and my ambitions were realized, and now some of my happiest moments are spent at the keyboard, making some of the old masters express my own feelings.

To me the memories of the childish song, and the years spent in close touch with music, are the brightest and most valuable parts of my life. The friendship created, the spoken appreciation of my effort, and the field of opportunity have been all too valuable to think of in any light manner. We can hardly estimate the condition of the world with music and its companionships taken away.

Music in Our Public Schools

THE need for more and better music in our town and rural schools is too apparent to call for much debate, and is a plain one-sided question, even though at the present time there are those who cry "away with the musical bosh." Just how music influences us is difficult to describe, but that it does have a refining effect even on the lives of young boys and girls at school, cannot be denied. There is something in man that responds to its work, and there is created a deeper love for the beautiful in art, music and character.

Instead of saying we cannot have music in *our* schools, so far out of town, or, so poorly placed for money, let us set our minds on it, organize a concert or two with our own school children taking part, and we are positive of splendid support from the adults. Then with proceeds in hand, buy an organ or piano and develop the better side of the child's life. None of us have to go outside our own homes to find someone who almost prayed that school would be burned down or that the teacher "would get married." That is unnatural and was due to the lack of development of the better nature, which could be overcome through the influence of music, in song, orchestra or piano. This is the highest development we can reach out to and it will well repay our effort.

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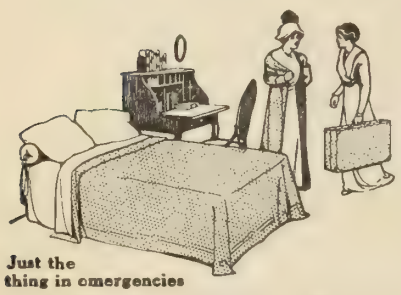

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BOUNTY FOR FLY KILLING

Dr. Hastings' Clarion Call for Abolition of House Pest—How Things of Evil Multiply

"IF we can just get people to think about it and realize the seriousness of the fly problem, I am sure they will agree with me that prompt action is necessary," said Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer of Toronto, recently.

BEWARE OF DORMANT FLIES

The Medical Officer of Health again draws the attention of the citizens to the dangers of the house fly, and that the most important feature in connection with house cleaning is the careful search for flies that have secreted themselves and remained in a dormant condition for the winter months in clothes closets, among books, magazines, etc., and behind loose papers on the walls, especially in the corners of rooms and about the cornices.

TAKE NO CHANCES

Don't think that because a fly is not flying or crawling around that it is dead. Like the man who was cabled to that his mother-in-law had died, and asked what they should do with the body—cremate or bury—replied, "take no chances—do both."

"Take no chances"—cremate everything in the shape of a fly that you come across while house cleaning. One winter-over fly beginning to deposit eggs (120 at a time) on the first of May, under favorable conditions, has been demonstrated, will mean 5,500,000,000,000 in five months' time.

BOUNTY FOR FLY KILLING

Pay your children all you can afford for every fly they kill in May.

Public spirited citizens, and organizations for infant and child welfare could not do better than offer premiums for the largest number of flies killed or caught by any child in the months of May and June.

The maggots you see in the warm weather in your garbage tins or boxes, around any decomposing meat, vegetables, manure, etc., in ten days' time, if not destroyed, will have developed into full grown flies.

CARRY DISEASE

Dr. Jackson, of New York city, found that flies caught in special traps on the shores of the North and East Rivers, near outfalling sewers, carried innumerable bacteria, one fly alone having as many as 125,000 on its body and legs. With the aid of a chart, on which the typhoid cases were recorded, Dr. Jackson was able to prove that the increase of typhoid and other intestinal diseases stood in direct ratio to the multitude of flies in the neighborhood of the outfalling sewers.

FIRST AID TO TYPHOID

The increase in typhoid fever in the late summer months and early fall is attributable, to a large extent, to the house fly. This is also true of the various diarrhoeal diseases of infants and children in the summer months, the flies passing in many cases directly from the unprotected excretions of these cases to the nipple and the feeding bottle of the child, to the milk, and other articles of food.

The same applies, to a greater or less extent, to all communicable diseases. Consequently, what has been formerly known as the house fly, is now better known as the typhoid fly or the death fly.

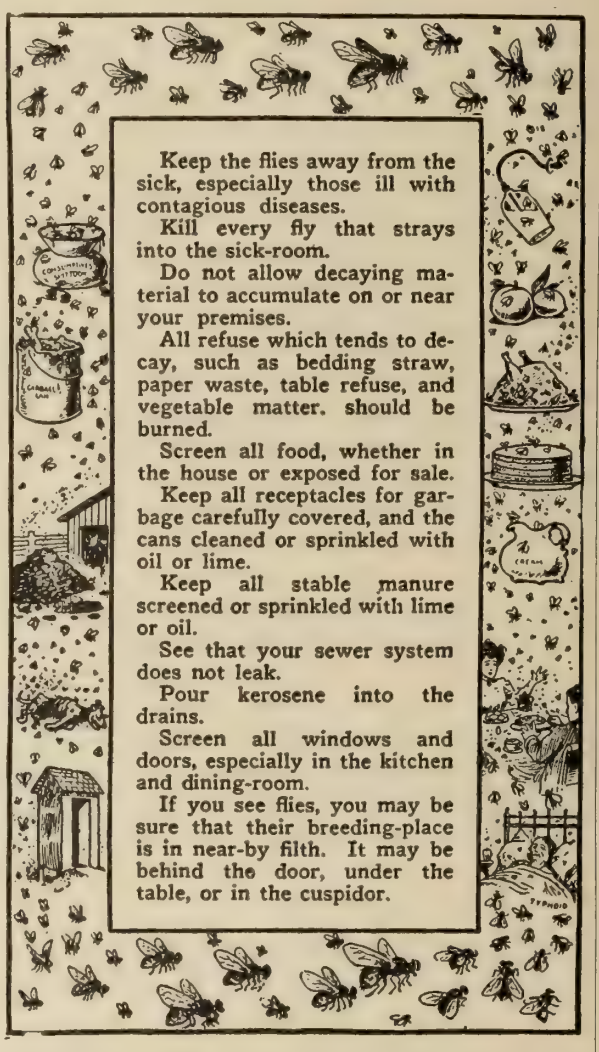
JOINT ACTION NEEDED

Flies breed in all kinds of decomposing animal and vegetable matter, more especially in the manure from stables. It must be apparent then that this disgraceful pest can be practically annihilated by conjoint action of the citizens in killing all flies early in the season, and a complete control and protection of all breeding places.

LABORATORIES BUILT PANAMA CANAL

In this connection it will be remembered that it was not the more efficient engineering or better financing of the United States Government that built the Panama Canal, but the extermination of the mosquito, which was spreading disease to such an extent that men were dying by the hundreds, and it became impossible to secure men to do the work. In other words, it was the Health Laboratories that made possible the building of the Panama Canal.

The extermination of the house fly will probably do more to stay the spread of disease than any other single action on the part of our citizens.



Suggestions for the Home

ELASTICITY is restored to rubber by soaking it in one part ammonia and two parts clear water until the desired results are obtained. This is specially true in the case of rings or other articles that have become stiff and brittle.

There are many ways of getting rid of mice, but try this. When mice trouble you, hunt out their entrances to pantry or cupboard and plaster them with a mixture of melted (just soft) laundry soap and red pepper. They will not come again.

WEDDING FLORAL DECORATIONS

By MARGARET LAING, FAIRBAIRN

AS the time of the wedding draws near the question of what the decorations shall be and who shall do them, looms large in the mind of the mother. (We are thinking now of the average mother who cannot hand over all this sort of thing to paid workers.)

The little bride is busy putting the finishing touches on her trousseau, seeing friends, and acknowledging the gifts that are pouring in, so that she can give her mother little help in the planning for the flowers at the wedding—how they shall be used in the decorations for the table at the wedding breakfast, and how arranged in the drawing-room, living-room, parlor (or whatever name the chief room in the bouse bears) as well as in the other rooms to be used.

We are going to suppose there is no florist in the question—either he is too far away or he would charge too much, or his arrangements would be too elaborate for the simple home wedding which is our ideal. Anyway, he is eliminated from the problem for which we will seek a solution.

There is the garden, of course, and neighbors have generously offered whatever we covet from theirs—everyone loves to help a bride—and, besides, there is all out-doors to draw upon, with its glory of field and woods.

Since weddings are apt to come off at any time in the year, in spite of the fact that Providence seems to have designed June for that special purpose, in our reckoning we will have to take into account the cycle of flowerdom, from early spring to late autumn.

Suppose we glance over a few of our common garden and field flowers and flowering shrubs that might serve for the purpose in hand.

There are lilacs, hydrangea, japonica, field daisies, syringa, and black-eyed Susans, golden rod, wild blossoms of tree and bush, autumn leaves—in fact, the list is so long that it would be impossible to give it, so we merely offer samples. Flowers differ from one part of Canada to another, from one garden to another, from week to week and season to season, and there is scarcely a bloom of them all but may be utilized. The question is, how to select them and combine with taste.

We will begin, then, with the flowers for the table at the wedding breakfast. White is the usual choice, because of its suggestion of purity and its use is a matter of taste. Color gives a more brilliant effect. Of greenery there must be a generous supply, such as ferns, bracken, acacia leaves, asparagus, anything that is small and feathery, fluffy and green.

On the bridal table choose for flower holders a table vase for the centre surrounded by four smaller ones. Glass is always in good taste and inconspicuous. A very inexpensive set, easily ordered from a departmental store, consists of fold fish bowls, one large and four small, for there are four sizes to choose from.

Another pretty arrangement is made by utilizing a large bowl, if it happens to be a handsome punch bowl so much the better, in the centre of which stands a vase preferably green or clear glass.

By using a piece of wire netting with ends bent by pliers to fit over the edge of the bowl and making a sufficient break in the middle for the vase, you have the foundation for a beautiful mound of cut blooms.

To complete the effect, make a centrepiece of ferns or small green leaves, patterned on the cloth in the shape of an oval or star.

Another very practicable and unique decoration is carried out with moss and bark. It would require a square of galvanized tin with an inch-wide rim turned up as a foundation, to prevent the moisture going through to the cloth.

This is partly filled with sand and covered with brilliant green moss from the woods. From the centre of this rises the flower receptacle, which, to all appearance, is a section of a log with the bark on, but in reality is a little top pail or a crock or anything which will go inside the bark cylinder, made of a straight piece curved.

Where a buffet breakfast is served at the wedding the decorations must be on a large scale to be effective, since many of the guests will see it only at a distance instead of seated at the table.

A striking design would be a bark canoe filled with a brilliant mass of bloom, the sides partly veiled with the vines that droop over it. The little craft would be emblematic of the voyage on which the young couple were starting together.

A more twentieth century idea would be an aeroplane, but the idea might be more difficult to carry out, so we will go keep to the boat. The home carpenter can easily make this out of bark. It should be anywhere from eighteen inches long, should be filled with moist sand, to hold the flowers, and should be raised some inches above the table on supports, hidden under the mass of green.

These are only a few suggestions indicating the wealth of material available and the variety of design possible, and are given as skeleton plans to be filled in to suit individual requirements.

Before leaving the question of the table decoration, perhaps a definite description of a particular table decoration might be helpful, which could, of course, be carried out in whatever flowers were in season.

The wedding we recall was late in July, when the wild carrot is in bloom along all the roadsides of Ontario—"Queen Anne's Lace Flower" is the prettier and more poetic name it is known by in older countries, where it is highly cultivated. At the bride's table its lace-like whiteness filled the receptacles of a glass epergne having five slender vases in a cluster and a large saucer-like vase, the epergne resting on a centre-piece of ferns. Smaller vases of the lace flower or a centre of ferns decorated each of the smaller tables for guests, presenting an exquisitely dainty appearance by using what most people call "a weed."

Field daisies would carry out a similar scheme—do you remember that when Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Peggy, was married, that it was a "marguerite" wedding? So would syringa, white asters bridal wreath, white lilacs.

When it comes to the decoration of the other rooms, so much depends on their size and arrangement that it is difficult to give definite advice, but one general principle is, let the impression be one of out-of-doorness of life and things growing.

Bring in huge branches of lilacs, japonica, syringa, spiraea, wild aster, the starry blue wild chicory, feathery asparagus, apple blossoms, or brilliant autumn leaves. Cover the newel post in the hall, fill the umbrella stand, place big jugs or even pails in the corners of the room, hidden by the furniture and holding miniature trees and branches, make a bower for the bridal couple in the bay window, bank the mantel shelf with a mass of bloom, the low vases hidden by moss or a wilderness of ferns and green foliage.

Much of the cutting and arranging of flowers can be begun days before with such as keep their freshness, like daisies, asters or chrysanthemums. Autumn foliage and many of the wild flowers, which lose their color and freshness soon, must be left till later. A bush of chicory cut off just around the roots, will droop the first day, but by the next will revive beautifully.

But perhaps this wealth of foliage and wild flowers is not as available as garden flowers. In that case select a single color for each room. Yellow is always cheerful and gay and would include sunflowers of all kinds, helianthus, nasturtiums, coreopsis, marigold, gaillardia, black-eyed Susan, and all the rest of this golden family.

Arrange in large bouquets or masses of smaller ones, according to the flower taking the greatest care to mix only those which are different tones of the same color.

Sometimes a brilliant contrast will be a success, as, where the blue of canterbury bill or larkspur is placed near a bunch of some yellow flower.

A very lovely color scheme could be carried out by using sweet peas, asters (running the whole gamut of color), sweet williams, and phlox.

A Summer Morning

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at **12 cents each.** Send cash to **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** Canadian Home Journal, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. **PAPER PATTERNS TWELVE CENTS EACH POST PAID.**

For the Bridal Party

PRESENT styles lend themselves to the bridal costume with singular success. This one is attractive in the extreme. It is simple and dignified, yet absolutely smart. The frocks worn by the young attendant and the tiny flower girl also are charmingly dainty, and the group altogether is replete with suggestion.

The bride's gown shows one of the very new skirts, made in three pieces and lapped on to a panel. The side edges of the train are finished and lapped on to the side portions in place of being seamed thereto, and the train can be made pointed or in shorter round length. The blouse is made with two pieces only, there being no shoulder seams. It is shirred and arranged over the lining. It can be finished with the pointed girdle illustrated, or with a narrow straight girdle, as preferred, and the neck can be made as illustrated, or either lower or higher, but round necks of this sort are among the features of the season for bridal gowns.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2¾ yards of material 27 or 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard 36 or 44 for the girdle and ⅜ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27, 36 or 44, with 1¼ yards 18 inches wide and ½ yard of flouncing 14 inches wide for the panel.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7383, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 7380, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The young girl's costume consists of a simple straight skirt and blouse that is made in two pieces with sleeves stitched to it. It is lapped on to a chemisette portion, however, and it consequently suits two materials peculiarly well. In the illustration marquisette is combined with shadow lace and with tucked net. The model could, however, be used for almost any seasonable material, for the blouse can be made with or without a lining, and can be finished with round or high neck and with or without under sleeves. The skirt can be made as illustrated or with a belt at the natural waist line.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require 3¼ yards of bordered material 16 inches wide, with ¾ yard of tucked net 18 inches wide, or 1½ yards of plain material 27 or 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 3¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44, with 2 yards of banding, or 2 yards of bordered material 38 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7364, and of the skirt, No. 7363, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The tiny girl's frock is made of white Brussels net with trimming of Valenciennes lace and is worn with a wide ribbon sash. The long-waisted body portion is prettily tucked, and the trimming that is arranged between the tucks is left loose near the lower edge to allow the slipping of the sash under it. The skirt is straight and gathered. The model can be utilized for an extremely dressy little frock, as this one, and for the simple dress with equal success, for it can be made just as illustrated or with high neck and long sleeves, and with or without the trimming.

For the 4 year size will be required 2½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 7¾ yards of insertion, 4½ yards of edging, and 2½ yards of ribbon.

The pattern, No. 7384, is cut in sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

Blouse Pattern No. 7383
Skirt Pattern No. 7380

Blouse Pattern No. 7364
Skirt Pattern No. 7363

Dress Pattern No. 7384

The Brides of June

THE month of roses is always the month of brides also, and suitable costumes for the central figure herself and for her attendants will surely be needed. These are charming; they include the very latest features, and they are simple withal.

The bride's costume includes one of the draped skirts that make a very important feature of the latest styles. It is made of satin combined with lace. The draped portions are circular, and the separate train is arranged over the back, while the foundation skirt also is circular with the panel and the flounces arranged over it. The accompanying blouse is an extremely graceful one with a wide bertha of lace. Beneath the bertha there is a simple blouse with the sleeves sewed to the armholes. The high waist line is fashionable, but the natural one is equally so, and this gown can be finished in either way. The train can be made pointed or round, plain or square, as preferred.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2¾ yards of material 27 inches wide or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards of lace 12 inches wide for the drapery, 1 yard for the sleeves, and ⅜ of a yard 18 inches wide for the yoke; for the foundation skirt will be required 4¼ yards 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 36 inches, or 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ of a yard of allover lace 18 inches wide, and 2⅛ yards of lace 10 inches wide; for the drapery and train 6½ yards 27 inches wide, 6 yards 36 inches or 4½ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, 7425, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7418, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The gown worn by the matron of honor is made entirely of lace flouncing, and such material is being extremely used. The two flounces of the skirt are joined one to the other and can be worn over any foundation, or the lower flounce can be joined to a close-fitting foundation of satin or other material, while the upper flounce is arranged over it. The fichu blouse is graceful and in the very height of style. In this case the fichu is finished at the waist line and the skirt is adjusted a little

above the normal; but the model makes an excellent one for many occasions, and the blouse can be made with a postillion, as shown in the back view, and finished at the natural waist line quite as well as after the manner illustrated. This skirt is cut a little above the normal, but can be cut off and joined to a belt if the natural line is more becoming, and the upper flounce can either be tucked or gathered.

For the medium size of the waist will be required 2 yards 27 inches, 1¼ yards 36 inches or 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of lace 12 inches wide and ⅝ of a yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and 1 yard of lace for the sleeve frills. For the skirt will be needed 4⅝ yards of flouncing 29 inches wide, with 1½ yards 36 inches wide for the foundation, if that is used.

The pattern of the waist, 7351, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40; of skirt, 7394, in sizes from 22 to 30.

The young girl's dress is pretty and dainty as well can be. It is made of embroidered net over messaline and trimmed with lace. The apron overskirt has a straight edge, and at the back there is a panel which is made of a straight strip finished with trimming. The under skirt is made in two pieces. The blouse is slightly full with the sleeves sewed to the armholes, and the fichu drapery is arranged over it. The net is in every way charming and well adapted to bridesmaid's wear, but, as the edges of both fichu and overskirt are straight, the design is an excellent one for lace flouncing and bordered materials. It will be found to be well adapted to graduation and to general summer wear, as well as to the bridesmaid's use. If liked, the neck can be made high and the sleeves long.

For the 16-year size will be needed 3⅝ yards 27 inches wide or 3⅛ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards of net 44 inches wide and 7½ yards of lace to make as shown in the figure, and 2 yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and long sleeves as shown in the back view.

The pattern, 7428, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years.

Pretty Parasols for Summer

THE staid coaching parasol of plain colored taffeta looks actually prim and old maidish, this year, beside the fetching and frivolous affairs favored by fashion. Only when the costume is flowered, striped or broken up in some other pattern effect, is the parasol plain in color and even then gay little frills are apt to flaunt themselves at its edge or the upper part of it peeps coyly through lace.

The striped parasol is the whim of the moment and almost half the parasol models displayed in the shops are striped in effect. Black and white stripes are favorites, for the black and white sunshade has a snappy knack of according with every costume; but various colored effects are seen also—green and white stripes being in high favor. Sometimes the stripes are about an inch wide, and sometimes they are much wider, one Parisian parasol having black velvet stripes four inches broad on a white satin ground. Again, the stripes may be very narrow, almost in hairline effect, and when these narrow stripes run around, instead of up and down, and the parasol is twirled in the hand, the effect is fairly dazzling to the eyes. A parasol of this sort, trimmed with black and white chenille fringe, has a handle of black ebony with an exaggerated tassel of the black and white chenille, and the whole effect is inexpressibly chic.

Another striped parasol in the deep tub-shape now fashionable for carriage and formal use, has rose stripes on a pale lavender ground, and the chic black wood handle trimmed with a chou of the silk. A magpie parasol of black lace mounted over white silk has also a black wood handle trimmed with a chou of white silk. Some of the new parasols, called cordeliere models, are provided with a long cord handle, attached to the stick in such manner that when the cord is looped over the shoulder the parasol hangs gracefully and almost vertically at the side, leaving the hands free to carry a handbag, lift the skirt or examine fabrics in shopping.

The Hindoo parasol is a fad of the moment. This parasol is almost flat, like a saucer or inverted plate when open, but specially devised hinged ribs allow it to close in the ordinary manner. Summer parasols in Hindoo style are made of allover embroidery with a band of black velvet set between two frills of lace around the edge. Very elaborate carriage parasols have appliqued designs of velvet on silk, bunches of grapes, conventional flowers, huge dots and diamonds being used. Pompadour silk sunshades with insets of lace are wonderfully summery and dainty and there are elegant affairs of shirred chiffon and of allover lace trimmed with handsome fringe for extremely ceremonious afternoon occasions.

The Separate Coat

THE coat is very much the thing, this season. Every smart costume has its appropriate wrap, to match; and even the lingerie frocks designed for later wear are being shown with coquettish silk coats in delectable colors like peach blow, Limoges blue and an indefinable raspberry shade. Even frocks are made in coat-effect with peplums, coat tails and other additions below the waist line which suggest the coat lines; and really it is not going to be quite correct, this season, to go about in one's frock, uncoated, out of doors.

The styles of the wraps are legion, of course, and range from breezy polo coats and ulsters for the athletic girl to the most fanciful and feminine silk and lace wraps for garden party wear over diaphanous frocks. One may choose between a motor coat of severe mannish type, with close collar and revers and comfortable slash pockets into which the hands may be thrust informally as one stands, or huge patch pockets which will hold a wealth of small bellongings; and a trimly cut affair with tapering lines toward the feet, an exaggerated side fastening and revers of contrasting fabric. The one requirement of the separate coat for motor, steamer or traveling wear is that it shall have a perfect straight line down the back, from collar to hem. Fashion cherishes this line with painstaking determination, and the adroit dressmaker shows her customer how to stand, with the weight thrown on one hip and the other knee flexed so that this straight youthful line of the back is emphasized.

Very smart are the steamer coats of broken check in black and white, with black velvet collars and cuffs and touches of white in flat pearl buttons and white braid loops. Younger women are apt to go to the men's department for their motor and steamer coats, and on slender young figures the straight, mannish lines are smart and jaunty. Coats along mannish lines, and made of practical tweeds and woolen mixtures, are shown also in the women's coat departments. There is a new American woven tweed, which has a soft, hairy surface, and which is particularly supple and agreeable in texture. Coats of this fabric come in tan and grey and in pure white. The white coat grows more and more popular, as well it may, for there is something irresistibly dainty and youthful about a big, wooly, babyish coat of white ratine serge or polo cloth, or the new white terry cloth which resembles Turkish toweling.

The taffeta silk wraps for afternoon wear over summery frocks are adorably quaint and old-fashioned and are trimmed with puffings, quillings and pleatings in true Early Victorian style. Most of these wraps have a mantle or dolman suggestion, and some of them are sleeveless. A melon pink taffeta wrap, worn over a cream net lingerie frock at a recent opening, covered the shoulder and upper arm like a scarf folded around the figure, the folds crossing surplice-wise over the bust. At the back long ends hung below the waist to hip length, as though the scarf had simply been crossed and the ends carried to the back and knotted there.

Fashionable Summer Costumes

THE pannier makes the latest feature of fashion. In its later development, it is graceful and attractive, and many charming gowns are made in this style. It is especially well adapted to foulards, taffetas and other soft silks, but it is being used for materials of many kinds. The gown illustrated combines one of the new flowered silks with plain taffetas, the trimming being of lace, the yoke of net, and the full portions of the blouse of chiffon. The pannier can be made after the manner shown on the figure or with closed front and wide bands, as shown in the small view, while the skirt can be made in walking or round length and finished at the high or the natural waist line. As illustrated, the pannier makes part of a charming afternoon costume. Made with the longer skirt and with a blouse, from which the yoke has been omitted, it would become adapted to dinner and evening wear. In whatever way it is treated, it is charming in a picturesque and interesting way.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅜ of a yard 44 inches wide for the full portion, ¾ of a yard 18 inches wide for the yoke, and 5¼ yards of

Dress Pattern No. 7428

Blouse Pattern No 7351
Skirt Pattern No. 7394

Blouse Pattern No. 7425
Skirt Pattern No. 7418

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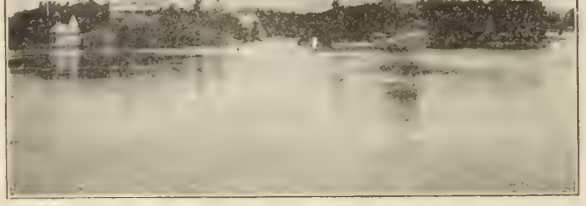

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lace; for the pannier will be needed 3½ yards 27 inches wide or 2¼ 36 or 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of silk for bands and 3½ yards of lace; and for the foundation skirt, 3 yards 27 inches, or 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern of blouse, 7218, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust measure; of skirt, 7434, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure.

Over-blouses of taffeta, worn with lingerie gowns are amongst the smartest of all things this season. All sorts of pretty colors are used for their making, and they are extremely attractive and very generally becoming. The one illustrated is perfectly simple, closing at the shoulder and under arm. It includes a peplum that can be adjusted at either the higher or the natural waist line. The guimpe beneath is a simple one, with the kimono sleeves that are general favorites. The tunic, or upper skirt, is straight, consequently, it suits flouncing and bordered materials peculiarly well; but it can be made from plain material trimmed with equal success. In this case, the tunic is arranged over an entire two-piece skirt, but, if liked, this underskirt can be omitted and a straight band stitched to the tunic beneath the lower edge. The skirt as well as the over-blouse can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line.

For the medium size, the over-blouse will require 1⅜ yards of material 21 or 27 inches wide, or 1⅛ yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide; for the guimpe, 4½ yards 18 inches wide or 1¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; for the tunic, 2 yards of flouncing 38 inches wide; and for the foundation skirt, 3 yards 27 inches or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, to make as illustrated; for the band attached to the lower edge will be required ¾ if a yard 27 inches wide.

The patterns of waist, 7335, and of guimpe, 7292, are both cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure; of skirt, 7431, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure.

The Lace Blouse

A GREAT richness is given many of the separate blouses this season by a lavish use of heavy laces. One model shows an effective combination of Venetian and Irish lace. The shallow yoke which continues in a panel down the centre-front is made of this lace. On each side of the yoke, and veiled by the Venetian lace, taffeta shading from light to deep primrose is introduced. Irish lace forms the Eton jacket effect which hangs loosely over the girdle of black taffeta. At the left side are a bow and ends of black and primrose taffeta, and in the centre-back this combination is used for a small bow, below which hang two short postilions of Irish lace. The sleeves are entirely of the Venetian lace and are straight and loose without a cuff.

A blouse far removed from the shapeless lace waist of yore is shown in one of the smartest shops. The patterns of the heavy and baby Irish lace, of which the waist is made, show to advantage over a lining of fine black net. A deep V back and front and on the top of each sleeve remains unlined, and so gives a pleasing contrast. The pointed,

Blouse Pattern No. 7218
Skirt Pattern No. 7434

Over-Waist Pattern No. 7335
Guimpe Pattern No. 7292
Skirt Pattern No. 7431

panel-like sash-ends are finished with crochet tassels. The lace hangs in loose Eton effect over the waist line, where a bow of black and cerise liberty satin is placed at the left side; the sleeves are three-quarter length, and the cuff, made in one-piece with the sleeve, fits closely around the arm. The well-fitting, collarless neck is finished by a picot edging.

For Bright June Days

ALMOST numberless materials are being worn this season, but among them all, there is nothing prettier or more fashionable than cotton marquisette. Here are two gowns made thereof, over which is worn a little taffeta coat, and such wraps are among the smartest of all things.

The gown is in semi-princess style, combining a two-piece skirt, which includes a narrow panel at the sides, with a fichu blouse. This blouse can be made with square or high neck, and with long or elbow sleeves, and there is a separate peplum which has been omitted from the gown worn with the coat. The little coatee can be adjusted to either the high or the natural waist line, and can be made either with the rever at the right side or without and with the long postillion or with the short, made either round or pointed. Coats of this kind are made from taffeta in all colors. Black and dark blue are liked by conservative wearers, but lighter, brighter colors are more picturesque and are exceedingly smart. Taffeta, charmeuse and messaline are favorites, but taffeta may be said to have a special vogue. For the gown, all lingerie materials are appropriate.

For the medium size coat will be required 3 yards 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ of a yard 27 inches wide for trimming; for the gown will be required 6¾ yards 27 inches, 6¼ yards 36 inches or 4½ yards 44 inches wide; to trim the skirt as shown in the front view will be needed 2½ yards of wide banding and 2½ yards of narrow insertion; to trim the gown as shown in the back view, 10 yards of edging and 10 yards of insertion, with 1½ yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and sleeves.

The pattern of coatee, 7432, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure, and of gown, 7419, in sizes from 34 to 40 bust measure.

The gown to the right combines marquisette with eyelet embroidery, and it is trimmed with Irish lace banding. The blouse is a very new one with crossed fronts and a vestee, but is closed at the back. If liked, it can be made with high neck and with three-quarter sleeves. The tunic takes exceptionally graceful lines. It is made in three pieces and arranged over a two-piece skirt. It can be adjusted at either the high or the natural waist line, and it can be made in walking or round length. The model is an excellent one for the new fashionable silks as well as for marquisette and other materials of the kind. Dolly Varden Juoy foulard over two-toned taffeta would be charming.

For the medium size blouse will be required 2½ yards 27 inches wide or 1⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅜ of a yard 18 inches wide for the vestee, and 2¾ yards of banding. For the tunic will be needed 3⅝ yards 27 inches or

Blouse Pattern No. 7432
Skirt Pattern No. 7419

Blouse Pattern No. 7354
Skirt Pattern No. 7403

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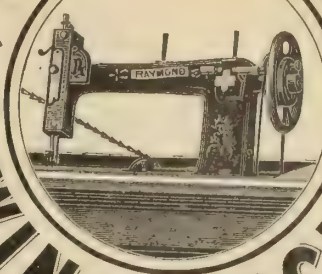

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2½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of banding; and for the skirt, 4 yards 36 inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern of this blouse is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure, and of skirt, 7403, in sizes 22 to 30 waist measure.

Fluffy Ruffles

SOME of the daintiest lingerie dresses for the kiddies are much beruffled. One little model seen had three hemstitched ruffles on the bottom, while others have one and two.

A very pretty variation in trimming is to have the embroidery and lace panel continue from the neck or yoke down to the lower edge, the ruffles not extending across the front.

Long waists are exceedingly popular.

The Fashionable Silk

SILK is one of the smartest materials for street wear this season, and for early summer, it is charming. Taffeta is being much worn, but charmeuse and faille are also much in vogue. In the illustration are shown two costumes that are adapted to any of these silks and also to other materials of the season. The young girl's dress would be exceedingly charming made of linen, pongee or similar fabric.

The suit to the left shows many new features. The skirt is double, there being a complete two-piece underskirt, while the tunic is shaped at the front. This tunic, however, is straight, and it can be made without the shaping if preferred. When treated in this way, it becomes adapted to flouncing and bordered materials, as well as to the plain ones, and if the double skirt is not liked, the straight tunic can be lengthened by means of a band stitched to it beneath the lower edge. Bordered materials are much liked made in this way, with bands of messaline or velvet ribbon.

The coatee is an exceedingly smart one. It is excellent for wear over gowns of lingerie materials as well as for the entire costume, and little wraps of this sort made of colored taffeta are much liked over white gowns.

For the medium size, the coatee will require 3¾ yards of material 27 inches, 2¾ yards 36 inches, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with one yard 27 inches wide for the trimming; for the skirt will be required 6⅜ yards 27 inches, 4½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards for trimming, to make as illustrated. To make from bordered materials will be required 2 yards 38 inches wide, with ¾ of a yard of plain material 27 inches wide for the band.

The pattern of the coatee, 7453, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7431, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The young girl's frock is made in the Russian style that is exceedingly fashionable. It gives quite the effect of a coat, but in reality, the three-piece skirt is joined to the three-piece tunic beneath the finished edge. The blouse is a simple one with sewed-in sleeves. In this case, taffeta is trimmed with lace and the neck is made round and the sleeves in elbow length. For a plainer dress, of the more useful sort, linen with trimming of embroidery or heavy lace will be charming. If liked, the neck

Blouse Pattern No. 7453
Skirt Pattern No. 7431

Dress Pattern No. 7441

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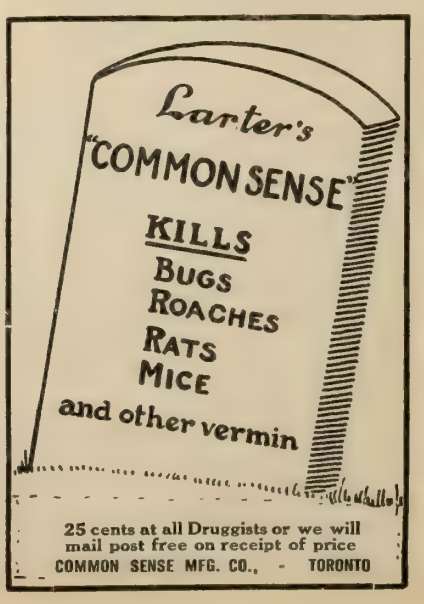

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can be finished with a standing collar and the sleeves made long.

For the sixteen-year size will be needed 6¾ yards of material 27 inches, 4 yards 36 inches, or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of allover lace 18 inches wide and ¾ of a yard of lace edging for the undersleeves.

The pattern, 7441, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and is well adapted for small women.

mpire Night Gown

THE Empire night gown is always a pretty one. Illustrated is one of the very newest, the body portion of which is cut in one piece with the sleeves. It can be made with V-shaped or square neck, and it will be found suited to all materials that are used for gowns, including cross-barred and all dotted muslins as well as plain batiste and the like. If a very elaborate effect is wanted the entire body portion could be cut from allover embroidery while the lower part is from batiste or lawn. Trimming always can be any preferred banding, or beading can be used to cover the seam joining the yoke and body portion, while the neck and sleeves are finished with embroidery.

The upper or body portion of the gown is made in one piece, and the lower full portion in two pieces. Whether the neck is made V-shaped or square the gown is simply drawn on over the head.

For the medium size will be required 4 yards of material 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of insertion

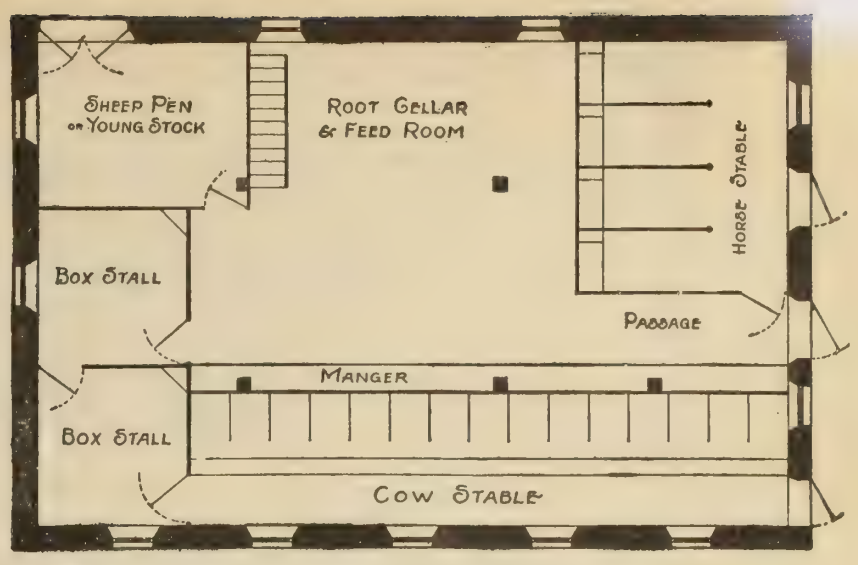
Nightgown Pattern No. 7299

and 2 yards of narrow lace, 2¼ yards of beading and 3 yards of wide lace to make as shown in front view; 1½ yards of banding, 2½ yards of edging, and 1¼ yards of beading to make as shown in back view.

The pattern, No. 7299, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44, bust.

Child's Dress with Bloomers

THE frock that is made with bloomers to match is one of the most practical that the little girl can wear. It does away with the need for petticoats and is thoroughly comfortable and at the same time it is absolutely protective. This one is made in the simple style that is so much in vogue, but with separate sleeves that are attached below the shoulder line, such sleeves making one of the newest features of fashion. The model will be found an excellent one for all the simple materials that are liked for little girls' dresses. This one is made from



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rose colored linen with fancy stitching of white as a finish. The high neck and the long sleeves are comfortable for cold weather, but round neck and short sleeves are preferred by many mothers and worn by many children at all seasons. The dress can be finished in that way, if liked.

The dress is cut all in one piece. The sleeves are separate and stitched to the armhole edges. The opening is cut at the front and underfaced. The belt holds the garment in place at the waist

Dress Pattern No. 7251

line. The bloomers are circular in shape, smoothly fitting at the waist line and full enough for comfort at the knees. They are joined to a belt and closed at the sides.

For a girl of 6 years of age the dress will require 3 yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, and 2 yards 27, 1⅜ yards 36, ⅞ yard 44 inches wide for the bloomers.

The pattern, No. 7251, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Circular Open Drawers

DRAWERS that are smoothly fitting over the hips but that flare comfortably and generously at the knees always are favorites. These are cut in that way. They can be finished with circular frills or with straight gathered frills.

The drawers are made with circular leg portions and when circular frills are used they are joined to straight edges. When gathered frills are used the edges can be left straight, or shaped as shown

Drawers Pattern No. 7306

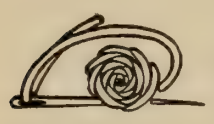
in one of the small views. The fullness at the back can be arranged in inverted plaits or gathers or the drawers can be cut off in habit style. In any case they are under-faced at the upper edge and closed at the back.

For the drawers with circular frills will be required 2¼ yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide with 3½ yards of edging and 8½ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated; for the plain drawers will be needed 1¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, and for the gathered frills 3½ yards of embroidery 8 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7306, is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34-inch waist measure.

UP-TO-DATE EMBROIDERIES

THERE is such a constant demand for new ideas that the old world has been visited and many of its most beautiful embroideries and treasures have been modernized, reproduced and adapted to our modern needs, and the result is that seldom before have so many new and beautiful embroideries been brought together as the spring of 1912 has produced, and they are quite different in form and coloring, but all seem to be adapted effectively to many different materials.



Method of Making Rose

To one of the needlework novelties here shown has been given a name which is very descriptive, and one desires to at once know what this embroidery is like, the designs are so fascinating in their daintiness. This embroidery is known as the "Little Rose" or "Rambler Rose." It is the rose itself which this embroidery distinctly features, and the method of making it will be clearly understood by studying the diagram.

We show one rose in the process of making, and

No. 8196—Cushion. 60 cents.

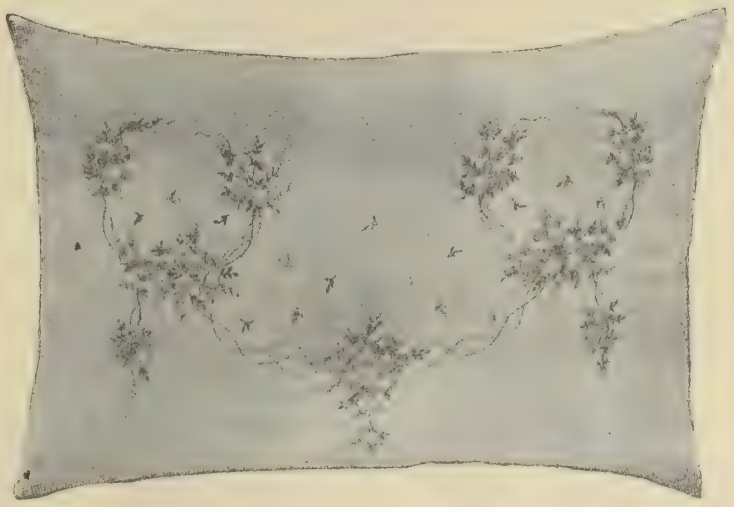
it will be seen that it consists of overlapping rows of outline stitch, which look very simple, but the art is in the building up of the centre of the rose before the outline stitches are commenced.

To commence the rose, which we will suppose is to be worked in pinks, thread a needle with rope silk (using one which will carry the silk easily) and insert the needle in the middle of one of the little rose forms, making a cross stitch. Make a series of cross stitches, turning to form a circle and spreading each stitch a little outward, crossing in different directions, until they form a little mound, which should be almost the size of the rose, and about a quarter of an inch high. Of course, this size varies with that of the rose, on larger roses the centre mound needs to be larger, but on small groups the above directions will be found satisfactory. Then make two or three small French knots on top of the centre point of the roses, using a dark shade, and commence the outline stitches which form the outer surface of the rose. The first few rows should be worked around in a circle with a needle well inserted under each preceding row, using long outline stitches and making one stitch lie well under the other. The rows of outline stitches near the outer edges are worked closely together, but not so directly under preceding rows as they are at the beginning, and thus the rose gradually flattens towards the edge. With a little practice it becomes an easy matter to work these compact little button roses, which may be said to pad themselves. About three shades may be used to work one of these roses darker towards the centre and about six shades of pink or any preferred colorings may be used on a piece of embroidery, as different roses may be worked, making some light and some dark. Rope silk is used for the roses and it is a good plan to have a needle threaded with one each of the shades conveniently at hand.

No. 7169—Scarf, 22 x 54. $1.50.

The leaves are worked in the familiar lazy daisy stitch and form a dainty setting for the clusters of roses, many designs for which show baskets and ribbons combined with the roses and leaves. Suitable materials for these designs are heavy brown linens, and one of the cushions, 8196, and centrepiece, 2242, come already tinted on a suitable grey linen. No. 6512 is not tinted, and a centrepiece matching this may be supplied in either 22, 27 or 36-inch.

No. 8185—Cushion. 60 cents.



No. 6512—Cushion. 60 cents.

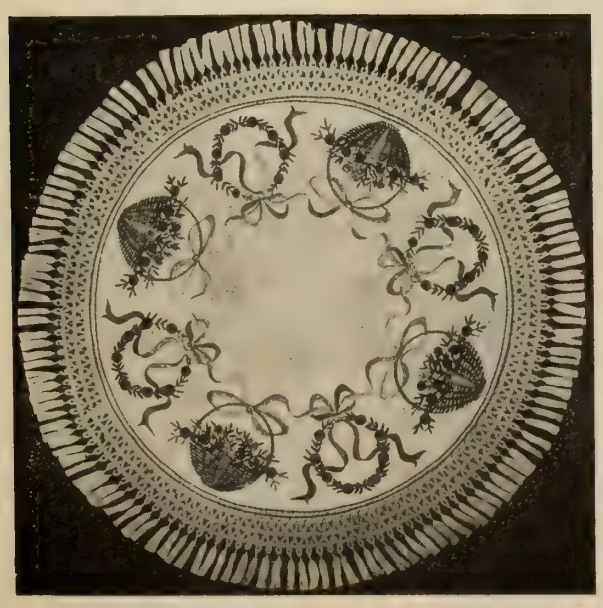
Another effective application of the Rambler Rose is for waists, and beautiful examples of this have been shown on voile and linen, which have been embroidered in white. The method of embroidering is the same, the remainder of the designs being embroidered in solid padded satin stitch.

Another novel embroidery is known as the Wood Bead, and is another handsome imported novelty, and its application to articles of household decoration is entirely new. The large Wood Bead is the one that is used for this new work, and is peculiarly adapted to fruit designs, both in regard to color effect and size. This embroidery is so realistic that it cannot fail to become popular, and another thing in its favor is that it works up so rapidly. One has only to slip a bead over the needle, take a stitch or two in the material and a berry is produced.

The scarf and cushion illustrated is a beautiful arrangement of mountain ash worked with reddish shades of beads and combined with solid embroidery. The bands which form the background for the graceful groups of berries are couched with rope silk, using black and water greens. This combination is beautiful.

The prices quoted in these colnmns are for stamped or tinted linens only, as we do not supply embroidered articles. We will quote on request prices for silks, beads, fringes, and any other supplies which may be needed to complete these embroideries.

For further information regarding any of the articles described in these columns, Address Belding, Paul, Corticelli, Limited, Dept. L. Montreal, P. Q.



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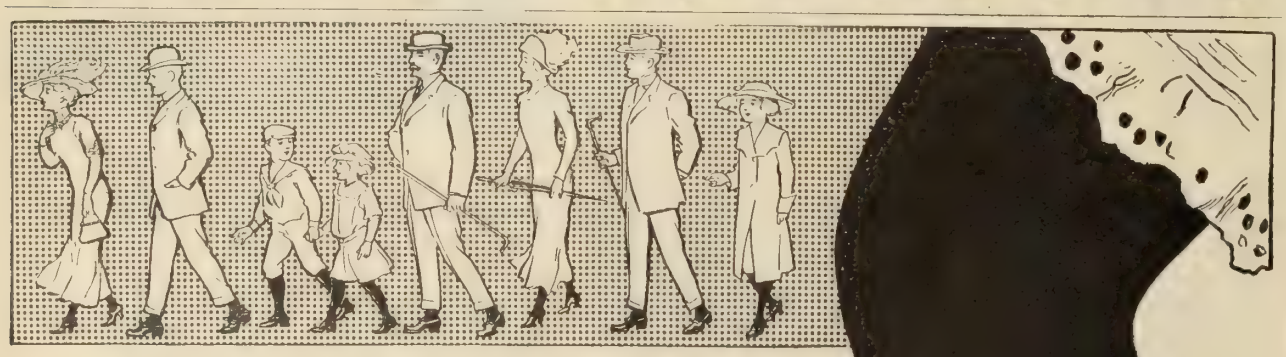

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Canadian Girls' Club

If you wanted to earn a few dollars for — oh, for many things; if you were an interested reader of the JOURNAL; if you could name a dozen or twenty or fifty neighbors and relatives and friends who would like the JOURNAL very much if they knew of it; wouldn't you be glad to tell them about it and earn some money in your spare time.

Experiences

"Dear Secretary:

"The beautiful set of pins have just reached me. I certainly do appreciate them. How you can give them besides all the commissions and salary, I scarcely understand, but I am accepting them all thankfully. I am hoping to get the watch, too, in another month.

"I am so glad that I wrote to you. It has been a pleasant surprise to find that I could get so many subscribers. A dozen at most was what I hoped for, but then I became so interested, and everyone appreciates the Journal so much that the field has developed. I have so many names of friends of my subscribers that I can scarcely find time to call on them all. So I would better start right now, would I not?

"Very sincerely,
"S. L."

"Dear Secretary:

"Thanks for the salary, check, it came just when I needed so many spring things. You certainly are generous.

"I'll have another big list of subscribers for you soon. All my girl friends and subscribers have given me names of their friends, and with these introductions I am having fine luck. Is it the Journal or myself that makes everyone so cordial? Both, I guess, for they say I am so enthusiastic they like to hear me, and I certainly couldn't talk so if I were not sure they would like the Journal, and if it were not Canadian. I hope everyone else is having as much success and enjoyment.

"Je vous salve
(As the French say)
"R. G."

"Dear Secretary:

"I received from you last Wednesday, copies of the 'Canadian Home Journal,' order blanks and other information which I have found to be of great assistance to me in securing subscriptions for your splendid magazine.

"Enclosed you will find the money for the first twenty-five. I am sure I can send in fifty before the end of the month.

"Thanking for you the opportunity given for the earning of a little extra money, I am, sincerely,

"J. G."

If you like the JOURNAL, and can spare a little time to work, won't you also join the club. We have members from coast to coast, single ladies, and married ladies, young and old. Let me tell you about the club, anyway.

Secretary,
Canadian Girls' Club,
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

DAINTY SUMMER WEAR

Coiffure Pins and Combs

AFTER an absence of several seasons from the forefront of fashion, shell back-combs are again making an appearance. Many of the women at Palm Beach this winter wore rhinestone and pearl-set pins across the top of a low hairdressing at the back; and almost every woman had two or three of the fancy, two-pronged hairpins thrust into her coiffure. These large pins suggest a wealth of luxuriant tresses which require massive pins to hold them in place, though of course the coiffure now is built carefully with many small wire hairpins, and the larger two-prong pins are added afterward as ornaments. There is more skill than the average woman realizes in the placing of these massive pins, which by their adjustment may be made to suggest dignity, youthfulness, coquetry and many other effects.

At the top of the head a tall comb always gives a stately suggestion—the tall shell comb over which the Spanish woman drapes her mantilla being an example of this. Two combs protruding from a low coiffure at the sides of the head suggest girlishness, as do the outstanding loops of a hair ribbon. Thrust into the coiffure at jaunty angles, the shell pins may be very coquettish—but the woman with a natural instinct for artistic dressing will know without being told how to adjust her coiffure pins to give the most becoming effect, and the woman without the coquettish instinct will wisely follow the unexaggerated and conventional fashion in arranging her hair and hairpins.

The prettiest of the new coiffure pins are set with rhinestones, the tops having bowknot, butterfly and lyre shapes and the rhinestones showing to splendid advantage against dark hair. There are also pearl-set pins and handsome pins with jet settings for older women. Some of the pins are in platinum finish and look very like real platinum, and there are plain, heavy shell pins with rounded tops, which look well in wavy thick hair, simply arranged. Sometimes several pins are used at one side of the coiffure and none at the other side; in fact, one-sided hair arrangements are much in vogue in Paris, and rolls, puffs, and coils are placed at odd angles on the head in most unsymmetrical but exceedingly chic effect.

But, however the back of the hair may be dressed, the line over the top of the head, from brow to crown, must be kept as flat as possible. If the natural hair is very fluffy and wavy at this point a barrette or shell comb is thrust into the pompadour, or just back of the parting, to keep the coiffure flat on top and preserve the contour of the head at this point.

The Trousseau

EVERY trousseau is a revelation of the individuality that marks each woman's choice in patterns. No two order sets exactly of the same design. Fewer white petticoats figure in the modern trousseau than in the one of old, but there is always the chance that the changing vogues may bring those delightful garments into wear again, and the outlook at present is decidedly favorable for their reappearance.

It is noticeable that in many sets of whitewear there are no ribbon runners, for the fashion for threading narrow ribbons and broad ones into every item of underwear has been greatly overdone, and the expected revulsion has occurred, leaving the clothes absolutely white and as plain and simple as can be, withal of the most delicate possible hand stitchery, fine lace and exquisite embroideries.

Real lace of the most exquisite quality, hand-embroidery of the daintiest and linen or batiste in the daintiest of webs go to make up the the daintiest of webs go to make up the lingerie of the bridal trousseau, but there must also be distinction of design and a little originality in the models if the modern bride is to be altogether pleased with her outfit.

Most fascinating among the lingerie now shown in fashionable shops for the trousseau are the filmy garments made in exact reproduction of some of the wonderful pieces of French needlework which were included in the wardrobe of Marie Antoinette and which have been faithfully preserved so that they may serve as models for all this sort of handiwork. Even the most exacting bride must fail to find any fault in these fragile creations. Three-piece sets made on these Marie Antoinette designs are of hand-drawn linen of the sheerest quality. The design of the gown is a very interesting one, for the two sides are different over the shoulders. The drapery of lace which is carried across the bust forms a sleeve over one arm and over the other it is allowed to droop off the arm, displaying the shoulder, as is the fashion in some evening gowns. The garment is supported on this shoulder by a straight strap.

Another fascinating feature of this design is the apparent looping up of the skirt or lower edge of the garment. The left side of the skirt is slashed from the lower edge, the lace border being carried up on both slashed edges and finished with a bow of ribbon.

Filet lace is now used as much on lingerie as on other garments, and some of the most beautiful of the new gowns show this lace employed with lierre, Cluny, Irish or Valenciennes. In some of the newest and most attractive gowns there is no hand-embroidery employed. Several kinds of lace furnish the variety needed for working out the design of the trimming instead of the embroidery being used with the lace for this purpose.

The fichu effect is apparent in many of the most interesting of the new gowns. In one very new model filet and Point de Comyn lace are used to form this fichu. The back of the yoke of this gown is quite square and cut very low. The gown has a box pleat from the shoulders.

Although Irish crochet lace has been so much used that it can no longer be considered as exemplifying the newest fashions, there is still much of it used for trimming gowns and combinations, because it makes such an exquisite contrast to the lighter laces and may also be relied upon to launder and clean so very well. Embroidered linen and Irish insertions with wider pieces of Valenciennes is a favorite and effective combination both for gowns and the other pieces of the set. When expense is a matter that must be considered, there are very charming effects to be obtained from the mingling of fine hand-embroidery and narrow Valenciennes lace. One of the new Empire models, than which nothing could be prettier, shows this combination of trimming. There is also a new model, which, although short waisted at the sides and back, has a straight panel piece down the front.

White Blouses Will Be Popular

THERE is to be a revival in white blouses for the spring, according to fashion reports from Paris. The smartly dressed woman in tailored costume is to have a blouse of snowy lawn, with long sleeves ruffled at the wrists and high collar, in place of the ninon design, to tone with the costume of the present season.

After having stoutly insisted on blouses of the latter type for some sea-

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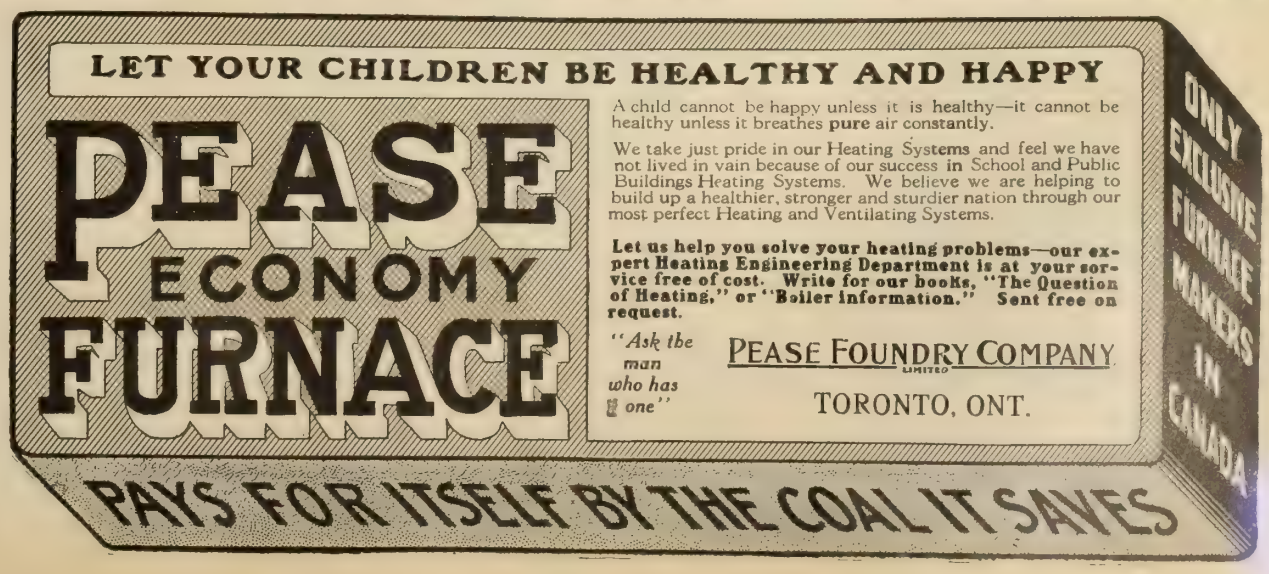
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sons back Parisiennes have already gone over to white and cream blouses entirely, the models being in fine net, daintily trimmed with lace and fine tucks or fine lawn with similar trimmings.

Blouses in white lawns and nets are being worn in Paris even with the heaviest of velvet or tweed costumes, and there are many smart designs in white satin, white mousseline de soie or white Crepe.

Two Parisian ideas of the white blouse for tailor mades were seen recently. In one design of fine lawn, inset with insertion and trimmed with tucks and embroidery, there was a narrow frill of lace down each side of the box plait in front, the sleeves coming nearly to the wrists. The other, in mousseline de soie, had a deep hemstitched revers on one side and lace on the other, and in both cases the collars were high.

Nearly all the blouses in Paris have high collars, and very often plaited frills of the materials fall over the hands from the long sleeves. Sometimes the high collars have a frill of lace along the top, but this fashion is only becoming to a few.

The satin blouses are mostly tailored, though they have none of the severity once associated with the word tailor made. They have long sleeves and tucked shoulders and yokes, some being softened in one way or another by dainty little frills of net or lace.

Some of the lawn blouses have lace and hand-embroidery introduced in the frills and collars, but many are severely simple, though fine, and here again one finds the models with adjustable collars, allowing for the use of separate stocks and frills.

The Matter of Millinery

THE question of what is the most fashionable hat is a somewhat disputed one, but the hat that suits one's individuality is really the correct hat, and so its choice is dependent on the woman herself. There are a few fashion features about the new millinery that should be considered, however. They are as follows: If the hat has a rolling brim turning quite high on one side, the trimming should also be rather high, but placed on the other side of the hat. If the hat has a drooping brim, or one with a slight roll, the trimming should not be too high. Most of the trimming on the new hats is placed on the right side, very much nearer the front than it was this past fall and winter.

Many flowers will be used on the summer hats. The first spring models showed few, if any, but as the season advances the desire for flower trimming is growing rapidly. There are to be small turbans almost covered with tiny roses or violets; there are to be high-standing clusters of flowers on the picture shapes, while some of the models with drooping brims will have two or three large single blossoms as their trimming.

Ostrich plumes that are not too heavy will be used a good deal, especially in black and white, while feather effects, or "feather fancies," as they are called, will be very much the vogue.

Lace of all kinds will be seen on the summer models.

Blocked hats seem more fashionable than those of straw braid, though, of course, the latter are always conservative and in good style. The Leghorn and light-weight straws have their brims faced with velvet or taffeta silk, which, by the way, is used a good deal for covering crowns, or for bows, rosettes, and fancy wing effects. The head sizes remain large, no bandeaux are used, and the hats set well down on the head.

The Summer Wardrobe

UNLESS one plans carefully and knows before the first dress is bought just what the complete summer wardrobe is to include, ultimate satisfaction cannot be expected.

First on the list of requisites is a good, light-weight woollen suit of serge, homespun or lightweight ratine. This will answer admirably for traveling. Four tailored blouses of white China silk, made on strictly mannish lines, with turn-back link cuffs and worn with a separate, soft, turndown collar of pique, and a silk four-in-hand tie, would make this traveling outfit complete. These silk shirts wash well and easily, and, with homespun skirts, serve equally well for tennis. The hat for this suit should be a straw shape on the order of the velours, and felt hats, that have been worn for sporting uses all winter. This should be in a neutral color, so that it may be worn with almost anything, and trimmed with some simple decoration, such as a rosette, a quill or a pompom. With this suit, chamois gloves and low tan shoes with silk or lisle thread stockings to match are proper. And just a word about chamois gloves: be sure to get them in as heavy a quality as possible and with pricked seams. These are smartest and will keep their shape and appearance the longest. Those with arrow-back stitchings are somewhat scarce, but straight, heavily seamed backs do practically as well. Dead white is preferable to yellow, but there is no real objection to the latter.

Then there should be one serviceable, but not too severe, stuff frock for semi-dress occasions, such as a small luncheon on a day too damp for muslins. Nothing answers this purpose better than a foulard or a cotton voile with either a bordered or an allover pattern. Taffeta is, of course, the rage, but it does not wear as well as some other materials. To wear with this dress a hat in colors that will harmonize with other gowns should be chosen. A good French model is a black straw in a medium size, trimmed with American beauty velvet ribbon and large roses. Of course, it is always safe to choose an all-black hat or one of white and black. The shoes for this costume should be black, preferably dull calf or kid, rather than patent leather.

New Neckwear Features

FOR the neck there is a revival of a former fashion which was always found becoming. This is the wearing of the white tulle ruche which is so charming a finish for a light dress. The ruches only go around the neck—they do not extend to the shoulders, and are not finished with bows or ends as has been done formerly. They fasten tightly around the throat framing the face. Although white is the most dressy, they are pretty in colors to tone with the costume.

The high collar has so come to its own again that one of the new dresses shows a collar that turns over at the back, and reminds the fashion student of a style in vogue about twenty years ago, when the fashion books show collars that were boned and wired to stand out above the line of the throat.

Jabots of various kinds are seen, although the one-sided frill which has had such a run is dead, or at any rate is not worn by the best dressed people. A long double frill of plaited muslin reaching nearly to the waist is liked.

There are a number of novel ideas in bows, some with a single loop, two ends and a cross piece, on which is perhaps, a tiny knot of black velvet. Cord or flower net, lace, chiffon and muslin form the foundation.

Tulle tailored bows with or without a ribbon flower garniture are conspicuous, as well as the larger, fluffier bows, "Kitties," as some of the young girls call them.

The butterfly bow is perhaps the most popular of all. It is made somewhat large with full pointed wings, a tight cross-over knot, and may be worn at the throat, or as a corsage ornament. Chiffon novelty bows trimmed with black velvet ribbon are very natty.

No summer collar that considers itself in the mode owns to ordinary square, sailor lines; and the woman who is fastidious about the tiny details of dress observes that no really smart collar comes together at the front now. There must be several inches between the points and in the space is set a smart little bow of velvet or taffeta, the bow extending across the throat, giving a square effect to the neck opening. When there is a narrow vest below the bow, or when the frock buttons down the front, this arrangement of the collar is exceedingly effective. The only collars that open in pointed effect at the front are the tall Richelieu models which give an effect of stateliness and dignity to the whole costume. The back of the Richelieu touches the base of the shoulder and arm and is finished with hair and at the front the opening is quite low—several inches below the throat line. These collars are picturesque and novel, but it is not probable that they will be widely worn.

The fichu of filet lace is intended for wear with summer frocks, and is a graceful model which droops over the washable cotton fringe. All the new fichus are cut so that they fit smoothly over the shoulders and back and lie very flat when pinned in place at the waistline. A bow of black velvet ribbon at front and back gives a smart touch to the fichu.

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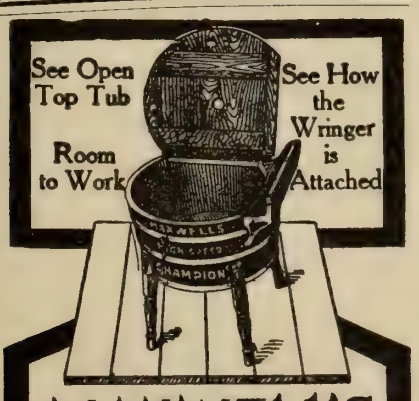

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MENUS FOR BUSY WOMEN

(PREPARED FOR CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL READERS)

MOST women who have the care and responsibility of preparing the meals know just how tiresome it is to think "what will we have for dinner." It often causes more worry to know what to make than it is to make it. These menus have been prepared for the purpose of assisting those women who have to prepare for hungry boys and men that they may send them back to work with a feeling of satisfaction.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Oatmeal, Milk
Nut Gems, Coffee

DINNER

Clear Soup
Panned Chickens, Brown Sauce
German Cabbage
Rice, Dandelion Salad, Snow Pudding

SUPPER

Cottage Cheese, Bread
Lemon Jelly, Tea, Sponge Cake

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Oatmeal, Milk
Eggs, Toast, Coffee

DINNER

New England Boiled Dinner
Apple Tart, Coffee

SUPPER

Duck Ragout, Rice
Fruit, Tea, Cinnamon Buns

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Creamed Chipped Beef
Mush, Bread, Coffee

DINNER

Tomato Soup
Stuffed Calves' Hearts, Brown Sauce
Potatoes, Buttered Beets
Farmer's Cabbage Salad
Canned Fruit, Coffee, Cinnamon Buns

SUPPER

Cottage Cheese Balls
Fruit, Whole Wheat Gems, Wafers

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Farina, Cream
Quaker Omelet, Coffee, Brown Bread

DINNER

Julienne Soup
Boiled Corned Beef
Horseradish Sauce
Potatoes, Dandelion Greens
Apple Tart, Coffee, Cheese

SUPPER

Eggs Virginia, Tomato Sauce
Corn Bread, Tea

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Oatmeal, Milk
Omelet with Tomato Sauce
Rolls, Coffee

DINNER

Dried Pea Soup
Broiled Ham, Cream Sauce
Mashed Potatoes, Dandelion Greens
Pineapple Sago

SUPPER

Chipped Beef, Brown Sauce
Corn Gems, Fruit, Tea

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Creamed Salt Cod, Boiled Potatoes
Corn Bread, Coffee

DINNER

Ragout of Potatoes
Bean Souffle, Asparagus, Boiled Onions
Jolly Boys, Sugar

SUPPER

Potato Croquettes, Cream Sauce
Hot Brown Bread
Fruit, Cocoa

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Farina, Cream
Scrambled Eggs, Rye Gems
Coffee

DINNER

Barley Broth
Stew of Mutton in Potato Casserole
Canned Peas
Fruit Pudding, Orange Sauce

SUPPER

Cottage Cheese, Johnnycake
Fresh Fruit

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Oatmeal, Cream
Boiled Eggs, Toast
Cinnamon Buns, Coffee

DINNER

Tomato Soup, Croutons
Roasted Ducks, Potato Stuffing
Stewed Turnips, Cabbage Salad
Grandmother's Rice Pudding

SUPPER

Thin Sliced Ham, Spiced Apples
Brown Bread, Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes, Oatmeal, Milk
Broiled Bacon, Coffee, Corn Bread

DINNER

Tomato Soup, Panned Steak
Hashed Brown Potatoes, Cold Slaw
Dutch Peach Pudding, Milk
Coffee

SUPPER

Cottage Cheese, Rye Gems
Fruit, Tea, Cinnamon Buns

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Farina, Cream
Eggs, Coffee, Biscuits

DINNER

English Beef Soup (left-over steak)
Boiled Ham, Dried Apple Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Stewed Cabbage, Asparagus Salad
Strawberry Tapioca, Cream
Coffee

SUPPER

Escalloped Macaroni, Tomatoes
Sour-milk Bread, Fruit, Tea

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Potato Omelet
Corn Bread, Coffee

DINNER

German Gruel Soup
Roast Leg of Mutton, Brown Sauce
Rice, Buttered Beets
Canned Peach Tarts, Coffee

SUPPER

Canned Corn Pudding, Biscuits
Fruit

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Oatmeal, Milk
Broiled Bacon, Coffee, Johnnycake

DINNER

Barley Broth (mutton bones)
Shepherd's Pie, Asparagus, Canned Peas
Brown Betty, Caramel Sauce
Coffee

SUPPER

Cheese Fondue, Fruit, Brown Bread

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit
Codfish Balls, Tomato Sauce
Gems, Coffee

DINNER

Vegetable Soup (no meat)
Hot Canned Salmon, Sauce Hollandaise
Potatoes, Escalloped Tomatoes
Cabbage Salad
Cheese, Coffee, Crackers

SUPPER

Strawberry Shortcake, Cream

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Fruit, Oatmeal, Milk
Beauregard Eggs, Coffee

DINNER

Cream of Tomato Soup
Stewed Chicken, Dumplings
Potato
Dutch Peach Cake, Cream

SUPPER

Cold Thin Ham
Mayonnaise of Cabbage
Canned Fruit, Rye Gems, Ginger Snaps
Tea

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Ideal ORCHID PERFUME

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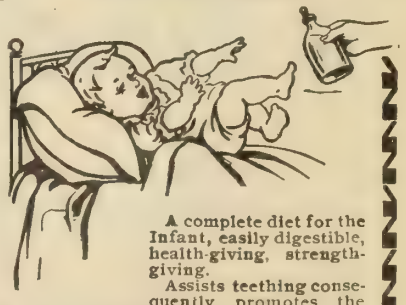

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

WEDDING CEREMONIES

By A SOCIETY EDITOR

NOBODY realizes quite as well as a newspaper woman who has conducted an inquiry column, just how many perplexing questions pop up when it comes to deciding about the detail of the wedding.

At a distance it all looks easy enough. The Reverend High Church will marry the couple, of course—who else should when the bride has been one of his flock as long as she can remember, and the bride will wear white and there will be flowers and flowers and flowers, some music in the church and much eating at home. Yes, it all looks easy a year away.

But when the twelve months have shrunken to six, then five, then four—it's quite another story, and the bride's mother begins to worry.

How shall the invitations be written, and when sent? What expenses are met by the bride's family, and what by the groom? How many bridesmaids shall there be, or shall there be any? Shall there be a matron of honor and flower girl as well as bridesmaids? What colors shall they wear? Or shall the bride be "unattended" as the society column says? Who precedes who, and at what point in the performance does this and the other one have something to do? How shall they sit at the table, and—well never mind. We might go on forever.

The newspaper woman would remind the perplexed ones that no rules of etiquette are fixed, they are not hard and fast affairs. They are merely a sort of formula to enable the people to do the right thing in the easiest way. They are a fair guide when called in consultation, but they are not to be trusted to take full charge of the case.

One wants to be sure, however, what is right and proper when conducting the important ceremony, and then it is time to decide whether the formal rule suits one's circumstances and is in harmony with one's individual ideals.

When my friend, Mrs. Mike O'Flannigan, who was also my laundress, and for whose common sense and ability as a washwoman I have the highest respect, chose to have her daughter married in white satin with real orange blossoms for the bridal wreath and a five story wedding cake at the feast, it did seem a bit extravagant though it was the proper thing. I know better now.

"She'll only be a bride once in her life," said the mother, standing with arms akimbo, as she told me about it next day, "leastways, I hope so, and it's little satin she'll be wearin' the rest of her life, by the way things look, for he ain't the kind that'll rise in the world, though he's sure the man of her choice. So I just put all I could spare into the weddin' and gave her the time of her life. She'll always have it to remember and think about, and that's somethin'. 'Twas the best I c'd do for her, seeing I c'dn't choose her man."

I agreed that it was money well spent, and said the account read well in the paper. I meant it, too.

But on the other hand there was little Miss Emley Purse, who was related to most of the aristocrats of the place although she had supported herself and two other urchins. She and her lover walked to the manse one day and were married and did without a wedding trip. She might easily have done the conventional thing at home at some one else's expense, but she only made what preparations she could afford, and it meant that she was married in a year-old suit. The future looked bright, but they wisely did not discount it.

But it is the correct thing we are concerned about just now, so the first consideration about the wedding is the invitations, these should be sent out at least two weeks before the event. A formal invitation will be engraved in either script or English lettering, the usual wording is:

Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Jones
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Blank's company
at the marriage of their daughter
Marion
to
Mr. John White
on Thursday, June the eighth
at four o'clock
at their home, Woodlawn, 18 Dufferin Street.

If the wedding is in the church the invitation to the house is added "and afterwards at Woodlawn, 18 Dufferin Street."

Separate invitations must be sent to grown sons and daughters in a family unless there are several daughters, when one may be addressed to "The Misses Blank."

Should the wedding be a very simple affair, informal invitations would read something like this:—

My dear Mrs. Blank:

It would give Mr. Jones and myself great pleasure if you and Mr. Blank would come to the marriage of our daughter Marion, to Mr. John White, on Thursday, June eighth, at five o'clock.

Yours very sincerely,
Mary Jones.

The bride may be attended by a bridesmaid or a matron of honor, or she may have a full complement of atendants, including flower girl, maid of honor, and two or more bridesmaids, always use even number.

Should the wedding be in the evening, low cut gowns might be worn by the women and swallow tail or full evening dress by the men, but evening weddings are now-a-days the exception.

The bride's gown at a day wedding will be white, cut slightly low at the neck. A veil, even of the simplest, adds greatly to the becomingness. The groom will wear a frock or morning coat, pin striped trousers, white vest and ascot tie. The bridesmaids dressed alike in pairs, and the maid of honor in a color distinct from them.

According to church etiquette, hats, caps, veils or wreaths must be worn by both the bride and her attendants in the church, guests wear their hats at a church wedding, and at a house wedding in the afternoon but not in the evening.

If a bride is married in her traveling suit and hat, the bridesmaid must not wear white, but some light color so she will not be so conspicuous as the bride, who must be the chief figure.

A widow marrying again does not wear white; pearl, mauve, or any light becoming color being in better taste. Her wedding is always a quiet affair.

We come now to the performance of the ceremony. If at home, some part of the drawing-room or parlor is arranged for the bridal party, so that the clergyman faces the guests. The groom, accompanied by the best man, enters the room first and takes his place beside the clergyman, when the bride enters on her father's arm, followed by her attendants.

At a church wedding the bridal party assemble at the entrance, and by a pre-arranged signal, the bridegroom is notified, so that he and his groomsman enter from the vestry as the bridal party proceeds up the aisle, ushers first, bridesmaids next, flower girl, and then the maid-of-honor immediately preceding the bride, who is on her father's arm. On reaching the chancel the attendants divide, half the ushers and of the bridesmaids going to the right and the other half to the left. The bride leaves her father and takes her place beside her future husband. All present, guests or onlookers, rise and stand during the ceremony.

When the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman," the father responds, or the mother if the father is dead, and when further on the ring is to be put

(Continued on page 45)

LET us send you this Book. It tells how to heat your home comfortably—and save one-seventh of your Coal Bill. ¶ The Hecla steel-ribbed fire-pot makes this saving. With three times the radiating surface of any other furnace, it sends more heat to the living rooms and less to the chimney. ¶ Everyone who is building a home, everyone who has a worn-out furnace or one that is wasting coal, will value the suggestions and information contained in "Comfort & Health."

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Every point where a leak might otherwise occur is fused by our patent process absolutely tight.
Time and use cannot loosen the Hecla Fused Joint.

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EVERY woman naturally desires to have thick and lustrous hair, for there is nothing that is so unbecoming as thin, dry locks that stand out from the head in broken wisps over the ears and at the nape of the neck, or scant oily tresses that cling close to the head and absolutely refuse to be arranged in any of the new coiffures.

In order to preserve the hair that is in good condition, or to cause the hair to grow thicker, the scalp must be carefully treated. When tonic is applied it should be put on regularly and not spasmodically. Sometimes hair tonic is used for one week and neglected for three. Such treatments will do little good. Most toilet preparations made by reputable firms are meritorious, but they will not make the hair grow in one night. If, however, a tonic is used persistently in conection with massage for a reasonable time it is sure to stop the hair from falling.

Shampooing oftener than once in four weeks should not be done, and is absolutely unnecessary for cleanliness, for if tonic is used, it removes dust that that otherwise might accumulate.

A dry shampoo is excellent for oily hair, and I consider powdered orris root best for a dry shampoo, as it not only makes the hair light and fluffy, but gives it a delicious fragrance of violet as well. Powdered orris can be purchased of any druggist or at any department store that handles toilet articles. The powdered orris is easily applied. The hair is first combed carefully, and thoroughly brushed until every bit of dust and dirt is loosened from the scalp. The powder is then applied with a powder puff, being very careful not to get it into the scalp. Let it remain a few minutes and brush out carefully. Once a week, as a rule, is often enough to wash a brush. More than that is apt to make the bristles limp. A few drops of ammonia in a basin of water is the best cleansing agent I know of for brushes and combs.

Liquid green soap is an excellent basis for a shampoo, but so strong is it that any application containing green soap must be reduced before it is used. The soap should be shaved fine and enough boiling water poured upon it to dissolve it. Then when cold it may be further reduced with water. Before shampooing, the hair must be thoroughly wet, so that the suds will foam. If enough soap has been put on, and the rubbing is done properly, all the dust is loosened and will wash out just as soon as the head is held over the basin. There is never the slightest difficulty in knowing when the hair is clean, for after all dust is out, if the locks are squeezed in the hands, there will be a slightly creaky feeling. Until the creaking is felt, more soap and more rinsing must be given. Dry with soft towels.

In massaging the scalp: First, let down the hair and loosen it by giving it several light shakes. Brush thoroughly. To my mind a rubber cushion wire brush is the best to use. Next, part off the hair and apply the tonic with a piece of absorbent cotton or soft tooth brush, until the head is all wet. Now place the tips of the fingers just over the forehead and move them with a circular motion backward, toward the top of the head. The movements should be firm, but light, so as to stimulate the follicles, and at the same time loosen the scalp. The next movement: Bring the fingers over the ears, where the hair begins, and the movements should rotate toward the top of the head. In the third movement the hands meet at the back of the neck and work up toward the line where the second massage left off. Five minutes of massage like this will set the whole scalp in a glow. The hair will respond quickly with the stimulated circulation, and often three or four massage treatments will restore it to health. Self-given massage is not, however as easy as it sounds—that is, if kept up for five minutes. It is very tiring to the raised arms, sometimes even exhausting. But it is better to be one's own masseuse than not to have one at all, and one soon becomes accustomed to it.

STIMULATING TONIC

Eau de cologne - - -	8 ounces
Tinct. of cantharides -	1 ounce
Oil of lavender - - -	½ dram
Oil of rosemary - - -	½ dram

Too frequent shampooing makes oily scalps more oily; it is one of the most injurious methods that can be adopted. For in this way the pores, already overstimulated and throwing out an abnormal quantity of oil, are enlarged by too much water, and if the oily condition does not grow worse the victims are fortunate.

When a woman is troubled by oily hair she must use something which will act as an astringent to tighten the pores of the scalp. Tonics which will strengthen the general health of the head are desirable naturally, but with them must be alternated an astringent, but not one that is so strong that it will act too quickly.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Amelia.—Can you tell me what causes dark rings under my eyes? Resting does not seem to help me, for I have these dark circles just as much in the morning on arising as when I go to bed at night.

The so-called dark rings around the eyes are an indication of a sluggish circulation of the blood or an abnormal condition of the blood itself. Live in the sunshine and fresh air as much as possible. Take plenty of physical exercise. Do not eat any but nutritious and easily digested foods. Persons with insufficient circulatory powers and blood of poor quality must not burden the body with an unnecessary amount of an improper quality of food.

Mrs. Y.—How can I tell if a cold plunge bath agrees with me? Sometimes I suspect it does not. I am forty-five years of age.

The actual cold plunge bath agree with very few. It is to many a great shock. If, however, you take a cold plunge, and reaction takes place and you feel warm after it and the skin is red, then it is good for you.

But if you feel chilly afterwards it means that the blood has been driven from the surface of the body, and that your power to have it return promptly is not strong enough. Then you know that the cold plunge does not agree with you. In that case try a medium bath, or a cold sponge bath, which is not so severe. Try the water between eighty and ninety degrees Fahrenheit. You can buy what is called a bath thermometer at any druggist's for twenty-five cents, and that will correctly tell you the temperature of the water. Sixty-five degrees you will find is a cold bath. Eighty or ninety is a tepid bath. From ninety to ninety-eight is a warm bath.

Corinne.—It may be a feminine vanity, but I do not like the first appearance of "crow's feet" coming to me. Is there anything I can do to stay this apparent ravage of years?

Catch a glimpse of yourself in a mirror as many times during the day as you can. Watch and take note of how often you find yourself frowning or in various other ways twisting and distorting the facial muscles. Sit down before a mirror and carefully observe your expression while you talk and laugh. I am sure in a short while you will see that you make unnecessary grimaces all day long, and that these distortions of your countenance are responsible for the lines which cause the "crow's-feet."

Plainly speaking "crow's-feet" are usually landmarks made by habit and needless motion and action of the muscles of the face. They are, by no means, necessarily caused by the ravage of years.

"Countrywoman" asks: Can you tell me any safe way to prevent a constant falling out of my hair?

Hair cannot grow on poor soil. The scalp must be thick and pliable and move freely over the bones of the skull. If the scalp is tightly drawn over the bones it will constrict the blood supply and cause a decay of the roots of the hair. Employ much friction to help loosen the scalp and aid the circulation.

The constant presence of dandruff will injure the health of the hair. It is highly important to keep the scalp clean and free from dandruff, and to attain this a daily brushing and a weekly or fortnightly washing are necesary.

If the head perspires very freely and does not have a chance to dry, the roots of the hair may suffer. Always keep the hair as dry as possible. Germs thrive under conditions of heat and moisture.

Let the hair fall down loosely about the head as long and as often during the day as possible. And, if you can do so, sun and air the whole scalp a few minutes of each day.

Bonnie Prince Charlie Talcum Powder

is of the very finest grade, cooling, soothing and refreshing, making an ideal toilet and nursery powder.

Delightfully fragrant, with the exquisite odor of White Heather.

By its daily use babies are protected from chafing; their skin is kept smooth, velvety and healthy.

Bonnie Prince Charlie Talcum is recommended to all who suffer from soreness, irritations and abrasions of the skin, or from prickly heat.

Gentlemen will find it a grateful aid to comfort after shaving.

In white or flesh color

Price 25 Cents

Decorated with Royal Stewart Tartan design in correct colors, and a portrait of Bonnie Prince Charlie encircled with Scotch thistle design. A unique and charming package. Same size as Royal Vinolia Talcum.

On sale at all druggists.

Vinolia Company Limited, London, Paris, Toronto

By Royal Appointment Soapmakers to H. M. King George V.

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"The Most Beautiful Women in the World"

consider the proper arrangement of their hair, as a matter of utmost importance to their personal appearance.

"Nature's Deficiences"

can be supplied by Canada's foremost hair goods house,

"DORENWEND'S"

All our goods are of the finest quality hair, manufactured by experts, making detection from the natural hair impossible. The styles we offer are designed from the newest London and Paris fashions.

Write now for our handsome illustrated catalogue "X" and booklet on hair dressing

Free on request to any address

Ladies' Transformations, Pompadours, Waves, Fronts, Bangs, Switches, etc.

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The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited

(The House of Quality Hair Goods)

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Webb's

Chocolates

for people who want the best

THE

Harry Webb Co., Limited

TORONTO, CAN.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box.

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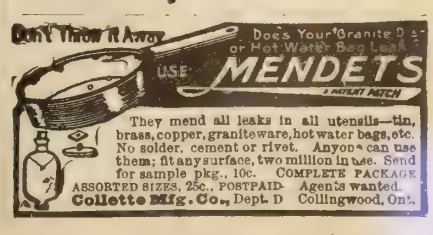
Don't Throw It Away
Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak
USE MENDETS
A INSTANT MATCH
They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. D Collingwood, Ont.

Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

Demonstration Lecture Courses

ARRANGEMENTS are being made whereby several groups of Institutes in various sections of the province will be given a demonstration lecture course next fall or winter. Full announcements regarding this will appear in an early issue of this journal. The lecturers attending the summer series of meetings will also be prepared to outline the methods of work and the conditions upon which trained domestic science lecturers will be furnished. It is expected that a considerable amount of money will be available for this feature of work in connection with the Institutes.

The superintendent has received a number of inquiries regarding the lecture course and we are sure that the above announcement will be appreciated by many of the Institutes who are interested in a systematic course of study along the lines of household economics.

Conference of Institutes

A CONFERENCE of Institute lecturers, some thirty in number, was held on the 22nd and 23rd of May, when the following programme was carried out. Well known authorities on health topics, social service, school problems, as well as other features of interest to Institute workers, gave the lecturers the benefit of their experience and advice. Altogether, the lecturers received valuable information which they in turn will be able to give direct to the Institutes at the summer meetings.

PROGRAMME.

Wednesday, May 22.

1. Review of work and outline of regulations.
2. Outline of address to members of local Institutes, indicating how they may make their local organization a success.
3. Literature for Institutes.
4. General discussion.

Thursday, May 23.

1. Demonstration lecture courses.
2. Health topics.
3. The School.
4. Social service.
5. General discussion.

Membership Cards

A QUESTION occasionally comes regarding membership cards for Institutes, and we give herewith a copy of one used by the Kingsville branch in 1911-12. The rules and regulations are printed on the back of the card.

These membership cards are furnished by either the district officers or the branch concerned. This might well be one of the items of business at the district annual meeting.

These cards can be printed at a small cost, and it certainly gives the Institutes an air of business to issue a membership card to those who pay the fee. In a number of districts the acknowledgement of membership is printed upon the last page of the programme of monthly meetings.

MEMBERSHIP TICKET

This is to Certify that

.....

Has paid dues (25c) for the year ending May 31, 1912.

MRS. HARRISON SMITH, Pres.
MRS. WM. HOLDAWAY, Sec'y.

RULES AND REGULATIONS, KINGSVILLE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

1—Meetings held first Tuesday of every month at 2.30 p.m.

2—Meetings held in members' homes.

3—Membership fee is 25 cents a year. All members should pay dues 1st of June each year.

4—Members who have not paid dues 1st of June are not entitled to hold office or vote on any question until said dues are paid.

5—The person taking a topic must either give the subject in person or send in a written paper to be read by our secretary or chairman of programme committee.

6—Each member is supposed to buy a pin, the emblem of our Institute, and it is supposed to be worn at every meeting of Women's Institute. Price of pin to each member is 15 cents.

7—No member shall speak without rising to her feet and getting the sanction of the chair before speaking.

8—Members will please keep good order while anyone is speaking.

9—Ladies are always welcome to invite and bring their friends to the meetings.

Talked Law to the Ladies

MANY of the errors which women are supposed to make, and sometimes do make, would be prevented if a little time were given to the study of the laws of the business world. The members of the Lanark Institute have put this thought into practice, and, at one of their recent meetings, listened to an address along this line. The report states: "Mr. W. H. Stafford gave an edifying talk on legal points upon which women should be informed, starting with banking and widening the scope of his talk to embrace other features closely akin. Many questions arising out of the address were carefully answered."

The aim of the Institutes surely admits of a broad education.

A New Rest Room

THE principal matter before the members of the Woman's Institute on Saturday afternoon, was the rest-room movement, and details in connection therewith were advanced to some degree. The rooms in Mr. Forgie's block have been engaged and are being cleaned and put in shape for occupancy. Very kindly appreciation of the movement is being freely expressed, but what is really needed more is that that appreciation be expressed in a practical way. It will cost about $250 a year to keep the rooms open, and it is quite an undertaking for the ladies to assume. Business men and others who will benefit materially by the presence of these rooms in the town should subscribe liberally to the support—not by little picayune sums such as would be given to a juvenile hockey or lacrosse club, but by amounts in comparison with the importance of the enterprise.

An Enthusiastic Institute

THE Burlington secretary writes: "At our April meeting several members expressed the opinion that our meetings are growing better each month. It is wonderful when you think the interest never diminishes, and we have not had a lunch or cup of tea at our meetings since last August. We find it a splendid plan to take the members alphabetically to prepare the programme. A steam-cooked dinner, cooked on one burner of a coal-oil stove, was demonstrated with great satisfaction."

We are sure that Miss M. M. Dadson, the secretary, would be glad to pass on to other secretaries, who might write her, some of the details of the methods used by this Institute.

Notes of General Interest

A GOODLY number of the members of the Shirley (South Ontario) Institute are taking up the course of study under the St. John's Ambulance Association. We commend this study to other Institutes. The course includes lecturers on Home Nursing, First Aid to the Injured and Home Hygiene.

A new Institute was organized on April 25th at Carterton in St. Joseph Island. This was organized by the district officers at the request of the women in the vicinity of that place. It is the exception when failure is the end of an Institute organized in this way.

The Institute at Flesherton recently held a joint meeting with the Farmers' Club. We received only the briefest report, but judge that the meeting was a decided success. These two organizations can be mutually helpful.

One of the features of the April meeting of the Eldorado branch was a roll responded to by each member, giving some information regarding a favorite bird. This bit of nature study must surely have added to the brightness of the meeting.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, a member of the Port Credit Institute, and Mrs. H. W. Parsons of Forest, one of our staff of lecturers, are announced to speak in the interests of the Institute at the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, to be held in London on the 27th and 28th of May.

The report of some recent monthly meetings would indicate that a number of the Institutes have used some of the funds to good profit by distributing flower and vegetable seeds among the school children. No doubt interesting accounts will be given in the fall of the exhibits made by these children. A competition such as this should be made of educational value to the children.

"The Institutes in the Leeds district are all in a flourishing condition." So says one of the district officers. They are certainly enterprising. One of the most recently organized is about to manage the building of a town hall to cost about $5,000. Another has just bought a new piano and paid for it in full.

The Acton branch believes in the social side of the Institute, and a short time ago held a very delightful open meeting, at which a very large number of people enjoyed the entertainment provided by the members of the Institute. The secretary, Mrs. W. Laird, will, no doubt, be exceedingly glad to give the particulars to any Institute which may be interested.

Miss E. H. Besley of Shelburne, the district secretary for Dufferin, has sent us an account of an evening's entertainment recently given by the Shelburne branch. The principal feature of the evening was a debate in which the Institute had the assistance of the gentlemen. These open meetings are one of the ways in which the work of the Institute may be kept before the public.

ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF FARM LIFE

Paper Bag Cookery

IN these days of labor-saving devices —the paper bag cookery included— the following report of a recent meeting held by the Parkhill Institute will be of interest.

"We had a successful demonstration of paper bag cookery at a recent meeting. We had a coal-oil stove in the Institute room, and one of the members prepared beefsteak for cooking by buttering the bag, putting the steak in and pinning the bag at the end with common pins. While the steak was cooking, another member read an interesting article on paper bag cookery. The steak was delicious. Beef cooked in this way has no gravy, except some juice in the bag, and, if gravy is desired, this juice can be used as a foundation. Several of our members use the paper bags and find them satisfactory."

Practical Side of the Institute

DURING the past winter, the Ladies' Hospital Aid of Kincardine requested the three Women's Institutes—Barvie, Kincardine and Ripley —to assist with a bazaar to be held in April in Kincardine in aid of the hospital work. The appeal met with a hearty response from the three branches who agreed to have a Woman's Institute table, at which the following articles would be sold: Barvie, home-made baking and fruit; Ripley, large and small aprons and men's night robes; Kincardine, home-made candy, fancy work and articles of clothing. Each branch sent two members to assist at the table, choosing those who had the largest circle of acquaintances. The splendid result of this bazaar, as manifested in the large receipts, was in no small measure due to the interest taken by the Institutes named.

Institute Work in Alberta

MISS ROBERTA MacADAMS, a graduate of MacDonald Institute, Guelph, had charge of a series of short courses in domestic science throughout Alberta during the past winter, under the direction of the Department of Agriculture of that province. This work was so much appreciated by the women that they asked for something more permanent. As a result, Miss MacAdams has been asked by the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Duncan Marshall, to undertake the organization of Women's Institutes in that province. Miss MacAdams spent some time studying the methods of the Ontario organizations and will make use of this information in her work in Alberta. She is impressed with the value of the Institute work and will, we are sure, carry a good deal of enthusiasm into the work of organization.

We would suggest that, if any of our Ontario Institute members should leave this province to locate in Alberta, they communicate with Miss MacAdams regarding organization. She may be addressed in care of the Department of Agriculture, Edmonton, Alta.

"Home Journal" Appreciated

THE Moyle and Tranquility branch in North Brant is another of the Institutes which appreciates the HOME JOURNAL. The secretary writes: "The

HOME JOURNAL is in every home, except one, represented in our Woman's Institute. Two years ago we had six subscribers, last year I sent in twenty-five, and this year forty! Everyone is delighted with the JOURNAL."

Summer Series of Meetings

WE gave in the May issue of this journal a list of the summer meetings up to and including June 8th. We give herewith the balance of meetings announced.

We look to the officers and members to do all in their power to make these meetings well known, and to induce those who are not members to attend and become identified with the Institute. The success of the summer series depends to a large degree upon the thoroughness with which the meetings are announced.

DIVISION 1—Lecturer: Dr. Laura Hamilton, Toronto, June 10 to July 5; Miss Mary McKenzie, Toronto. June 17 to 22.

MONCK—			
Smithville		June	10
Fenwick		"	11
Winger		"	12
Attercliffe	aft.	"	13
Canboro		"	14
Dunnville	aft.	"	15
HALDIMAND—			
Canfield	aft.	"	17
York	aft.	"	18
Caledonia	aft.	"	19
Cayuga	aft.	"	20
Decewsville	aft.	"	21
Gill	aft.	"	22
Clanbrassil	aft.	"	24
Springvale	aft.	"	25
Hagersville	eve.	"	25
Garnet	aft.	"	26
Jarvis	aft.	"	27
Erie	aft.	"	28
Sandusk	aft.	"	29
Nanticoke	aft.	July	2
Cheapside	aft.	"	3
Rainham Centre	aft.	"	4
South Cayuga	aft.	"	5

DIVISION 2—Lecturer: Dr. Annie Backus, Aylmer, June 10 to July 5.

SOUTH WENTWORTH—			
Glanford	aft.	June	10
Carluke	aft.	"	11
Ancaster	aft.	"	12
Jerseyville	aft.	"	13
NORTH BRANT—			
St. George	aft.	"	14
Glen Morris	aft.	"	15
Paris	aft.	"	17
Tranquility	aft.	"	18
Tutela	aft.	"	19
Onondaga	aft.	"	20
Langford	aft.	"	21
Cainsville	aft.	"	24
NORTH WENTWORTH—			
Orkney	aft.	"	25
Rockton	aft.	"	26
Sheffield	aft.	"	27
Freelton	aft.	"	28
Carlisle	aft.	July	2
Millgrove	aft.	"	3
Waterdown	aft.	"	4
West Flamboro'	aft.	"	5

DIVISION 3—Lecturer: Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Pleasant.

NORTH ESSEX—			
Woodslee	aft.	June	10
Maidstone	eve.	"	11
Maidstone Cross	aft.	"	12
Oldcastle	aft.	"	13
SOUTH ESSEX—			
Essex	aft.	"	14
Amherstburg	aft.	"	15
Harrow	aft.	"	17
Kingsville	aft.	"	18
Cottam	aft.	"	19
Leamington	aft.	"	20
WEST KENT—			
Wheatley	aft.	"	21
Port Alma		"	22
Cedar Sprirgs		"	24
EAST KENT—			
Guilds	aft.	"	25
Morpeth		"	26
Highgate	aft.	"	27
WEST ELGIN			
Rodney	aft.	"	28
Dutton	aft.	"	29
Wallacetown		July	1
Iona		"	2

DIVISION 4—Lecturer: Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Lucan.

EAST ELGIN—			
Springfield		June	10
SOUTH OXFORD -			
Brownsville		"	11
Tillsonburg	aft.	"	12
Mount Elgin	aft.	"	13
Springford	aft.	"	14
Norwich	aft.	"	15
Burgessville	aft.	"	17
Currie	aft.	"	18
Beachville	aft.	"	19
NORTH NORFOLK—			
Thamesford	aft.	"	20
Kintore		"	21
Lakeside	eve.	"	22
Harrington	aft.	"	24
Embro	aft.	"	25
Braemar		"	26
Bright	aft.	"	27
Plattsville	aft.	"	28
Drumbo	aft.	"	29
Princeton	aft.	July	2

DIVISION 5—Lecturer: Miss B. Gilholm, Bright.

WEST MIDDLESEX—			
Mt. Brydges	aft.	June	10
Strathroy	aft.	"	11
Napier	aft.	"	12
Kerwood	aft.	"	13
NORTH MIDDLESEX—			
Lobo		"	14
Coldstream		"	15
Beechwood	aft.	"	17
Ailsa Craig		"	18
West McGillivray		"	19
Sylvan	aft.	"	20
Greenway		"	21
Parkhill	aft.	"	22
Mooresville	aft.	"	24
Lucan	aft.	"	25
EAST MIDDLESEX—			
Birr	aft.	June	26
Hyde Park		"	27
Wellburn	aft.	"	28
Thorndale	aft.	"	29
Crampton		July	2
Harrietsville		"	3

Dates to be arranged later for meetings at Petrolea, Oil Springs, Warwick and Shetland.

DIVISION 6—Lecturer: Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, Strathroy.

CENTRE WELLINGTON -			
Marsville	aft.	June	10
Orton	aft.	"	11
Belwood	aft.	"	12
Metz	aft.	"	13
Cumnock	aft.	"	14
Bethany	aft.	"	15
SOUTH WELLINGTON—			
Paisley Block	aft.	"	17
Arkell	eve.	"	18
HALTON—			
Acton	aft.	"	19
Ballinafad	aft.	"	20
Georgetown	aft.	"	21
Norval	aft.	"	22
Stewartown	aft.	"	24
Kilbride		"	25
Sheridan	aft.	"	26

DIVISION 7—Lecturer: Mrs. M. N. Norman, Toronto.

NORTH WATERLOO -			
Linwood	aft.	June	10
Wellesley	aft.	"	11
PEEL—			
Streetsville	aft.	"	12
Brampton	aft.	"	13
Malton	aft.	"	14
Cheltenham	aft.	"	15
Belfountain	aft.	"	17
Alton		"	18
Mono Mills	eve.	"	19
Palgrave		"	20
WEST YORK—			
Kleinburg	aft.	"	21
Woodbridge		"	22
Maple	aft.	"	24
Elia	aft.	"	25
Thistletown	aft.	"	26
Weston	aft.	"	27
Islington		"	28
Mimico	aft.	"	29

DIVISION 8—Lecturer, Mrs. C. H. Burns, Toronto.

SOUTH PERTH—			
Kirkton	aft.	June	10
Fullarton	aft.	"	11
Staffa	aft.	"	12
Mitchell	aft.	"	13
Sebringville	aft.	"	14
NORTH PERTH—			
Hampstead		"	15
Milverton		"	17
Millbank		"	18
Listowel		"	19
WEST WELLINGTON—			
Palmerston	eve.	"	20
Rothsay	aft.	"	24
UNION—			
Teviotdale	aft.	"	25
Clifford	aft.	"	26
Drew	aft.	"	27
SOUTH GREY			
Ayton	aft.	"	28
Hanover	aft.	"	29
Elmwood	aft.	July	2
Louise	aft.	"	3
Dornoch's	aft.	"	4
Durham	aft.	"	5
Dromore	aft.	"	6
Robb	eve.	"	8
Holstein	aft.	"	9

DIVISION 9—Lecturers: Miss M. A. Allan, Jarvis, June 10 to June 12; Miss H. McMurchie, Harriston, June 10 to July 5.

CENTRE BRUCE—			
Kincardine	aft.	June	10
EAST HURON—			
Belgrave		"	11
Brussels	aft.	"	12
Walton		"	13
Molesworth	aft.	"	17
Bluevale		"	18
SOUTH BRUCE—			
Belmore		"	19
Teeswater		"	20
EAST HURON—			
Gorrie	aft.	"	21
Fordwich	aft.	"	22
SOUTH BRUCE—			
Mildmay		"	24
Walkerton		"	25
CENTRE BRUCE—			
Pinkerton	aft.	"	26
Paisley	aft.	"	27
Chesley	aft.	"	28
Williscroft	aft.	"	29
WEST BRUCE—			
Port Elgin		July	2
Arkwright	aft.	"	3
Tara	eve.	"	3
Allenford		"	4
Tiverton		"	5

DIVISION 10—Lecturer: Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby.

CENTRE BRUCE—			
Hepworth	aft.	June	10
Park Head	aft.	"	11
Wiarton	aft.	"	12
Colpoy's Bay		"	13
Mar		"	14
Hope Bay	eve.	"	15
Lion's Head		"	17
CENTRE GREY—			
Holland Centre	aft.	"	19
Williamsford		"	20
Markdale		"	21
Dundalk	aft.	"	22
Hopeville		"	24
Badjeros		"	25
Maxwell		"	26
Eugenia	aft & eve.	"	27
Priceville		"	28
Flesherton	aft.	"	29
Vandeleur		July	2
Kimberley		"	3
Walter's Falls		"	4
Rocklyn		"	5
Heathcote		"	6
Clarksburg		"	8

DIVISION 11—Lecturer: Miss M. Allison, Chicago.

WEST SIMCOE—			
Rosemont		June	10
Everett		"	11
Avening		"	12
Creemore		"	13
Singhampton	aft.	"	15
Duntroon	aft.	"	17
Sunnidale		"	19
Batteau		"	18
SOUTH SIMCOE			
Stroud	aft.	"	20
Churchill		"	21

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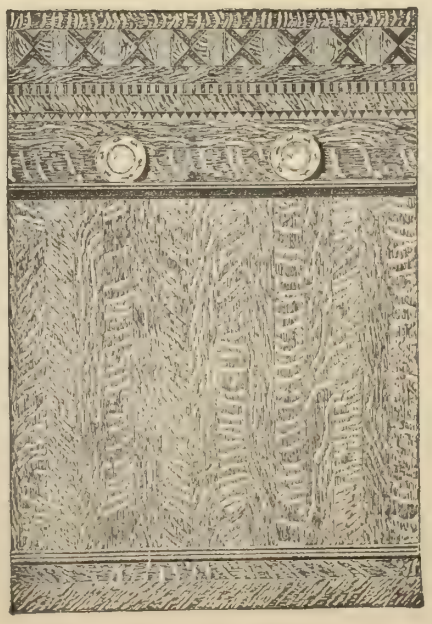

Illustration shows section of dining-room wall with paneled lower (No. 1, Light, or No. 2, Golden) plate rail and parquet design border (No. 13, Light, or No. 14, Golden).

ECONOMY and beauty are perfectly combined in this new material for making your home attractive. You can have your dining-room or library, den, kitchen, bathroom, or hall, as beautiful as you have wished—at the price you have been paying for good wall paper. Imagine your room paneled in oak, either light or golden. This new home luxury can be yours at so small a price as to seem almost ridiculous.

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Simply heat the biscuit in an oven for a few moments to restore crispness, then pour over it hot milk, and salt or sweeten to suit the taste.

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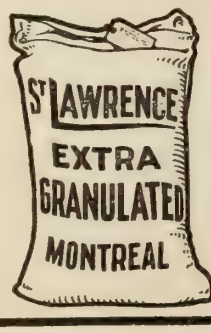

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Coulson's Hill ..... aft. June 22
Auld Kirk, Scotch Line ..... " 24
Newton Robinson ..... " 25
Thornton ..... " 26
Ivy ..... " 27

WEST SIMCOE—
Stayner ..... aft. " 28

DIVISION 11 (a)—Lecturer: Mrs. D. McTavish, Port Elgin.

EAST SIMCOE—
Crown Hill ..... aft. June 10
Shanty Bay ..... aft. " 11
Orillia ..... aft. " 12
Ardtrea ..... aft. " 13
Warminster ..... aft. " 14
Coldwater ..... aft. " 15
Waubaushene ..... aft. " 17
Victoria Harbor ..... aft. " 18

DIVISION 12—Lecturer: Mrs. M. L. Woelard, Toronto.

CENTRE SIMCOE—
Anten Mills ..... eve. June 10
Dalston ..... " 11

SOUTH MUSKOKA—
Port Carling ..... " 12
Windermere ..... aft. " 13

CENTRE MUSKOKA—
Ufford ..... " 14
Utterson ..... eve. " 15
Port Sydney ..... aft. " 17
Allansville ..... aft. " 18

SOUTH MUSKOKA—
Bracebridge ..... " 19
South Macaulay ..... aft. " 20
Baysville ..... " 21
Monck, Bracebridge ..... aft. " 22
Bardsville ..... " 24
Muskoka Falls ..... " 25
Germania ..... eve. " 26
Reay ..... aft. " 27
Gravenhurst ..... " 28

DIVISION 13—Lecturers: Miss L. Reynolds, Scarboro Junction; Mr. H. Grose, Lefroy.

NORTH MUSKOKA—
Martin Siding ..... June 11
Aspdin ..... " 12
Ashworth ..... " 13
Ravensceliff ..... " 14
Huntsville ..... " 15
Silverdale ..... " 15
Hillside ..... " 17
Dwight ..... " 18
Fox Point ..... " 19
Dorset ..... " 20
Brunel ..... " 21

DIVISION 14—Lecturer: Dr. Jennie Smillie, Toronto.

EAST YORK—
Thornhill ..... aft. June 10
East Toronto ..... aft. " 11
Scarboro Junction ..... aft. " 12
Highland Creek ..... aft. " 13
Agincourt ..... aft. " 14
Box Grove ..... aft. " 15
Markham ..... aft. " 17
Stouffville ..... aft. " 18

SOUTH ONTARIO—
Claremont ..... aft. " 19
Kinsale ..... aft. " 20
Brougham ..... aft. " 21
Whitevale ..... aft. " 24
Pickering ..... aft. " 25
Whitby ..... aft. " 26
Brooklin ..... aft. " 27
Columbus ..... aft. " 28
Shirley ..... eve. " 29

DIVISION 15—Lecturer: Mrs. Horace W. Parsons, Forest.

EAST DURHAM—
Manver's Station ..... aft. June 10
Mount Pleasant ..... aft. " 13
Springville ..... aft. " 14

WEST NORTHUMBERLAND—
Elmview ..... aft. " 15
Cobourg ..... aft. " 17
Grafton ..... aft. " 18
Coldsprings ..... " 19
Roseneath ..... " 20
Fenella ..... " 21
Centreton ..... " 24
Baltimore ..... aft. " 25

EAST NORTHUMBERLAND—
Smithfield ..... aft. " 26
Hilton ..... aft. " 27
Dundonald ..... aft. " 28
Castleton ..... aft. " 29
Warkworth ..... aft. July 2
Codrington ..... eve. " 3
Wooler ..... aft. " 4
Menie ..... aft. " 5
Campbellford ..... aft. " 6

DIVISION 16—Lecturers: Miss E. Robson, Ilderton, June 10 to June 15; Miss M. McKenzie, Toronto, June 10 to June 14; Miss H. Gowsell, Port Arthur, June 15 to June 17.

WEST VICTORIA—
Woodville ..... June 10
Lorneville ..... aft. " 11
Linden Valley ..... " 12
Islay ..... eve " 13
Cambray ..... aft. " 14

EAST VICTORIA—
Dunsford ..... aft. " 15
Bobcaygeon ..... aft. " 17
Cameron ..... " 18
Pleasant Valley ..... aft. " 19
Fenelon Falls ..... eve. " 20
Burnt River ..... aft. " 21
Kinmount ..... aft. " 22

HALIBURTON—
Minden ..... aft. " 24
Haliburton ..... aft. " 25
Irondale ..... aft. " 26
Gooderham ..... " 27

DIVISION 17—Lecturer: Miss B. Millar, Guelph.

PRINCE EDWARD—
Mountain View ..... aft. June 10
Rednersville ..... aft. " 11

EAST HASTINGS—
Belleville ..... " 12
Melrose ..... " 13
Quinte ..... aft. " 14

WEST HASTINGS—
Sec. Con. Sidney ..... aft. " 15
Frankford ..... aft. " 17
Wallbridge ..... aft. " 18
River Valley ..... aft. " 19
Chatterton ..... aft. " 20

EAST HASTINGS—
Phillipston ..... " 21
Roslin ..... " 22
Tweed ..... " 24

NORTH HASTINGS—
Ivanhoe ..... aft. " 25
Stirling ..... aft. " 26
Wellman's Corners ..... aft. " 27
Springbrook ..... " 28
Marmora ..... aft. " 29
Queensboro ..... aft. July 2
Madoc ..... aft. " 3
L'Amable ..... " 4
Bancroft ..... eve. " 5
Ft. Stewart ..... " 6

NORTH PETERBORO—
Clydesdale ..... " 9

DIVISION 18—Lecturer: Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.

RUSSELL—
Vernon ..... June 10

CARLETON—
Kars ..... eve. " 11
Manotick ..... " 12
Stittsville ..... aft. " 13
South March ..... eve. " 14
Carp ..... aft. " 15
Kinburn ..... eve. " 17
Antrim ..... eve. " 18
Galetta ..... " 19

NORTH LANARK—
Almonte ..... aft. " 20
Clayton ..... eve. " 21

SOUTH LANARK—
Carleton Place ..... aft. " 22
Perth ..... aft. " 24

NORTH LANARK—
Lanark ..... aft. " 25

SOUTH LANARK—
Maberly ..... eve. " 26

FRONTENAC CENTRE—
Mt. Grove ..... " 27

SOUTH RENFREW—
Burnstown ..... aft. " 28

DIVISION 19—Lecturer: Mrs. L. Rose Stephen, Huntingdon, Que.

STORMONT—
Finch ..... aft. June 11
Cornwall Centre ..... eve. " 12

GLENGARRY—
Martintown ..... " 13
Maxville ..... " 14

PRESCOTT—
Vankleek Hill ..... aft. " 18

NORTH RENFREW—
Stafford (Micksburg) ..... " 20
Shields ..... aft. or eve. " 21
Greenwood ..... " 22
Westmeath ..... eve. " 24
Beachburg ..... " 25
Forester's Falls ..... " 26
Queen's Line ..... " 27

The meetings announced in Divisions 20, 21, 22 and 23 are held under the auspices of the Farmers' and Women's Institutes of the riding concerned. Separate afternoon sessions will be held for the Women's and Farmers' Institutes. A joint meeting will be held at the close of the afternoon sessions, or in the evening.

DIVISION 20—Lecturers: Miss E. E. Smillie, Toronto; Mr. J. C. Shaw, Norwich.

EAST PARRY SOUND—
Emsdale ..... May 28
Doe Lake ..... " 29
Midlothian ..... " 30
Magnetawan ..... " 31
Burk's Falls ..... June 1
Sundridge ..... " 3
Wattenwyl ..... " 4
South River ..... " 5
Trout Creek ..... " 6
Granite Hill ..... " 7
Golden Valley ..... " 8
Arnstein ..... " 10
Loring ..... " 11
Restoule ..... " 13
Carr ..... " 14
Hotham ..... " 15
Powassan ..... " 17

TEMISCAMINGUE—
North Cobalt ..... " 18
Haileybury (Buche Tp.) ..... " 19
New Liskeard ..... " 20
Milberta ..... " 21
Chester's Corners ..... " 22
Hillview ..... " 24
Uno Park ..... " 25
Hanbury ..... " 26
Thornloe ..... " 27
Earlton ..... " 28
Hilliardton ..... " 29
Tomstown ..... July 2
Heaslip ..... " 3
Charlton ..... " 4
Marter ..... " 5
Chamberlain ..... " 6
Matheson ..... " 8
Monteith ..... " 9
Porcupine ..... " 10
Cochrane ..... " 11

DIVISION 21—Lecturers: Miss S. Campbell, Brampton; Clark Hamilton, Dundela, Ont.

EAST NIPISSING—
Mattawa ..... June 3
Brule Schoolhouse ..... " 4
Eau Claire ..... " 5

WEST NIPISSING—
Feronia ..... " 6
Sturgeon Falls ..... " 7
Warren ..... " 8

CENTRE ALGOMA—
Goulais Bay ..... " 10
Tarentorus ..... " 11
South Prince ..... " 12
West Korah ..... " 13
Base Line ..... " 14
East Korah ..... " 15

NORTH SHORE ALGOMA—
Garden River ..... " 17
Echo Bay ..... " 18
Bar River ..... " 19
Laird ..... " 20
McLennan ..... " 21
Desbarats ..... " 22

EAST ALGOMA—
Johnson's Schoolhouse ..... " 24
Bruce Mines ..... " 25
Cloudslee ..... " 26
Alma Heights ..... " 27
Little Rapids ..... " 28
Livingstone Creek ..... " 29
Sowerby ..... July 2
Iron Bridge ..... " 3
Walford Hall ..... " 4
Massey ..... " 5

WEST NIPISSING—
Webbwood ..... " 6
Woodlands ..... " 8
Lee Valley ..... " 9

DIVISION 22—Lecturers: Miss G. Gray, Toronto; David James, Thornhill, Ont.

EAST MANITOULIN—
Little Current (W. I. only) ..... June 3
Sheguindah ..... " 4
Green Bay ..... " 5
Budges ..... " 6
Hilly Grove ..... " 7
Tehkummah ..... " 8
South Baymouth ..... " 10
Sandfield ..... " 11
Silver Bay (Big Lake) ..... " 12
Mindemoya ..... " 13
Carnarvon ..... " 14

WEST MANITOULIN—
Grimesthorpe ..... " 15
Billings ..... " 17
Ice Lake ..... " 18
Long Bay ..... " 19
Poplar ..... " 20
Barrie Island ..... " 21
Gordon's ..... " 22
Evansville ..... " 24
Silver Water ..... " 25

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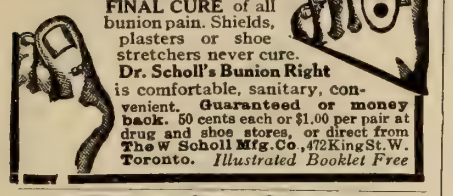

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St. Joseph's Island—		
Marksville	June	28
Stone	"	29
Kentvale	July	2
Richard's Landing	"	3
Carterton	"	4
DIVISION 23—Lecturers: Mrs. Thos. Shaw, Hespeler; R. S. Stevenson, Ancaster, Ont.		
Thunder Bay—		
Dorion	May	30
Ouimet	"	31
Port Arthur	June	1
Slate River	"	3
Hymers	"	4
South Gillies	"	5
O'Connor	"	6
Conmee	"	7
Murillo	"	8
Kenora—		
Barclay	"	11
Dryden	"	12
Glengoland	June	13
Oxdrift	"	14
Eagle River	"	15
Kenora	"	18
Jaffray	"	19
Rainy River—		
Sleeman	"	24
Stratton	"	25
Shenston	"	26
Barwick	"	27
Emo	"	28
Barnhart	"	29
Big Fork	July	2
Devlin	"	2
Burriss	"	4
Thunder Bay—		
Fort William	"	8

June Flowers for the Table

THE arrangement of the table in June is a delightful task, so abundant and varied are the blossoms to be had. All through the winter, many housekeepers have to content themselves with a potted plant as a centre piece, or without any table decorations in the way of flowers at all. But with the beginning of summer comes a wealth of flowers in country gardens and growing wild in fields and woods, while even in cities many kinds of flowers can be bought at a price within the reach of housekeepers of limited means. It is very often the case that the mother, however much she may feel the importance of having the table look nice, is too busy with other matters to look after the purely decorative part, particularly at breakfast, when, if ever, the table should be attractive and inviting. The young daughters should be encouraged to undertake this part of the preparations, and it is not hard for the parents, by a little genuine appreciation now and then, to stimulate rivalry in the production of pretty effects.

In Japan the daughters of the house are taught flower arrangement just as they are other branches of housekeeping. Their idea as to what is artistic differs from ours in that they seldom mingle different kinds of flowers and never mass the blossoms so that individual beauty is lost. In Japan one very often sees a single branch of a flowering shrub, stuck in a tall jar, the only decoration in the room. This is a good suggestion for the use of lilac, among the loveliest of the June flowers If the branch arrangement is not practicable for the table, try the effect of a few clusters instead of a massed vase-full. Lilacs are best kept by themselves, but if one had some long-stemmed pink roses to mix with the mauve lilacs the color effect is very pretty.

Pansies, which come later, can only be shown to advantage in a flat arrangement with plenty of room. Fill a low, flat dish with moist sand, and into it stick the flower stalks with a few leaves around the edge of the dish. Another method of supporting pansies is to have a piece of wire netting that just fits into the top of the bowl. The stalks are inserted through the meshes into the water, and the flowers are held over the surface. Wild violets should be arranged in little bunches, each bunch with its own leaves.

Garden snowballs, which come in June, can be made in similar ways an attractive decorative decoration for the breakfast table. Put the stems of the snowballs well down into the sand, and here and there stick a bit of asparagus fern or any delicate greenery, letting the green trail over the edge.

Daisies are always pretty for table decoration, and they stay fresh-looking longer than almost any other flower. They combine charmingly with other flowers of the season, and can be arranged with grasses and feathery fern in a tall, slender vase, or in a quantity by themselves in a lower one.

Nothing is lovelier than the June roses, but their life is brief. As a rule each color of rose looks best by itself, but one can often find several shades of the one color, especially pink, running from the palest tint to a deep glowing color. A pretty centre-piece is a rather low vase of white roses set in the middle of a flat dish of pansies or violets.

If one is fortunate enough to be able to get white pond lilies in their season, one can have a lovely centre-piece delightfully cool-looking on a hot day.

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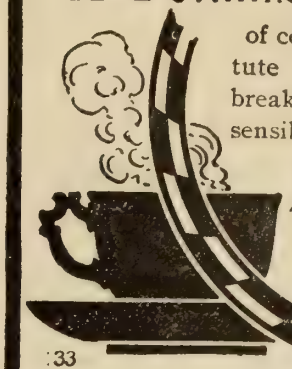

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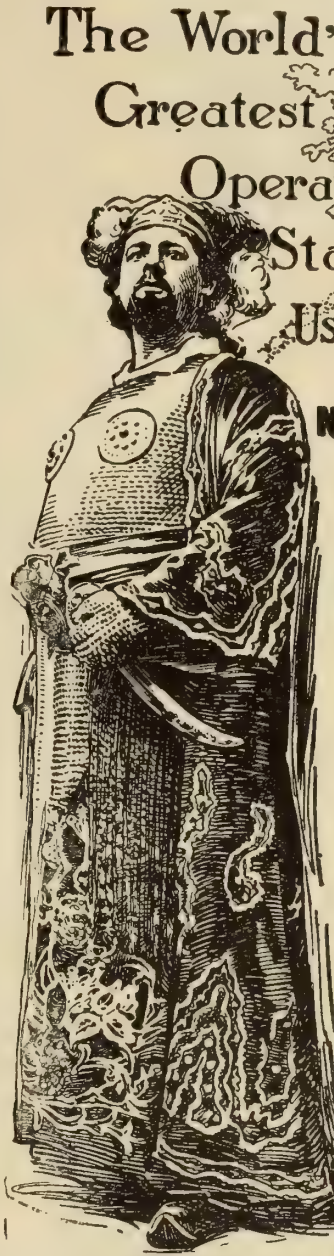

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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY'S first novel, "The House of Windows," has been published during the last month, and the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is proud of the fact that this work of fiction was introduced to the public as a serial in its columns. Our readers became deeply interested in the fortunes and misfortunes of the beautiful heroine, as the months went by, and were anxious to see whatever would become of Christine, who had been kidnapped in her infancy and brought up by a genuine benefactress in the person of Celia Brown, the girl who worked in the great "Stores." Aside from the genuine story interest in the book, there is a sketch of the conditions under which the shop girl lives and works, which should give pause to the modern student of economics and social service. The style in which the narrative is told proves that Mrs. MacKay has the novelist's gift of lifelike portrayal and narration. Of all the characters, that of the blind girl, Ada, is the most delicately and convincingly presented. Her imaginary garden is one of the "truest" things in the story and suggests a world of dream joys. There is a glimpse of Western Canada in the story, which makes the Eastern reader ardently desirous of buying a through ticket for Vancouver. We are sure that the popularity which "The House of Windows" enjoyed as a serial will be extended to the volume in which the complete novel appears. (Cassell and Company.)

~

IT has never been decided just how much a book's title has to do with its selling qualities? There are certain titles which attract us at once, there are others which make us believe that the books bearing them must be dull or uninteresting. A title which must have been chosen in a happy moment is "The Maid of the Whispering Hills," which belongs to a prettily-bound novel, written by Vingie E. Roe. This is a book for the girl who loves a romance, to read and enjoy. It makes no pretence to being anything but a simple tale of love and adventure. It deals with no problems, exploits no new theories for the world's upheaval, but narrates the stirring events which took place in the lives of certain adventurers in the Far West of Canada, about the year 1796. We are taken back to the days of feud between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company, which became bitter war, indeed, before the end was seen. There is a heroine of the traditional marvellous beauty, Maren Le Moyne, whose brunette charms turn at least three masculine heads in the community and create an immense amount of mental havoc. Anders McElroy, the Hudson's Bay Factor, is the foremost of these suitors, with "a mouth that was all Irish and a square Scottish jaw." Then there is Alfred de Courtenay, chivalrous and gay, a hero of the gallant, old, fascinating type, which every schoolgirl loves. Lastly, there was the careless boy, Marc Dupre, the *beau ideal* of trapper and voyageur, who took life lightly until he looked into the dark eyes of Maren Le Moyne. The story of the journey to the Whispering Hills is graphically told, and there are no dull moments in this romance of long ago. The charm of outdoors—the outdoors of virgin forest and sun-kissed lake is never far away. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

~

INDIANA is a state which has lately made a great name for itself in American letters. James Whitcomb Riley is the poet who has made it famous for homely verse, such as you place in your scrap-book and remember for many a year, when more imposing rhymes are forgotten. Our latest story of Indiana is "A Hoosier Chronicle," by Meredith Nicholson, which is a story of love and politics, with the ingredients blended judiciously. Mr. Nicholson is one of the "best-selling" novelists, although, from the artistic standpoint, he is hardly among the first or even second American novelists of the day. Mr. Tarkington, for instance, far excels him in smoothness of literary execution, while Mr. Nicholson is very far below the "Dean" of American literature. However, "The Hoosier Chronicle" is a thoroughly entertaining story, with a heroine of somewhat unusual qualities, and a hero of the right order, the modern young American with a strong jaw and a determination to "get on" and be fair and square. The cheery warmth of the "Chronicle" is its most attractive quality, and the reader becomes a "personal friend" of Mrs. Owen, who winds up the story with the comforting reflection: "It's all pretty comfortable and cheerful and busy in Indiana, with lots of old-fashioned human kindness flowing round; and it's getting better all the time. And I guess it's always got to be that way, out here in God's country." (Toronto: William Briggs.)

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

~

WE are glad to see that "Seranus," whose verse appears all too rarely, has published "In Northern Skies," a booklet of poetry which gives us some old favorites and introduces several recent works. "In Northern Skies," the first poem, is a brilliant description of those lights in the Arctic regions which compensate for much dreariness and the desolation of white stretches:

"Shields of silver, studded with fires of topaz,
Harps that are silver-strung, rimmed pale with pearls."

These poems are essentially of Canada, in subject and atmosphere, yet are written with a breadth of feeling which prevents the slightest taint of that provincialism which mars so much of latter-day verse.

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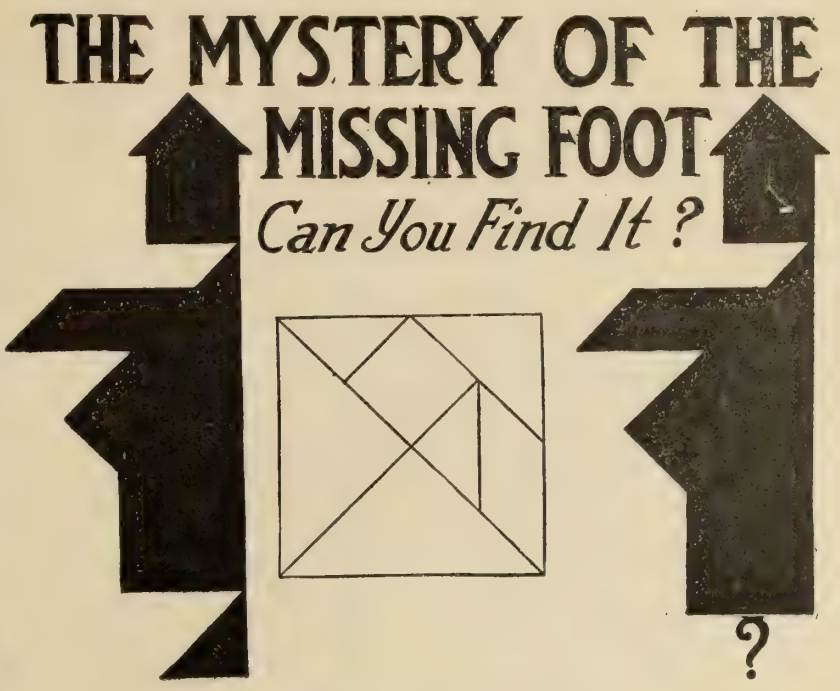
WITH THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

(Continued from page 1)



The Mystery of the Missing Foot

THIS is a real serious puzzle, no matter how suspiciously you may regard it. If you don't believe it can be done, just wait until you see next month's CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, containing the solution, and when you know how it is very, very easy.

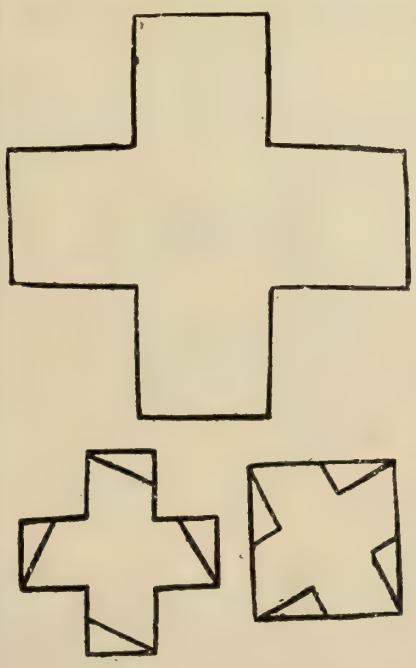
Getting back to the beginning, here are two figures, closely resembling each other. The only noticeable difference is that the one on the left has a foot. The one on the right has none. Each of the figures was made with the self-same seven pieces of the square shown above. In each case the pieces fitted closely together, and there was no overlapping. In both cases the head, hat, and arm are precisely alike, and the width of the body at the base is the same. Yet one figure has a foot and the other has not. Where did the first man get his foot from?

Cut out the square and divide it into seven pieces by cutting along the division lines as marked. Arrange the seven pieces to form first one figure and then the other. In this way you may be able to solve the mystery of the missing foot.

Squaring a Greek Cross

One of the favorite puzzles of the mathematicians of ancient times involved the cutting of a Greek cross into five pieces which could be fitted together again to form a perfect square. The sross and the ancient solution are shown herewith.

But modern puzzle solvers can find a much better solution to this ancient



puzzle. It is not necessary to cut the cross into five pieces. With two clips of the scissors you can divide the cross into four pieces, which will fit together perfectly to form the square.

Can you show how this is to be done? The solution will appear in July Number.

Gore Bay, Ont., April 7, 1912.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am just going to tell you about the place where I live. I live in the township of Gordon, province of Ontario. It is about four miles from Gore Bay. My father has a farm and we grow apples, pears, peaches and many other things. We have no snow here at present. We have no skating here now. In the summer I go bathing and skating. I enjoy going to town because I have a sister there. We have a church and a Sunday School over here, and it is an English church. We have about fifty scholars when they are all present. I go to Sunday School, and I have a lovely teacher; her name is Mrs. McIntosh. I go to school, it is called S.S. No. 1. I am in the third reader. There are two boys and three girls in my class. I think I have told you all, so I will close now. Hoping Cousin Clover much success with the letters. Yours truly,

BELLA PEMBERTON.

Fairview, Van., B.C.
1499 8th Ave. W

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and I like it very much. I always read the Juniors' Page. In the summer holidays we go out in the country. I and my brother found a camp stove and we cooked potatoes and carrots and beans, and we ate them.

We have two ponies, named Nip and Tuck. I ride on Nip with the saddle up and down the road. Tuck is only a colt. We have a calf and a cow. One day the calf got away and we had great fun catching it. I will close now.

Yours sincerely,

MARTHA MCKECHNIE.

Martha has received no assistance. She will be ten years of age next January.

MRS. ANNIE C. MCKECHNIE.

* * *

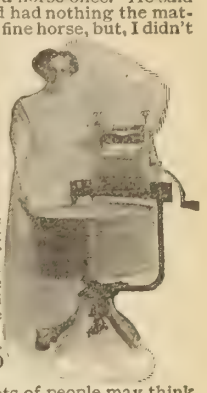
Dear Martha:

With such a name you ought to make a famous housekeeper some day, and, indeed, your neat handwriting gives assurance of your tidy ways.

Nip and Tuck are new names to me for ponies, and I am sure you must enjoy your rides on the former. I wish you had a photograph of your small self on his back.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was'nt "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking,

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally: F. I. Bach, 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

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THE THIRD MAN

(Continued from page 10)

Geoff was worse than a rival; he had actually stolen the woman he loved. He did not know, of course. Everything had been done fairly and squarely, but the result was tragic all the same. He had never imagined such a termination for a moment.

Bart went back to the window again, and stared into the street. He supposed he would get used to the idea in time, but for the moment everything, except a dull pain at his heart, seemed terribly unreal.

The old don accepted Geoff as his future son-in-law with a good many inward protests. He hated having his calculations upset. He had nothing against Geoff personally: he was a very nice young man, and in time, given health and a fair chance, might make his way in the world; but, compared with David Wiggs as a husband for Eve, he was not to be mentioned on the same day. David could, and would, have taken Eve off his hands at once. All anxiety respecting the future would have been at an end.

He had yielded in the end for the sake of peace and quietness. He hated to see Eve in tears; it disturbed the harmony of things; it was as bad as a snowstorm in June. He had never quite realized before how illogical women were. Eve swept all his arguments aside as if they were of no account.

She didn't love David Wiggs, and she did love Geoff Lincoln, and that was practically all he could get out of her.

Neither was he able to get any real satisfaction out of Geoff.

"Don't you think it is very foolish," he demanded sternly, "to engage yourself to a girl before you have made a position for yourself?"

"And what business had you to propose to her before asking my consent?"

"I apologize for that, of course," Geoff answered frankly. "You see, I did not intend speaking quite so soon."

"Then why did you speak?" the old man thundered.

"Well, that is not a very easy question to answer. We do a good many things under the influence of a sudden impulse."

"You mean that *you* do. I *never* act on impulse. I hope I have too much sense."

"We have not all the same amount of self-command that you possess."

"I want Eve to marry a man who is able to maintain her. You talk about love. All young people do. It is a passing phase; a pleasant though dangerous emotion; a fleeting passion. You cannot live on sentiment. Rent has to be paid and food and clothes provided."

Geoff, however, did not reply. It occurred to him that silence might be golden under the circumstances.

A few minutes later he found Eve in the drawing-room, looking as sweet and dainty as a June rose. She rose at once, with a smile and a blush, and held up her face to be kissed.

Geoff felt years older than he did a week ago. He was a man now, and this fair girl had promised to be his wife. It was all very wonderful and not a little intoxicating. When he was alone a good many awkward questions presented themselves to him—questions for which he could find no very satisfactory answer; but here, in the presence of Eve, every unpleasant and disquieting thing was forgotten. It was just pure delight to sit and look at her. From her crown of sunny hair to her daintily slippered feet she was a perfect picture.

"Was father very cross?" she questioned, with half-averted glance.

"He was rather."

"My heart was thumping in my throat all the time you were with him."

"Dear little girl."

"You do care for me lots and lots?"

"Heaps and heaps."

"I am so thankful, Geoff, and—and—happy. It is such a deliverance."

"But you would never have consented to marry David Wiggs?"

"I should have been most unhappy if I had. But father was so bent on it, and David was very determined, and really I do think he was very fond of me. It did not occur to me that aybody else could care for me so much."

Geoff did not reply for some time; then he said slowly and with averted eyes, "I think we will not talk about David again, if you do not mind."

"You are not jealous, you foolish boy."

"No, it is not jealousy. Bart felt just the same."

"Bart Gordon?" And a soft blush suffused her neck and face, then slowly vanished, leaving her paler than usual.

"Bart is the best fellow in the world," he replied warmly. "I hope he will win a fellowship, then he will be able to look after you when I am gone down?"

She glanced up at him and smiled.

"Do you think I shall need looking after, Geoff?"

"Oh, I don't mean that I am afraid. But if Bart remains up, he will be able to take you out sometimes and be company for you."

"That would be very nice." And she dropped her eyes again.

"I intend to earn money as soon as possible. It will take time, of course, to win a position, but now that I have you I shall work like a nigger."

"You must not overwork yourself, Geoff."

"Oh, there is no fear of that," he said, with a laugh, "but I don't intend keeping you waiting any longer than I can help."

"I don't mind waiting in the least, now that—that— You know what I mean! Oh, I can wait as long as you like," and she lifted her face to him again and smiled.

"Do you know," he said, with a note of pride in his voice, "I think you are the sweetest girl in the world?" and he bent over and kissed her.

David Wiggs received his dismissal with an ill-grace. He had not an excess of amiability at the best; at the worst he had less than his fair share. That he should have a somewhat exaggerated idea of his own importance was perhaps natural; the grace of humility had never been given a fair chance. His father had been a successful cotton-spinner. David was his only son—his only child, in fact; hence, on Abel Wiggs's death, about nine months previously, David had come into possession of more money than was good for him, and was likely to come in for a good deal more should he survive his mother.

It was Abel Wiggs's great ambition that his son David should be a gentleman. He did not claim any such distinction himself. He began life in a cotton mill as a half-timer, and gradually worked his way up to the position of manufacturer.

"Keep thy eyes open, David," was his father's parting injunction, "and larn to do th' correct thing. Don't be fooled by foak who don't understand business. Always be up a few minutes afore your neighbor, if you're to get on. And don't you be imposed upon; no man wins respect by lying down for others to tread on him. Keep a civil tongue; but don't remain in anybody's debt. If a man downs you, bide your time till you get quits. Insults should be returned with compound interest. Always do more than thou says, David, especially to the man to whom thou owes a grudge. If there's owt to be gained by pulling an oar, don't be afraid of sweatin'. Remember thou'rt thy father's son, and do credit to thy upbringing."

David took on polish rather slowly, but in most respects he lived up to his father's injunctions. He became quite proficient on the river, and won his college colors—that was his one distinction, and he spoke of it with somewhat exaggerated modesty. He managed in his second year to pass Mods, but never got any farther; his attempt to get through Schools two years later was a dismal failure.

He could not help recalling his father's words as he wandered away from Rose Villa, after that May evening, when Eve informed him that she was betrothed to Geoff Lincoln: "Always do more than thou says, David, especially to the man to whom thou owes a grudge."

He shut his teeth tightly and quickened

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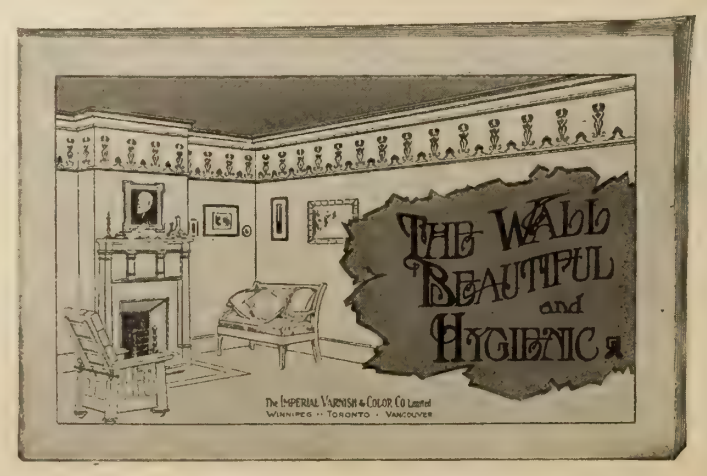

his pace in the direction of the town. It might not be wise to say much. Words had an unpleasant knack of turning up when least wanted. He could bide his time and keep silent. Was not that also his father's injunction? And his father, in spite of his lack of education, was a shrewd man.

The bitterness of defeat and the sense of humiliation did not grow less as the days passed away. He felt sure that Lincoln had poisoned Eve's mind against him—how else could her conduct be explained? Girls were not fools. They knew, as a rule, on which side their bread was buttered, and when it came to a question of eligibility, Lincoln was not to be mentioned on the same day.

He made inquiries as to Lincoln's antecedents, and discovered that he was the eldest son of a doctor in a London suburb. The discovery filled him with disgust. If he had been a sprig of the aristocracy Eve might have been forgiven for turning a blind eye to his poverty; but that she should have preferred the son of a sawbones, with nothing, to the son of a manufacturer, with plenty, could only be explained on the ground that he had either lied or told her the truth with too much circumstance and detail.

It required a considerable amount of self-control to keep his thoughts and intentions to himself. He never saw Geoff but he wanted to take him by the throat and strangle him. He never saw Eve but the smart of his wound seemed to increase a hundredfold. During Eights Week, notwithstanding his college boats made two bumps, he was more miserable than anyone knew. Geoff and Eve were all the time together, and he was constantly running across them somewhere. Geoff was not a rowing man, and so he was able to give all his time to Eve. Their very happiness lashed him into fury, whilst the way they ignored him drove him almost to madness.

The more he reviewed the circumstances, the more he became convinced that Geoff Lincoln had supplanted him by treachery.

"It's that blank scoundrel's lies that have done the trick," he would exclaim, "but your day will come, David—your day will come."

CHAPTER IV.

Partings

EVE'S engagement made a difference in many ways. She was happier than she had ever been in her life before. During Eights Week she lived in a condition of almost unbroken ecstasy. Geoff took her down to the river every afternoon and seemed proud to introduce her to his friends. They watched the races from his college barge, had tea on board, and when the last bump had been made, sauntered away across the meadows, and usually reached Rose Villa when the dusk was falling.

But after that came long days when she scarcely got a glimpse of Geoff. He was grinding early and late for his final and could not be expected to spend much time with her. Indeed, she would not have allowed it had he desired to do so. She knew her duty, knew what was good for him, knew what was best for both.

Her great trouble came at the end of June when she had to say good-bye to Geoff for an indefinite period. He was going down for good. Others would return in October to the cloistered stillness of Quad and garden, but Geoff's work at the 'Varsity was done. He was going out to face the world, to fight the battle that every true man has to fight, to win or lose in the great encounter.

Geoff was sad at leaving Eve. Her tearful face distressed him very much; but he was sadder still at having to say farewell to Oxford. Like nearly everyone else he had got to love the place.

He could not help recalling nearly three years before when he came up a fresher and found his way alone to his college. How strange and lonely he was no one ever guessed. He felt chilled and disheartened when he saw his rooms—his bedroom especially gave him the creeps—it was so small and bare and dark. And he had left a warm, snug home, which echoed with the laughter of young children. He hated Oxford that first evening, and felt sure he would hate it to the end of the chapter. Now his heart was heavy, and the tears were very near his eyes because he had to say good-bye. He was not thinking of Eve as he returned across the park from Rose Villa. "Dear old Oxford," he said to himself all unconsciously, and a mist came up before him which he cleared with his hand.

He turned into his own college for a last look round, wandered across the Quad and out into the garden, sat for a few moments in the shade of a wide-spreading beech and lighted a cigarette.

It all came back to him again like a pleasant dream. He saw the years pass in swift procession, pictured himself with hundreds of others all similarly clad, careless, joyous, often indolent; loitering down the "High," hands in pockets, head bare, gown twisted round the neck. He recalled the pleasant evenings in the Common Room, the debates at the Union, in which he had often taken part, the suppers on great occasions, the "rags," the bonfires, the narrow escapes. He recalled, too, the political speeches in country villages, the fun they had in going and returning, the tilts with interrupters, the friendly notice of great leaders.

He flung away the end of his cigarette and rose to his feet. It was all over now. The free, careless, inconsequential life of youth was at an end. Henceforth there must be work, and evermore work.

He had not realized all his hopes and expectations. He had come into competition with the pick of all the public schools, and even in Oxford rank counted for a good deal, but he had taken a respectable position. In the Union debates he had won a distinct place for himself. He would return home with no sense of shame or defeat.

In the weeks that had elapsed since Eve accepted his offer he had not only made the best of it, but he had succeeded in persuading Bart, and very largely in persuading himself, that he was desperately and whole-heartedly in love with Eve. When in her company he felt the happiest man in the world. She was not only delightfully fair to look upon, but she was so charmingly sweet and gentle in disposition that he could not help being fond of her. But when away from her presence and the glamor of her gentleness no longer steeped his senses, he discovered another influence at work within him. Pretty as Eve undoubtedly was, and loyal to her as he intended to be, there were times when there came up before him the picture of another face—a face that had haunted him for more than a year. He had been introduced to her on Balliol barge while watching the races. He stayed and had tea, and she sat directly opposite. He met her again the following day and walked with her across Christ Church meadows. In the crowd on the bank of the river they lost sight of each other, and he had never seen her since, and, indeed, he never expected to see her again. Her cousin—a fellow named Wilson—in introducing her, had not mentioned her name very distinctly. Also, he had been introduced to so many people that it was easy to forget. But the following day he had walked with her for quite a distance. Had talked about the weather, and the races, and the crews, and the chances of the various colleges. He could so easily have got to know her name and whence she hailed, but he had let the opportunity slip.

Not that it mattered, he told himself. A boyish fancy for a pretty face was never of any account. Only—only—well, she was not like anyone he had ever seen before or since. Her beauty was of so rare a kind that he wanted to see her again. Also, the fact that he did not know who she was, and had no means of knowing, piqued him; the unknown and the unknowable have always an irresistible fascination.

He made his way slowly out of the garden and back to his diggings. He was loth to tear himself away from Oxford, he shrank a little from meeting his father. Should he tell him everything? Should he tell him a part only, or should he tell him nothing?

His father was a level-headed man, not easily carried away by sentiment. How unutterably silly the whole thing would look in his eyes. Even if he were desperately in love, what madness it had been to get engaged. He had not even started in the way of earning his own living, and even with good fortune it would be years before he would be able to maintain a wife or even maintain himself.

The nearer he got to London the more troubled and perplexed he felt. The conviction grew upon him that he had made a mess of things, and yet he had no thought of drawing back. He would

"Listen, Rose."
Bud reads:
"Madam, your own white hands are the *first* to touch FIVE ROSES.
"For nearly one mile it travels through "hygienic *automatic* processes—more "and *more* spotless.
"Till in a clear *creamy* stream it flows into "clean *new* packages, filled *full-weight* by "infallible machinery—sewed automatically."
"Goodness!" said round-eyed Rose.
Bud reads eagerly:
"Hand-proof, *germ-proof.* Every littlest "bit of machinery is bright—polished like "those piano keys of yours. FIVE ROSES is "healthy flour, wholesome, *none* like it. "*Unbleached,* too."
"Nobody touches *my* flour—but me" said Rose.
Imagine such *purity*—get FIVE ROSES. 11

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have to be true to his promise whatever happened.

"I expect I had better make a clean breast of it," he said at length in desperation. "The truth is bound to come out sooner or later."

CHAPTER V

HESITATION

IT is proverbially easy to make resolutions, proverbially difficult to carry them into effect. Geoff had so many things to talk about on the evening of his arrival that he said nothing about his engagement.

The next day presented no favorable opportunity, nor the day following that. So a week passed away, and the great secret remained untold; what was worse still, he discovered that his courage was a steadily diminishing quantity. Over the dinner table and in the drawing-room the affairs of their neighbors had been talked about from time to time. And it appeared that a young fellow who lived with his parents two or three doors away had become engaged to a rather pretty nurse who was studying at one of the London hospitals. Geoff's brother Watty got hold of the story first, and retailed it as a good joke. Mrs. Lincoln chimed in that it was much too serious a matter to joke about. Dr. Lincoln characterized the young couple as a pair of silly children who ought to be locked up in separate nurseries until they had learned sense.

All this made his own case increasingly difficult. Like all young men, he had a horror of being laughed at. And if the whole neighborhood was laughing at Billy Smith and commiserating his parents, what would happen when his own case became known?

If his father got angry and Watty became supercilious, he would have no one to whom to turn for comfort. Perhaps, under all circumstances, he had better let his family discover the secret of his engagement by slow degrees.

After a week of idleness at home he went to the Temple to work up his law. There was no time to be wasted. He was anxious to get through his exams. as soon as possible. The sooner he was called the sooner would come the chance of earning his own bread.

During the first week or two he missed Eve terribly. He had got so completely into the habit of walking across to Rose Villa and feasting his eyes on her fair face that when he could no longer do so he felt intensely miserable. It was a great satisfaction to him that she had become so necessary to his peace of mind. It seemed proof, and the best possible proof, that he had not made any great mistake after all in proposing to her.

But when two or three weeks had passed away and he began to accommodate himself to his new surroundings, the sense of loss gradually wore away; he ceased to miss her, ceased to long for her company, and was quite content to receive a letter from her every now and then, and was not troubled at all if she missed a post or two Also, he found answering her letters something of a task. There was so little to write about. Every day seemed a replica of the day that had preceded it. If he had been violently in love he could have gone on repeating the same story with variations *ad infinitum*, but as he was not violently in love he had to fall back on news, and news after awhile became exceedingly scarce.

It was not until late in August that his engagement became known to the family. In London Eve's letters were rarely sent to his home address, but while they were away on their holidays in a small village on the north coast of Devon all the letters came by the same post and to the same address. Every morning. Dr. Lincoln would go through the pile and pass on the letters to the different members to whom they were addressed

Every other morning, with almost the regularity of clockwork, came a letter for Geoff, always in the same handwriting and bearing the Oxford postmark.

He spoke to his wife about it. She had had her suspicions for more than a fortnight. Indeed, she had been worrying herself for nearly a month.

"It's without doubt a woman's handwriting," he remarked meditatively.

"I do hope he's not got entangled with a girl," she said plaintively.

"So do I, most sincerely."

"Girls nowadays are so forward and cunning."

"Not more so than they have always been."

"Oh, yes, Tom, there's no comparison. Why, when I was a girl——"

"When you were a girl, mother," he interrupted with a laugh, "girls were girls and boys were boys."

"Oh, yes, but the behaviour——"

"Let's not discuss that," he said, in the same jocular tone. "The question is, shall we say anything to Geoff?"

"I'm surprised he has not taken you into his confidence. You've been such a companion to your boys."

"Perhaps there's nothing to be confidential about. Let us hope so, at any rate."

Later in the day the doctor intercepted Geoff as he was walking on the cliffs alone. He was not a man who believed in beating about the bush. If there was anything unpleasant to be known he would rather know it at once.

"Dreaming, Geoff?" he questioned in a jocular tone.

"I was enjoying the sea-breeze."

"Find it dull here?"

"Not a bit. It's a delightful change from London."

"Rather be in Oxford, I expect?"

Geoff looked up sharply. There was something in his father's tone that arrested attention. There was a smile, too, lurking round the corners of his mouth.

"Why do you think I would rather be in Oxford?" he questioned.

"You have friends there. Evidently one in particular. Is she very nice?"

"About whom are you talking?"

"The lady who writes to you every other day with such amazing regularity. Not engaged to her, I hope?"

"I hope to marry her when I am in a position to do so."

Dr. Lincoln stopped short in his walk and faced his son. "I'm sorry. You're much too young, and it's a pity to be handicapped so early in the race."

"I don't know why you should speak of it as a handicap. Why should it not be a help and an incentive?"

"In your position, Geoff, it is not well to have one's attention divided. However, I suppose that can't be helped now, but you need not have kept it so dark."

"You all made such fun of Billy Smith that I did not care to become the laughing stock of the family."

"Won't you tell me all about it, Geoff?" he questioned at length, and there was a note of pathos in his voice that was by no means usual.

Geoff began to talk in a low voice and with eyes averted. He was glad to get the secret off his mind. He admitted that perhaps in his courting he had been somewhat hasty and impetuous, but there was a reason for that. He said nothing of Bart Gordon's interest in the matter. It was just David Wiggs. He had plenty of money, a suave tongue, and unfailing pertinacity. He had got round the old professor and was gradually wearing down Eve's resistance. If he (Geoff) had not come along he would have married her by this time, and Eve would have been made miserable for life.

"And would you have proposed to her, Geoff, if there had been no David Wiggs on the prowl?"

"Perhaps not, father. Or, at any rate, not so soon. But one could not stand by and see that bounder walking off with the prettiest girl in Oxford."

"I am glad to hear she has been well brought up and is of good family. She must visit us when we get back."

"I'm sure you'll like her, father. She's a girl in a thousand, and she's quite willing to wait any length of time."

CHAPTER VI

IN LONDON

EVE came up to London in September. The weather was glorious, with only the faintest suggestion of autumn in the air. Geoff met her at Paddington with his father's motor.

He scarcely recognized her for a moment. She wore a big hat that threw her face completely in shadow.

"Oh, Geoff," was all she could say, and he took both her hands in his and looked into her face. He wanted to kiss her then and there, but refrained—there were too many people about. He did not like her hat—he decided that on the spot—but no headgear could utterly spoil her loveliness; her smile was as sweet as ever, and her eyes shone with unusual brightness.

"It was just lovely of your mother to invite me to visit her," Eve said at length.

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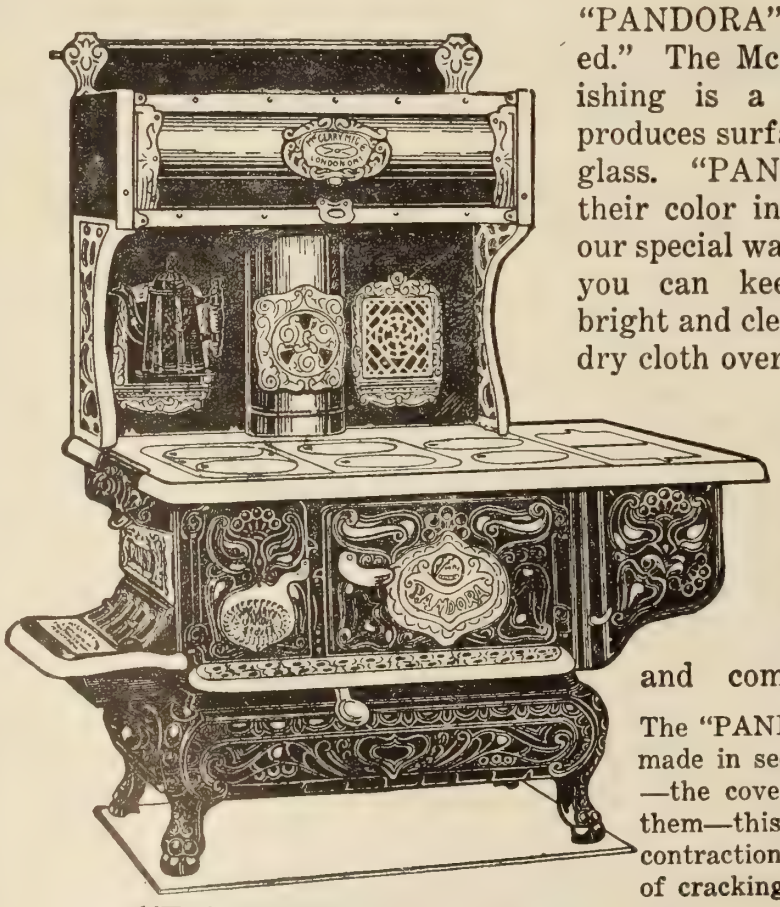

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'I've been just dying for years to see and know London."

"But you have been here before?"

"Never to stay. I've driven from Paddington to Charing Cross and from Charing Cross to Paddington again and again in going and returning from school, but that is all. Oh, I'm aching to see all there is to be seen.

I hope you are not too awfully busy, Geoff," she concluded.

"I shall give to you as much time as possible, you may be quite sure," he said, stealing his arm timidly round her waist.

She made no response to his attempted embrace. She hardly seemed conscious of it. Her attention was absorbed by other things.

"I don't want to be a burden to you, of course, but I should like to see as much as possible."

"My brother Watty will be able to chaperon you when I am not available," he laughed a little uneasily.

"Oh, that will be splendid!"

"You won't mind?"

"Of course I won't mind."

He felt a little piqued. He had a vague feeling that she ought to mind.

A week later he began unconsciously to analyse his impressions and emotions. Eve had quite captivated the younger children; Watty declared that she was "ripping." Mrs. Lincoln took her to her heart at once; her disposition was as sweet as her face was fair. The doctor appeared satisfied with his son's choice. He did not say very much, but all that he did say was in Eve's favor. Geoff alone was conscious of something lacking. In some curiously elusive way or other, Eve in London was different from Eve in Oxford. Her beauty seemed less striking, the charm of her personality less rare. In Oxford she stood alone, as it were; there was no one to compete with her. In London she seemed dwarfed by the crowd; there were so many beautiful women, so many well-dressed women.

It was satisfactory, however, to find that a closer acquaintance demonstrated the sweetness and kindness of her disposition. London was a new world to her; its streets, its parks, its public buildings, its museums, its picture galleries, its whirling, rushing multitudinous life interested her beyond expression. She returned every evening—sometimes with Geoff, sometimes with Watty, sometimes with the doctor—with eager face and kindling eyes, and it invariably transpired that she had seen so much more than the others had seen. The days passed for her all too quickly. She was having the most delightful time of her life. She was in love with all the Lincoln family, and not a little pleased that in due time she would be related to them.

She came up for a week, and stayed a fortnight, and then returned quite cheerfully. She had had her fill of sightseeing, and was getting a little tired; also, she wanted to see her father, and her canary, and her collie, and her flowers; and, of course, she was almost bursting to tell all she had seen during her visit.

Geoff parted from her with a curious sense of disappointment and regret. He was still conscious of something lacking—lacking in himself as well as in her. They had had a fortnight together, and yet there had been practically no sweethearting. Eve allowed him to kiss her whenever he liked, as a matter of course, and she had returned his kisses in the most charming manner, but without emotion. Geoff had no right to complain, he knew. He was not a passionate lover himself; he had not proposed to her because he could not live without her; it was not passion but chivalry that led him to offer his hand, hence it was not reasonable to expect from her what he did not give himself. And yet he had expected—or at least he had hoped—that she would supply his lack, that her wealth of affection would fill all the void, and that propinquity would change his admiration into passive love.

He was loitering at the bookstall for a few minutes after the train had left the station, when suddenly he looked up to encounter the stare of David Wiggs. He was so astonished that for a moment he could not speak, and yet in that moment he had received an impression of malignant hate such as he had never before conceived possible. He tried to smile; he would have offered his hand in spite of the passion that blazed in his eyes, but David gave him no opportunity; with a muttered execration, he turned swiftly on his heel, and strode into the booking hall.

Geoff's eyes followed him as though fascinated. The very evil in the man's face threw over him a kind of spell. He knew that David was a surly fellow—he had borne that reputation in Oxford—but a look of such deadly and concentrated evil he had never seen in a man's eyes before.

As a matter of fact, David's affection for Eve had become a kind of mania; it obsessed him to such a degree that he could think of nothing else; it colored everything he saw, and made him indifferent to every other interest in life.

He went down from the 'Varsity an embittered and disappointed man. He would not have minded failing in "Schools" if he had succeeded in love; but to have failed in both was a humiliation too great to be endured, and he owed this humiliation entirely to Geoff Lincoln. How was a man to concentrate his attention on his books when his heart was torn with hatred and jealousy? So his hatred of Geoff steadily increased. The more he brooded over his wrongs the more bitter his feelings grew.

His father's mill was still in full swing, under the charge of a competent manager, but David hated the sight of it, hated the roar of the looms and the rattle of the spinning frames, and loathed the smell of the size. His mother wanted him, now that his education was finished, to take an interest in business and in affairs of the town. He might run as a candidate at the next municipal elections; in time he might become Mayor of Croston, as his father had done before him.

David curled his lip with scorn at the suggestion.

"Oh, father was all right," he answered, "but every man in his own order. Father was brought up to the mill; I wasn't."

"But thou shouldn't sneer at the mill. It's thy best friend still. It earns th' brass for thee."

"I'm not denying that. But what's the use of my meddling? Steve Duerden is managing it all right, isn't he?"

"Oh, ay. Duerden's a good man o' business, but' it's well thou should understand the run o' things in case of accidents."

"It's too late in the day, mother, even if I had the inclination, which I haven't."

"Then what art thou goin' to do? Thou art not goin' back to college again?"

"No; I've done with college, as you call it. But there are plenty of ways in which gentlemen can spend their time. I intend to see what London is like, and perhaps Paris and Berlin."

(To be continued.)

Marriage Ceremonies

(Continued from page 34)

on the bride's finger, the maid of honor or bridesmaid steps forward, takes her bouquet and helps her remove her glove (many brides slit the finger of the glove to facilitate matters). When the ceremony is over the bridesmaid helps the bride unveil her face. (Sometimes the veil in front is short and parted down the middle) and the bridal party start down the aisle. If there is a flower girl she goes first scattering flowers. Then follow the newly wedded couple, next the maid-of-honor and best man, then the bridesmaids and ushers in pairs. Guests do not leave until after the bridal party is gone.

On arriving at the house the guests are given an opportunity to congratulate the newly-weds before refreshments are served.

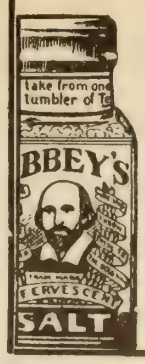
These are usually light, unless where guests have come a long distance to attend. Sandwiches, salads, cakes, coffee, lemonade, and ice cream, and, of course, wedding cake. If a more elaborate wedding breakfast is wanted, the first course may be either fruit prettily served or bouillon, according to the season. This is followed by a meat course, hot or cold, and this by a dessert such as mousse, charlotte or ice. Last of all coffee and bonbons

The bride must, at dessert, put the knife into the wedding cake which is then removed to be cut away from the table and served.

All expense of the wedding rests with the bride's family, except the carriage for groom and best man, carriage for the newly-weds to the station, fees to minister and flowers and gifts to the and her attendants.

After all this attention to the detail of wedding etiquette may we just turn for a moment to the romantic side of a little custom? It concerns the custom of placing the wedding ring on the third finger.

One explanation is that an old superstition connected the third finger with the heart by an artery. It may be that it is better explained by an old custom in England of setting the wedding ring on the tip of the thumb while the clergyman recited, "In the name of the Father," then the ring went to the index finger at "of the Son," then to the middle finger at "the Holy Ghost," and with the "Amen" it was placed on the third finger where the blessing was completed.



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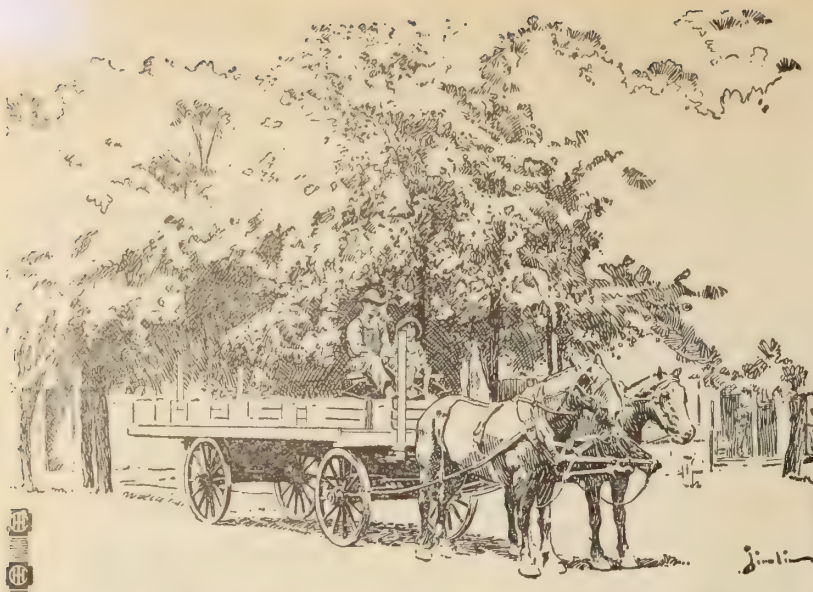

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MY LADY'S GARDEN

Late Planting of Fruits

By A. C. BLAIR

THE date for planting fruit trees depends solely upon the conditions of the tree at the time it is planted. If it is truly dormant it can be planted at any time, and it will grow, even though the planting may not be until midsummer. If, on the other hand, its buds have appeared, or its leaves have started to expand, it will be less likely to live, even though it should be planted very early. In planting trees on which the leaves have appeared, it is best to cut these back severely, and remove the advancing foliage, giving the tree opportunity to push forth more dormant buds after their roots have started.

It is the custom for extensive nurserymen to keep trees in cold storage and often shipments are made late from such trees. It is safe to plant them, even though it may be late in the year. The earliest trees should be the cherry. This is less liable to live if planted late than any other. The peach, on the other hand, can be planted very late, and if cut back severely, will be in as good condition as though planted early.

The greatest objection to the late planting of trees is that they are liable to have started growth late in the season, and are injured by being transplanted after the growth is started. The greatest objection to the late planting of dormant trees is that the growing season is thus shortened, and unless the growth is stimulated by good fertilizers and cultivation, this may be very feeble, and the tree may not gain strength enough to make it resistant to the destructive effects of the winter. Trees planted very late are quite liable to be weakly and easily winter-killed. It is the feeble trees that are thus damaged. The greatest security against winter injury is a strong, vigorous growth of good thick twigs and healthy buds well matured before the severe weather comes. Early planting, proper fertilization and cultivation are the best means of securing this. The first winter is often the hardest winter on the young trees. The earlier in the spring all trees, bushes and shrubs are transplanted the better it will be to insure their starting right, and making a good growth during the summer.

Watering the Lawn

WATERING is an important factor in the succcssful treatment of lawns. Constant moisture is essential for vigor and color in the turf. When the proper conditions in soil and seed treatment have been complied with, there need be no failure with the lawn if it is situated where there is a good water supply. Lawns in the cities and in the country, if practicable, should have a generous provision for artificial waterings.

It is best to apply the water towards evening or in the early morning. Give a good soaking. It is useless merely to sprinkle the grass. The water must be applied in sufficient quantities to percolate into the soil down to and below the grass roots.

Weeding Lawns

By A. B. CUTTING

IN many lawns, weeds are persistent nuisances. No matter how careful has been the selection of seeds and fertilizers, weeds will make their appearance. Frequent mowings will destroy many young weeds, but too frequent cuttings in dry weather often weaken the grass and sometimes weeds get the upper hand.

In a newly made lawn it is necessary to keep a careful watch on the weeds. They should not be allowed to get a sufficient start to make them troublesome. Dandelions, narrow leaved plantains, docks and weeds of that class can scarcely be gotten rid of except by spudding, and unless this operation is performed when the weeds are young, it may not be satisfactory, especially in the case of dandelions. A spud may be purchased at a hardware store or from seedsmen. Run the instrument (which resembles a wide screw driver or chisel) downward alongside of the root to loosen the soil so that the root may be pulled out whole. Do not be content with simply cutting off the crown of the plant below the surface of the soil, but as deeply as possible. After using the spud, immediately use a pounder to fill up the holes that otherwise would afford lodgement for weed seeds that are blowing about freely. These spots may also be seeded with grass seed to advantage.

Dandelions may be treated with chemicals with good effect. A few drops of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) poured on the crown of each plant usually will kill them. Spraying is also advocated for killing young dandelion plants. A 20 per cent. solution of sulphate of iron is used. Dissolve two pounds of sulphate of iron in a gallon of water, stirring with a stick to hasten solution. Apply with a hand sprayer. Use one gallon of this solution to one square rod of greensward. A second application may be necessary. The grass will be blackened and appear killed but in a few days it will recover and grow with increased vigor. Old dandelion plants cannot be killed by spraying. On these, apply dry sulphate of iron to the heart of the old plant. If this is repeated once or twice, it will kill them. Where the lawn is large and the dandelions plentiful, either of the foregoing operations may require too much time and expense. In such cases, the only thing to do is to plough up the turf and make the lawn over again.

Weeds are more prevalent on thin lawns than on those that are thick and velvety. By improving the turf, by means of fertilizing and additional seeding to thicken it, most weeds will disappear. Keep the mower going as it will do much towards keeping down most weeds.

Save the Old Bulbs

HYACINTH, tulip and narcissus bulbs can be stored during the summer for fall planting. Your stock can be increased by proper care and the saving in expense is considerable.

Easy as it is to keep the hardy Dutch bulbs—that is tulips, hyacinths, and narcissus, and especially the two first named—from year to year, most amateurs saddle themselves with unnecessary expense by digging them up and throwing them away after they have done flowering, and then buying new ones to plant out the following October. If you want purely bedding effects, where every bulb should be of uniform size and quality and you are only dealing with small quantities, it will certinly be best to buy afresh each season, getting selected bulbs of first size. But for ordinary border planting you can keep them over from year to year and increase your stock by a very simple method.

The great secret of successful bulb culture is to leave them alone after flowering and let the foliage ripen fully. Do not be in a hurry to disturb them until the foliage has become distinctly yellowed and begins to shrivel. When the foliage shows these conditions, it is a sign that the bulb has ripened and growth has ceased for the season; it can now be lifted from the ground without suffering any damage. Indeed, by proper handling, it will be improved.

Some time, during the present month generally, it will be safe to lift tulips and hyacinth bulbs and spread them out in an airy, shaded place to dry. Do not place them in full sunshine, but ou' doors under the shade of trees or in the shelter of a building. Let them ripen or cure here. When the foliage is carefully withered, curing will be complete. They can then be stored away in boxes in a cool place, where there is plenty of fresh air and free circulation. Everything depends on keeping them properly now. In a damp, badly ventilated place they will usually rot. In an overheated, excessively dry place, such as a furnace room, they will be completely shriveled. Keep them in a normal temperature and leave them until the fall.

In September, when garden work outdoors has generally ceased, will be time to attend to the bulbs. They can then be cleaned. The old stems will be perfectly dry and will crumble to dust as the bulbs are rubbed through the fingers.

Clean them thoroughly and assort them into sizes, removing any little offsets, which may be treated separately by growing on for flowering size later. The cleaned, selected bulbs can be re-planted in exactly the same way as the new stock imported from Holland. The small offsets should be planted in rows and treated exactly like the larger bulbs, and in time they will attain flowering size. Narcissus bulbs are best left alone for three or four years, and then, when they are disturbed, should be lifted in August and replanted as soon as possible. They can be held out longer, but a great deal in vigor is gained by early planting.

Bulbs that are planted in the lawn can be lifted in exactly the same way for replanting, if it is thought that the foliage will become unsightly during the summer, or they may be allowed to remain where they are, provided the lawn is not cut over so that the foliage is removed before there are signs of ripening. It is perfectly practical, if the room is wanted earlier, to lift the bulbs soon after flowering, heeling them in lightly to ripen in a shaded place in the garden. The one principle in bulb-growing and the only thing to be remembered is that the bulb cannot produce flowers next year unless it is allowed to grow naturally this season and mature its full growth before any attempt is made to dry it off and store it.

Forced bulbs that have been taken out from pots or flats and put into the garden border after flowering can be depended upon to recover if left alone, and the second year from forcing can be handled in exactly the same way as the other bulbs.

For storing, the best arrangement is to have the bulbs in shallow boxes or flats about two inches deep, with plenty of ventilation at the bottom, the boxes themselves being piled one on top of the other, but separated by supporting pieces so that the air can circulate freely at all times. In sorting out the bulbs for re-planting, remember that the best bulbs are the heaviest in comparison to their size—not necessarily the largest. A healthy bulb can be recognized very quickly by the dry, clean, glowing appearance of the outer skin.

Nasturtiums Easy to Grow

THE two chief groups among nasturtiums are those in which the plants are of small, compact, bushy growth, and those which throw out long running branches. The dwarf or bush type, which is commonly known as the Tom Thumb, makes a neat, rounded bush about ten inches high with comparatively small leaves, and in the older varieties the flowers are relatively small; but in the newer introductions the flowers come much larger in size and with broader and more fully rounded petals, which, by overlapping at their outer edges, make a broad or bold-faced flower that is distinctly showier than the smaller and more open flower of the older types.

The dwarf type of nasturtium is most desirable for edging flower beds and garden walks, as it makes a close, neat row of low, rounded growth, relieved by the profusion of highly colored flowers. It is also useful when the space is very limited but comes bushy only in well-drained soil or in a raised bed in the full sunlight, for if planted in low, wet ground or in partial shade there will be a very dense growth of leaves and stalks which is apt to blight and rot off during wet weather.

The tall or running varieties are the most generally grown. For pot culture, hanging-baskets, vases, boxes on the porch or lawn, or for window boxes, they are by far the most satisfactory type. They are also best for planting along the fences, walls, etc., or for a long border where there is ample room for the branches to spread as they increase in growth. Also they are most desirable for growing in solid beds or masses, as the long shoots or runners interlace and mingle freely over the entire bed or border, and will not rot off in wet weather as the very compact bush plants do. In any case they must have plenty of light and air. If planted in a shady place they will make long, slender runners and very few flowers.

One of the best plans for growing the running nasturtiums in a small garden is to plant them in a long row like peas and provide brush or poultry-wire netting for their support. Treated in this way they will come into flower earlier and blossom more profusely than they will if left to run at will on the ground. If a narrow border or bed is dug along the bottom of a paling or light ornamental iron fence, the shoots will climb and twist through the fence, with very little assistance in starting the early shoots in the proper direction, and make a most pleasing and ornamental effect.

When planted in pots a slender stake should be provided and the shoots carefully trained or tied at intervals to this support, but for baskets, vases, boxes, etc., the runners should be allowed to hang over the edges and to grow at will as trailing vines. This effect is more readily obtained if the seeds are planted or the young plants set around the outer edges of the boxes or vases in which they are planted, using taller erect-growing plants, like geraniums, etc., for the middle portion.

Among the running nasturtiums, the ordinary type is the strongest grower, and has the largest leaves, while the newer varieties have the largest flowers. The Lobbianum type is more compact in growth, with shorter and thicker and much darker and richer colorings in both the foliage and flowers, but the flowers are not as large nor as widely expanded as in the older type.

In the new ivy-leaved type there is considerable variation in the foliage, some kinds having the leaves more distinctly lobed or serrated than others, but the shoots are always more slender and vine-like than in the common running nasturtiums, while the flowers are of open form, the slender petals standing well apart from each other, and are distinctly toothed or serrated at the outer edges.

The most distinct type among the running nasturtiums is the old *Tropoeolum minus,* which makes long, slender, vine-like runners with small, smoothly-rounded leaves which are thickly set with small, bright flowers. This type is not as well adapted for long rows or masses as the larger-flowered kinds, but is especially pretty and graceful for hanging-baskets and vases or for trailing over rock work and other broken surfaces.

Many ordinary flower gardeners will of course prefer to plant everything in separate varieties and colors, but to my mind the general effect of the mixtures of the newer large-flowered varieties as offered by seedsmen is more showy and pleasing than a bed or row of a single color. The regular mixtures as offered in the seed catalogues run largely to solid colors, but include also varieties having small spots of contrasting color at the base of the lower petals and delicate lines in the throat of the two upper petals, so that for the richest and most varied effect in colors I would recommend the choosing of the special mixtures such as the Hotspur Harlequin, which has the red-spurred flowers, French Chameleon, Caprice, and Coquette. These selections comprise colors ranging from pale primrose or cream to deep golden tints, but are more or less overlaid by marbled shadings of bright red, scarlet, and soft rosy tints. They are bright and showy throughout the summer, but when cool weather comes in the fall they become still more varied, as the brilliant markings then deepen in tint and cover a much larger portion of the petals. These fall shadings are beautiful beyond description, and have been the cause of despair among flower lovers who have sought to fix these grand autumn tints by saving the seed from some especially fine flower. Such selections result in a more diverse coloring, but the most gorgeous tints and markings can be had only when the nights become cool in the fall.

The planting of the seed is one of the simplest garden operations. Dig the soil early in the spring, making a fine, loose surface as you would for other flowers, then open a shallow trench or drill one to two inches deep and scatter the seed thinly along the bottom. Another and better plan for a small quantity of seed is to push the finger or a small stick into the soil about two inches deep and drop a single seed in each hole, making a separate hole where each plant is to grow. In either case cover the seed with fine soil, pressing it firmly on the seed so that it may come into close contact with all the corrugations that compose the shell or outer covering of the seed. This firming of the soil is necessary to insure good germination; otherwise the seed is liable to rot in the ground. If the young plants come up too quickly in the row or if it is desired to give them an early start in a special seed-bed, they can readily be transplanted to another bed or location when three to four inches high and when they show two to four true leaves. Any further thinning that may become necessary can be done at any time during the summer until the vines or runners become interlaced or tangled together.

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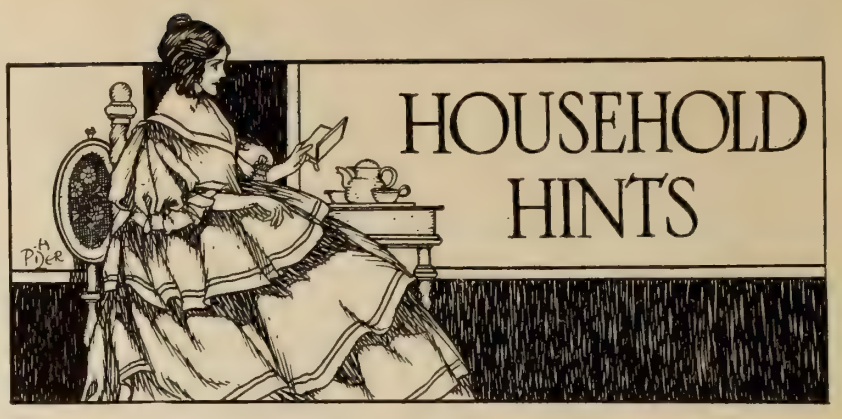

Choice of Linen

LINEN connoisseurs sometimes maintain that the most beautiful and artistic linen is that which has no pattern to distract one's attention from the evenness of the texture and its shining surface. It is true that a design is often used to cover the defects in the weaving of inferior grades.

Linen has one limitation. It takes color readily, but the leaky fibre is apt to lose some of the color under the influence or sunshine or moisture or in the laundry. Authorities say that there is no sure process for fixing color in linen. Therefore, highly colored linens are an uncertain investment. A great deal depends upon the maner of laundering. Washed quickly, in water not too hot, quickly dried, guarded from strong light, colored linens are often fairly satisfactory. They are bound to fade in time.

But for the usual household purposes, for the bed-room and dining-room, nothing else is as beautiful as pure white. It is always wiser to stick to white or to the varying ecru tones of the unbleached linens. They will bleach with use.

Hanging Curtains

MAKE a hem along the top of your curtains, to about three-quarters of an inch wide.

Make some loops, of from two to three inches in length, with some half-inch tape.

Then sew the loops to the top of the curtain at equal distances apart, and you will be able to put the curtain-rod through the loops without having the trouble of threading it through the hem. The curtains will also hang nicely, and there will be no danger of tearing them.

Cleaning Pointers

FIRST wash a tarnished chain well in cold water and soap, and then polish in soft tisue paper. You will be surprised at the result.

For inside gas ovens, pots, pans, and all kitchen utensils a handful of common salt rubed on with a damp cloth will remove any dirt or grease, no matter of how long standing.

Tea is a useful cleanser for woodwork, which it also helps to varnish. Tea leaves are a valuable purifier for stained decanters or vases, especially if boiling water is poured upon them and left to cool in the articles.

The most expeditious way of cleaning windows is by using coal oil. Well moisten a cloth with oil, and clean as many as are required. When finished, come back to the first one, and polish with a soft, dry cloth. This method gives the windows a beautiful polish.

To improve oilcloth dissolve a pound of blue in a quart of water over a fire, then rub it lightly over the oilcloth with a piece of flannel, and leave it to dry. If possible, do this in the evening so that the oilcloth may not be walked on until morning This treatment adds to the durability of the oilcloth, besides greatly improving its appearance.

First remove all grease and dirt from leather chairs by washing with warm suds; then let them dry. To renovate the worn, discolored parts, melt five cents worth of Bismarck brown in four fluid ounces of petroleum, and apply with a camel's hair brush to the places. Allow this to dry, and coat with clear liquid gum. Finally apply furniture polish and rub with a woolen cloth.

A capital contrivance for keeping knives, forks, and spoons in is a pocket tacked on the pantry door. Make this of American cloth, and line it with green baize, stitching small divisions to fit each article. The baize will absorb all moisture that may be left on the spoons or knives, and keep them in much beter condition than putting them in a basket or drawer, and they are always handy.

An excellent way to keep carpets in good condition is to go over them once every week with a broom dipped in hot water, to which a little turpentine has been aded. This treatment not only prevents moths, but freshens up the color of a faded carpet marvellously. Another advantage is that the dust is prevented from flying all over the house. If you try it, you will be astonished to see how much dirt and dust there is in a pail of water at the end of the sweeping.

Bits of Advise

During spring cleaning every bedstead should be wiped over with turpentine.

Iron kitchen spoons should be scoured after washing with a mixture of salt and sand.

Good eggs have dull shells. Remember this when choosing them for the table.

When beating carpets first lay them face downwards on the grass, then turn and beat the other side.

When marble is spotted sprinkle borax moistened with water, leave for a little time, and then wash with soap and water.

A useful gardening apron may be made out of the skirt of a waterproof cloak. This will be most useful when watering the garden

Varnish stains on the hands are quickly removed by rubbing with methylated spirit. Apply this before washing with soap.

Hair and wire sieves must be thoroughly well scrubbed after use, and should then be well hung in the air for several hours to sweeten.

Delicate cretonne and other cotton materials may be washed with impunity in a lather of Castile soap and water.

When cake making, collect all materials, weigh the quantities, grease the tin, and see that the oven is right before mixing the ingredients.

Where oil lamps are used, keep a box of dry sand in a prominent place. Should a lamp be overturned, some sand will soon extinguish the flames.

A novel pen wiper is a raw potato. When ink has corroded on a pen, stick it two or three times in a raw potato, and the nib will be as good as new.

Common yellow soap should always be bought in large quantities and kept in a warm, dry place. If it is hard before being used, it will last much longer.

Rugs, either Persian or Indian, will wear much longer if they are faced at either end with a piece of webbing. When a rug becomes worn it will be better to line it right through with Hessian, but that is not necessary at first.

Hygienic washing.—Into a four quart bottle put four ounces of sea-salt, one tablespoonful of camphor, and one of ammonia. Fill the bottle with hot water and let it stand for twenty-four hours before using. Put one teaspoonful into a basin of water. This is a wonderful cleanser of the skin.

Leghorn hats may be cleaned with sulphur and the juice of a lemon. Stir a teaspoonful of sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush the mixture well into the hat with a toothbrush. Hold under the tap for a minute to get rid of the sulphur, then dry in an airy place.

Buy It Pure

WHY buy mixtures known as alum baking powder when you can just as well, and at no more expense, get Magic Baking Powder? The ingredients are plainly printed on each package. See if this is on the others. All grocers are authorized to guarantee that Magic" does not contain alum.

CULINARY CONCEITS

MOBILE SPICE CAKE

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of pulverized sugar, three cupfuls of flour sifted three times with two teaspoonfuls of yeast-powder, four eggs, one-quarter teaspoonful each allspice and cloves, one teaspoonful vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar, beat in one egg at a time, put in spices, then milk and flour and yeast-powder. Bake in loaf or in layers. Put together with a boiled icing made as follows: Two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of water. Boil until it feathers. Have two eggs beaten stiff. If a little of the syrup is put into the eggs before they are well beaten, it will keep the icing from granulating.

BREAK-FAST ROLLS

Two quarts sifted flour, one quart milk, two tablespoons butter or lard, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt and cake compressed yeast. Scald the milk in a double boiler and cook it until it is lukewarm; add the butter, sugar, salt and yeast, dissolved in a little lukewarm water, to the milk; then stir the mixture into the flour and make into a dough. Knead and let rise over night in a cool place. Then cut off pieces and shape into rolls the desired size by rolling between the hands, but do not knead them. Set in a warm place to raise quickly.

SAVORY RICE AND TOMA-TOES

One cupful of cooked rice, 6 large tomatoes, 2 sweet peppers, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, seasoning of salt, sugar and pepper. Peel and slice the tomatoes and chop the peppers fine. Butter a fireproof baking dish, put in a layer of the tomatoes, cover with rice and chopped peppers, and season with salt, sugar and pepper. Add layers of tomatoes, rice, chopped peppers and seasoning until the dish is full, having a layer of tomatoes on the top. Dot with the butter. Bake covered for three-quarters of an hour and uncovered for a quarter of an hour.

RHUBARB AND SAGO MOULD

Wash 3 ounces of sago, wipe and cut up one pound of rhubarb into small pieces, and put all into a saucepan with half a pint of water, 6 ounces of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a strip of lemon peel. Boil slowly for half an hour, take out the lemon peel, color a nice pink with a few drops of cochineal, put into a wet mould, leave to get cold. Then turn out and serve with custard sauce.

STRAW-BERRY FRUIT PUREE

Rub the berries through a sieve to make one cupful of the fruit. Blend three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with two cupfuls of milk; boil and remove from the fire, add the yolks of two eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cool, add the fruit and mix well; then add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve in bouillon-cups.

ASPARA-GUS A LA MOUSSE-LAINE

Asparagus a la Mousselaine is one of the many good vegetable dishes that may be served in individual casserole-dishes. Re-heat canned asparagus, and cut stalks of correct length to fit casserole. Arrange five stalks in each dish, and pour over the following sauce: beat the yolks of three eggs until thick and lemon-colored, and add one-half cupful of heavy cream. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add one-fourth cupful of butter, one-half tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Serve at once.

DRESDEN SAND-WICHES

This emergency dessert may be cooked on the table in a chafing-dish. Cut stale bread in one-third inch slices: there should be six. Remove crusts, and cut in halves crosswise. Beat three eggs slightly, and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one cupful of milk. Strain into a shallow dish, and soak bread in mixture until soft. Cook on hot, well-buttered iron frying-pan or blazer; brown on one side, turn and brown other side. Spread one-half of the pieces with raspberry jam, and cover with remaining pieces. Serve with or without whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, or serve with a thin corn-starch pudding sauce flavored with vanilla.

EGG DAINTIES

Boil 6 eggs twenty minutes. After removing from shells, slice a thin piece from the ends of each, so that the eggs will stand upright; then cut in halves, remove the yolks, and arrange around the edge of a platter. Cook one-third cupful of soft bread crumbs in one-third cupful of milk until a smooth paste. Add 1 cupful of finely minced ham or chicken and 1 slightly beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper, and when cool enough to handle, form into balls the size of the original yolk, and set one in each half egg. Heat 1 cupful of milk and 1 tablespoonful of butter, thickened with 1 tablespoonful of flour. Salt to taste, and turn into centre of platter. Rub yolks of eggs through sieve over all. Set in oven until eggs are hot, and serve at once.

COTTAGE PUDDING, STRAW-BERRY SAUCE

In strawberry season bake cottage pudding in an angel cake pan. Remove from pan to serving dish, fill centre with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, and pour around a strawberry sauce, for which cut strawberries in halves or quarters into an earthen bowl and set on back of range. Sprinkle with granulated sugar (the quantity depending on the sweetness of the fruit) and mash slightly. Keep warm until serving time. Strawberry sauce is always a delicious accompaniment to vanilla or orange ice cream.

MARSH-MALLOW ICING

Two cups granulated sugar, whites of 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2-3 cup water, ½ pound marshmallows.

Boil sugar and water to 240 degrees or the hair stage. Pour in a fine stream on the eggs beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Beat frequently till cool (not cold). Add the marshmallows, cut in fourths.

If the frosting is too warm when the marshmallows are added they will melt and ruin the frosting. This frosting should be thick and creamy and pile upon the cake rather than run off. This recipe will frost a large cake made in a dripping pan.

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SENATOR SPOONER of Wisconsin says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by the German Mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had been engaged to speak. The Mayor said:

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Not the Rosary

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate; two mates a pair,
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;
I count each sock unto the end, and find
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof,
See how it looms across my sole.
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn
that hole!

The Village Choir

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward;
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,
Bogled the tenors there,
Raising a parson's hair
While his mind wandered.
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell
Not wise they sang nor well
Drowning the sexton's bell
While the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare
Flashed his pitchfork in air
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack,
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought!
Right to the end they fought
Some tuné they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

—*Anonymous.*

Not What He Expected

IT was the day after Christmas, and the hard-working postman plowed his way through snow and a cold wind, a sack of unusual size on his back. He ascended the spacious steps of a west-end residence, and in answer to his ring a man-servant in rich livery appeared. "Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters. "The mistress wishes to speak to you." The postman's eye brightened. It was the holiday season. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful-- "I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress' pleasure." In a few moments the lady appeared. "Are you," she asked, "our regular postman?" "Yes, madam," he answered, bowing. "Do you come in the morning?" "Yes, madam." "And in the afternoon and evening?" Again he assented, smiling eagerly. Then the lady said: "Well, was it you who broke our bell?"

Going East

THIS, says a United States paper, has been found on the wall of a deserted shanty in the heart of Dakota:

"Fore miles frum a naber; sixteen miles frum a post offis; twenty-five miles frum a railroad; a hundred and atey from timber; half a mile frum watter. Heaven bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start."—*Tit-Bits.*

No Name for a Christian

THE christening party consisted of the proud father, the baby—a girl—the grandfather and all the rest of the folks. The grandfather stood nearest to the priest during the ceremony.

"What d'ye think av that?" asked the priest of the grandfather at the appropriate moment.

"I dunno," the grandfather replied. And he turned to the father and whispered hoarsely: "What's its name?"

"Hazel," repeated the father.

"What?" asked the grandfather.

"Hazel," repeated the father.

The grandfather threw up his hands in disgust.

"What d'ye think av that?" asked the priest. "With the calendar av the saints full av gur-rl names—an' him namin' his after a nut!"

Food With Frills

A WOMAN instructor at Wellesley College, who presides over one of the dining tables at which sit a dozen students, says that one day some curly lettuce was brought on.

A freshman looked at it, then exclaimed:

"How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! I wonder how she does it?"

Aggravating Submission

TOMMY: "One of the boys says I look like you."

Tommy's Papa: "And what did you say?"

Tommy: "I couldn't say anything—he's a good bit bigger than me."

She Left Her Feet Behind

A GOOD old Scotch minister, calling unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clotheshorse and told her little boy to say that she was out.

The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where is your mother?"

"My mother's not in; she's down street on a message," promptly replied the lad.

"Indeed", replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called; and say that the next time she goes down to the village she should take her feet with her."

Couldn't Help It

A MAN traveling on a through express left his chair in the crowded dining car just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman.

When he returned, in spite of the fact that he had left a magazine on the chair in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."

Poor Papa

THE teacher had the letters c-a--t on the blackboard and was trying to teach little Pansy Peavish to pronounce the word, but Pansy couldn't come it. "Think," said the teacher. "What is it that has some whiskers and comes up on the porch late at night when it is cold and begs to come into the house?"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed little Pansy, a great light dawning; "it's papa!"

Eve's Apple

HOW many apples were eaten by Adam and Eve? We know that Eve 81, and that Adam 812, total 893. But Adam 8,142 please his wife, and Eve 81242 please Adam, total 89,384. Then again Eve 81424ofy herself, and Adam also 812424ofy himself, total, 8,938,480.—*Fun.*

Frightened Him

LESPES, the French journalist, known as "Timothee Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving.

Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will."

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the créditor, uneasily.

"Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothee, tranquilly.

It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.—*The Argonaut.*

Making it Right

SHE raised her head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.

He pressed her blonde curls back upon his chest. "They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Whose?" she asked.

"Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied, thoughtlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time, and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved, because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved, because no amount of work could make her pretty."

And the firelight flickered knowingly as she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief while he drew a deep breath.

Bargain Hunter's Dream of Heaven

When the big, dark store is empty,
And the counters are shrouded in lawn;
When the oldest clerk has departed,
And the youngest floor-walker gone,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it,
Recline for a jiffy or two,
Till the lure of the bargain counter
Shall drag us to work anew.

But our forty winks shall be dreamful;
We shall shiver the still night air
With the notes of a jubilate,
For gloves sell at sixty a pair.
We shall read in our dreamland paper
Real lace can be had for a song,
We shall rise before daybreak, and breakfast
To be ready to hurry along.

For those who are early are happy,
They may struggle and call for their size,
But if they look sharp and keep busy
They may yet come away with the prize.
And they never will fuss about money,
But just for the joy of the game,
They will wait at the door and then scramble
With a mob which is doing the same.

And then they'll come home, fagged but joyful,
They shall sit in their rocking-chair
And survey the fruit of their labors
With glad eyes but tumbled hair;
They are six-dollar shoes at four-forty;
They may pinch, but who cares for that?
To save one-sixty it's worth it,
That much more for a new spring hat.

There are handkerchiefs, three for a quarter,
And boot laces six for ten,
And a chance like that collar for fifty
Will never be heard of again.
And they sit in their comfy rockers
Happy at heart, though faint,
For they've bought the thing as it isn't
At the price of things as they ain't

—*The Globe.*

A Dubious Compliment

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, bishop of Massachusetts, delights in telling this story:

"Once when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts bishopric, Phillips Brooks was the most likely candidate. I was walking with President Eliot one day, and in the course of the conversation, I said to him, 'Do you think Brooks will be elected?'

"'Well, no,' said Dr. Eliot, 'a second or third-rate man would do as well.'

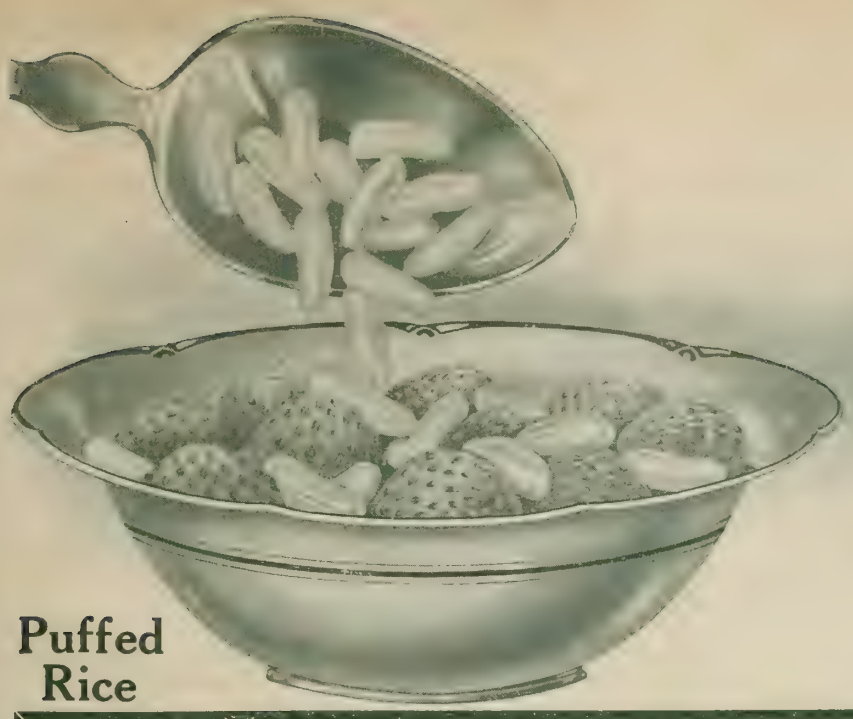
"Phillips Brooks was elected, and a short time afterward Dr. Eliot and I were walking again.

"'Glad Brooks was elected, aren't you?' I asked.

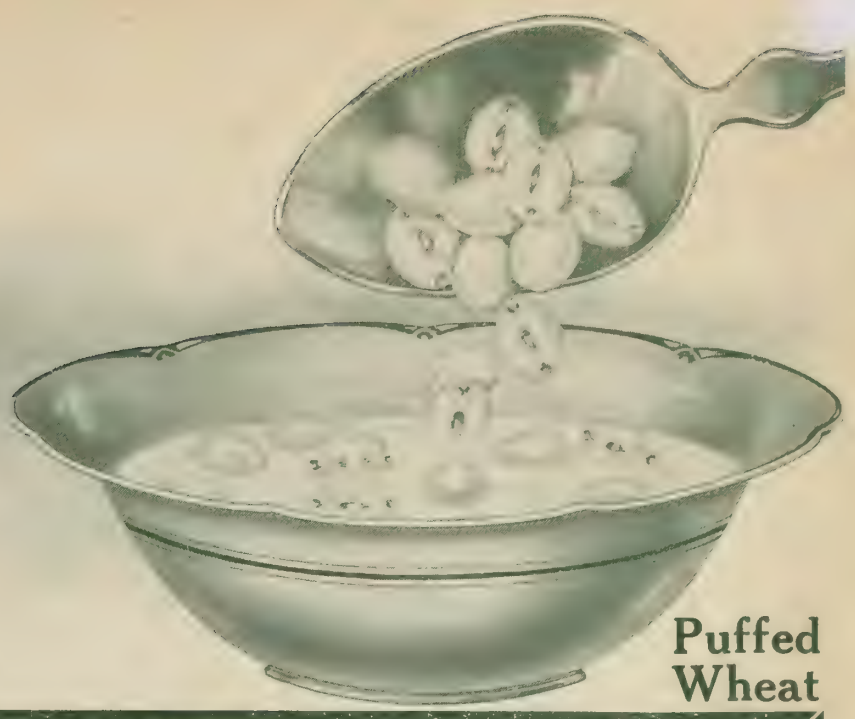
"'I suppose so,' returned Dr. Eliot, 'but, to tell the truth, William, you were my man.'"

One Little Thing

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN tells of a hard-working farmer's wife, who was asked if she believed in woman's suffrage, and would like to vote. "No, I certainly do not," she exclaimed with a vigorous movement of the churn dasher. "I say, if there is any one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sake let 'em do it."



Puffed Rice



Puffed Wheat

Mornings

Serve With Berries

In June—the strawberry month—try mixing these Puffed Grains with berries.

These honeycombed grains taste like toasted nuts, and form a delightful blend.

Don't serve them merely with sugar and cream, as you do the year around.

Other Summer Uses

In the finest restaurants Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are used to garnish ice cream.

They are used like nut meats in frosting cake.

They are ideal crisps for serving in soup.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play.

From morning till midnight—in a dozen ways—users find uses for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Shot from Guns

Blasted by Steam Explosion

These curious foods are due to a curious process.

We select perfect grains, then seal them up in mammoth bronze-steel guns.

The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That's where the grains get the nut-like taste.

The moisture in the grain turns to steam in that heat, and creates a tremendous pressure.

Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The millions of granules are literally blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the coats are unbroken. The kernels are shaped as they grew.

Evenings

Serve With Milk

These grains are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

Each grain consists of a myriad cells, each bounded by thin, toasted walls.

Airy, flaky, whole-grain wafers—wonderful morsels to serve in milk.

Prof. Anderson's

Delightful, Scientific Foods

One mustn't forget that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere cereal dainties.

They have another advantage over all other cereals. They are fully twice as digestible as wheat or rice ever was made before.

The granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. It begins before the grains reach the stomach.

That is why these foods are prescribed by physicians when the stomach can't stand a tax.

That's why one may eat them at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—without ill result.

That is why brain workers eat them for luncheons.

Prof. Anderson invented this process to make whole grains wholly digestible, as never was done before. Their deliciousness was merely an accident.

1,000,000 Dishes Daily

Among all the cereal foods ever invented nothing compares with Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Never were cereals so nut-like—never so melting, so flaky, yet crisp.

Countless users know this. And they consume a million dishes daily.

We invite you to join them—now on the verge of summer. For this is the acme of hot weather food.

Morning, noon and night—between meals and bedtime—the folks in your home will want Puffed Wheat and Rice.

Tell your grocer to get some now.

Puffed Rice . 15c Except in Extreme West

Puffed Wheat . 10c Except in Extreme West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers — Peterborough

(351)

COLGATE'S
TALC POWDER

after baby's bath
for a delicate perfume
for comfortable summer dressing
to keep the collar from wilting
on dress shields
on hands and face after washing
after exercise
after the shave
for chapped hands
ECLAT
TALC POWDER
CASHMERE BOUQUET
TALC POWDER
COLGATE'S MONAD
DACTYLIS
TALC POWDER
COLGATE & CO.
If you can think of other talc uses not pictured here with us your suggestions and we will send you a trial sift of Cashmere Bouquet Talc with our compliments.

"WHAT'S talc powder used for, anyway?" said the artist when he took our commission for the design of this advertisement.

Thinking others might be as ignorant as he, we said: "Ask your family and friends how they use talc." Three days later he brought his sketch book half full of hasty sketches. Here are ten just as he made them.

¶ The fact that he readily found so many uses—some possibly new to *you*—shows how necessary it is to have a good talc in every home. But—

All Talcums Are Not Alike

Colgate's is different from ordinary talcums in its beneficial amount of boric acid, that mild yet efficient antiseptic, and its other sanative ingredients. It is the *real* boric powder—safest and best for young and old.

Soothing and absorbent, it gently cools and dries the skin and makes dressing comfortable. For nursery use, as well as after the bath and for the general toilet, Colgate's Talc excels.

Widest Choice of Perfumes

Eclat (new)	*Cashmere Bouquet*	*Violet*
Dactylis	*Monad Violet (new)*	*and Unscented*

Colgate's Talc is found wherever toilet articles are sold. If you wish a dainty trial box, send us 4 cents in postage, mentioning perfume desired.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. H.J. **Coristine Building** **Montreal**

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap — luxurious, lasting, refined

W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA